



# 56J ONLY

THE PERIODIC NEWSLETTER OF THE  
**1956 STUDEBAKER GOLDEN HAWK OWNERS REGISTER**



Web Site: [www.1956GoldenHawk.com](http://www.1956GoldenHawk.com)

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## **GINNYHAWK FLORIDA TURN - Part Two**

*From Gary Willoughby*

*This is a continuation of Gary's trip from Tennessee to Florida in his 56J*

**NOTE: Gary used to drive a big truck around the country, you'll see references to this along the way**

Traveling on Hwy. 19 into Florida, we picked up Rt. 27, which is the old truck route into the citrus region, a 4 lane boulevard with wide median nowadays, but with hardly any traffic thanks to the adjacent big roads I-10 and I-75. It made for good running with little traffic, but now it started to get hot, the humidity making the difference. 'Long as we were moving, though, it was tolerable. On into the afternoon, it turned into probably the hottest part of the trip so far.

Down to Chiefland, where 27 branched off from 19/98 to head southeast towards Orlando, it was time to fuel up. The place to be was the 'Chiefland Travel Stop', at least I think that was its name. It certainly was the most popular place in town. Big truck islands in back; it looked O.K. Wanting a shady spot, I waited a few minutes before getting a pump, and then the ordeal began.

I don't know about anybody else's car, but the GinnyHawk doesn't like the modern high flow fuel pumps. Even on the lowest setting, if you don't hold the handle just right, an air pocket forms, the nozzle kicks off and gas kicks out. It happened here, too, but I just reset it and hoped for the best. Well, that didn't help; in fact, the pump decided that this transaction was complete, and turned off.

So into the store I went, standing in line, getting a receipt for \$ 3.37 and an assurance from the nice lady that it won't cost extra. (Travel Tip: When using a credit or debit card, make sure the place you fuel isn't charging a fee for the transaction. Marathon charges a buck a shot) Back to the pump, and finally got a true fill-up, and off we go.

I wanted to get close to Frank's residence in Sorrento, north of Orlando, so we pressed on in the heat and hopped on I-75 just shy of Ocala and headed on south. It was just a few miles of fast running, mostly staying with the flow, getting to slide past the truck scales (don't have to go there anymore!) past the rest area, and hopping off on an easterly stretch to get back on 27/441.

It was just about here that the Hawk started getting a little unhappy. Shifting into third gear was getting to be a problem. It was getting about afternoon drive time, rush hour, call it what you will, traffic got a bit thick, red lights slowed everybody down, construction everywhere. When I finally found a motel, it took some back tracking and cross trafficking to get back to it. When finally parked, the engine *dieseled* after I switched off. No, she was not happy at all.

It was a 'Microtel', and I understood the name after seeing the size of the room. Not a bad place, only \$110 after room, state, local, federal taxes, fees, service charge; kinda like your phone bill, only for one night instead of a month.

The next day things started off better. We got out into cooler weather, less traffic, and got a bunch of green lights down to where 441 splits off due east from 27, heading straight to Orlando. Referring to Mr. Rand McNally, getting to Frank and Anita's looked pretty straightforward. Jump off 441 onto 46E and listen to the GPS lady for final instructions.

And I really did, vowing this time I was not going to second guess her. Except that, unbeknownst to me (and her too, apparently) let's have a new, under construction but almost finished, turnpike! Smack dab on top of my route. Oh Joy!

But I was paying attention to Ms. Geeps faithfully, and darned if she didn't put me into a dead end construction zone. O.K., maybe I misunderstood her exact wording, but it was time to switch off the noise and steer by sight and sense. At least the road workers got some nice pictures and a video of the Hawk.

Some few minutes later, I found their house, although the mailbox post threw me off: Watch out for Veronica?\* Something to do with turtles, I found out.

I had planned on staying only an hour or so, but we sat chatting for at least that long. We eventually got back outside to introduce Frank to the GinnyHawk.

**\*See the Veronica video at:**

[https://www.1956goldenhawk.com/Veronica\\_12-10-22.MP4](https://www.1956goldenhawk.com/Veronica_12-10-22.MP4)



In all the years since March of 1989, when Frank started the 56J Register, there had never been another 1956 Golden Hawk in his driveway, other than his two. It was very gratifying to show the GinnyHawk to him, and we talked shop and tech for the better of two hours. Great Fun.



**Frank & The GinnyHawk**

Shortly after noon, after some pictures posing with the Hawk, it was off to my grand niece's event. With Frank's confirm of my route, we followed rt. 46 on over to Titusville and I-95 south. First though, this involved going through Sanford, which didn't look so good on paper, but was really not that bad. Found a McDonalds that had a shady parking lot and wasn't too crowded, and, sometimes, a big mac and milk shake just hits the spot.

