



THE FEATURE CORNER

Wally Till's 1962 Falcon

The 1962 – the background

4 door, 3 speed on the column, 170 cubic inch, 6 cylinder, 39293.8 original miles, I'm the 3rd owner, bought from the proverbial "Little Old Lady", in Ft. Valley, Georgia.

Originally purchased by a gentleman in Thompson, Georgia. He drove it until 1972, when he could no longer shift the gears due to shoulder pains. Ms. Walton bought it and drove it Ft. Valley, GA, where it remained until, July 30, 1998, when Wally bought it and drove it to Atlanta. It was never driven outside of Ft. Valley. Only to church and the grocery store. Can you believe it ???

The 1962 – why I bought it

As I was growing up in Charleston, S.C. [that's why I talk funny – to you, not me], my father provided me a car during my high school years. A 1962 Ford Falcon, 4 door, 3 speed on the column, 170 cubic inch, 6 cylinder, Ming green. Upon graduation and acceptance into Georgia Tech, I said no problem getting to Atlanta for my freshman year, I'll just drive my Falcon. Ooops, Dad said, you'll have a car in college, only after you successfully complete your first year (I interpreted that condition to require that I make passing grades as a freshman. This interpretation turned out to be a correct one !!!)

Passed all courses the first year; drove the Falcon the Ga Tech. Everything's cool. Graduated from Tech and got a job. Cooler!! Left the '62 at the MARTA bus stop one day to go to work; came back; Falcon stolen and never recovered. From that day forward I've been looking for a 1962 Falcon.

The 1962 – how I bought it

After attending a meeting in 1988, in Ft. Valley, GA, I saw a 1962 Falcon parked in a parking lot. Needless to say I started "sniffing". A "little old lady" [she was 78 at the time] approached me and said. "You like my car, huh?" I said yes M'am, and told her the story about my 1962. I said I'd keep in touch with her and would like to buy her car someday. And stay I touch, I did. Quarterly, I'd telephone her. Annually I'd drive to Ft. Valley to say hello. It took me 9 years to get her to talk seriously with me and get down to money. 1st offer, "Is that the best you can do"? 2nd offer, "Well, I'll have to talk with my son". I said this is my last offer and I will not contact you again. If you want to sell your car at my offered price, you can call me. 1 month, 2 months, 3 months, I'd really given up; me and the 1962 was not to be. Out of the blue, I got a voice mail message, "Wally, I'm ready to sell you my car. If you're still interested, please call me". I was on that call like white on rice. The rest is history, as they say.

This, my Falcon Club friends, was no casual purchase. It was meant to be

Wally Till

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