



BRICKYARD BULLETIN



VOL. 48, ISSUE 2, A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE INDY CHAPTER OF THE STUDEBAKER DRIVERS CLUB, FEBRUARY 2023

The Indy Chapter kicked off the New Year with chips and salsa and lots of visiting at El Azabache Mexican Restaurant. Our monthly meetings are always filled with two of our favorite things, visiting with friends and food. We are still looking for ideas for upcoming monthly meetings if anyone has suggestion let myself or Becky know. It won't be long before the weather will allow us to be out and about having fun with our Studebakers. Hope to see everyone soon!

Nancy Bacon
President, Indy Chapter

Lunch at El Azabache Sunday, January 8, 2023

Twenty-nine Studebaker Members and 1 Guest (Granddaughter of Annette Wheatcraft – Jasmine) enjoyed lunch at EL Azabache Mexican Restaurant at Southern Plaza in Indianapolis.

Nancy thanked all for coming to start off the New Year.

Officers Reports – Secretary – Beth Doran – no report BUT Nancy returned the Official Secretary Books and mentioned there may possibly be a change in the By-Laws in the future. Sue Kennedy will review the By-Laws and report back to us.

Treasurer – Tom Flynn – reported that we have 66 paid members for this year. Last year we had 73 paid members. Checking Account balance is \$ 15,271.

Our regular commitment is \$500 to Becky's church to cover printing of Newsletters. \$500 to the Studebaker National Museum, and flowers when needed for funerals. Would we be open to sponsoring another International Studebaker Meet to raise more money? There is a three-year member dues proposed which will help with mailing billing notices. Twenty-two members are currently receiving a mailed copy of the newsletter as well as an email copy. This involves stamps, paper, ink, etc. Something to think about. Some other Studebaker Clubs have 2 rates of membership – an email rate and a mailed rate.



Nancy received an email from Richard Poe and he stated that there would be NO drag racing in Bean Blossom this year. He has scheduled a Studebaker Drags at Bunker Hill Racetrack on May 27. Bunker Hill is 14 miles North of Kokomo on Highway 31. More information to come in the future.



An early 1960's Studebaker Lark Radio with glass tubes was found in a garage and is for sale. If anyone is interested, call Nancy Bacon.

Brittany Baker is getting married on May 20 and is looking for a Studebaker Get-Away car. Danny Taylor is already committed and unable to help her. She does like Bullet-Nose cars. If you're available, call Nancy Bacon.

UPCOMING EVENTS –

February 18 – Steve Woodall has invited us to tour the John Force Racing Facility and Museum in Brownsburg . March 18, Larry and Sue Kennedy have invited us to meet at the Franklin Township Civic League Building in

Wanamaker. The Hudson Club will join us on this day. April has NO gatherings scheduled. If you have an idea, call Becky Griffith. September is the Studebaker International Meet in Manitowoc and Two Rivers, WI, hosted by the Wisconsin Region Studebaker Drivers Club. Be sure to get your hotel room now as there are only a few rooms left.

Joe Bacon made a motion to adjourn, Charlie Griffith 2nd. Meeting Adjourned.

Beth Doran, Secretary



Car Collection For Sale

Hello, I am reaching out to all SDC Chapter Presidents or Editors in New York state area. I am the SDC's Social Media Coordinator and was contacted by the family of Gary Lindstrom through the SDC Facebook page. They are selling his collection on eBay and wanted to get the word out to local Studebaker interests. Here is his message to the SDC Facebook page.

Hello, I am the husband of Gary Lindstrom's niece. I think some of your members might remember him. He was active in the driver's club for a long time. I am messaging you in hopes of your letting the other members know that I am selling some of Gary's collection. Right now it's models and die cast, later this summer I will be listing his papers, manuals and documents. Lots of Studebaker material. If anyone is interested I'm listing on eBay my seller name is shortcut64.

Why Studebaker?

How I Became Dedicated to Studebakers

By Bob Palma

Part I

Paris, Illinois: 1953-1962

What attracted you to the make and/or model of car you favor? Most people come to favor a certain make of car by virtue of one or more of them being what their parents drove when they were growing up, with fond memories of family trips and such...but they can't pinpoint a certain date.