Then down some streets that reminded me of New Orleans, and rt. 46 struck off south east, into the outback, a nice divided 4 lane, with not too much traffic, and then onto big bad old I-95. As stated before, I'm not above using stretches of interstate if it'll get me away from a bunch of traffic and red lights, so a quick trip down to Rockledge paid off in getting me back on schedule. The Hawk can flow with traffic.

Sarah and Christian's adoption event that evening was a lot of fun. Her two daughters, ages 6 and 5, were mischievous and much too cute, but they let me be their partners in crime and we got along well. Most of the family attended, and several of their friends from Knoxville were there, interesting people. Her husband Christian went all out on decorations; balloons, donut board (?), photographer, catered meal, wine and beer bar. The guy was in deep and loving it all. Good man.

The next morning dawned up nice and clear, and it felt like time to be heading north. From my 5th floor window, above the nearly deserted parking lot of this big Hampton, the horizon stretched out pretty far and flat. I-95 traffic was moving right along. It was time to go.

There weren't many people stirring at 8 a.m., none in my group anyway, so after some pretty good pancakes and eggs, I hauled my luggage down to the car and got going. The motel was a few miles south of my nieces' place, so I stopped by to say goodbye, but all were still abed. Even the two girls had partied late.

Trying not to feel too old, but wiser and fresh from a pretty good night combining equal parts party and sleep (yeah, that's a good definition of old), we got out on the main drag and went out looking for a good gas station. As it turned out, Ms. Geeps had an ability to show local stuff such as gas stations, and even the price of fuel. And there was a Sonoco not too far away. It used to be the holy grail of gasoline; now, probably, the same as all the rest. Still, the Hawk was running O.K. on the 87 octane I was getting, thanks to the stainless steel valves in the rebuild, and hardened valve seats as well.

This fill-up was the most expensive of the trip, as it turned out; \$4.60 a gallon. The next stop was suggested by a petrol head friend; "You oughta go cruise Daytona Beach since you're so close anyway!" O.K., well, yes, it wasn't that much out of the way, and looked as good as any other way to stay off big slab interstate north.

Highway 1 is not a bad way to go up the east coast of Florida. Sure, it's got it's share of red lights, but there's a good deal of open 4 lane, plenty of sightseeing (The VAB at Cape Canaveral is on the horizon for miles), and I found a pretty good barbeque joint, too. It was about eleven, still some shady spots out front, so whip around and back down

the other side. The salad bar was tempting, but I was there for roast pork. After ordering, I knew it was a good choice, 'cause in came some locals that greeted the waitress by name and chatted with her while ordering. It was some of the tastiest food on the trip.

Dustin's barbeque in Edgewater. Never mind where the truckers eat. They eat where there's room to park. Eat where the locals eat. You get over to Daytona Beach from Hwy 1 on a bridge from Port Orange that raises the causeway higher than just about any place in this part of Florida.

Except for all the condos facing you as you approach the main drag. There's an ocean over there somewhere. Daytona's strip is not much to look at in the daytime. Nice and wide, pastel billboards on walls all faded out in the midday sun. Typical touristville.

441 runs through here, too, but it's relegated to side road status. All the glitz and glamor and beach access belong to the east coast queen, A1A. It's probably quite a neon delight at night, but right now, at high noon, the beach was the big draw. Only, I could barely see it. If you wanted to get on it, \$20 dollars, please, and oh, the sand is pretty wet today, so be careful where you park, and, no thanks. We'll just stay on the tarmac.

The only place I stopped was to talk to a friend out on the west coast that had just called. Big country. Small world.

Cruising on up the strip, the Hawk seemed to not stand out that much. Hardly anyone noticed her. It was kind of refreshing in a snobbish sort of way. Daytona Beach. The bikers can have it. Finding Hwy. 40, we finally headed west and what felt like a homeward direction on a map, you can't really tell what a road is like. The clues are in the amount of towns, curve and color of the lines, that sort of thing. But when a State or National park is involved, it's a good bet that you're gonna be in amongst an abundance of shrubbery. Such was Hwy 40 to Ocala.

A few small towns with an occasional stop sign, but good 2 lane back country running. At least on my side. I must have left Daytona just before the party started, 'cause eastbound traffic was thick as a brick. RV's, campers and cars were in long strings heading for the beach.



There was just one snag to my choice of route through the Ocala National Forest: Ocala. It didn't look like any great deal on the map. But, boy, was this one making me pay. Constant red lights....no, Red, red lights....lots of traffic running along with us....I missed what was probably a good local bypass of downtown. Then, clear out on the west side, things really mired up.

