

# Kent Musgrave & Jerry Day

## Queen Creek, Arizona

### 1924 EM LIGHT SIX ROADSTER

Color: Green

**Modifications: Stock save for LED tail lamps for safety and a turn signal installed for safety.**

I blame my great-grandmother for my obsession with cars because she too loved her cars. Around 1914 she wanted to buy a car at the age of 14. Her dad had left the family and her mom was a traveling sales woman, selling women's makeup products from town to town around the Ottumwa, Iowa area, so she was gone a lot of nights throughout the week.

My grandmother, at age 14, was left to raise her nine-year-old brother. She recognized the usefulness of having a car, and with her own money went to purchase one but no one would sell a woman a car at that time in history. She then devised the scheme for her nine-year-old brother to purchase the car, and after giving him the money, sent him to the car dealer. He was scared that he would get into trouble for contributing to the driving of a female, and in his fear he refused to do it. She finally convinced him into buying a brand new 1914 Indian motorcycle. She loved it and told stories to me when she was in her 80s about riding it.

In 1920 she finally got her first car and for the rest of her life, she had a lot of pride in her cars and it was always a joy for her to drive them. When she met my great-grandfather, one of the first cars they bought together as a family was a 1924 Studebaker. They had many Studebakers through the years as they were strong entrepreneurs and could afford the additional luxury of a Studebaker over other brands.

As a little boy I always had an interest in cars. My dad was an auto dealership mechanic his whole life and I grew up



My great grandmother and my grandfather in 1927.



My great grandfather and my grandfather in 1927.

with a wrench in my hand learning from him. I first remember my interest in antiques when I was around 8 to 10 years old in the mid 1970's. I had seen photographs of my great-grandparents cars and envying my grandfather at 5 years old, riding in rumble seats and standing on running boards in the automobiles of the 20s. I also remember one particular photograph of my grandfather and my great-grandfather with their 1924 Studebaker (altho' I never knew what make of car it was), and thinking that this was the cutest car I had ever seen in my life and I always dreamed of driving it.

About 4 years ago, after I had long forgotten about the car, I came across that photograph again. I remembered how I thought this was the cutest car I had ever seen, and I still felt that way 40 years later. Yet I had no clue what kind of car this was and after a little research through my great-grandmother's photo albums, I saw she had written on one of the photos "Our new Studebaker - Classy?". What the heck was the Studebaker? My immediate family was all about

General Motors and I was clueless about Studebaker. The only thing I could picture in my mind was the ugly little boxy 1960 vintage Avanti, or the Red and White 1959 Idaho Potato pickup advertisement. I knew nothing about Studebaker but decided that I would like to add it to my collection.

I began by using Google in an attempt to find matching photos in an attempt to try to find out what year and model it was, with no luck. So I joined the online forums of the national Studebaker Club in hopes that someone smarter than I in Studebakers could identify this car. It was almost immediate that Richard Quinn identified as a 1924, "Light 6" EM model Roadster. I eagerly started searching for one to purchase and with no luck, I started asking the rest of the members in the Forum about finding one of these cars. I wanted the exact model that my great-grandparents had. I even contacted two consignment companies that actually will find the exact vehicle you are looking for. I never heard back anything from these companies, and I later discovered that there are only a handful of these vehicles left. My heart sank and I all but gave up on the possibility of ever owning one.

Several months later I was bored waiting for an airliner and I was searching, as I have been doing about once a month, for an E M Roadster for sale online. I came across an old ad and responded to it asking if the car had been sold in the four years since the ad has been posted. That is when I met Rick Peterson because he had his 1926 (I think) Roadster for sale. It was not quite the same so I was reluctant to purchase it even though it was close, I didn't like the body style as well as the 1924. So I held off and he said he knew of someone who had a 1923 but he didn't think he would sell it. But if I wanted and was really serious about it, he would contact the owner and ask him and give him my information. That is how I met George Vassos and after he heard the story of my great-grandparents and how I've wanted the car since 1973, he decided to sell me his. He said it was a 1923 but I decided to go with it because they look so much the same as my family's 1924. I quickly bought a trailer and made plans for a road trip to Boston to meet the car.

