

Big Blue Bomber Is Still Around

Dear Trudy:

Through the years I've heard your name come up in my Dad's conversations because you and your husband, David, shared several hobbies with him — among them was the enjoyment of the Ford Mustang.

His love for his 1972 convertible was almost monumental. That love for his Mustang will be continuing on. The car is now being outfitted with a new engine and will soon be back on the road.

I do enjoy your ladies column each month in the Mustang Times and thought I'd let you know that the Big Blue Bomber will be around for a long, long time yet. I recently took it to the Ford Motor Company's celebration at the World's Fair Ground in Flushing Meadows Park on April 17th and went home with a fabulous trophy.

**Jane
New York**

Dear Jane:

First, congratulations. Glad to know the 1972 is as appreciated by you as it was by your Dad. Yes, he sure was devoted to it. Best of all, I think, was how he managed to show it off so well and yet baby it at the same time. That almost baby-blue paint was beautifully set off by the white top and interior and was a real eye-catcher.

I had known your Dad, Larry, for many years and was always pleased to hear one of his many stories of the Mustang. Perhaps one of the best tales was about the way he managed to handle the mayor's wife.

I was told that a few years ago he had taken the time to drive several hundred miles to a famous recreational area just to be in a holiday parade. He was approached by the parade committee. Would he be willing to let the mayor's wife ride in his convertible?

I believe his answer boiled down to "Okay, but if she wants to sit on the boot, she'll have to take off those spiked heels." (The upholstery came first in his mind. Right on. Smart man.)

Guess that you could say that the majority of us car nuts would have replied in the same manner. The notoriety and prestige of the event and the parade offer was offset by the practical nature of his answer. We don't put those "Look, but don't touch signs" at the car shows for the fun of it. We really do care for it, almost as a member of our families.

A lot of us, like you, have been raised in

... or did the raising in ... a Mustang. Now that you are in charge of the '72 you can continue the family tradition of showing it off. Drive it, show it, take good care of it. Simply love and enjoy it as your Dad did.

Many of us now go out, buy a new car and still leave the Mustang in the garage. More and more of the population is purchasing an older car for several reasons: for Old Lang's Zyne, for just plain old fashioned fun, for adventure in the realm of restoration or ownership, or, bluntly put, just for an investment. The aura of a Mustang is rapidly increasing in density, so to speak. Any one of those purposes is A-One with me.

Thanks for touching base.

**Sincerely,
Trudy**

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It's show time all over the world. I recently saw, at a car and truck show, a graphics-strewn big foot four-by-four that had "Have you driven over a Ford lately?" painted in big swirls on the tailgate. I bet you can guess what brand vehicle that was.

No, I was not amused at all.

Further down the line was a sooper-deluxe Ford tow truck that read "Have you been towed by a Ford lately?" The owner was wearing a great hat that proclaimed, "The Hoofbeat of America" for all to see. Must have been a Mustang man.

I didn't stay long enough to see who won the trophy in class. Hope the tow truck did. He deserved it for several reasons, no?

Everywhere you go now you can spot these proclamations coming right at you. Now that we have warm weather we also have tee-shirt readings to do. Most of the labels people put on themselves via a tee-shirt can be either reassuring, entertaining, or both.

I particularly liked the one I saw with an air brush study of a '68 fastback surrounded by the message, "Love me, love my 'stang." The tee-shirt of the accompanying girl stated simply, "I do. I do," and had another scenic version of the same car. Now that is what must be entitled a concerted effort.

Talking about labeling, I love to wear my MCA Mustang club jacket, my club sweat-shirt, etc. everywhere I go. You can meet the nicest people that way. And the MCA logo decorates more than my Mustang windshields — my El Camino (you'll pardon that

purchase please, Ford doesn't make Rancheros anymore, darn it) sports an MCA window decal plus a bumper sticker that says, "Friends don't let friends drive Chevys." I figure that since I've removed all of the original brand's identifying chrome markers, stickers, etc., changed the nosepiece and even the centers of the mag wheels, I just might get by with calling it a Brand X. What do you think?

I had to have a pickup for lugging around all those marvelous Mustang parts I keep acquiring. Good buys, everyone of them, too.

Be seein' you around.

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