Way off I could see the I 75 overpass. The other day, I had gotten on it southbound to avoid just such as I was now in. Today, guessing what was up, I eased over into the right lanes, and was soon rewarded with moving. Sure enough, the big road was backed up southbound., choking the on ramps and approaches. It's hard not to look smug when you can scoot past stopped traffic and get on your way. My next fuel stop was back at Chiefland, and I felt more at ease back at the same travel center. It defines what a truck stop is nowadays, with several diesel fuel pumps out back and a rather large convenience store for everybody. It might have had

showers, but I didn't look for them. Remembering what the old time truck stops were like, I kinda missed the unique nature of almost all of them.

There were the big outfits like 'Truck Stops of America', 'Husky' out west, and the daddy of them all, 'Union 76', where you knew what to expect in the restaurant and shops. But even they were individual in their own right, reflecting local attractions or talent. The independents were even more unique, with different type buildings and set-ups. Car and motorcycle museums, gun displays, hotel rooms, great restaurants....It was all original stuff and you planned your stops around your favorites.

At Chiefland, all the main routes come together: 19, 98, A27, they all join up and head north and northwest, heading to all the big Midwest markets and cities like St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City...Now, I-75 takes care of all that, and this old four lane is wide open and pretty quiet, with just an occasional wide spot where the DOT used to sit, and the occasional Kenworth or Peterbilt juice wagon, overweight and running around the scales.

Up into the Florida panhandle, we were on course to Tallahassee, but a right hander on 19 sent us true north and into Georgia. Somewhere across the line, it was time to eat. I had packed some snacks and found a little church parking lot with a big live oak giving shade. After finally finding the can opener, I fixed up some tuna salad, and I and the bugs started eating.

You've probably got some bug stories. I have another one. There were so many gnats and no-see-ums at that meal, by the time I waved my fork at 'em and got a morsel to my mouth, 2-3 critters had landed and got ingested. The church had apparently not had a picnic on the grounds in a long time, and the little critters were making up for it.

Somewhat fortified, and glad to be out of there, we got up to Pelham, Georgia, and found fuel for \$4.00 even. The sun was low through Albany, but the bypass shot us by and on into the evening, with not cool air, but the tolerable, less muggy atmosphere you read about in Fitzgerald or Faulkner. I chose driving up west Georgia for several reasons: Avoiding Atlanta was priority, of course, and it would put me through Chattanooga on a route to see some old friends up near the Cumberland mountains in Tennessee. This evening, I was just looking for a nice cheap motel.

Several miles later, nothing. I knew that not a lot was south of Columbus, so I finally reigned up and pulled into a smallish truck stop with a lot of parking. Not wanting to be in the way, I finally got the Hawk parked in a fairly quiet grassy spot under a street light. The neighborhood cats were delighted to have a new object of curiosity, and did their best to ignore me while checking out the Hawk. This is when the realities of dimensions appeared.

A bench seat should be pretty good for a nap, right? Yeah, if you're 5 ft. nothing and a contortionist. The 56 Golden Hawk is a small car. You can park her next to a 66 Chevy Malibu, and she's smaller. So is the front seat. You can either sit upright with your legs stretched out, or lie prone with your legs folded up. Either way, you will be uncomfortable. Maybe I should have tried the back seat.

I must have gotten some sleep, because at about 4 am, consciousness returned. It reminded me of driving westward out in the desert highlands. you gain time against the clock so that, by the California border, you're awake well before dawn, ready to go. It's kind of refreshing, being up early with the few others that are on the clock, like I always was. Now, being merely a casual traveler, a nice mug of coffee, a clean windshield, and out onto the road. And there, just past a grove of trees, glows a Day's Inn motel sign.

Enjoying the early morning cruise, the Columbus bypass was a somewhat convoluted affair, and, although I knew the in's and out's of navigating around Ft. Benning, darned if I didn't almost present the GinnyHawk to the guards at gate 3. After a somewhat sheepish wave and U-turn, we got back on track and on up the 185 interstate link to I-85 north. It was on this stretch that I got to check out the Hawk's odometer. The speedometer had always been proud of the actual number, but I had never checked the odometer. Here, against the mile markers, I found that it was showing 9/10 for every mile traveled. Well, this was a bit of reality I hadn't counted on. Deducting 10% of the mileage showing, I think the fuel mileage is in the toilet. Is that correct? The speedo's fast but the odo's slow? I'll have to talk to the 'Turning Wheels' techs. Oh well, we're not here for a Mobile economy run.

