



April 2021  
Volume 4, Issue 1



**NORTH TEXAS**

## **WHEEL**

**A NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTH TEXAS CHAPTER  
STUDEBAKER DRIVERS CLUB**

### **President's Remarks**

Luck. Sometimes we get lucky when we really need it. Our April meeting date was one of those. With all of my hard headed way of doing things I could not find a location suited for a good Club pic-nic. We were all lucky I did not because it was a cold day and in some parts of the metroplex there was rain also. May meeting will be indoors at one of our regular locations. I have set us up at Dickey's BBQ Pit at their 5530 S. Cooper St. in Arlington, TX 76017. Take I20, exit at S. Cooper and drive South about a mile and a half and Dickies will be on your right. See You there Saturday May 15 at 11:30 for tire kicking and we have the meeting room from 12:00 until 2:00pm. Meeting will start at about 1:00pm.

Bad Luck. This would be not setting up my reservations for the International Meet this year. The host hotel that had fifty rooms set aside at \$119/night, those are sold out and the regular room rate is I think, \$225/night. The other hotels have also upped their prices a lot although they were not holding rooms at a special rate for the club members. Maybe REI has tents on sale this month.

It will be good to get our meetings back on the calendar again and as with before I will try to move them all around the metroplex so the same people do not get the long drive each time. I may also plan an extra get together in East Texas as there are a number of International members I would like to meet.

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## EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Spring—at last! And a meeting in sight!!

I still eagerly await any input from you on tech tips, ownership, beer runs, drag races, you name it.

Speaking of stories, wait until you read what long-time member Kent Greenlee has to say. I love these stories & look forward to hearing from more of you.

The editor of the Hubcap,& club member Nick Dynis had a suggestion sent in that I think is great & I will repost here.

We would like to get as many members as possible to send in a short (even just one or two sentences) about how they became interested in Studebakers.

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### With that in mind, here is my story

I've always like/owned odd cars. My first was a 1930 Marquette that I bought at the ripe old age of 12. It was a basket case & over the years, I actually got it driving despite having no spark plugs & rusted cylinders when I bought it for \$10. Lots & lots of \$10-25 motorcycles followed. I once owned a 1962 NSU Sport Prinz with a Wankel engine because it was odd. Parts were non existent for that one.

After retiring, I wrenched on Fords & Tri Five Chevis but when attending car shows I found these stacked like cords of wood. I was looking for something different and Studebaker was plenty different.

After reading everything I could about the company and joining SDC & our club, I decided the GT Hawk was for me. I put out the word that I was in the market. My find however came from the Bay area near San Francisco. I saw Ruby on E Bay & contacted the owner. After seeing the repairs & receipts for the car I then searched at SDC for someone to look the car over for me. There was no need as the owner & the car were both vouched for by several local chapter members.

Then came the interminable wait until Ruby would finally be transported to Texas !

## BUY/SELL/TRADE

### FREE!

My employer buys plate light assemblies for the bulb holder which is used in a park light assembly for Sunbeam Alpines that I cast and Gayle makes plastic lenses for. The rest of the plate light unit is not used. The only difference is that the lens is clear where the originals were a milky glass, which could be done with paint, or not. At the moment I have a dozen of them. It looks to be the same lens on our '66 Wagonaire and '53 Commander.

Bob MacLeod [s2dbob@yahoo.com](mailto:s2dbob@yahoo.com)



### FOR SALE

1962 Studebaker Lark Cruiser

Four door, color: light blue, V8, automatic, good glass

This car has been neglected for a while and has surface rust on the hood, some body damage on the right front fender but the bumper, headlights, and trim are in good shape. The photo did not show the interior, however at least the right front tire is flat.

I read up on this and 1962 was a good year for Studebaker and built with more emphasis on improved quality. Besides quality work there were new design details, rear

contact: Paul Palmer in Nocona, TX.

phone: 1-940-235-7151

e-mail: [Paul@epaulmers.com](mailto:Paul@epaulmers.com)



I have a 1962 Studebaker Champ Pickup that I wish to sell. Perhaps someone in your club would be interested in a great project.

The truck is rust free except for some holes in the floorboard. It is original paint, no dents. The gas tank is clean. The odometer shows 40K miles. I have a clear Texas title. It is in amazing condition for it's age. I'm asking \$7,500 or best offer.