In my case, though, I'm able to pinpoint a specific date: **June 15, 1953**. That's the day my father, Lumir, and his younger brother Milton assumed operation of E. I. Motor Sales, the franchised Packard dealer in Paris, Illinois, and changed the name of the enterprise to Palma Motors. I was only seven years old at the time, interested in cars beyond my years, and would spend countless hours at the dealership, pestering everyone in sight as a youngster would do...until handed a nickel for another 6-ounce Coca-Cola from the big red "pop" machine near the parts counter.

The brothers were relatively young and new to town. Dad reported they were pleasantly received by the other dealers in town, especially the crusty old, but friendly, DeSoto-Plymouth dealer, D. R. Noonan. I never knew what D. R. stood for, but Mr. Noonan took the newcomers under his wing and out to lunch shortly after they arrived...and shared his sage advice.

He told them, *"Remember, boys, you are just used car dealers; that's where you'll make your money, in used cars. But you have a leg up on other used car dealers because you have a new-car franchise, which adds credibility to your used car operation in the public's eyes."* That proved to be true...and even today, with the market as irregular as it has been in the early 2020s, it's still true. (In the mid-50s, though, I surmise dealers *welcomed* a chip shortage if it meant youngsters having ground fewer potato **chips** into the upholstery and carpeting of new-car trade-ins!)

Dad and Uncle Milt immediately secured a Kaiser Jeep franchise to have a line of trucks and 4X4 vehicles to sell, as well as the line of smaller, lower-priced Willys automobiles. Nash had not been represented in Edgar County Illinois, of which Paris is the County Seat, after World War II, so they added Nash to have a line of mid-priced cars and, especially, economical Ramblers to sell.

Specialty cars, what we now call "niche" cars, became a favorite of theirs. Although 1948-1951 Willys Jeepsters were out of production, Dad bought all the used ones he could at the auctions and they enjoyed a good market in Paris for folks who wanted to knock around in them.

The auctions he frequented were The Decatur Auto Auction in Decatur IL and Witt's Auto Auction in Terre Haute IN. I enjoyed attending with him back in the days when the auction arena was filled with cigarette and cigar smoke so thick you couldn't tell if it was the car on the block smoking blow-by oil....or the bidders' stogies and Camels...and the beer flowed so freely that by mid-afternoon, I'm sure half the bidders were spending money they didn't know they had. Seven-to-ten-year olds are easily impressed...

Dad would often go to the auctions alone and try to buy two cars. They owned a tow bar and he would put it in the trunk of a car he hoped to sell. Then, he would try to buy two cars so he could flat-tow one of them back to Paris. He said he had to be careful what he bought because, *"I didn't know that much about mechanicals and if I brought something back that needed too much work, Milt would kick my ass!"*



July, 1953. Milt (left) and Lu Palma pose with a new 1953 Packard Caribbean outside their first dealership at 141 East Court Street, Paris, Illinois. No parking lot. In fact, they had to feed the parking meters in front of their own business.

That was a tongue-in-cheek remark because he and Uncle Milt got along wonderfully; each respected the other's expertise in their specific area [Uncle Milt, the "shop;" Dad, the front (business) end.] Dad didn't stick his nose in the shop because he trusted his younger brother's skill and knowledge there, and the reverse was true for Uncle Milt. It was a great relationship, most respectful of one-another. It is too bad Packard didn't survive to take greater advantage of Dad and Uncle Milt's resulting success dealing with customers.

They were thoroughly enamored with cute, new Nash Metropolitans them when Nash began importing them in 1954. They sold many of them, too, considering how small a dealer they were and the size of their assigned market, which was Edgar County and the county right below it, Clark. Both counties abut the Indiana border just west of Terre Haute and Indiana's Vigo County.

All this business strained the capacity of their small dealership property at 141 East Court Street in Paris...and there was no used car lot on that property's footprint. This meant they had to maintain a used car lot off site, which was a gravel lot with a small shack on U.S. 150 / Illinois 1 North *"Across from the Park Entrance."* Dad advertised that location because everybody knew where the main entrance to Paris' Twin Lakes Park was located. Having two different business locations several miles apart proved difficult to manage, so by early 1955, they began looking for a larger property.