Using a somewhat convoluted route northward, we exited I-85, staying on rt. 27, through LaGrange, and the weirdest thing....I was following this Honda that had passed me on the big road and exited at my get-off, when this rabbit ran out in front of her. She hit the brakes, but, too late, the rabbit went flying, fur went flying... I ran over bugs, too, and, sad, but it happens. Looked in the rear view, and, Lo and Behold, the rabbit got up and walked away! Well, hopped, but it looked O.K.! Crazy! I caught up with the Honda and, motioning, told her the rabbit was alive and well. We all laughed and the day went a little better from then on.

Highway 27 runs up western Georgia, avoiding Atlanta, almost all 4 lane except through a few towns. Rome is the biggest, but somehow, it is so convoluted that it is almost entertaining; A weird bypass that can easily put you smack into downtown, but even then it's still pretty good running. Clear of all that, and on up closer to Chattanooga, what looked like a good barbecue joint showed up on the right. With some effort (it was now a busy 4 lane) I got back and got parked. This was another of the sought-after local joints, as it turned out. A graduation party was in progress, with a lot of parents and young people in semi formal dress, at 10 in the morning. I'm sure there was a good reason for this, but, not really caring, the waiter was right there, and prompt with a good pulled pork sandwich and sides at a good price.

Chattanooga is loaded with history. It's my favorite town, if I'm not in Memphis. Even the back streets have stories, and there's some pretty good family history here. Hwy. 27 cuts through to the heart of downtown, but, before that, it puts you on I-24 west, and that's what I wanted right now. I had some friends up in Cowan TN. that I wanted to see, and they were going to be leaving pretty soon, so it was hammer time. Things were flowing along on the north (officially west) side, not so much on the south (officially east) side. Avoiding another screw-up, we all sailed up into

Tennessee, then back into Georgia, then back into Tennessee; (the state lines are a bit at odds with the interstate system here) and headed towards the Cumberland mountain, actually a ridge that extends on up into Kentucky, and even Virginia, if you follow the local folklore. It was nice to be moving at a good clip without red lights or slow downs.

Starting up the montage grade, as it's called, you know you're on a climb, cause all of a sudden the trucks are all slowing down. It's wide and a lot tamer today, but this is a 5 mile 5% grade that can still break you down if you aren't prepared. Today, two big rigs were on the shoulder, overheated, and more than one camper rig moving slow.

The hawk took the hill in stride, and we scooted up to the hwy 41 exit on top, and took the old way down the west side. Once you get past Sewanee, the road starts dropping fast and it ain't straight. I don't care what you're driving, this is a serious grade. About a mile down, I put her in 2nd overdrive and let the engine do the braking.

Cowan TN is an old town at the base of the mountain grade, and a pusher district for the railroad. An important line connecting Nashville and Chattanooga, built in the 1850's, they still need helpers to get trains over the top. There's a good museum in town, and even a couple of good restaurants. I had a good visit with Tom and Maryann, then on up 41 towards Nashville. Fueling in Shelbyville, I got some of the best priced gas on the trip, \$4.05, and got a true estimate on mileage, 18.8. Well, I knew that wasn't really accurate, but I could use the figure for bragging rights, and nobody'd know 'cept me. And you.

So on up to 840, the new bypass south of Nashville, and probably one of the worst excuses for interstate highway since they started laying them down. Tennessee used to have some of the best roads in the country. You could pass over bridges and not even feel a bump. Even the concrete joints were smooth. Kentucky, Arkansas, Mississippi, they were always the butt of jokes. Now, this glorified cow path is the gift of our wonderful engineers and contractors. Overpasses were 5 or 6 inches lower, or higher, than grade, with a 10 foot approach ramp built in; actually, a launch ramp and landing pad.....you could look over at the other side and watch the cars and trucks bouncing along. On the off side of every bridge, you could see the ladders, boxes, and trash kicked out of beds and trailers. Broken springs, shocks, always someone on the shoulder straightening their load or calling for help. What an embarrassment. Fifth graders could have built a better road.

The Hawk took it all in stride, though, and soon we were back on I-40 and up into Dickson, through downtown, and onto rt. 70 west. This is good 2 lane truck route, the first state road from Bristol to Memphis, and my favorite path from points east back to the house. Good places to eat and fuel, but now it was time to get home. It was on this stretch that I saw the most antiques on the trip. Before, only an occasional old pickup, or, in one instance, a Triumph motorcycle biker at the same fuel stop near Cullman AL. He was heading to Florida to visit his daughter; no map, not much gear...I felt like a luxury liner. But now, several eastbound chevys and dodges went by, none showing the least interest in us. Not a glance, not a wave. I'm kinda used to this, especially from chevy owners. So, a little later, within 10 miles of my city limits, I spied this 57 chevy up ahead. I knew the road, and was on a long straight stretch, so I pushed on the pedal till we were clocking about 90 when I blew past him. Don't know if he knew what we were, and didn't care. I was still laughing when we pulled into home port.