Rick Mock  
535 Ellingham Dr.  
Katy, TX 77450  
281-731-5227 call or text  
[rickmock@reagan.com](mailto:rickmock@reagan.com)

I am the newsletter editor for the Katy Cruizers, a local car club.





# Tech Corner

Any technical tips on repair, maintenance or modification to your Studebaker is welcomed here.

Given that my 63 GT Hawk “Ruby” is a daily driver, my emphasis as stated before is reliability, durability and modern upgrades. Anything else in my books with that mission in mind is frivolous.

When Ruby first appeared in Texas from Northern California, her interior was sad looking from years of sun beating in and a basic lack of care.

The headliner had what I believed to be water stains. I was told different from an automotive upholster who said the marks were from rodents. I asked how and why and his reply is that there is often straw or jute lining or stuffing behind the headliner which makes an attractive home for rodents to winter in. That was certainly less than appealing but even more so was the \$600 to replace it with the additional effort of removing and possibly breaking both front or rear glass. What’s a tight wad like me to do?

The answer came in the form of a 12 oz. aerosol can of vinyl dye. I removed the chrome strips, masked off all glass and got a cheap high from spraying several coats of this product over the affected areas.

I must say, the results were quite impressive and I’m at least \$550 ahead of the game.





## Tech Corner

With the headliner success, I was on a role and in keeping with my 20 footer philosophy, I decided to give the seats a try as well. The tops were faded and cracked from the sun while the white insert was more of a “builder beige”

Out came the seats and on went the vinyl dye. Who knew that Walmart would carry my exact interior match in Colonial Red.

Judge for yourself if it was worth the effort.



# Who Knew? CONELRAD

Club Member Marvin Haring a local radio expert shared the following information.

U.S. President Harry Truman established CONELRAD in 1951 and was carried on by President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

(CONELRAD

Control of Electromagnetic Radiation) was a method of emergency broadcasting to the public of the United States in case of Soviet bomber attack during the Cold War years.

Conelrad had a simple system for alerting the public. In the event of an emergency, all United States television and FM radio stations were required to stop broadcasting. The stations that strayed on the air would transmit on either 640 or 1240 kHz. This was to confuse enemy aircraft who might be navigating using radio direction finding.





# A Note from our Membership Chairman

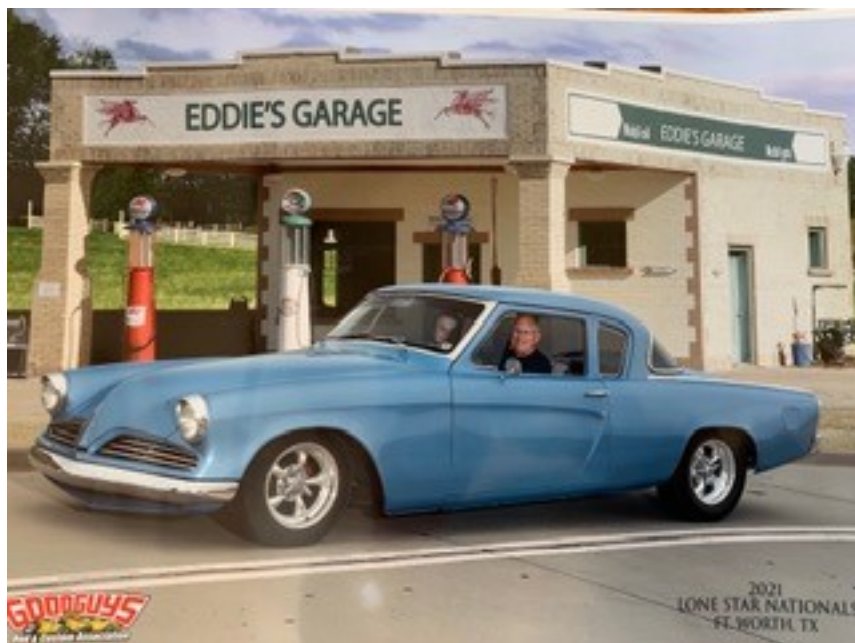
Dues for year 2021.

