



Verne and Dave's Trip To The Land Of Oz

Yup! Verne and Dave went out on another excursion. This one entailed following “the slick muddy road.” It all started when Terry brought a friend named Oz to a club meeting. It turns out Oz has purchased a collection of Studebakers and Studebaker parts. That announcement got everyone’s attention. He mentioned, Larks, Hawks, even a truck. In fact, he passed out a sheet with a list of some of the inventory. His idea was to buy the entire Stude inventory to get a Commander he really wanted, then sell everything else to help pay for it. He said he was willing to sell anything to us for very reasonable prices. Naturally, everyone’s ears perked up. Where was this treasure trove of Studies? How come none of us knew about it? What kind of shape were the cars in? How do we see them? A conversation ensued about some of the items, and then the meeting went on.

That was that. Or so it seemed. A couple weeks later, however, Oz called Dave and asked when he and Verne were coming out to look at the cars. “Huh?” replied Dave. Oz said Terry had called him and informed him that he had called Verne. He told Oz that Verne and Dave wanted to meet to go look at the cars. “First I heard of it.” Dave said. “I better get a hold of Verne.” (It is a well known fact in the club, based on the chronicles in the club magazine’ that Verne and Dave have been known to purchase a couple of less-than-stellar Larks to resell with the sole purpose of adding value to their meager retirement nest eggs.) In addition, Verne has been known to dive head-first into a pile of rusty old anything to find that rare undiscovered item that might net him ten bucks at the next swap meet. So we were the right guys to call.

Back to the story: Anyway, Dave called Verne, who was busy with his “honey do day” chores, so Carole said he could call Dave back after he was done ☺ Later that afternoon an exhausted Verne called Dave. The following conversation ensued

Verne: What’s up?

Dave: I hear we’re supposed to go look at Oz’s Studies.

Verne: What the Hell are you talking about?

Dave: Oz called and said Terry spoke with you about us getting together and looking at them.

Verne: Geez. I don't remember that.

Dave (thinking Ohoh, Verne's getting CRS) Well, Oz said we are supposed to meet in couple days.

Verne: Hmm. That's news to me. I better call Terry.

Verne called Terry and yes, we were supposed to meet, but the missing piece in the chain of events was that Terry had forgotten to call Verne. Mystery solved.

Plans were made and off we go. Verne and Dave met at the local Ihop for a totally unnecessary calorie-laden monstrous breakfast.

We ate in eager anticipation of what the day had in store for us. With two "lucky finds" under our belts, would this be number three? We paid our bill and were more than ready to see what lay in wait. We had very explicit directions to lead us right to our destination, where we were to meet at 10 AM. Oz's instructions were "Once you get to the main road, go three miles, look for a huge green gate on your left." At approximately one mile, we noticed a moderately sized green gate. Nah, that can't be it...."But wait. There are a bunch of cars up on the hill." (Now remember the guy who told us three miles, huge gate, also gives directions where to find things at Home Depot). So we made a u-turn. Sure enough; we knew this was the place when we saw a moss covered old Caterpillar "yard art" piece about a hundred feet up the road. It was 9:45. We were early. We were supposed to meet them at the "huge green gate" but decided to drive on up and look at other stuff until they got there. (Good thing, as they got delayed and were a bit late).

We drove into the quintessential "bone yard". As far as the eye could see, there were old cars, trucks

Look closely. You might see Verne in here, crawling around, enjoying his version of Heaven



and tractors everywhere: from the teens to the sixties. Then Verne spotted the shop! There were rusty old signs, gas pumps, bicycles, and about

anything else you can think of. Verne had discovered Heaven on earth. He was salivating more than a pit bull looking at a poodle as lunch.

We met the owners and they were great guys. The grandfather had settled there on seventy seven acres and had an automotive shop near the house. They were trying to liquidate a bunch of the stuff that went from collectible to “buy it by the pound”. Anyway, at this point we kind of scrounged around enjoying all the memorabilia. Now, Verne has an eye for good stuff. Everything he asked for a price on, was “not for sale” Poor Verne. It was like being in a brothel, but all you can have are the ugly girls. They do have an incredible amount of stuff. The owner was going to start a bike shop, so he started buying up bicycles. There are probably at least two hundred of them, from junk to very expensive.

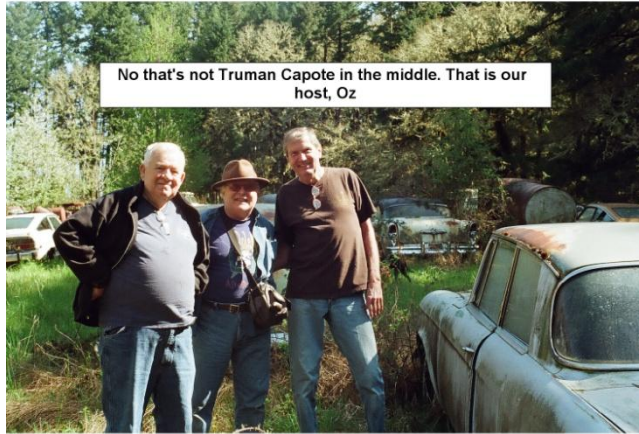
When Terry and Oz showed up we had to go over the hill to get to the Studes. This is where the slick muddy road came into play. When the owner saw our feet, he said we should have boots on. But, as you who have read our articles before know, we were ill prepared. You think we’d learn. Anyway we trudged up the hill and boy oh boy was there ever a lot of cars!



We looked at the Studes Oz owns and there were quite a few. Verne and Dave, unfortunately for Oz, have their hands full of fixer-uppers and their time left on ol' Mother Earth, to fix them up, is dwindling. Hence we didn't buy anything.



Coming down the hill the slick muddy road got its victim; Terry found a very slick patch and landed on his keister. Luckily no injuries, so the paramedics weren't necessary, but I bet next time he goes up there he will have proper footwear on, or have a pillow strapped to his butt.



All in all, although nothing was purchased (except Oz bought a back seat from Verne and Dave for his Lark), it is an amazing collection of cars, memorabilia and junk. In fact, it would be a great place to have as a club tour in better weather. If Oz could set it up, we could all go up there. He could then show the entire club all the Studebaker stuff he has for sale (he has a lot). Perhaps we can help him dispose of some of it. It is well worth seeing, just to experience the vastness of it all.



Well, that's about it. Our trek didn't net us anything; nonetheless we thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality and appreciated Oz guiding us. As we were trying to leave, the question was asked: Where's Verne? You guessed it. He had trudged through stacks of God-knows-what and mud and weeds to get around *BEHIND* the shop looking for more stuff. This guy puts the American Pickers to shame! He came back and asked the owner to come with him. But, as luck would have it, what he had found in the back of the shop, by standing on an upside down five gallon bucket, peering through a crack between two pieces of

sheet metal, behind a piece of plywood, partially obscured by a large piece of cardboard.....***wasn't for sale!***