Enter Stage Left local Studebaker dealer Harry Rhoads, owner of Paris Sales Company, the authorized Studebaker dealer in Paris. Harry had an ideal property in downtown Paris with a huge building he did not need...and an excellent used car lot on the north side of that building. Too, Harry was a nice guy but a better mechanic than salesman. As Dad observed, Harry had the unfortunate habit of waxing poetic about the mechanical features and benefits of new Studebakers until a prospect's eyes glazed over... *"and then they went out and bought a new Ford,"* to quote Dad.

Harry's business had stretched his credit to the limit and he was in financial trouble by early 1955, the year after The Packard Motor Car Company bought The Studebaker Corporation to form The Studebaker-Packard Corporation.

Dad and Uncle Milt approached Harry and proposed forming Palma-Rhoads Motors in early 1955, with The Palma Brothers owning 85% of the business and Harry Rhoads, 15%. Dad and uncle Milt abandoned their 141 East Court Street location and combined their operation with that of Harry Rhoads at 232 North Central Avenue in Paris. This solved Harry's financial problems and Dad and Uncle Milt's space problems, which worked out well for all parties.

By this time, Kaiser was essentially out of the car business and Studebaker had a full line of trucks, so Palma-Rhoads Motors handled Packard, Nash, and Studebaker products at the North Central Avenue location. It was conveniently located immediately north of The Edgar County Jail in the event any customers became irate at the dealership's trade-in offer for their worn-out, oil-pumping, 1949 DeSoto with Fluid Drive that few people knew how to operate.

During this time, I advanced from age 7 in 1953 to age 10 in 1956 and spent countless hours at both the East Court Street and North Central Avenue locations, soaking up everything I could about those makes. Studebakers became of interest because with sporty styling and V-8 engines with stick shifts, they were lively little cars that appealed more to a youngster than luxurious Packards or stodgy Nashes.

This was permanently etched in my fertile, impressionable young mind when the Studebaker Road Man arrived at Palma-Rhoads Motors on a warm day in May 1955 driving a bright new green and yellow (OK, Hialeah Green and Sun Valley Yellow) Studebaker Speedster. He came in and invited the staff to take it out for a spin. Thankfully, my 9-YO self was on the premises, so before I was asked, I immediately hopped in the back seat behind the driver; Service Manager Uncle Milton.

"Uncle Milt" was known as the one [of the four] Palma brothers who lived closest to the edge, so I knew we'd go for a wild ride...and, boy, did we ever. I don't remember clearly who the other passengers were, but Dad probably rode shotgun. Up we went on Illinois Route One north out of Paris, a road across the Illinois prairie straighter than the best Indian's arrow. I'm sure we hit 100 MPH before uncle Milt backed off...and with all the windows down, I was well-buffed in the back seat...a ride a 9-YO could never forget! I was hooked on Studebaker high-performance.

Almost a year later, in March 1956, a most memorable car arrived at the dealership. It's the only one of which I am aware that survives to this day: A factory-stick-overdrive 1956 Golden Hawk. It was special-ordered by an eccentric attorney, Riley McClain, who traded in his 1953 Jaguar and a 1951 Champion sedan on the Golden Hawk. I remember sitting behind the wheel of that Golden Hawk at the dealership before it was delivered...and, as a 10-YO, playing with the gearshift. The car stayed in east central Illinois and while it became rusty, it remarkably never lost its original engine or was converted to a floor shift. It was ultimately documented and restored by Pat Doherty of Boise Idaho, where it is today, and was the very cover car on the August 2006 *Hemmings Classic Car* special Studebaker edition.

But in early 1956, Harry Rhoads' negotiating ability had been no match for that of barrister McClain. When Dad saw the deal, he went through the roof because he knew they'd lose money on it...the question was simply how much. In the end, despite Dad's best efforts to find a buyer for the