There's not any rational excuse to take an old car down into Florida in late spring. It's mostly always hot and muggy, so why put yourself through all that discomfort and risk? Well, there are a certain amount of intangibles in the world; believing in the greater good... the spirit of Christmas...that sort of thing. An oversized road trip is like that, simply getting in that car and starting out, thinking that it's a plausible idea that just might work out. And, if something breaks or goes awry, well, that's just part of the experience, and something to remember.

A recently departed friend, knowing of his end, told his associates, "get living!". It's good advice. We get comfortable with our easy life, and forget to move around, forget the strife and peril others face on a daily basis, trying to get by, or trying to survive illness or worse. Think of the Ukrainians, not knowing when a bomb or missile might land in their living room.

Count your blessings. Get out and go. Get living.

## **The "S" Extension Saga Continues** *from Tom Clarke*

To any who question the value of your (our) 56J Only Newsletter, I have a story to tell. Back in 2011, Richard Atkinson, through you, put out word that he wanted to re-produce Part #1539404A, which is an "S" exhaust

extension for the drivers side exhaust manifold, unique to our 56J autos, necessary because of the Packard V8 engine used in the '56 Studebaker Golden Hawks. This part was particularly vulnerable to "breaking" and

Richard (who lived in the UK) had gone through 3 of them.



Part #1539404A

Richard was soliciting commitments to this project as the more that committed, the lower the cost. If more than eleven 56J owners committed, Richard felt he could get the "S" extension remanufactured for \$135 each. I pondered Richard's offer, even though I had not experienced any problem with this part, and I had owned my 56J for over a decade at the time. But I decided it made just good common sense to have a spare, particularly since the price seemed reasonable.

The project took much longer than Richard anticipated, but in the Spring of 2013, my part was received.

Last Summer (2021) I hit a hidden curb in a Billings, Montana parking lot, and experienced a loud, broken manifold sound. Made me mad because I just didn't see the curb. So when I got my car home, I parked it until this Spring before putting it on my hoist. Lo and behold, I learned I had broken the "S" extension. Then it flooded back to my 81 year old memory that I thought I had that part. It took me another couple of days to find it, but sure enough, I found the box that had Richard's #1539494A in it.

To shorten the story, I embarked on the repair myself, only to break off the stud that held the extension to the drivers side manifold. Drilling out that broken bolt was a challenge. Very tough to get a drill clear of steering linkage and suspension, without removing the engine from the car. But I ultimately prevailed, and installed Richard's part, and just this week, my 56J is back on the road.

To clarify what happened to me, I had just filled my fuel tank at a Billings gas station and was headed to a restaurant next door. There was an open parking lot between the two businesses, but I didn't see that the one for the restaurant was lower than the one I was on, and there was a curb that ran between them. As I headed across the upper lot, my front wheels suddenly dropped the height of the curb, and my exhaust pipe about 24" behind the "S" extension, hit on the edge of the curb, and the impact caused the "S" extension to break. My

dumb!! Age might have had something to do with it as I admit my vision (then 80) was not as good as it once was.

I would now like to acquire another "S" extension, as a back-up, so perhaps in the next 56J Newsletter, you could run an ad that I am looking for one of Richards reproductions, and if a member out there has one they no longer care about, I would certainly be happy to buy it from them. For anyone who can help, my contact information is:

Tom Clarke, Email: [tclarke@midrivers.com](mailto:tclarke@midrivers.com)

Thank you, Frank, and also Richard Atkinson for making my job so much easier. Now, I just wish I had another, just in case!

### **Long Time - No Hear, See, or ??** *The Four Year Rule*

Since we don't charge dues, I have no way of knowing if registered owners are still active and receiving the newsletter. I try to make a note whenever I hear from or about an owner. If there has been no correspondence in the past four years, I reach out and hope for a response. I don't know if someone sold their car, or as our group continues to age, possibly passed away.

I sent out twenty notices in January and received the usual response, about half. Below are a few replies: (I'm only printing these because I need to fill up some space.)

**Ron Bomberger** 01-18-2023

Hello Frank

Yes, I still own the 56J. In fact I was recently notified that our 56J had been chosen by the AACA to vie for the top award from the AACA called the Zenith. Our 56J was one of the top 20 vehicles that they judged this past year. Those 20 were selected from 2500 vehicles that were judged at AACA national meets. The final judging for the top Zenith award will be at the AACA Grand National meet in August in Iowa.

Yes, I would like to continue with the 56J newsletter,

**Tony Shank** 01-18-2023

Hello Frank

I still have the 56, It is tucked away in the garage at one of my houses. Once my new building is done at my mountain house I will move the car to the big building and will have more opportunity to use the car. The car is still in very good condition.