In October of 2016, I began a road trip from Phoenix to Boston dragging a 24 foot trailer to meet the car I had only dreamed about. The first time I saw it, it was almost surreal to see for the very first time a car I have wanted since I was a little boy. It felt almost like being an actor in a Disney movie and seemed like more of a fantasy than reality. I could not believe that I was seeing the car in my grandparents' photos. The car my grandfather was riding in as a little boy. But it was reality and after driving it around the neighborhood and being schooled on some of the differences in the 20s era of technology - we loaded it on the trailer and headed back to Phoenix.

The trek home was long and we only made it longer by stopping for lots of "photo ops" with the car. Along the way we totally played the part of a motoring tourist with stops at Niagara Falls, Chevrolet Detroit assembly plant (Willow Run), many iconic gas stations along Route 66, and of course - the national Studebaker museum and building number 81 where the car was built in 1924.



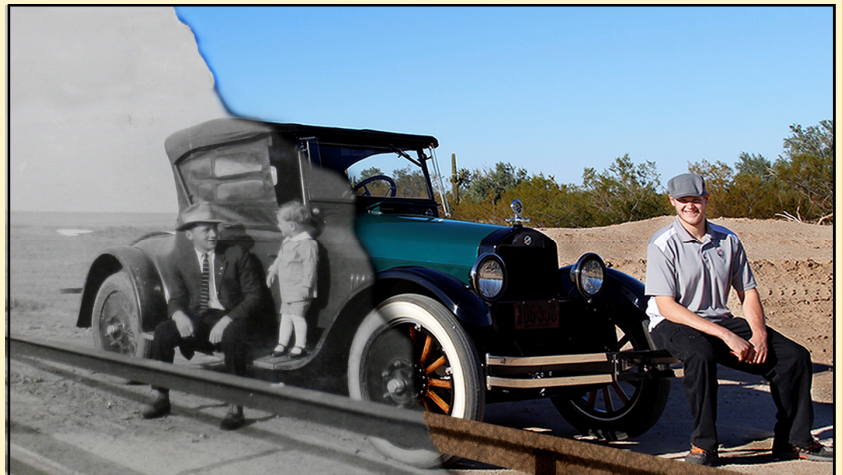
Eager to learn as much as I could mechanically about the car, I started collecting literature and soon started questioning the date of the car. With the help of Richard and a 1923 owner by the name of Scott in Michigan who I met online in the Studebaker forum, it was confirmed that this car was indeed a 1924 instead of a 1923. I couldn't be more happy that it actually WAS the same year as my great grandparents.

Now with new wheels, a new radiator, now free of electrical shorts and opens in the wiring, a new head gasket, water pump, new turn signals, and new head and tail lamps - it has been a great year to climb the learning curve of Studebaker from what I have always known in my other restorations which have only



been Chevrolets and Buicks.

The photo I admired as an 8 year old of my grand-papa (age 31) and my grandpa (age 5) was taken in 1927. When I started this search I imagined it would be nice to replicate the photo of the two of them, but with me and my nephew. After all, my nephew was named after the two of them. All three of them have the middle name of "Cash". So it was only appropriate that the car has the same name of "Cash". But since I did not find this car when he was 5 in 2001 - he was a little big to stand on the running board at 220 lbs. and 6'6" tall in 2017. So instead, all 3 Cashes are in one photo together - 1927 to 2017. 90 years apart from these two photos.



1927 to 2017 - (Left to right)  
Charles Cash, Warren Cash, Logan Cash

The photo from 1927 of my grandfather and his parents is on a road trip from their farm home in Goodland, Kansas to Ottumwa, Iowa to visit relatives. 628 miles with only the last 50 miles of it paved.



My Light 6 in front of the Route 66 "Tower"  
Conoco - Shamrock Texas.

