SPECIAL EDITION, NOVEMBER 3, 2021

Dear Friends,

Today I learned that a good friend of mine, Leland Cook, passed away in Oklahoma City. Leland had been ill for sometime but he had fallen at his daughter's house in Oklahoma City recently and was severely injured suffering devastating head wounds.

I first met Leland through our membership in the Early Ford V8 Club at the 1993 National Meet in Dearborn. We became fast friends and kept in touch over the years.

In 1994, Leland and a fellow Oklahoma City Regional Group member, Charley Finsel, made a trip in Leland's 1939 Ford Fordor from Oklahoma City to Nashville, Greeneville, SC, Charlotte, NC, Concord, NC and back to Oklahoma City in February 1994. They stopped overnight in Nashville and stayed at my home. The next morning, Leland, Charley and I met a group of Volunteer V8ers and together we drove to Greeneville to participate in Benny Bootle's 14th Annual Open House and Chili Cook and to see Benny's vast collection of old Fords. Remember...this was in sub-zero weather and snow!

Over the years I was fortunate to spend time with Leland and his wife, Connie, in Oklahoma City. I was always made to feel welcome and at home.

Leland was a grand guy, well-liked by everyone and will be missed by many, many others.

I dedicate this Special Edition of the newsletter to Leland and am reprinting a copy of a story Leland's friend Charley wrote for our newsletter at the time. It is a remarkable story about the "Okie Dokie Two" and I sincerely hope you will enjoy it.

Best regards, Mickey Holton

This notice appeared in the Oklahoma City newsletter, *The Flathead Times, today:*

It is with great saddness to let you know that Leland Cook passed away on November 2nd at 11:30 am. The club has lost a long time member and a great friend. Rest in peace Leland.

Connie Cook

13332 NW 7th Court

Yukon, OK 73079

The Volunteer V-8 Ford Voice

P.O. BOX 111311 • NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

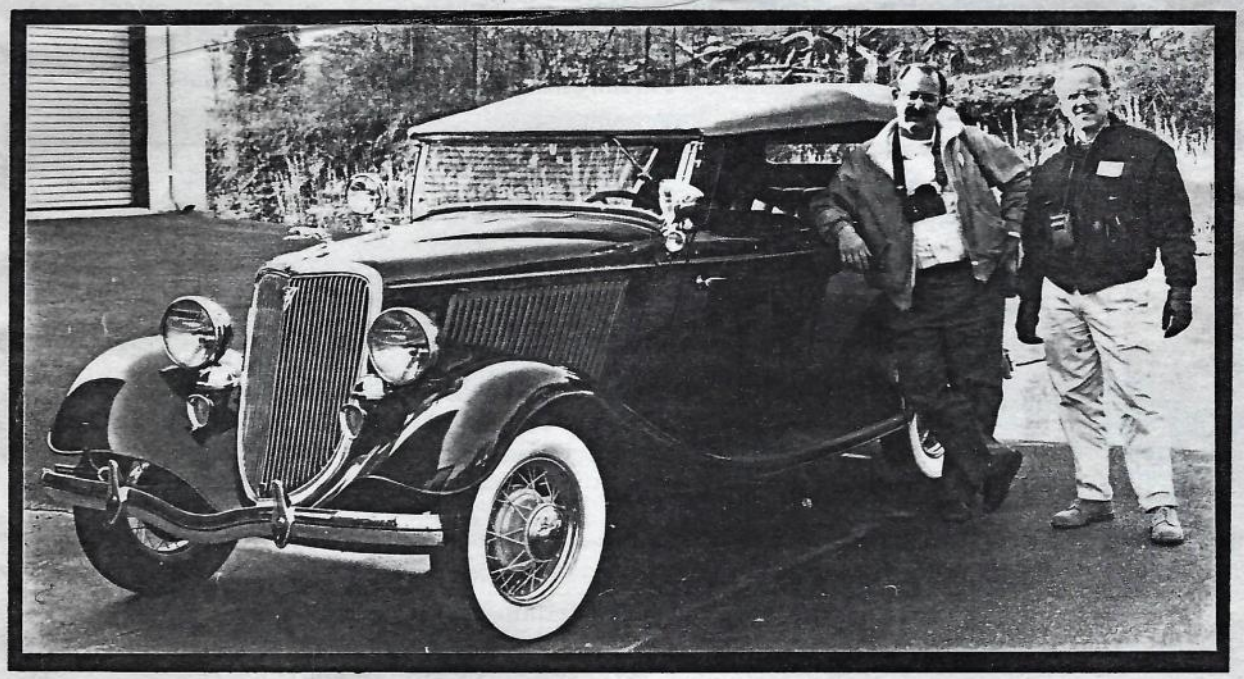
THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE VOLUNTEER CHAPTER #97

VOLUME FOUR FEBRUARY - MARCH 1994 NUMBER TWO

Dear Fellow V8ers,

Once again, I've been forced to combine two issues of the newsletter into one. I don't like to do this but sometimes it becomes a necessity. I'll try not to let it happen again!

Nonetheless, I think you'll enjoy this issue. Back in January some of us took a trip to Greenville, South Carolina, to attend Benny Bootle's 14th Annual Open House and Chili Cook. We were accompanied from Nashville to Greenville by two members of the Oklahoma City Regional Group, Leland Cook and Charley Finsel, who had driven to Nashville in Leland's 1939 Ford Fordor. While we returned to Nashville, Leland and Charley went on to Charlotte and other points before returning to Oklahoma City the next week. I had written an account of our trip but when I received a copy of Charley's much superior story I decided to run it instead, with Charley's approval. I know you'll get a real bang out of it!