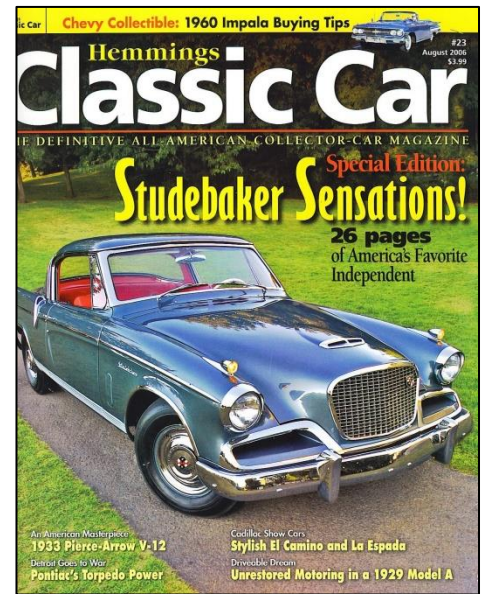
Jaguar and extract all the possible money from the Champion trade, the dealership lost right at \$1,000 on that Golden Hawk. Records from the dealership entrusted to me decades ago confirm this.

How bad was a \$1,000 loss in 1956? **Consider:** Dad and Uncle Milt and Harry Rhoads were the three principles in the dealership. After paying all the bills, their usual, personal profit was supposed to be \$75 per week...or \$325 per month if you do the math based on 52 weeks and 12 months. So, among the three of them, they each tried to clear \$325 per month...times three principles = \$975.

On May 11, they finally sold the Jaguar for \$1,500 and calculated their net loss; \$1,000.

To lose \$1,000 on one deal meant that each of the dealership's three principles had to take home no money for the month of May 1956 and, in fact, chip in to share a \$25 loss among themselves for the month. OOPS! And it wasn't as if something had gone wrong, like an engine had unexpectedly blown up in one of the trade-ins; simply, Harry Rhoads had grossly over-allowed for the trades and/or didn't secure enough cash in addition to those trades.

I've always felt that was the beginning of the end for Palma-Rhoads Motors because it was obvious by then that Packard was on the way out and Packard had been the dealership's flagship all along, per Dad. 1956 prospects for Nash and Studebaker didn't look all that good (and weren't, except for the all-new 1956 Rambler), so I'm sure Dad and Uncle Milt concluded that Palma-Rhoads Motors could not support three families after Packard was gone, not to mention having to deal with Harry Rhoads' -ahem- "long" trades, so they sold out their part of the business at public auction on July 31, 1956.



The 1956 Golden Hawk sold new at Palma-Rhoads Motors in Paris on March 31, 1956.

SELLING OUT AT AUCTION
 We are quitting the automobile business, and will sell the following equipment and material at Public Auction, at the Packard - Nash Garage, 232 N. Central, Paris, Ill., on—

Wednesday, August 1st, 1956
 Beginning at 1:00 P. M., D. S. T.

GARAGE EQUIPMENT
 Sun 6-12 volt Motor Analyzers; Sun 6-12 volt Distributor Machine; Sun 6-12 volt Timing Light; Sun Compression Gauges; 6-12 volt Battery Chargers; 6 volt Battery Charger; Amature (oh), undercoiler and motor; Klear Flo Parts Washer; Green Lubrication equipment—3 pump cabinets, Green undercoating machine; Champion air compressor—3 HP electric motor, Javelin hose, single post, 8000 lb. capacity; 1 ton Yale & Towne chain fall; Klear Flo engine washer; Slick brake machine; Champion spark plug cleaner; 2 floor jacks, hydraulic Heim-Werner 1 1/2 ton bumper jack, hydraulic; 2 Fite Fryer windshield cabinets; 3 oil storage tanks with pumps; Black & Decker bench grinder; Tascis surf board; 4" view portable compressed air tank. Red Arrow Tow bar with cables.
 5 Steel spare bins, misc. wooden shelves and bins; several mechanic's benches; small oil space heater; small wrecker hoist; Fluorescent lighting fixtures in several sizes; metal cabinet with assortment of nuts and bolts.

BODY SHOP EQUIPMENT
 Porter Ferguson body jack and fittings (large); Blackhawk body jack and fittings (small); Black & Decker body grinder; Milwaukee pallisher; National air sander; 2 Binks spray guns; DeVilbiss air regulator, misc. tools and body shop supplies.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT and MISCELLANEOUS
 several desks, chairs, tables, filing cabinet, etc. Sundstrand elec. adding machine with positive credit balance; literature and accessories stand.

AUTOMOBILES
 A nice selection of good used cars will be sold.

