



I'm really looking forward to the Southern National in Biloxi this month. Biloxi, and the Mississippi Coast Mustang Club, has a special meaning to me. Sort of like your first car, or your first date. Biloxi '83 was my first MCA National Show.

Mine is a poor man's Mustang — street driven. I enjoy showing, but my '65 GT convertible's real purpose is basic transportation. Most times if I don't drive the Mustang, I just don't get there.

Anyway, I had been showing my pony in local shows for a couple of years, and doing very well, thank you very much. I did fairly well in concours competition — until the judges looked at the under carriage — and was almost unbeatable in popular choice. Just something about a black on black GT convertible, I guess. I figured, what the heck, maybe I'm ready for the big leagues.

This was 1983 and my choices for MCA nationals were Knoxville or Biloxi. We had just been to the World's Fair in Knoxville the year before, and Suzy (my wife) loves the beach, so Biloxi here we come!

If you've never driven 491 miles through the Southeast Monsoon season in an 18-year-old leaky convertible, you just haven't known the joys of Mustanging! We would have to stop at a service station about every 40 miles — not for gas, for paper towels. Suzy would try to plug leaks and bail, and I would try to plug leaks and drive. Finally a sympathetic service station attendant in Escatawpa, Mississippi gave us his whole weeks supply of paper towels, and we made it into Biloxi with-

out having to stop again.

Safe in Biloxi, I could finally rest — I thought. First show jitters, I guess. I was the first one out washing my car next morning at 4:30 a.m. After trading stories with Mustang people from Tennessee, Oklahoma, and New Jersey, I drove down to the Convention Center to enter my car. I was admiring my Mustangs reflection in the glass walls of the center when I noticed a hubcap missing — not just any hubcap, mind you, a genuine 1965 wire wheel cover with red, white and blue Ford crest triple spinner, and the original FoMoCo oval still legible in (almost) black paint on the back!

Back to the motel in a hurry, wildly searching the parking lot and asking if anyone had seen my hubcap. No luck there, so I drove back to the Convention Center again, looking. No luck there either, so I walked the route. Better luck this time. I saw where the hubcap had taken off along the highway and down the beach. I simply followed the trail down the beach almost to the ocean, where the hubcap had decided to lay down. (Suzy said it just wanted to see the ocean!) With catastrophe averted, I was finally ready to enter my first MCA National.

Saturday night found me having a great time, talking Mustangs with people from all over the country — and only slightly nervous about how I would do at trophy time. Street Driven — Open was finally called, and I really wasn't upset when third place was announced. I'd probably get second. Second was announced, and I was just a little upset. Maybe I would win first. First was announced, and my heart sank. I kept thinking about how long the drive home would be. Then I heard "Also in first place, from Lilburn, Georgia, with a black '65 convertible . . ." I was one proud Mustang fool that night.

The drive home sure didn't seem like 491 miles, either.

Tracy

IT'S WORKING!

Did you notice in last month's *Times*? We had Tracy Stewart from Mississippi helping Kevin Maney from New York with a question on Mustang glass. We had Roland LeFleur from Louisiana with a comment on Leaded-Unleaded gasoline. We had Terrie O'Neal from Texas with a question on production dates. We had Jim Smart from Florida helping Pierre-Yves Quay from Canada with a question on DSO numbers. We had cars from Virginia, Missouri, New Jersey, and Nebraska. We had the Mustang Club of America. We had a National club with members all across the country responding to each other through the pages of the *Mustang Times*. It's working — I'm right proud.



COMING UP IN THE MUSTANG TIMES . . .

- Installing Carpet Underlayment
- What's in a Name?
- Rent-a-Racer — The GT350H Story
- Photography Tips
- First and Last — John Everett's Mach I's
- Trudy Kent's "Red Double Trouble"
- Paint Stripping
- Decoding Ford Part Numbers
- The Sunbeam Tiger — Almost a Shelby!
- Maxwell's Boss — Nashville's Finest Pony Plates

PLUS . . .

More Group News, Horse Show, Letters, Horse Sense, New Products, and other MCA member photos and stories.