



Around 1970, I was working in New Orleans for an oilfield company. I often would drive back and forth from my home town Cleveland, Mississippi to New Orleans. At the time, I was driving a 1965 Mustang GT, red stripes down the side, dual exhaust. I even had a tag on the front of the car that said PECK. Yes, I was hot stuff.

On one of my trips back to Cleveland I was going through Jackson, Mississippi and driving by a used-car lot where there was a 1968 Corvette on the front of the lot. It was about the color of a boiled shrimp and I fell in love. I had always said that I was going to have a Corvette one day and this was the day. When the salesman said, "Son I can put you in this car today," he had me hooked. I traded that Mustang for the Corvette. Now, I am really hot stuff.

Later on, I was driving through the little town of Yazoo City on my way to Cleveland, Mississippi again to see parents, friends, and girlfriends. I would usually leave around midnight because of less traffic and fewer cops on the road. This particular night I was blasting through the small Mississippi town of Yazoo City in my new Vette that

was super-fast. "Uh Oh," I saw blue lights behind me. I'm thinking, "I am in a Corvette, I know this road is straight and I'm going to outrun this cop." Another great idea of mine that the consequence of which I failed to consider. Anyway, I slammed the gas pedal down and sped to 100 miles an hour in no time. I looked in my mirror and the blue lights seem to be getting closer. I sped to 120 miles an hour and the blue lights are still getting closer. At 130 mph I thought, "I gotta be pulling away from him now." But, in my mirror he was still catching me. I thought, "This is crazy. I'm gonna go another minute and if he's still getting closer I have to pull over."

Well, he kept coming so I slowed down and stopped. I was really very scared and nervous—I knew this is going to be bad. The cop pulled in behind me, so I got out and walked toward his car. Suddenly he stuck his head out the window and screamed, "WOOO...WEEE BABY, we were flying, weren't we?"

I didn't know what to think. When I walked up to his window he never got out, he just said, "I had to go 160 to catch you. How fast were you going?" I started stuttering and saying, "Uh...I'm...I'm not sure how fast I was going. I don't know." Then he began telling me how the City had just bought him this car, and he told them he didn't even need a new car, but he never thought he would get one that would go this fast.

It was 1970, and I had never heard of a car with 160 on the speedometer so I couldn't resist leaning over to see the odometer while he was still enthusiastically bragging about his new car. Sure enough, I saw hundred and 60 on his speedometer. I stepped back and noticed a HEMI emblem on the side of his car. A Dodge HEMI, I had heard of them, but had never seen one. It was one of the fastest cars made in that year. The sheriff kept asking me how fast I was going, and I kept stuttering. He told me to follow him back to Yazoo City to see the Justice of the Peace.

I was so scared and wondering who I would call to get me out of jail. I followed him back to Yazoo City where we pulled



into a truck stop cafe. There was only one man in this place with an apron on and he's wiping tables. The cop says, "Judge you will not believe what just happened." What I didn't believe was the Judge was the owner of this café, and he was out here wiping tables at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Meanwhile, the cop keeps rambling on, "Judge, that new car I just got will fly. I had to do 160 to catch old Jimmy here. Right, Jimmy? How fast were you going Jimmy? What kind of car is that you're driving?" I'm still stuttering.

Then he said, "Sit down Jimmy, you want some coffee?" The three of us are sitting at the table drinking coffee; I don't even drink coffee; as a matter of fact, I hate coffee, but I'm drinking coffee that night. I'm sitting there with the Judge and the Sheriff, listening to him brag about his new car and how fast it was, and I'm thinking, "I'm in the Twilight Zone?!"

Finally, he emptied his coffee cup and said, "Well Judge, what are we going do with old Jimmy here?" The Judge starred at me for what seemed like an eternity. I was scared stiff, until he said, "You got \$19.50, Jimmy?" Stunned, I said, "Do you mean nineteen dollars and fifty cents? Yes, I got that." I was trying not to show complete joy.

I paid the Judge a twenty and got 50 cents change. They said I could go, and the Sheriff told me to not drive so fast. I left that restaurant wondering, "Did that really happen? How lucky can I be...trying to out run this cop and it only cost me \$19.50." It was a very memorable night.

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