Annual dues of \$15.00 are to be sent to the chapter treasurer. Leon Carpenter, 5711 Highgate Dr,  
Arlington, Tx., 76016

Make checks payable to:

North Texas Studebaker Drivers Club

The money you saved not driving to meetings should easily offset the cost. I've been told that Leon will hunt you down like a wounded dog for delinquent fees. Don't mess with him!



You're seeing a lot of Eddie & his car— Know why?

Because he sends me pictures of his car. You too can have your car featured **BUT** you have to send me the info!



# UPCOMING EVENTS

## NORTH TEXAS WHEEL

Many of our members on top of attending our monthly meetings also participate in local car shows to benefit many community functions.

May 1st. **Pecan Plantation** has once again opened its car show to any car lover. There is no entry fee, it is not a judged show and all you have to do is come. You do not need to live in Pecan Plantation to participate. Parking begins at 8:30am until 10:00am and the display is from 10:00a until 2:00pm and you are asked to stay until 2:00pm to protect the pedestrian traffic and children. There will also be music from the 40's thru the 80's and there will be food available at a reasonable price from a catering truck. Remember to bring your cooler and lawn chairs. FOR SALE signs should be small and only on one side of the car, this is a car show and not a sale lot. Pecan Activities Center(PAC) at 9145 Plantation Drive on Saturday May 21st. Look for signs.



The Indy Chapter of The Studebaker Drivers Club (SDC) would like to personally invite all SDC members to attend the 57th annual SDC International Meet September 8-11 2021, Indianapolis Indiana. The past twelve months have been challenging due to the COVID pandemic, hopefully with the vaccines we can return to our normal lives. Over the past year the Indy Chapter has been planning for an annual meeting in a casual setting at an affordable price.

The location for the International Meet is the Marion County Fairgrounds, the facility mimics closely the 2019 Mansfield meet. The fairgrounds encompasses 144 acres with several buildings that will be utilized. Camping with full hook up is available on the grounds as well as free car trailer parking. The entire facility is secured by fencing. From the fairgrounds our chosen hotels are a short 10 minute drive on rural roads. The hotels were chosen by a three point criteria, safety, cleanliness and price. Three of the seven hotels were under \$90.00 per night and sold fast. Hotels are within walking distance of each other so it is easy to gather evenings and visit with friends, new or old.

We are not finished, there are more events still to be confirmed. Check your monthly issue of Turning Wheels for updates. SDC events have been cancelled and members separated for too long by this pandemic, we look forward to once again joining together in the hobby we love. Book your hotels and register early, see you soon!

## Meet our Member of the Month Kent Greenlee

### In Kent's own words

My Heirloom Avanti 63R1669

By Kent Greenlee

In the movie "A Christmas Story," young Ralphie Parker identifies his father as an Oldsmobile man. My father, Robert Greenlee, was a Studebaker man. As a reward for completing his medical education, he bought himself a new '53 Starlight hardtop in red over cream. When the family grew to three boys, he traded the '53 for a '55 wagon, Old Blue. In 1962 when he was invited to a promotional viewing of the all-new Avanti, it was a no-brainer. He was already following the unfolding Avanti story in the motoring press, and was lusting to have one.



My dad liked what he saw and placed an order for what I'm sure was Ft. Wayne, Indiana's, first Avanti. Oh, not the fire-breathing, supercharged, four-speed, sporty car Avanti; the gold, R1, three-on-the-floor, family cruiser Avanti. It did come with a backseat, an AM radio, a hillholder, and twin traction for those snowy Indiana winters. I don't know what fairy tale the salesman told my father about delivery, but what happened was lots of waiting impatiently. Weeks of waiting turned into months of waiting. My 8<sup>th</sup> grade pals became convinced I had been fibbing about my dad buying an Avanti. But, finally, the car was delivered to Cloverleaf Motors and the harried salesman called to invite my dad to pick up his new wheels. Unfortunately, Dr. Greenlee was unavailable, on a business trip to Indianapolis. So, my mother and I were tasked with collecting the new car, with the ironic result that my dad's toy, bearing the plaque that said "Quality built expressly for Robert L. Greenlee MD", would be legally titled to its nemesis, Jean Greenlee. My mother loathed the car and the feeling seemed to be mutual.