I may reach out to you soon for some advice on new tires and brakes for the car.

Thanks for all you do.

**Craig Jones 01-18-2023**

Frank,

Thanks so much for the follow up.

Yes I do want to keep getting the newsletter.

I have a 56 Flight Hawk / 56 Golden Hawk / 56 Sky Hawk and Most of a 56 Power Hawk.

I should list some of them for sale.

**Alan Watts 01-18-2023**

My brother, Stanton Watts, the owner of the golden hawk, passed away in 2022 but his wife Bonnie still has the golden hawk so please keep us on the list and I will keep passing them on. Thanks Alan

**Natalie Coe 01-18-2023**

Hi, Frank – Yes, I still own my 56J, and I definitely wish to continue receiving the newsletters as long as you're willing to put them together and send them out! Thanks so much for all you do. - Natalie

**Mail Bonding**



Letters From Our Readers. (Edited as required.)

**Kevin Grabow September 9, 2022**

Hi Frank, I thought I'd give you an update on this today.

I did finally talk to Rene today, after months of trying to get in contact with him via phone, letter and Facebook. We had a nice chat about his recent issues from health, death of his mother, having to move his operations to a different building and getting the building at his home setup. He said he's having issues getting help but has someone helping him now that worked with him in the past and was now retired. He's having issues with headliner molds being faulty and finding patterns after the move. He said he just finished a Speedster interior and is moving onto the next project on the list. He said he's doing the best that he can because he personally knows some of the people waiting on him.

Although some of his explanations people have been hearing for well over a year I remain hopeful that he's on the right path now. My project is a restoration of my dad's 56GH so keeping everything as original as possible is a huge goal. In November we'll be starting the final push (assuming we have a headliner) and hopefully complete it this coming Spring.

**Jim Ober September 28, 2022**

Can you direct me to any newsletter articles or anything else that might give me any good info on installing seatbelts? This is a topic that seems to be non-existent. Any help is appreciated, as well as the newsletter. Keep 'em coming.

**Stephen Aiken September 28, 2022**

Hi Frank

I hope it is okay to email some questions to you or club members. I inherited a 56J from my dad Robert Aiken He was a member until his passing in 2010. I would like to know if it is possible to put 3 point seat belts in the car, no pillar means I need to be inventive but I don't want to add things that would detract from the car. Lap belts are not enough. The other thing is about towing - how big or small a trailer can this car handle.

Currently there is no hitch so advice on that would be appreciated as well. My wife and I would like to go gaming and the Stude would be perfect if I can do it. I am not a mechanic, that gene skipped me and my son got it.

**Jack Vines responded on September 28, 2022**

Greetings, Stephen, Congrats on having a father with good taste.

Yes, it's possible for a good fabricator to install three-point seatbelts in a '56J, mounting to the B-pillar. Since you can't do it yourself, finding the person who knows how is the problem.

The easiest solution is to swap out the seats for those from a recent convertible which has the three-point belts incorporated into the seat backs. Several SDC members have done this swap using seats from a Mopar convert.

As to towing a trailer, I'm assuming yours is an automatic transmission, as most '56Js were. The TwinUltramatic is problematic and I could not in good conscience recommend adding any more stress to it.

**Alvin Evans November 3, 2022**

I enjoy all of your information, even the reprint in June Turning Wheels of the front end weight story. It has been 3 years since I sent money for your expense. Thank you.

I read that you might have the purchase orders of the 56GHs. My car/s number is 6800285. I am a member of the Nifty Fifty car club in Lubbock, Texas. Another member has a lot of cars including a 56 GH he bought from another member who died. I think he is the third owner in Lubbock and that this car came from Dallas. His 56GH # is 6031989. Could I have his purchase order also?

I bought another Studebaker, 1964 GT, white with red interior, 4 speed car (not running yet). Thank you for

what you do and I love your cars, even if you get mixed up on which one you were working on. (Ha, Ha)

**Doug Button November 10, 2022**

Hi Frank, - How are you doing? I'm sorry I didn't follow up after the storm to see how you fared. Are you getting back to normal, or still have a ways to go? Is there anything you need?

I'm still between 56Js. I have been in contact with Matt Opack in Duluth, MN about the one he has, but we haven't been able to work anything out. I hope to stop in sometime and look at it, so I see its condition for myself.