LU and MILT PALMA
 232 N. Central Ave. Paris, Ill.

TERMS: CASH
 Not responsible in case of accidents.
 Auctioneers: Hugh James, Jr. Elder, Bob Weddell

I spent the day at the dealership during that auction, excited to see all the grown-ups participating in auction activity, as would be expected. The saddest item sold, in my opinion, was the huge, vertical **PACKARD** neon sign hanging on the building out front. It sold for either \$1 or \$5 to a scrapper who would have to cut it off the building a day or two later. We can only guess what it would be worth today, had it been carefully removed in good working order, which it was, and stored for the last 60+ years.

Uncle Milt went on to become the Service Manager at Bishop & Gross Ford in Paris while Dad went to work as the National Sales Director for a large advertising specialties firm headquartered in Paris, The U. O. Colson Company.

The auction sale bill announcing Dad and uncle Milt going out of the car business.

Subject: Jay Leno's take on automotive restoration etc.



CARS - LIFE - RESTORATION *(From the National Street Rod Association)*

So here are some very sage words from **Jay Leno** about old cars and their restoration which I thought were perfectly right for this group.

"Once I had a gentleman on The Tonight Show who had climbed Mount Everest, which is an amazing feat that is nearly impossible for most people under the best of circumstances. But this guy was also blind. Imagine being 29,000 feet up, grabbing at snow, not knowing if it's night or day, with the wind howling and every breath a challenge, and you can't see anything. Anyway, he was a nice gentleman and an incredible athlete who afterward had been doing motivational speaking.

I asked him how it was going and he sort of grimaced. He said the frustrating part was the meet-and-greet after, when at least one person in every audience would come up and say, "Yeah, I was going to climb Mount Everest, but, you know, the kids have soccer and work is crazy and I just haven't gotten around to it."

Like it was so easy except, you know, soccer practice. Here this fellow had trained his whole life to do something that maybe one out of 10 million people can do, had endured incredible hardship, and had even overcome the fact that he was blind, and people were so dismissive of it.

Maybe it's because life has gotten pretty soft and we don't make anything for ourselves anymore, but we're losing respect for other people's accomplishments and hard work, for what the human hand can do instead of just the human brain. I hear this all the time from guys who have their cars restored and who have never turned a wrench in their lives: All mechanics are crooks, they'll overcharge you at every turn. They'll moan about the high cost of a paint job, for example, not realizing that the paint is \$600 a quart and somebody has to spend hours sanding it and finishing it because a good finish doesn't come out of a rattle-can of Rust-Oleum.

Our appreciation or understanding of other people's hard work is fading, and that rankles me. The last time I pulled a transmission out of something here at the garage, it took hours and my hands were bleeding and covered in grease, and I thought, "Some guy only makes a couple hundred bucks for doing that?" That's why I don't usually question a quote for something we need to get done outside the garage. Good work doesn't seem expensive when you think about how much actual effort goes into it, and that someone needs to be able to make a living doing it or else nobody will do it. Besides, I have yet to meet anyone who is getting rich by sandblasting rusty parts or re-chroming bumpers. They're not overcharging—in fact, they're probably undercharging.

Well, nowadays we watch these shows where they restore a car in a weekend, literally, and it seems so easy. The sparks are flying and guys are trying to ram a big-screen TV into the dash, and after a couple of commercial breaks and some pounding music, the car is done. It gives people an unrealistic picture of what it takes to restore a car—the thousands of hours, many of which are never billed. Just the amount of research a restorer has to do, figuring out how things go together and what is supposed to be original, is huge.

These days, Amazon will drop a package on your doorstep the same day you order it, so we're also losing touch with how long things take in the real world. A very famous country western star called me not long ago and said, "It's my husband's birthday, he's always wanted a 1953 Ford F-100, a red one, and I want to get one for his birthday. Can you get me one?" I said I couldn't promise it would be red, but I would look around. Then I asked when his birthday is. She said, "Thursday." I said, "This is Tuesday! I'm not going to find a car in two days. It takes awhile!" She didn't get it.

Next time you're walking a car show, before you judge some guy because his paint isn't perfect, think about how much of the work you do yourself. Unlike everything else we buy these days, there's nothing quick, easy, or cheap about old cars. And while few of us will ever climb Mount Everest, restoring a classic car is enough of a mountain for most people. Give them some credit."