The Avanti was as fabulous as anticipated. Metallic gold with that fantastic aircraft style cockpit, real bucket seats, built-in rollbar, that heady new car perfume, and when Mom fired it up, it roared. She hustled us straight home and parked it in the garage to await my dad. He loved it. There were some minor annoyances; the rearview mirror was comically ineffective, the gearshift rattled at highway speeds, and those hubcaps hadn't evolved much since '53. Some mild customization was in order. A second Strato-View mirror was added to the passenger side fender. The steel wheels were demoted to snow tire duty and were replaced in the temperate months with chrome Dayton wire wheels sporting those new-fangled steel belted radial tires. Dad was convinced the fiberglass body would make the Avanti invulnerable to road salt, and he settled in to keep the car forever.

It was all well and good being chauffeured in an Avanti. It shut the guys at school up. But I was still a couple of years shy of Indiana's legal driving age. How I envied my Mississippi cousins who got licenses at 14 and drove tractors and trucks on the farm as soon as their feet could reach the pedals. The summer finally arrived when I would turn 16. I signed up for Driver's Ed in summer school. We would be driving dual control white Valiants with push-button automatic transmissions. Dad would let me get a feel for a clutch by easing the Avanti up and down the driveway.

The successful completion of Driver's Ed resulted in the coveted Learner's Permit. At last, I could drive the Avanti on the street, with a licensed adult driver in the passenger seat. Bob was patient, Jean was nervous but I sought out every opportunity to drive. When I reached the age of 16 years and 10 minutes, I reported to the DMV driver's license office downtown. The written test was a piece of cake. I had studied that booklet from cover to cover. The state trooper who would be giving me the driving part of the test was impressed by the Avanti. By this time, Studebaker was gone and there were a number of Avantis around town, but the trooper admitted he had never been in one. I drove, he admired the cockpit and asked a lot of questions about the gauges and switches. When it came time to demonstrate parallel parking, he told me to pull into a spot head-in and called it good enough. I drove home with my paper provisional license.



Even though the Avanti was a new model for Studebaker and had been challenging to put into production, it was fairly reliable and compared well to other cars of the day. When it did breakdown, my mother was invariably at the wheel. On one occasion, she pulled into a parking spot in a lot downtown across from Dad's work. As she turned off the ignition, the car backfired violently and flames and smoke began to billow out from under the hood. She quickly exited the vehicle and stood back to gleefully watch it burn to the ground. At that moment a good Samaritan rushed up, fire extinguisher at the ready, and to Jean's great disappointment, doused the blaze before the paint had even blistered.

My dad was very generous with the Avanti and I drove it most weekends during high school. Innumerable miles were logged aimlessly cruising with friends from the Azar's Big Boy on the north side of town to Don Hall's Gas House on the south end of town. And repeat. I spent multiple days meticulously detailing the Avanti and took my girlfriend to the prom in style. My best buddy, Mike Miller, and I drove it to Bloomington to visit his sister Tanya at IU for a weekend. We admired the frat house parking lots, salted with the rich kid's Cobras and Vettes, but we were no slouches in a gold Avanti. One perfect Saturday in the summer of 1968, Mike and I drove the Avanti to Old Town in Chicago to buy records and see hippies. We headed out of the windy city on Lakeshore Drive with the windows down and Hugh Masekela's "Grazing in the Grass" blasting on the radio. Life in an Avanti was good.

That fall, I left home for college and abandoned the Avanti to its fate. Somehow, the car beat the odds and survived three teenage boys learning to drive, though all three of us can tell a story of coming within a hair's breadth of wrecking it. My brother Mark was the next to become a licensed driver, and though he went on to a law enforcement career where he packed a gun daily and foiling bad guys was the job description, his James Bond moment in life came while driving the Avanti. After the dance on prom night, he drove up on a situation that required him to bail out of the gold Avanti and engage in a fist fight all while wearing a rented tuxedo.

Eventually my father came to understand that owning more than two cars at a time was not excessively profligate. The Avanti became a weekend play toy and a series of cars did duty as the commuter vehicle. The Avanti changed color a couple of times over the years. The faded factory gold was replaced by British racing green. The painter assured my dad it was the same paint they put on Austin Healeys, but on a car the size of the Avanti it looked like gumball green. A much more dignified silver was next. The car had now logged 150K miles and the engine was tired, so Dad had a respected local mechanic and garage owner, Jim Kimbell (a Buick guy), overhaul it.

