

When Bad Things Happen To Good Cars

by Sara J McBride

My mother has always said that I'm "easily entertained". As a small child, I could spend hours looking at things, be it a book, cereal box, machine or a tree. One of my childhood memories is going to the dump with my Dad, I considered it a fun time with all of the stuff to look at. Last summer I decided that I'd like to wander around a junk yard or as they are known today, a salvage yard. My stated purpose was to find a new driver's side seat for my car, but as I said before, I'll look at anything.

Brooklyn, Indiana, off of SR 67, is home to the Brickyard Imported Car Parts. This salvage yard is considered an 'import mecca' by some as they have almost every type of import car in their yard. One cool thing about the Brickyard is that they let you wander around the yard and look at the cars. Mike Selvy expressed an interest, so one afternoon, we jumped into his truck and headed south to Brooklyn.

We had basic instructions of how to get to the Brickyard, but it seems that every street sign in town had been stolen. We rolled by the police department and asked an officer how to find the Brickyard. I started by saying, "We're not from around here" and he said "Looking for the Brickyard?" and proceeded to give us directions. Obviously, the reason most people go to Brooklyn is to go to the Brickyard.

As we entered the Brickyard, there were acres of vehicles, all neatly aligned in rows. We spotted a Miata, so parked and began wandering. Despite its size, the Brickyard is organized, with the cars are lined up in areas by make. Volvo's are here, BMW's there, Mercedes over there, VW's in another spot, so once you find your desired brand, off you go.

Thankfully, there's just a few crashed Miata's in this yard. Most of them seemed to be crunched in the front, but as a friend remarked, it's not a pretty sight. These had been pretty much picked over, seats were gone, wheels were missing, and engines missing. They are not covered, but open to the elements. We looked around, didn't find much of interest to us and began wandering around looking at other cars. Saab's, Talon's, Toyota's, Audi's were all organized and most did not have engines.

We stopped and watched two guys taking parts off a Mercury Capri and toss the parts into a truck that was so beat up, I thought was part of the salvage yard. When they needed to get to a part on the bottom of the engine, a fork lift was used to lift the Capri into the air and then was gently placed back into its resting spot.

The most amazing part of the whole yard was a large storage shed. I looked into the gloom of the building and saw a pile of engines on the floor. We entered and then realized that this is where all the engines missing from the cars in the yard were stored. It was like the final scene of the original Indiana Jones movie, where they stored the ark among hundreds of other crates. There was a rack with three levels on each side of the building (which was a couple of hundred feet long) and it was full of engines on pallets. Two engines to a pallet with a tag for each engine with model and mileage. The pile of engines we saw may have been too damaged to be used.

Mike and I headed back to Indy without finding a replacement seat for my car, but what an interesting afternoon it turned out to be!



Above: Mike shows off a Miata gauge panel that he found just laying on the ground.

Below: Mike finds the lost engine graveyard down at the Brickyard.