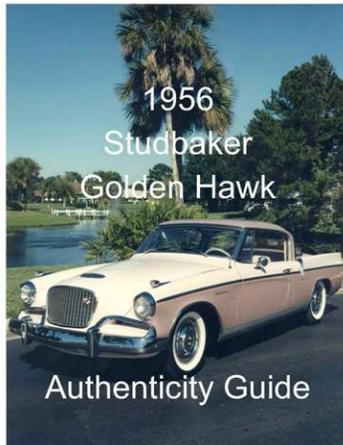
I had hoped that would be my winter project, but instead I'll work on my parts projects. I have a pair of NOS front fenders for the C/K, and I want to have them scanned so we have the ability to make dies if I ever come up with an economical fabricator, or we get enough demand.

My other project is to build the Jet Streak engine. I have the engine torn down from the last 56J I parted out and hope to get it to the machine shop. There was significant rust in one of the cylinders, but I think we can put a sleeve in it if needed. I'll probably have it bored to the 374ci. I'll provide updates on either of those projects if I get them going. There might be a story for the newsletter at some point.

All for now, but just wanted to see how you are doing.

**New Color Authenticity Guide - Update**  
*Great Job By Doug Button*

As reported in prior issues of *56J Only*, Doug Button had embarked on a mission to get the new Authenticity Guide printed in full color.



The printing was completed and Doug handled the distribution of the Guides in early March. He made some extra copies to offer to any procrastinators and new 56J registrants.

Doug still has a few Guides left, so if you missed out earlier, you may still be able to get your copy. If you have any questions, you can contact Doug directly.

Doug Button Email: [accounts@timemachines.net](mailto:accounts@timemachines.net),  
Phone: 844-788-3344

**Here We Grow Again**

*If you move, please remember me when you send your change of address information.*

**Gains**

721 Stan Cunningham Ser# 6030219  
New Braunfels TX Prev Owner Isaac Cook

**(If Present):**

- \* = New, Not previously registered or reported.
- \*\* = Previously reported, but never registered.

**Losses**

Phillip Teagarden - Sold his car (new owner, unknown).  
(7 more possible, who've been silent for 4 years)

**The "J" Account**

**1956 Golden Hawks**  
**Registered/Reported/Scrapped**

223	Registered Owners
280	Cars Registered (includes parts cars)
367	*Cars Reported But Not Registered by Owner
647	<b>Total Cars Registered plus Reported</b>
52	Additional Cars Reported as Scrapped
<b>* Includes cars previously registered but dropped afterwards, due to 4 year non-response by the owner.</b>	

**Want Ads**

Due to the dramatic increase in printing costs, We only print new ads in the newsletter. The full listing of Want Ads is posted on our web site at: [www.1956GoldenHawk.com](http://www.1956GoldenHawk.com) (Click on Want Ads). If you don't have Internet access, and want the ads, write me and include a SASE..

**FOR SALE,**  
(Nothing new for this period)

**Administrative "Assistance"**

Special notes and recurring items.

✓ **EMAIL CLUTTER:** I easily get 100s of messages a day, most of which are useless and interfere with the more important items. Please do not send forwarded mail to me. I just can't read it all. This includes anything not 56J related, especially jokes, E-cards, political and religious messages. Believe me, if you send it, I'll also get it from 10 others. Far too much aggravation for me!!!

✓ **Studebaker Drivers Club (SDC):** Although we are not officially connected with SDC, they have always been in our corner. I am a life member and would urge every 56J owner to join. It is a great organization and at least two of its Presidents have owned a 56J at one time or another.

✓ **Phone Calls**, We *don't* answer the phone anymore due to the number of scams and crank calls. I prefer email, but if you *must* call, **leave a message**.

✓ **56J ONLY Message Forum** Started by Doug Button, for owners and fans to exchange information. Click on *56J ONLY Message Forum* on our home page, [www.1956GoldenHawk.com](http://www.1956GoldenHawk.com).

✓ **56J ONLY, Electronic Version** of the newsletter is in color, and undamaged in transit. If you would like to receive it electronically, **and save me a buck and a half**, let me know and send me your Email address. I will send you a notice when the latest version is posted on the website. You can read it, download it, and/or print it at your leisure. If you can't view it on the website, let me know, I'll send it as an attachment. Anyone with an Email address on file with me, will automatically receive the newsletter notice electronically. **Let me know if you prefer to receive it by mail**. This costs me a couple bucks, but the mangling, ripping, and stains are free.

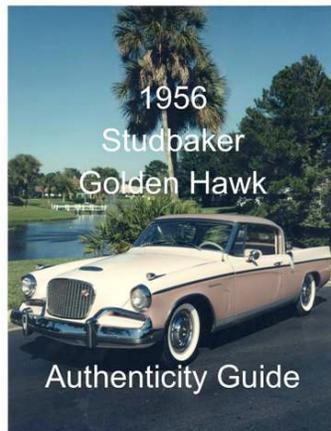
✓ **The Four Year Rule** - If I haven't heard from or about you during the past four years, I will send a registration form to you with your newsletter, or by Email. You must respond or you will be dropped from the Register. Since we don't charge dues, this is the only way I can be sure you are receiving the newsletter and/or still own a 56J.