Mickey Holton and Charley Finsel were impressed by this '34 Ford Phaeton that was trailered to Greenville to be taken back to Knoxville by Wayne Moore to have its restoration completed. Both of them looked but could find nothing that needed restoration!

Leland and Charley's Excellent Adventure

("It's only this far on the Map.")

by Charley Finsel, Oklahoma City Regional Group

Some men are motivated to achieve great things by the lust for power, fame and/or wealth. Others are motivated beyond the ordinary by the search for spiritual and emotional growth. The two adventurers in this tale were motivated to go beyond the accepted boundaries of antique V8 travel by something even more noble - CHILI! I am speaking of Leland (We'll go if it starts) Cook and Charley (What do you mean it's my turn to buy the gas again?) Finsel.

On Friday, January 14, 1994, Leland and Charley left Oklahoma City bound for Greenville, South Carolina, traveling in Leland's original 1939 Ford Fordor. The stated purpose of the trip was to attend Benny (I own more 1940 Fords than you do) Bootle's annual chili luncheon. The unstated purpose of the trip was to not go to work for a week, drive by malls without shopping and not listen to music that teenage daughters would like.

Departure time was 5:00 A.M. from S.W. 93rd Street. The temperature was below freezing but not bad with a sweater and light coat. Then came the words that would be repeated many times over the course of the next week - "We'll go if it starts," - and it started. In just a minute the hot air heater started kicking out heat and the trip began. Roling down I-240 with the original and not very bright headlights on felt good and gave our adventurers the feeling of hope that the trip would go well. On towards the eastern horizon they rolled settling in for the two day trip.

The miles rolled by interrupted only by the need for fuel every 130 miles or so. A quick stop, tank topped off, bladder drained and on the road again. Rituals began to develop as the tasks of travel became routine. Leland would unlock the gas cap and start the pump. Charley would go into the warm station, check the local temperature and signal to Leland when the tank was full. A short discussion would take place to determine who had paid for the last fill-up. Then our travelers would be off for another 130 mile set.

Snow began east of Little Rock and continued on through Tennessee to Nashville, the first night's destination. At times heavy, the snow never was considered an issue in whether to continue or not. Several wrecks were observed, but most were on the west bound side and did not hinder progress. Patches of ice under overpasses became entertainment as Leland would gun the Ford to break the rear wheels loose on the ice at 70 miles per hour. Fellow traveler Charley clutched tightly to a St. Christopher's medal in his coat pocket. Though no longer accepted by Rome as the saint to protect travelers, acceptable comfort was obtained.

Nashville at 5:20 P.M., 12 hours and 20 minutes traveling time. The old Ford had performed without a hitch. Nashville V8 Club member Mickey Holton was called and came out to lead the Okie V8ers to his home for the night.

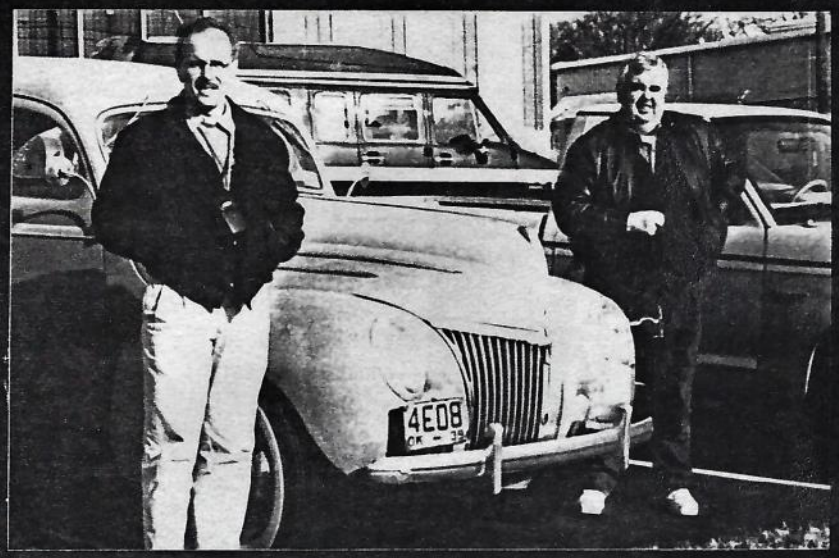
Mickey is an active V8 Club member and is the newsletter editor for the Volunteer V8 Regional Group. But the most interesting thing about Mickey's life is his wife, Barbara, his dog Maggie and his 1939 Ford Standard. Mickey and Barbara opened their home to our travelers and showed them the warmest of hospitality. Maggie entertained until bedtime and then called it a night until the arrival of the morning paper.

Barbara is a legal assistant and a Garth Brooks fan. After breakfast on Saturday she was off to meet four other workmates to stand in line for Garth Brooks concert tickets (it was later learned that Barbara and three of her friends got tickets).

Mickey and Barbara both asked a question of the Okies that many others would pose over the next few days: "Why did you come so far in an antique car?" Leland's response, holding up his right thumb and spreading them about three inches apart, was "it's only this far on the map."