Sent to me by Joe Bacon



Bob Palma <bobcaripalma@hotmail.com>

To: Nelson Bove; nels bove

Cc: Barry Hackney; bill pressler; Bob & Marilyn Morse; bob belling; Bob Coolidge +88 others



Thu 1/12/2023 8:33 AM

'Says Studebaker " ...got a jump start on the muscle car era!" You bet. I posted this to the forum as well.

https://www.oldcarsweekly.com/features/old-cars-muscle-car-timeline?utm_medium=email&hsmi=241158028&hsenc=p2ANqtz-9lB_o92VDM_pL9SUKq3aRlyl9966MvnbNgJQ0Tt6kQIEAL8YZBLzftnKeEkJMAFKEjyuYWRds7atmcuLc1QHaBihHdzQ&utm_content=241158028&utm_source=hs_email



Old Cars Muscle Car Timeline

Old Cars took a stroll down muscle lane at the 2022 MCACN show. Angelo Van Bogart talks muscle car history as he shares images from the show.

Ford truck club
January 4 at 3:49 AM · 🌐

True fact

There is no such thing as too much horsepower, just not enough traction.
- Carroll Shelby

Brian Reeves
January 11 at 2:00 PM · 👤

Kevin Reeves wonder how big of sails they will need to go green? LOL

The 25,480 Liter
62000 horsepower turbo-diesel
engine used in modern oil tankers



What's Your Favorite Day?

I recently read a quote from Todd Stucker where he says, "Why does February feel like one big Tuesday?"

Well this got me to thinking. What is there about Tuesday that would prompt that statement? Do you perceive that Tuesday seems worse than the other six days of the week? So after extensive research, here is what I have found out about our calendar's 24-hour segments:



SUNDAY - The first day of the week is set aside as the Lord's Day and traditionally considered a day of rest.

MONDAY - Here's the day that gets all the bad press! Usually this day is dreaded as the day we return to work or go back to school. Often called Blue Monday, this day is denigrated in prose, song, online, and by cartoonists & comedians. However on the plus side, Monday has always been a day to start anew. It's the most popular day to begin quitting a bad habit; go on a diet; begin a project; or start an exercise program. Another plus came into our lives when the Federal Government passed a law that many of our holidays would be celebrated on Monday...thus creating the joy of a 3-day weekend.

TUESDAY - Historically, October 29, 1929 is remembered as Black Tuesday...the day of the infamous Great Stock Market crash. Tuesday's only other claim to fame is that on Tuesday, March 13, 1781 the planet Uranus was discovered. (As a mother who raised two sons, I can attest to the fact that the name of this planet has brought hysterical laughter to pre-teen boys for centuries.) But other than those two things, Tuesday comes across as a ho-hum day. For example...for decades women would do their laundry on Mondays and then iron on Tuesdays. And, believe me, nothing is as boring as a day of ironing!



WEDNESDAY - Recently, Wednesday has become known as Hump Day. Since most people work 5-day weeks, Wednesday marks the halfway point to the greatly anticipated weekend.

THURSDAY - Whew! We're coasting along on this day. We can actually see the light at the end of the tunnel...that aforementioned tunnel of school or work.

FRIDAY - WOW! It's Friday...other wise known as Casual Friday, TGIF (Thank God It's Friday), Black Friday (the start of Christmas shopping), or Weekend's Eve. But, you may ask, "What about Friday the 13th?" It's true that the superstition and fear of that date is real to many people and it actually has a scientific name: friggatriskaidekaphobia. But in many countries and cultures the date is deemed good luck.

SATURDAY - And that brings us to the seventh day of the week...PLAY DAY! Saturday is usually about the only day of the week that we get to decide, ourselves, what we want to do. Hopefully, the weather is good and we set out to enjoy a day of family fun. Saturday contains hope and the promise of concluding another week of work and pleasure.

So now we are back to our original question: **Why does February feel like one big Tuesday?** Maybe it's because January is a long month of winter weather and we're tired of bad weather! February stands between us and getting to Spring. Maybe it's because February can be gray...cold...dreary...and just plain boring.