**56J Club Items**

*All Proceeds Help Maintain the Register  
Some Items are **free** to view or download on our web site or can also be ordered on-line*

**1956 Studebaker Golden Hawk Authenticity Guide (Posted on our web site).**

Need a printed copy? A batch of the new *Authenticity Guide* in full color was created in early 2021 by Doug Button. Contact Doug Button, Phone: 844-788-3344 Email : [accounts@timemachines.net](mailto:accounts@timemachines.net),



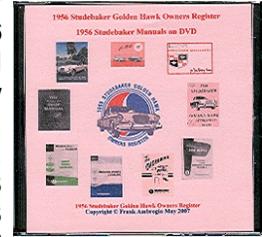
\$20.00

**Complete Package Flash Drive.** 1956 GH Restorers Guide Video plus 1956 GH Parts Catalog, 1956 GH Authenticity Guide (New version), 1956 Owners Manual,

1956 Accessories Catalog, Borg Warner Overdrive Manual, 1955-58 Chassis Parts Manual, 1953-58 Body Parts Manual, 1956-57 Shop Manual, 1958 Shop Manual Supplement, *56J Only* Newsletter back issues, 1956 GH Production Orders. \$20.00

**1956 Studebaker Passenger Car Manuals on Disc.**

1956 GH Parts Catalog, 1956 GH Authenticity Guide (New version), 1956 Owners Manual, 1956 Accessories Catalog, Overdrive Manual, 1955-58 Chassis Parts Manual, 1953-58 Body Parts Manual, 1956-57 Shop Manual, 1958 Shop Manual Supplement, *56J Only* Newsletter back issues, 1956 GH Production Orders. (*Same as the Flash Drive, without the Restorers Guide Video.*)



\$20.00



\$20.00

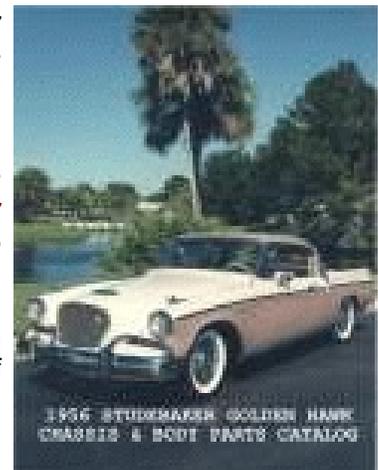
**1956 Golden Hawk Restorers Guide on DVD** Contains a video version of the Authenticity Guide with many new items discussed.

( *Video is Included on the Flash Drive shown above*)

**1956 Studebaker Golden Hawk Parts Catalog (Posted on our web site).**

**Printed copies are No Longer Available due to high printing cost**

However, the Catalog is available as a .pdf download from our web site..



**Decals-Tags-**

- Oil Filler Cap**, Dark blue/buff \$ 3.00
- Oil Bath**, yellow/black \$ 4.00
- Generator Field Terminal Tag**, red \$ 1.50

**Owners Roster** - (For Registered owners only) send Email, or SASE for printed copy

**Make Checks Payable to: Frank Ambrogio.**

## In this Issue

- **Gary Willoughby** sends in part II of his sojourn to Florida from his home in Tennessee driving his 56J.
- **Tom Clarke** provides a story on the value of our newsletter and his experience with the "S" extension.
- **Kevin Grabow** provides an update on getting a new headliner for his 1956 Golden Hawk.
- **Jim Ober and Stephen Aiken** ask questions regarding seat belts.
- **Alvin Evans** provides an update on his cars, and requests a copy of the production order.
- **Doug Button** checks in with an update on his 56J search, and couple of projects he is working on.
- **Doug Button** has a few of the printed *Authenticity Guides* available.

- **NOTES:**

- **Renewal time** If we haven't corresponded in the last four years, you will receive a renewal notice either by mail with this issue, or by email if I have an address for you. You must respond or you will be dropped from the mailing list.
- **Do not forward email** (jokes, politics, environment, religion, etc.), to me that is unrelated to our purpose. I just can't keep up!!! All you accomplish is to provide my email address to others, including spammers who send more junk!
- **56JONLY Message Forum** Started by Doug Button, for owners and fans to exchange information. Click on [56JONLY Message Forum](#) on our home page at [www.1956GoldenHawk.com](http://www.1956GoldenHawk.com).



**FRANK AMBROGIO**  
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**SORRENTO FL 32776-9233**  
**USA**  
**ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED**

**MAIL TO:**

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**For the Type "J" Personality**