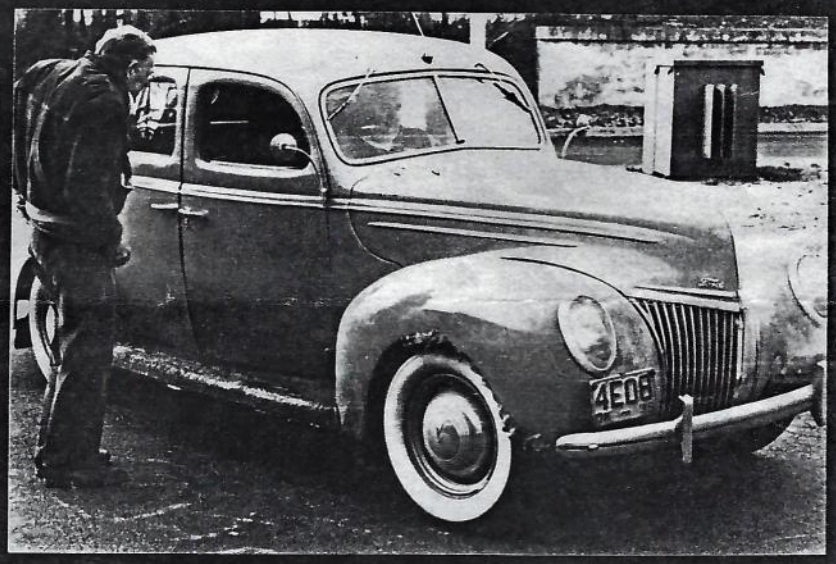
Saturday morning the temperature was in the low teens, but no precipitation. Mickey fixed a wonderful breakfast for our travelers and then led them in his modern car to Lorne Nedvidek's home to meet up with Bob and Marge Avery, Bob and Jane Helms and Glenn and Nancy Nabors. Together this group traveled on to Greenville in two modern cars and the Okie Dokie '39 Ford. Invitations were extended to all of the Tennessee crew to ride in the Ford, but were refused citing the weather and the length of the trip, never the company.

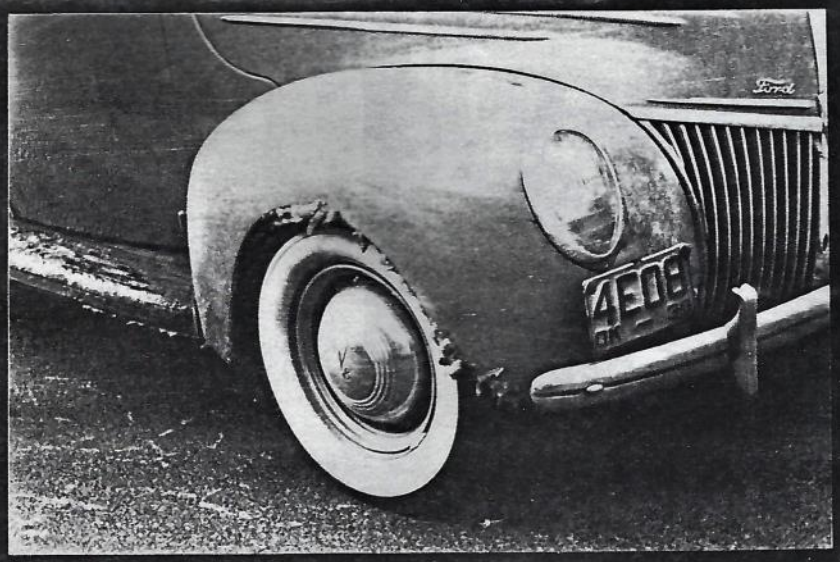
The caravan pulled into Greenville after dark and began a three lap tour of the town navigated by Mickey. After the third lap and no hotel, Bob Helms pulled out his cellular phone and called the hotel for directions and kept them on the line until the hotel was located. Mickey assured us that in his



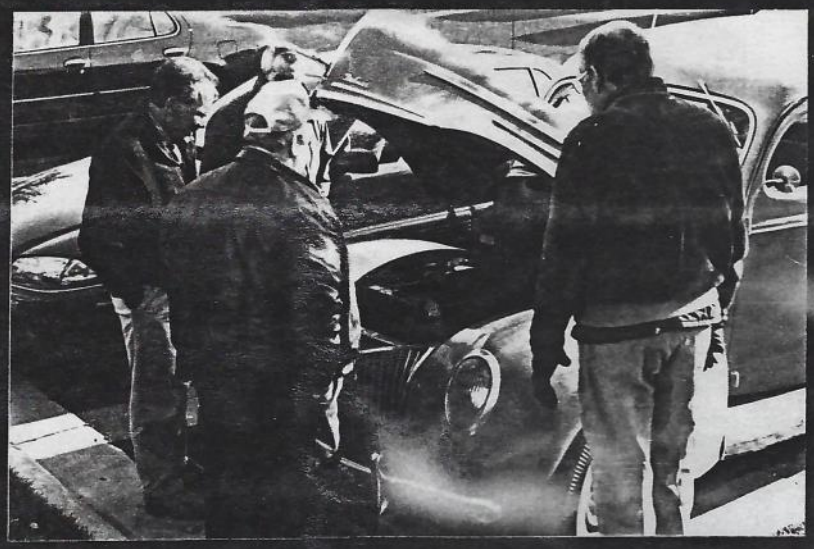
The "Okie Dokie Two," Charley Finsel (left) and Leland Cook drove Leland's '39 Ford Fordor from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, to Nashville and then on to Greenville, South Carolina, to attend Benny Bootle's annual chili cook. They also visited friends in Charlotte and Concord, North Carolina, before returning to Oklahoma City via Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and Little Rock the next week. They totaled 2300 miles without one single breakdown.

