



*Crank up the Lizzy, an' all git aboard,  
We're goin' down south, so hurry up an' load!  
I know she rattles, an' the radiator leaks!  
But she'll git us thar safe, even if she squeaks!  
Git the axe an' saw, an' the big fryin' pan;  
An' the tent an' pegs. An' oh, my lan'!  
Don't forgit the matches, an' the ole tire pump!  
Hustle around now, an' keep on the jump!  
The weather-man says, thar's a blizzard comin';  
So crank up the Lizzy an' keep 'er a-hummin'!  
Head 'er fer Floridy, as fast as we can go;  
An' we'll beat that blizzard, first thing we know!  
We'll pitch our tent, by a rumnin' stream,  
An' the rest of the winter, 'll be one long dream!  
—S.S.R.*

Well, it wasn't exactly a NoKen T event, but the recent North Florida Tour that ran from Monday, February 23 - Friday 27<sup>th</sup> may as well have been. Percentage-wise we were by far the majority group. Mildred Dana, head honcho-ess of the tour, told your scribe there were 27 Model T's participating. Since we had some 10 cars or so there, that means percentage-wise we had, um, well, er, a big



percentage. There was no rain but the nights were fairly cold, and the days chilly. Notice the garb worn by the at the start of the day. nearby door factory and the night it interesting. Closed cars were week went on temperatures would expect them. By the they should



touristers in various photos Several T'ers stayed at a motel/campground/storm got into the '30 was to be prized. But as the started to get to where one last day they were where have been the first day. many crossings of the

We made Suwannee fame. If take my word



River, that of historic musical you've never seen it close up, for it, it closely resembles the hue of root beer, due to the tannin that leaches into the water from the many oak trees. Songwriter/composer Stephen Collins Foster originally wanted to call his famous song Way Down Upon The Pee Dee River but settled on Swanee River (His poetic license spelling). Oddly he never made it to Florida, but that's another story for another time.



We visited Greenville, the small town where Ray Charles lived until he was about 15 when he left to find fame and fortune. did both. It's a neat little old town. That's the left and that other Ray to the right side



Some would say he our Ray Drago on of the picture.

Our itinerary took us to Dowling Park, enclave. By the time we got there it had considerably. Many of the residents were viewing the cars, and reminiscing. Some ride.

a senior citizen warmed up out and about, visiting, few even went for a

Several of the towns had the obligatory antique shops and malls. There wasn't much bragging about bargains to be heard, so maybe there weren't any. All the same the fun's in the hunt after all.

At Peacock Springs we met up with a couple from Australia who were in the states "on holiday" as they phrase it. We had a nice They said they were thoroughly enjoying time here. Except for the fact that "we drive wrong side of the bloomin' road". They were with a small group of scuba divers. They descended into one area and traveling through underground inter-connecting passages close to a mile in length made their way to where we met up with them.



visit. their on the

One morning the local newspaper, The Madison County Carrier dispatched a reporter and photographer and gave the tour some ink. Featured interviewees, complete with action photos, were our own Ray Drago and Woody Woodworth. Never at a loss for words, Woody had several for the cubby reporter. They also published a picture of the Kinne's fine little roadster.

One couple showed up every day wearing period clothing. They are Rod and Carol Marcom of Jacksonville and they drew a crowd whenever they ventured from the confines

of their touring car. It's noteworthy to mention their clothes weren't re-productions, either. Carol did have a sartorial disaster when a heel broke off one of her shoes, but she carried on in Kentucky sandals. Read that, barefoot.



No matter where we would stop people would go out of their way to talk with us. You would hear all the usual questions: "What's it worth? Standard answer: What ever you can get. What kind of gas mileage? Two of my favorites have to be: 1) Does it run? and 2) Can you get tires for it?" Duh-uh? But the folks like our cars and that makes 'em #1 in my book. It's small, lots of pictures, big letters, and wide margins. Came with its own crayons, too.

One of many points of interest we visited was Herb's Herb Farm. Herb's gone now, and Mrs. Herb didn't say where he's buried. Hmmmm. None the less it was an interesting place run mostly by 3 people with supplementary help at times. Among other projects, they were growing mushrooms on sections of oak limbs, kept moist and under roof. Since I'm not too sure of the exact spelling of these particular 'rooms, I'll let well enough alone here. Allegedly they would cure everything from the hole in the ozone to bad breath. Or so it seemed.



High speed motoring in the fresh air surely does whet one's appetite. About half of the

NoKen T contingency chose to take their meals at the Running Board Restaurant©. They can be found anywhere a Model T



pulls over to the macadam. Not beat, and the

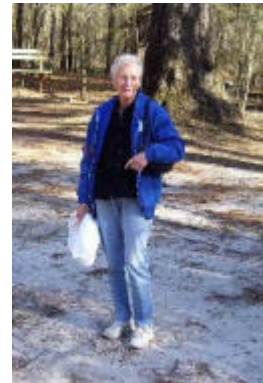


side of the only is the cost modest, service can't be atmosphere is swell. Coupled with burritos

from a manifold cooker, life is good if you don't weaken.

Later in the week the tour was joined by a couple who were going to participate in a Horseless Carriage Club of America tour the next week. They drove a White car made in Cleveland. It was white. They were easy to spot because they were the only white White, non Model T. But their name wasn't White. I think maybe it was either Massingschlager-Knokker or Smith, I can't recall which. It was a neat car with several novel features such as a chain drive starter and the oddest gear shift pattern imaginable.

There is no cost for the tour other than one's personal expenses. Plus the cost of gasoline was right at or slightly below \$2/gallon so the whole week was a bargain. Ginny Scudder, bless her heart, took up an appreciation collection for Mildred and Noel who spent lots of time and energy if not money to prepare the routes, stops, and all the various and sundry items that make up a successful tour. Someone said Ginny collected well under \$1000 for the Noels.



The locale for next year's tour remains to be determined, but it's a fairly safe bet that all the usual suspects and some new ones as

well will be rounding up. Say, what are you going to be doing late next February?

- **Rex D. Karrs**