

Pony Tales Article by Rob Ogden

In 1974, when I was about 10 years old, dad found and bought a used '66 Mustang convertible. It was a V-8 (probably a C-code) with automatic transmission, Signalflare Red with a white top and black Pony interior. I remember that it had three hub caps and dad looked all over for a fourth matching hub cap, but never found one. Dad coached little league baseball, and we even had most of the team in that car (with the top down) at one point.

Dad sold that Mustang after a couple of years, but we did keep our '71 Chevy Vega. Guess what became my first car? A '71 Vega. Yeah, I know, what could have been.



Figure 1 The '66 Mustang was dad's car. Photo taken in 1974 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Yes, that is me in my hockey gear, age 10.

The Vega obviously wasn't going to last long, so at the end of my junior year of high school in 1981 I found a red '72 Mercury Cougar XR7 convertible. Although the engine didn't start, I took a chance and we towed it home. Within a week the 351-4V engine was running. All it needed was a new starter solenoid (for just a few dollars) and recharge the battery. For a merely 9 year old car, the Cougar was in tough shape and it was obvious that prior owners had abused the car, and rather severely. The body panels had already been covered with Bondo, the hood was mis-aligned upward about half an inch due to the radiator support having been pushed upward, and the car had also been rear-ended at some point. While I worked on the '72 Cougar, I also found a '67 Cougar XR7 that was suffering severe rust issues and drove it during



Figure 2 The red car is the '72 Cougar, with me in 1981 (age 17). Behind me, you can see the '67 Cougar.

my senior year in high school. I spent my senior year of high school working on the '72 convertible, and



Figure 3 The blue car is the '72 Cougar after paint in 1982, in front of the Mendenhall Glacier in Juneau, Alaska. I had just finished high school.

when I graduated in 1982, I sold the '67 Cougar, which gave me money to get the '72 painted, but in blue. By the way, that '67 Cougar had a 289 engine that burned oil and had a radiator leak, but it ran great. This is actually the car that sold me on small block Fords.

I took the Cougar to college at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. I quickly realized that just 40 miles to the south was another school, Brigham Young University, and their school name is the Cougars. To make

matters worse, BYU's school color is Blue. And I was driving a blue Cougar, at Utah. You see

where this is going. BYU's mascot is named Cosmo, so my Utah friends nicknamed my car Cosmo.

Ultimately, extreme rust caught up to the Cougar and I let it go when I graduated and left Utah.

Sometimes, even when you know what you have, the best decision is to "cut bait". Sadly, I figured that it had about a year of life left in it and sold it.

My first Mustang was an Electric Red over Titanium '93 GT convertible that I bought on Halloween day at a Lincoln-Mercury dealer in Everett, Washington in 1998. I still have this Mustang today. Since then, I have purchased a '90 Mustang LX Coupe V8, a '79 Mustang Indianapolis 500 Pace Car, and a 2007 Mustang GT/CS. I still have all of the Mustangs today except for the '90 Coupe. (That one is another unfortunately tragic story.) I continue attend Mustang Club of America judged shows with the '93 convertible in hopes of earning a rare and coveted Blue (Concours) Grille Medallion. I currently have 9 points of the 20 that I need for the medallion.