Lorne Nedvidek greets Charley and Leland and welcomes them to Nashville. Lorne was overwhelmed by the fact that they had driven so far in so short a time in so old a car. Leland's patented answer as to why they had done it was to hold his thumb and forefinger about three inches apart and say solemnly "it's only this far on the map."





Leland's '39 had a bad case of icing but nothing stood in the way of the "Okie Dokie Two" - not ice, snow, or sleet. Proceeding at a vigorous 65 mph on a day that no sane person would want to drive on, Leland even tried to inject some fun into the trip by gunning the Ford to break the rear wheels loose on the ice at 70 miles per hour!



Several members of the group had a serious discussion about whether or not the Ford would start after it had set outside all night in 9 degree temperature. Leland assured us it would. After one attempt that resulted in the Ford being flooded, a slight adjustment was made to the inoperable choke and - *it started!!!!*

Charley, Leland, Jane Helms and Bob Helms enjoyed a liesurely breakfast and interesting conversation on Sunday morning. After being told that members of the Volunteer V8 Ford Club spend an inordinate amount of time seeking out places to eat while on tours, Leland was heard to say the Oklahoma City group refers to itself as the "Veaters" instead of "V8ers."

The Tennesse group attending Benny's chili cook were (from left) Lorne Nedvidek, Bob Helms, Jane Helms, Glenn Nabors, Nancy Nabors, Bob Avery, Marge Avery, Mickey Holton and Betty Powell (Photo by Jim Powell). If it looks as if they were dressed for cold weather - they were! It was a record cold day in Greenville.

job as a professional truck dispatcher giving and following directions is routine and that the difficulty was caused by an inaccurate map.

The entire crew gathered for the evening meal at a nearby restaurant and again for breakfast in the hotel. Good food was enjoyed, along with warmth and great conversation.

Sunday morning was crisp and clear. The temperature was in single digits but the wind was calm. A group slowly gathered around the old Ford to see if it would start. Leland, filled with confidence from the past two days of perfect performance, reached in through the open door, inserted the key, flipped on the ignition switch, pushed the starter button and flooded the carburetor. A slight hand adjustment to the inoperable choke and the old flathead fired to life. The crowd was impressed. Leland was relieved.

Benny Bootle's heating and air conditioning business and car collection were just a short drive from the hotel. The place was already filling up when the Okies and Tennessee folks arrived. Cars from several states were parked out front. Many were pulling trailers carrying interesting vintage autos and parts of autos. There was almost a swap meet atmosphere.

Inside the Bootle compound sat three beautiful Fords - a '38 Standard Coupe, '40 Sedan Delivery and '39 DeLuxe Coupe. In the lower level of one building there were around 20 cars of various years, but predominantly '40 Fords. In the upper level of the same building were 15 or so more cars, again mostly '40 Fords, all either restored to perfection or low mileage originals. Included in this group were two '57 Thunderbirds that were gorgeous. The rest of the building was filled with Triumph motorcycles and car show awards. In yet another building there were a couple of 50's vintage Cadillacs and later model Fords. The last building contained a parking stall enclosed by plastic that contained a 1978 Corvette that had been driven only four miles.

Walking between the buildings in the cold helped build an appetite for chili. Several bowls were wolfed down and declared worthy of driving 1,000 miles to eat.

Benny Bootle, upon being informed that two Okies had driven from Oklahoma in a '39 Ford, invited our adventurers to park their ride inside the compound with his collection. As Leland parked the Okie Ford people hovered around it looking at the snow and ice clinging to its skin, asking one by one "how come you drove all that way in an antique car?" To which Leland would respond, while holding up his right index finger and thumb about three inches apart, "it's only this far on the map."

To digress from the tale for a minute, on Friday night in Nashville, Leland called his friends Charlie and Louise Bowman who live in Charlotte, North Carolina. No one was home so Leland left this message on their answering machine; "Will be at Benny Bootle's chili luncheon on Sunday, driving the '39 Ford, and then plan to go on to Charlotte to see Dennis Carpenter's facility on Monday, so come on down to Greenville and buy me that banana split you owe me." Charlie and Louise, who claim to be Leland's adoptive parents, shared this message with the Piedmont Early Ford V8 Regional Group on Saturday and then came on down to Greenville with their son Doug on Sunday.

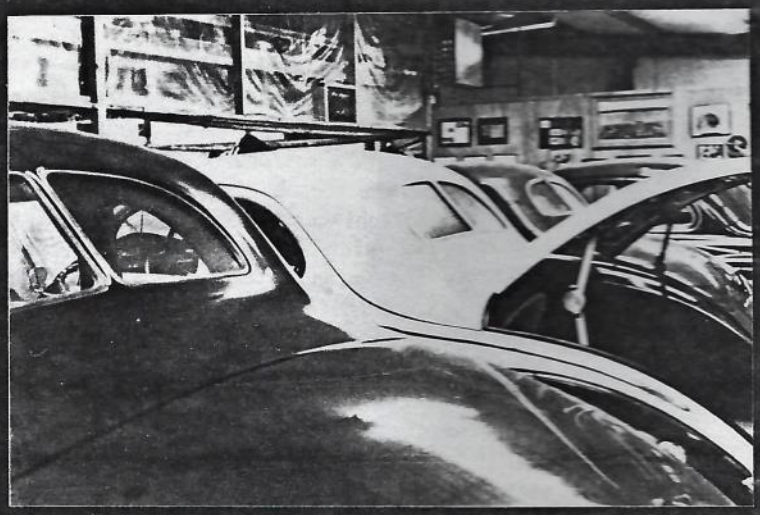
Back to the tale. Shortly after Leland parked the '39 in Bootle's compound Charlie, Louise and Doug Bowman arrived and had a very loud and affectionate reunion with Leland. Fellow traveler Charley Finsel was introduced and also adopted. The Bowmans extended an invitation to have dinner at their home in Charlotte that night and assigned their son to the Okies to help them find the way. Charlie then asked the question, "how come you to drive so far in that old Ford?" Leland gave the now familiar answer while giving the appropriate hand signal, "it's only this far on the map."