My dad retired and my parents began to split time between Ft. Wayne and Hilton Head, S.C. The Avanti wintered snugly in the garage in Indiana. By 1989 the Avanti was generally tired and showing its age, so my father engaged a friend of his, Paul Freehill, a Stutz collector and restorer, to perform a refurbishment. The body was removed from the frame which was sandblasted and powder coated. The fiberglass was painted gold again using a Porsche paint. The interior was re-upholstered as needed, all gauges repaired, bumpers rechromed, and the engine was fitted with new seals and gaskets to slow the oil leaks. The rusty wire wheels were sandblasted and powder coated gray. Almost like new. The shifter still rattled.

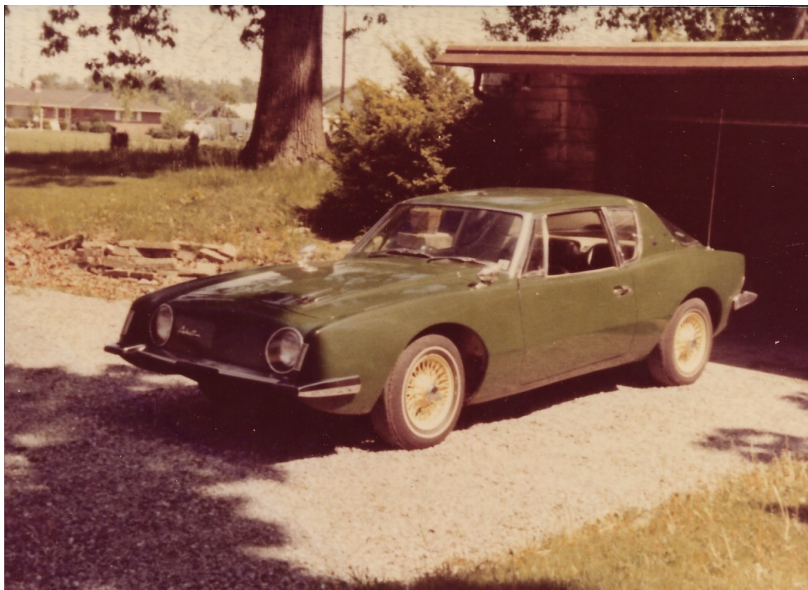
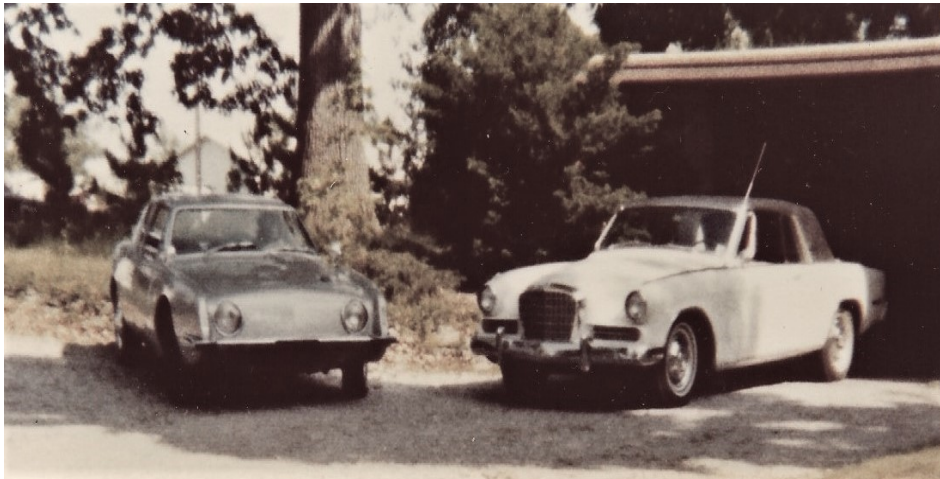
One winter a plumbing disaster flooded the lower rooms of the beautiful mid-century modern house in Indiana. My folks begin to reassess dual home ownership. Most of their friends in Ft. Wayne had moved to sunnier climes or passed away. The big wooded yard was a lot of work and they were getting older. A decision was made; they would buy a nicer condo on Hilton Head and sell the Indiana house. But what to do about the Avanti? There would be no garage at the beach and the elements would take their toll in a hurry. Dad decided to hand the Avanti down to the next generation. My youngest brother, Allen, had no garage space as he had inherited an old Jaguar from his father-in-law. My middle brother, Mark, was actively shopping for a Hudson Hornet and wasn't interested in trying to maintain a Studebaker. So, by mutual agreement, I inherited an Avanti.

