

On occasion we receive articles or photos that confirm our notion that Mustang enthusiasm is universal. Once you get caught up in Mustang fever there seems to be no boundaries.

The public affairs office of Ford Motor Company recently forwarded the following piece to us. This item is a paper written by a technical sergeant in the U.S. Air Force who works as a communications specialist and is stationed in Izmir, Turkey. Kendal Orrison is a student of the University of Maryland which has a branch in Turkey. This paper was written in his Introduction to Writing, English 101 class, taught by Iva A. Walker

The opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Mustang Club of America officers, Board of Directors, or representatives.

The Mustang has survived for 32 years, largely due to its looks, in a crowded market segment it created with its introduction. Designed to personify the grace and purposeful beauty of a ballet dancer combined with the power and agility of its namesake, the car has succeeded beyond all expectations. Each new generation of the vehicle has increased in desirability and raised sales figures. The current platform is one of the few cars in production today with Beauty and the Beast syndrome, a curvaceous exterior wrapped around a chassis and powertrain, making the car outlandishly fun to drive.

How does one describe something as personal as beauty? To me, the sheet metal enveloping this machine sings a sonnet to my soul. The gentle flare of a wheel arch, the purposeful bulges on the hood, and the dramatic crease of a

ers. Acceleration, handling, braking, and even gas guzzling are at all-time highs in the current iteration. Sure, there are faster, better handling cars on the road today, but few can match the total package provided by Ford's image leader. No matter what the roads throw at you, security is the name of the game. Behind the wheel, you always feel connected and comfortable. To me, this is the mark of a great motorcar and the fact that I can almost afford one doesn't hurt the cause any.

I do not currently own a Mustang, much to my dismay. My last was a 1979 coupe hobbled with the last of the '70s fuel shortage, low power V8s. Even with this loadstone, I enjoyed the jalopy, until the driver's seat rusted out of the car.

I am not sure if I will ever own another - until I enter my midlife crisis - but I will always lust over

FLANKS OF STEEL

by Kendal T. Orrison

What adolescent boy has not dreamed of sensuous lines, smoothly flowing curves and flaring bulges? As young adults we desire what we can not possibly achieve, always yearning for some distant imagined perfection. Men have worshiped beauty for generations; it is bred into our hearts and souls. In any of its incarnations, beauty is in the eye of the beholder and what some find desirable is repulsive to others. But I think most people - men anyway - could agree on at least one object of desire, the Ford Mustang.

character line, all combine to kindle desire in those with weaker automotive hearts. The paint, when ordered in the multi-hued Mystic color option, mesmerizes your eyes with delicate shifts of blue, purple, and gold that follow your slightest movements. Even its stance conveys barely contained power and motion. To me, very few automobiles can compete with the sheer awe inspired by merely viewing a Mustang.

The Beast side of a modern Mustang is much easier to quantify. In all areas, this buggy deliv-

a particularly well kept example. Who knows, someday I may even convince my wife a slightly impractical car is what we need. Until that day, I will have to content myself with just admiring the Mustang's graceful flanks of steel.

(Technical Sergeant Orrison received an A in the class.)

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