Bill Widenhouse, a member of the Piedmont Regional Group and active concourse judge of the '39 and '40 Ford at Early V8 Ford Club regional and national meets since 1973, sought out our adventurers and introduced himself. Bill had learned of the Okies at the Piedmont Regional meeting the night before. Bill insisted that Leland and Charley stay at his home just north of Charlotte that night and promised a personal tour of his very good friend Dennis Carpenter's facility on Monday. Maps wre drawn and directions given and the Okies continued to kick tires.

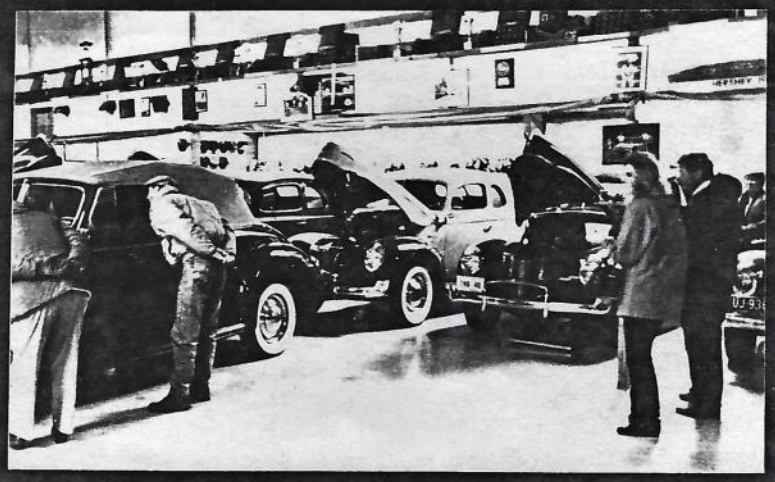
By noon feet were too cold to kick anymore and the chili was weighing heavily on our travelers stomachs. So off they went with Doug as their tour guide to the Bowmans home for dinner. Doug proved