My wife Tina, younger son Austin, and I loaded the minivan and headed for Indiana. The Avanti's rightful owner, Jean Greenlee, signed over the title. I checked the tires, belts, hoses, fluids, and filled the tank with premium gas, which was no longer selling for 33 cents a gallon as I remembered, and my son and I struck out for Texas with Tina following in the minivan. We made it with no mishaps beyond the brake lights crapping out.

Now I have been a member of SDC since 1977 and I have had project cars during all that time, but this was the first time I had owned a "driver". I joined the local North Texas Chapter and began to actively participate in the club's activities. The drives to the monthly meetings are really my main Avanti outings. I try to keep the car in working order and never take more of it apart than I can reassemble before the next meeting. My 1949 2R-5 truck project occupies the second bay in my garage and is the focus of my restoration efforts. Someday I hope to re-restore the Avanti, fix that rattling shifter, and pass on a really nice Studebaker with a long and colorful family history to another generation of Greenlees.







## ***End of an Era***

I recently had the opportunity to meet one of our older club members & by that I mean not only chronologically but also that he's been a member since the 60's

Bobby Goodman has a plot of land south west of Dallas on which resides per his claim 30-40 Studebakers. I'll have to take his word on that as in many areas the brush was too thick to actually see anything in behind. What is sad is that after collecting Studebaker cars and parts for all of his life (70 years per his recollection) is that it all has to disappear by the end of April as the land has been sold and must be cleared. Studes dating back to the 20's and as late as mid 60's Larks, Hawks, Pickups and even an Avanti shell must be cleared. I wish him luck in this monumental task.





## Mystery Vehicle




Anyone that can identify this mystery vehicle in Bobby Goodman's collection will win an all expense paid trip to Tahiti.


## Miscellaneous






**Safety First**

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Feb 11 • Sunset, TX • 🌐

Who needs parts for their classic project car? With 3000 vehicles there's a good chance we can help!



   **Browne Auto Salvage**



# NORTH TEXAS CHAPTER

## STUDEBAKER DRIVERS CLUB

### MEMBERSHIP/RENEWAL APPLICATION

The North Texas Studebaker Drivers Club has my permission to use this info in their club directory (circle one) Yes No

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SPOUSE'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ANNIVERSARIES (Day & Month) BIRTHDAYS: HIS \_\_\_\_\_ HERS \_\_\_\_\_ WED.ANN. \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONES: HOME \_\_\_\_\_ WORK \_\_\_\_\_ CELL \_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

NEWSLETTER DELIVERY IS BY EMAIL. US MAIL IS AVAILABLE BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

PLEASE LIST YOUR STUDEBAKERS (Owning a Studebaker is not a requirement for membership.)

YEAR	MODEL	BODY STYLE
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

(Own more than three? Just use the back)

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Membership starting January \_\_\_\_\_

International Membership # \_\_\_\_\_ National membership is a prerequisite for local membership.

Follow this link to the [National Studebaker Drivers Club](#) membership application

Mail application and \$15.00 Membership Dues (cash or check) to the address below. Make checks payable to **North Texas Studebaker Drivers Club** and mail to: Leon Carpenter, 5711 Highgate Dr, Arlington, Tx., 76016

We currently have about 50 members in our club. Average attendance at our meetings is 15-20. We meet on a monthly basis, typically on the 3rd Saturday of each month. Many of our meetings are held in conjunction with metroplex shows, tours or special events. Our meetings are fun, informative and very informal. We usually have a meal during the meeting for those who wish to eat. Our monthly newsletter has interesting articles, color pictures of our members and their Studebakers, current club news, and items of interest.