So, after you've had time to think about it...what are your thoughts about February?



Upcoming Events

Saturday, February 18 Starting at 11:00 a.m. – SDC member Steve Woodall has invited the Studebaker and Lincoln Clubs to a guided **tour of the John Force Racing Facility and Museum** in Brownsburg. After our tour we will head on over to Locale (formerly the Pit Stop) for lunch at 1:00 p.m. The tour will be approximately 1½ hours. There is a lounge upstairs if you need to take a break. For those who may find it a difficult walk, you are welcome to join us at the restaurant. John Force Racing is located at 498 Southpoint Cir, Brownsburg, IN 46112 and Locale is located at 932 E Main St, Brownsburg, IN 46112 about a three minute drive from the racing facility. Reservation is under "Studebaker".

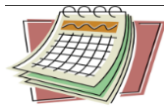


Things to know:

- Park at the **front door**.
- Tour begins at 11:00 a.m. sharp. **Door will be locked once the tour begins**, meaning, don't be late; there will be no one to let you in after 11:00 a.m.
- No intimate photos of the facility allowed, no photos of engines, car accessories, computers, etc. This is a highly competitive business, please respect their privacy.
- No wandering, stay with group.

At the Locale **we are limited to three selections**. I chose pulled pork, hamburger/cheeseburger and tenderloins. All three have been taste tested by SDC members and all are excellent.

Mark Your Calendar:



Saturday, March 18, 2023 at 1:00 p.m. - Larry and Sue Kennedy will host a joint Winter Meet with the Indy Chapter of the Studebaker Drivers Club and the Southern Indiana/Kentucky Chapter of the Hudson Club. This joint meet will be held at the Franklin Township Civic League, 8822 Southeastern Avenue, Indianapolis, IN 46239 (located two houses beyond the Ordinary in downtown Wanamaker). Hosts will provide a meat dish, water, coffee and iced tea. Bring your place settings and a dish or dessert to share. This facility is handicapped accessible and has a handicapped restroom, but no kitchen facilities. There are lots of electrical outlets for crockpots and plenty of parking spaces. If you have questions, contact Larry at 317-862-2020.

April – OPEN

Saturday, May 27, 2023 – Richard and Rose Poe are again hosting the **Annual Studebaker Nationals and Car Drags in Bunker Hill, Indiana**. This year it will be at a new location. Bunker Hill, Indiana is about 14 miles north of Kokomo. All performance and skill levels welcome. Bring your car to race, or not, and come to enjoy the day with us. This is a track day and open to us so you can make passes in your Studebaker just for the fun of it. There's a snack bar at the track. For more information about this event Checkout Bunker Hill Dragstrip web site @ www.Bunkerhilldragstrip.com or call Richard Poe at 812-345-5414, or rosrichpoe@att.net

June 1-3, 2023 South Bend, In. Michiana Swap Meet & Crossroads Zone Meet St. Joseph 4H fairgrounds

Saturday, September 9 – International Drive Your Studebaker Day

September 12-16, 2023 - Studebaker International in Manitowoc and Two Rivers, WI, hosted by the Wisconsin Region Studebaker Drivers Club.

National Directors

President: Dennis Foust - studequy54@gmail.com
Vice President: Don Jones
Secretary: Cindy Foust - cfoust1966@gmail.com
Treasurer: Jane Stinson - jestinson@aol.com
Past President: Tom Curtis - tomnancurtis@aol.com

National Board of Directors

Crossroads Zone National Board Director: Bob Henning at
rhnn15090@aol.com

Crossroad Zone Coordinator: Dave Hamblin

Regional Manager Indiana: Bob Henning

National SDC Membership

Regular membership dues in the National Studebaker Club are \$29.00 for new members 1st year only. Renewals are \$36.00 per year, which includes 12 monthly issues of *Turning Wheels*, the National SDC Magazine. (Other memberships are available.) Application is available upon request or e-mail studebakerdriverclub.com.

National SDC membership is a prerequisite. Renewal INDY Chapter dues are \$18.00. Renewals are payable January each year. After March a \$5.00 late fee will be added. Application is available upon request.

Updated January, 2023

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The Brickyard Bulletin is published monthly. The deadline for summations is the 15th of the previous month.

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To:



February