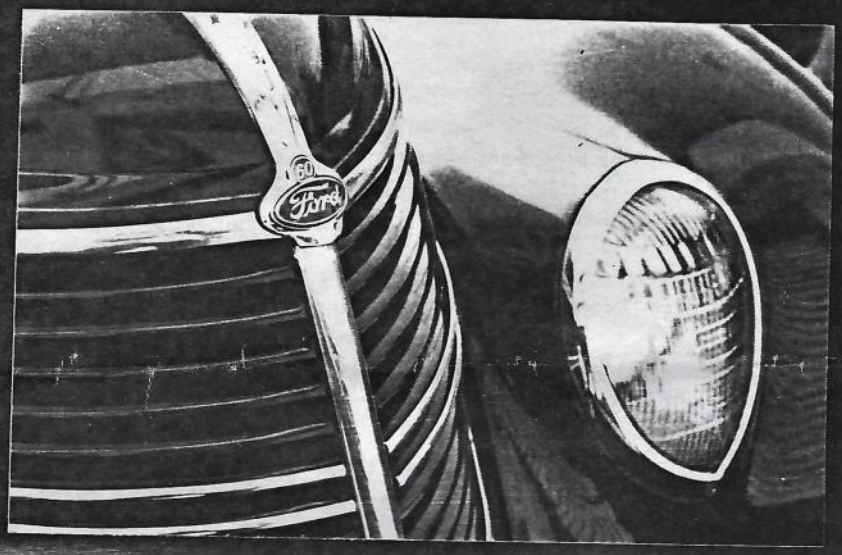
"BENNY HONEY" SAYS

WELCOME TO BOOTLE'S BUGGIES
14TH ANNUAL OPEN HOUSE AND CHILI COOK

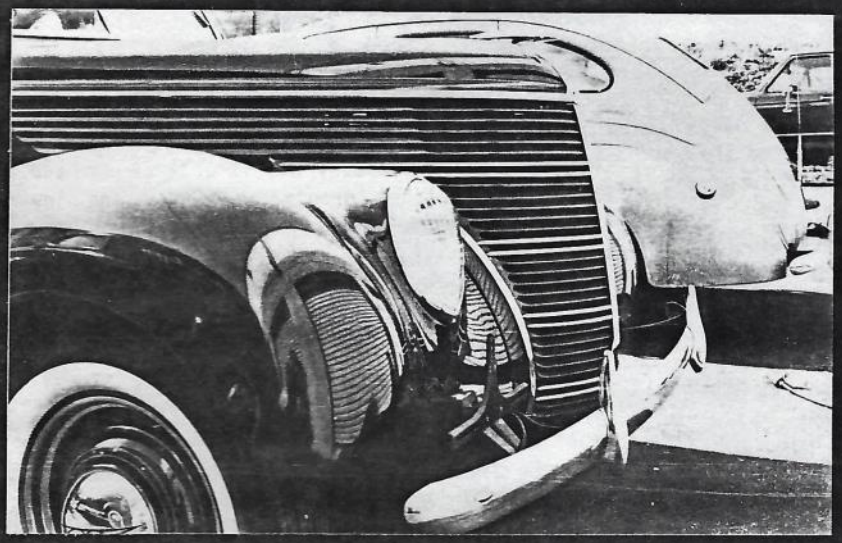


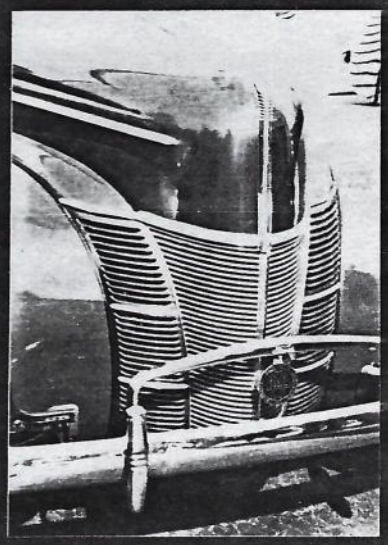
The sign above says it all. Our host, Benny Bootle (top) welcomed a large and enthusiastic crowd of Ford admirers. Benny's garage contains mostly '39 and '40 Fords (bottow left) but also houses his collection of motorcycles, two '57 Thunderbirds and many trophies and awards won over the years. (Middle) Leland's '39 Okie Dokie Ford fit right in with some of Benny's cars on display. (Top) A '40 Ford Sedan Delivery is used as advertisement for "Bootle's Buggies."





(Top, left) A '39 Ford DeLuxe; (Top, right) Another look at some of the cars in Benny's collection; (Bottom, right) Some say this is the prettiest grille ever on a Ford car; (Left, bottom and middle) Two views of Benny's '38 Ford Standard 60 hp Coupe, a rarely seen and very much unappreciated car, Some even say it's ugly but I have to disagree!





to be an excellent tour guide and pointed out many unique landmarks. One in particular was a water tower painted to resemble a peach. A leaf and stem were welded on it and the resemblance was quite good. Doug referred to it as the "peachoid."

Doug told our travelers of the Bowman famnily history and how up until he reached school age they had lived in the hills near a town called Mt. Airy. This was the town that inspired the Andy Griffith Show in the 60's and later the TV show Mayberry RFD. Many of the businesses and areas referred to in the shows were copied from real life ones. For instance, Floyd's Barbershop. The more Doug spoke about the area the more like Mayberry the atmosphere became. Leland later commented that here, just like on the TV shows, people used the term "Hey" instead of "Hello" or "Good-bye."

On into Charlotte and to the Bowmans home went the Okie Ford. Upon arrival our travelers observed a lovely brick home on a lot measuring several acres. In the barn/garage were two '40 Fords, a coupe and a Fordor. In the house was a wonderful wood burning stove and more home cooked groceries than the Okies could eat. After making a pretty good attempt to eat most of the food the conversation turned to old cars, past regional meets and jobs. Charlie Bowman told about his job maintaining machinery at a commercial bakery. Upon further questioning it was learned that one of his machines is the one that puts chocolate on Moon Pies! The Okies, having been raised on Moon Pies and RC's, thought this had to be one of the great all time ways to make a living.

The sun began to disappear and our travelers had to bid the Bowmans farewell in order to arrive at Bill Widenhouse's home in Concord, North Carolina, by dark. As the Okies pulled out of the drive the Bowmans waved goodbye using the now cult-like hand signal of right hand extended as if waving and the right index inger and thumb held about three inches apart. Their voices could be heard over the old Ford as it pulled out of the drive, "Hey Leland, Hey Charley." The old Ford rolled on towards Concord 14 miles to the north.

Darkness beat the Okies to Concord but with the use of Bill's map they were able to locate the Widenhouse home with just a little backtracking. The old Ford pulled into the driveway in between a building with four garage doors and the back side of the house with four more garage doors. Bill's wife, Dot, greeted our travelers and invited them in to wait for Bill who had gone out for barbeque. She asked, "how come you to drive so far in an antique car?" To which Leland responded holding up the right index finger and thumb about three inches apart, "it's only this far on the map."

Bill arrived shortly and an evening of interrupted talk about just about every detail of '39 and '40 Fords began. Bill, who has judged this vintage of car for over twenty years, literally tested the Okies on every nut, bolt, fastener, wire and clip used to hold a '39 or '40 Ford together. Leland made a "C", Charley earned an "F".

Before the actual testing Bill showed his car collection to the Okies. In the separate building with all of the doors were housed nine cars, 1 truck and two 60 hp midget race cars. The cars and trucks were mostly '40 Fords and one was a Mercury. In the garage under the house were about three or four more '40s in various stages of restoration. And in a workshop next to the garage area was a two bay work area. Lining the walls were distributors, carburetors, fenders, engines and more.

