

# TOWBAKER'S STORY

Hi. My name is TowBaker, and yes, I am related to that famous movie star, Tow Mator. He came from the Chevy side of the family and I am from the Studebaker side of the family. That Chevy DNA started showing up in the family line in 1965.

I started life with my first owner in 1957 at the Saint Anthony Wrecking Yard in Idaho. It was a busy time hauling in them bellybutton cars (GM's, Fords and Dodges – seems like everyone has one of those). They were all the time breaking down and needed towing to the garage or to the wrecking yard. I did my job well until the mid-70's when they started putting plastic bumpers on cars and my equipment just didn't line-up too well to handle those snowflakes. All they could do was complain about their distorted noses, so they reassigned me to the job of yard truck.

All went along well till the mid-90's when the wrecking yard was closed down to make way for "progress." The yard was sold to my second owner and I was given the task of moving 400 plus cars to Drummond, Idaho, about 25 miles to the east. Once that job was finished, I was placed in a barn and only used occasionally over the years. Sadly, my second owner passed away and the family put me up for sale.

I was purchased by my third owner in 2016 and moved to his used car lot in Idaho Falls, about 63 miles back west of Drummond. I was given a refreshing (carb rebuild, tune up, lube job, battery, and new shoes) and tasked with moving cars around the lot. After just a year on the job the used car lot was sold and the new owner didn't even want me, so I was out of a job again. I sat for a while as no one seemed to want to give a 60 year old a job.

Then a man named Ben who would prove to be my fourth and current owner came to look at me, and though I had a hard time showing what I could do (bad electric fuel pump and bad gas), Ben was a Studebaker man and could see my potential. A deal was made and Ben took me home to my new job. It was one of the longest trips of my life as we went to Twin Falls, Idaho 160 miles to the west (my whole life has been in a span of 225 miles between homes).

When we arrived at my new home, the first thing I saw was a really cute 1950 Studebaker four-door. One look and this old TowBaker was in love! And you know what? I think she winked at me!

Life is good!