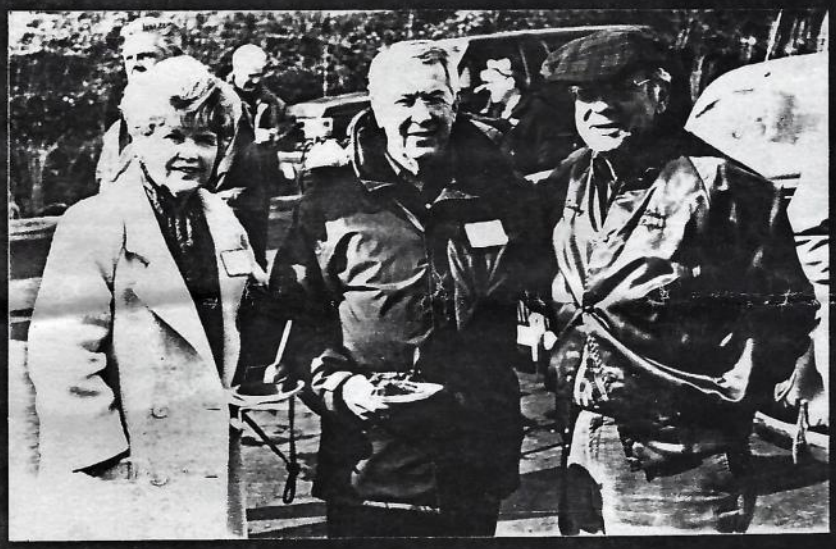
The hour was getting late and fatigue set in despite the excitement of hearing about and seeing so much about V8 Fords. Our travelers settled into the extra bedrooms at Bill and Dot's home and slept with visions of flatheads lodged in their heads.

Up in the morning and out to breakfast at the local cafe. Then back to Bill's to select the car to be driven that day. The '40 Mercury Fordor was the choice and Charley was appointed driver. Destination - Dennis Carpenter's.

On the way to Dennis Carpenter's, Bill took our travelers by Fletchel Little's home and workshop. Fletchel lives right across the street from the Charlotte Motor Speedway and is another '39 and '40 Ford fan. Fletchel greeted our crew and invited them in to see his auto collection and the '39 Fordor Convertible he was assembling. Inside the building were six or seven great looking cars. There was one '48, but the rest were '39s and '40s.

After the Little tour it was off to Carpenter's. There Bill was greeted by everyone as if he reported to work there every morning. He knew everyone by first name and had absolute free run of the place. A very nice lady was assigned to give the Okies a tour. Through the huge parts department

One of the biggest "stars" in Benny's collection is his famous "Old Blue," a gorgeous '40 Ford Convertible. Benny anticipates that "Old Blue" will soon win its 60th award. This car has been around the show car circuit for many years and always manages to attract attention wherever and whenever it's shown.



(Left) Jim and Betty Powell enjoy a conversation with Benny; (Below, left) So do Bob Helms and Glenn Nabors; (Below, right) Bob Helms later gets a very close look at one of Benny's many original cars, a '50 Ford. Benny told us this car has only 1500 miles on it. Bob was interested because he is in the process of restoring a '50 Ford.

and on to the manufacturing facility our travelers went stopping to see the rubber extrusion machine, the scuff plate machine, the die department and all of the dies used to make thousands of different parts, The Okies were most impressed with the amount of equipment the process takes and the amount of hand work reqired to finish the rubber and die cast parts,

The carburetor, distributor and engine rebuilding areas were also visited and admired, Eighteen semi storage trailers and a large warehouse filled with NOS parts were also observed and drooled over, Even the still-under-construction auto and Cushman museum was opened to the Okies to see, By the end of the tour they were completely impressed by the Carpenter operation, Dennis has made a huge commitment of time and capital to making parts available to the antique car hobby and in the true American was has earned a living doing it,

Several very enjoyable hours were spent at the Carpenter facilities but the weather was becoming threatening and the Okies needed to begin their trek homeward, So, reluctantly, they left Carpenter's and traveled on to Kannapolis, North Carolina, where Bill gave a driving tour of the town that had once been owned by Cannon Mills (the cloth towel manufacturer), Kannapolis is a very neatly laid out town and was interesting to observe,

Sleet and freezing rain were beginning to fall, so off to Bill's house our travelers went, Good-byes and thank you's were said to Bill and Dot Widenhouse for their gracious hospitality and then the Okies hit the road, According to the weather report temperatures were at record lows, barely into the 20's, Roads going north were being closed because of ice, altering our travelers plans to go back through Nashville, Heading south towards Atlanta appeared to be the best way out of the area, So south the Okies went,

The first twelve miles flew by and the the traffic jam began, Two-and-a-half hours later the Okies had moved 2 miles, Darkness and ice build up had stopped out travelers "cold," Finally, an off ramp crept into view and up it the Okies went, On to a motel, a hot meal and a good night's sleep,

It was now Tuesday, January 18th, and heading home was the order of the day, After breakfast at Shoney's it was back onto the super slab and south towards Atlanta, The freezing rain had stopped but the roads were not yet free of ice, Carefully our travelers drove staying on guard for icy patches and other drivers, The closer to Atlanta they got the thicker the ice became, It was not until the Okies got to the west side of Atlanta that the roads were free of the slick stuff,

Finally, out of the snow and heading west into the bright sun and dry roads, a feeling of relief swept over our travelers as they settled in for the remaining trip home, From Atlanta to Oklahoma City there were not a lot of memorable events to relate, just the steady movement westward to Birmingham, Alabama and then north to Tupelo, Mississippi (the birth place of Elvis Presley) where darkness once again engulfed the Okies and shut them down for the day,

Wednesday morning and on the road again for home, Routine travel all day with the highlight being lunch at Feltner's What-A-Burger in Russellvile, Arkansas, At Feltner's, hamburgers are prepared in assembly line fashion, There is a person for the bun, another person for the lettuce, another for pickles, etc., etc, By the time a burger passes down the line it is a hand crafted culinary work of art, Milk shakes large enough to allow a normal size adult to sit on the edge of the cup and dangle their feet is the other specialty, The Okies ate their fill and headed on westward,

At 5;00 P.M, the '39 Ford and our weary adverturers pulled in to the Cook driveway, 2,300 miles had passed under the wide white walls of the Okie Ford and not a one of them interrupted by mechanical problems, Truly one of Henry's finest automobiles!

Connie and Amy Cook were the first official greteers, happy to see Leland back home safe and glad to have someone to again to the dishes, Tammy Finsel came to pick up Charley and brought him a grocery list to work on that evening, All in all, things got back to normal pretty quick,

Our travelers agreed that the trip had been great fun and that they should consider making it an annual event, Next year, desert sands and above normal temperatures might be the goal,

When Benny was told that Leland and Charley had driven Leland's '39 Ford from Oklahoma City Greenville to attend his 14th Annual Open House and Chili Cook, he invited Leland to park his car alongside his on display.

THIS IS THE END OF THE TALE
OF OUR ADVENTURERS TRAVELS OVER MOUNTAINS AND
FLATLANDS THROUGH SNOW AND THROUGH HAIL
OF COLD WINDS, ICE, AND HAZARDS UNSEEN
OF TWO MEN, A PLAN AND A 55 YEAR OLD MACHINE

THE PURPOSE OF THE TRIP WAS TO EAT CHILI AND LOOK AT OLD FORDS
TO NOT GO TO WORK AND BUM ROOM AND BOARD.
ALL OF THESE THINGS WERE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A BONUS TO BOOT
OF NEW FRIENDSHIPS MADE ALONG A 2300 MILE ROUTE

SO IF YOU'VE BEEN THINKING YOU'D LIKE TO DRIVE YOUR OLD FORD
FIRST GO AND FETCH IT FROM WHERE IT'S BEEN MOORED.
THEN BREAK OUT THE ATLAS AND PLAN A TRIP
TO GO SEE SOMETHING HISTORIC, SCENIC OR HIP
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE DISTANCE OR YOU'LL BE IN A TRAP
JUST REMEMBER LELAND'S WORDS, "IT'S ONLY THIS FAR ON THE MAP."

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Several very enjoyable hours were spent at the Carpenter facilities but the weather was becoming threatening and the Okies needed to begin their trek homeward, So, reluctantly, they left Carpenter's and traveled on to Kannapolis, North Carolina, where Bill gave a driving tour of the town that had once been owned by Cannon Mills (the cloth towel manufacturer), Kannapolis is a very neatly laid out town and was interesting to observe,

Sleet and freezing rain were beginning to fall, so off to Bill's house our travelers went, Good-byes and thank you's were said to Bill and Dot Widenhouse for their gracious hospitality and then the Okies hit the road, According to the weather report temperatures were at record lows, barely into the 20's, Roads going north were being closed because of ice, altering our travelers plans to go back through Nashville, Heading south towards Atlanta appeared to be the best way out of the area, So south the Okies went,

The first twelve miles flew by and the the traffic jam began, Two-and-a-half hours later the Okies had moved 2 miles, Darkness and ice build up had stopped out travelers "cold," Finally, an off ramp crept into view and up it the Okies went, On to a motel, a hot meal and a good night's sleep,

It was now Tuesday, January 18th, and heading home was the order of the day, After breakfast at Shoney's it was back onto the super slab and south towards Atlanta, The freezing rain had stopped but the roads were not yet free of ice, Carefully our travelers drove staying on guard for icy patches and other drivers, The closer to Atlanta they got the thicker the ice became, It was not until the Okies got to the west side of Atlanta that the roads were free of the slick stuff,

Finally, out of the snow and heading west into the bright sun and dry roads, a feeling of relief swept over our travelers as they settled in for the remaining trip home, From Atlanta to Oklahoma City there were not a lot of memorable events to relate, just the steady movement westward to Birmingham, Alabama and then north to Tupelo, Mississippi (the birth place of Elvis Presley) where darkness once again engulfed the Okies and shut them down for the day,

Wednesday morning and on the road again for home, Routine travel all day with the highlight being lunch at Feltner's What-A-Burger in Russellvile, Arkansas, At Feltner's, hamburgers are prepared in assembly line fashion, There is a person for the bun, another person for the lettuce, another for pickles, etc., etc, By the time a burger passes down the line it is a hand crafted culinary work of art, Milk shakes large enough to allow a normal size adult to sit on the edge of the cup and dangle their feet is the other specialty, The Okies ate their fill and headed on westward,

At 5:00 P.M, the '39 Ford and our weary adverturers pulled in to the Cook driveway, 2,300 miles had passed under the wide white walls of the Okie Ford and not a one of them interrupted by mechanical problems, Truly one of Henry's finest automobiles!

Connie and Amy Cook were the first official greteers, happy to see Leland back home safe and glad to have someone to again to the dishes, Tammy Finsel came to pick up Charley and brought him a grocery list to work on that evening, All in all, things got back to normal pretty quick,

Our travelers agreed that the trip had been great fun and that they should consider making it an annual event, Next year, desert sands and above normal temperatures might be the goal,