

Nutz N' Boltz News

Fordnutz Cougar club is dedicated to the preservation of all Cougars and "Orphan" Ford and Mercury Vehicles

November/December 2001

Editor - Lois Edwards - E-mail: John-Lois@home.com

Volume 5, Issue 6

Mailing address:

P.O. Box 24015 Airport R.P.O.
Richmond, BC Canada
V7B 1Y2

E-mail : fordnutz@bigfoot.com WWW: <http://www.bigfoot.com/~fordnutz/>

Pres. Scott Ferguson (604) 786-3673
VP Alex Bronevitch (604) 540-8531
Events Carla Bronevitch (604) 540-8531
Sec. Lorne Pirson (604) 594-0665
Treas. Vera Ferguson (604) 421-4518
Membership Brad
& Heather Whitaker.....(604) 524-9849
Editor-Lois Edwards....(604) 534-0984

Fordnutz is affiliated with the
Cougar Club of America and
The Classic Cougar Network.



IN THIS ISSUE

Feature Feline	Page 1
Calling all Members, Club Intro, Top Cat, Vice	Page 2
Events, Valentines' Dinner/Dance, The Den	Page 3
Secretary's Report (Sept/Oct), Birthday Cats	Page 4
Discounts, In the Kitty, History, For Sale	Page 5
Indian Summer Fun Run, Feline Story Cont.	Page 6
November/December Calendar	Page 7
Feature Feline Cont., Fordnutz Holiday Party	Page 8

Please send your articles for the Nutz Letter C/O the club address.
NEXT NEWSLETTER DEADLINE IS: December 15th, 2001



In Memory of those lost on September
11th, 2001.

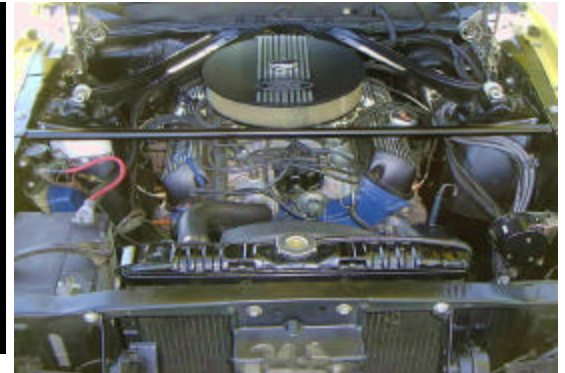


"COUG": AN "AUTO" BIOGRAPHY

(as told to Brad &
Heather Whitaker)

Photographs by:

Alan Haaland



I am a Cougar XR 7 convertible, born on Thursday, January 16, 1969 in Dearborn, Michigan. I was medium green metallic with a black interior when I left the central U.S. for my first home on the West coast of BC. I was too young to remember my first family but I was with them for about ten years and they took very good care of me. William G. Francis, my second owner, had me painted Corvette yellow and wanted to make radical changes in order to convert me to a drag racer. During this time, Brad and Heather Whitaker were looking for a replacement for their honeymoon car, a '65 four-speed Mustang convertible, which had taken them to Niagara Falls and back. They told me later that they hated to sell the poppy red Mustang, but the clutch was too heavy for Heather to handle, something a little bigger, softer-riding and easier to drive had to be found. Brad had brought several prospects home only to have them rejected by Heather for one reason or another. He hit on the idea of a Cougar and saw a nice '68, but it was



not a convertible. Unknown to them at that time, Cougar did not make a convertible until 1969 and with the hint that a first-year production feature might be valuable in the future, Brad set out to find this combination. Fortunately for me, one week before I was to undergo surgery, my owner had an emergency cash shortage and I was next on Brad's list to see. He took me home to see if I would fit in the garage and when Heather came in to see me, it was love at first sight. So, with 100,000 miles and a fairly sound body, I was adopted on April 8th, 1981 by the Whitakers. I had been in a fender-bender before my adoption, so I needed a bit of a face-lift. Brad took me to a body shop for repair but the quarter panel was not shaped correctly and had to be re-done. It was discovered that I had some surface rust so plans were made to have this repaired when funds allowed. In 1984 I got a new top, plexiglass rear window and got my promised face-lift and new paint, 1974 Ford Maverick Grabber Yellow.

(Continued on page 2)

(Feature Feline Continued from page 1)

Brad didn't plan on keeping me for very long as he was looking for a certain Mopar he'd once owned but Heather and I made a pact that I would behave, not incurring heavy expenses, and we would just let him keep looking. After ten years and 50,000 miles, the fateful day arrived when a perfect duplicate of the '68 Dart GTS convertible was found. Heather had to step in and argue on my behalf and finally won, so the search was on to find a local Cougar club to see if I was worth restoring fully. Finding a local club was easier than expected. For years we had attended shows as spectators and someone kept dropping fliers and membership applications into my interior. Brad finally saved one and called the perpetrator, Scott Ferguson. Questions were exchanged and Scott asked that I be brought to the next meeting for inspection and consultation. It was discovered that not only was I worth restoring, but most of me remained untouched since I left the assembly plant. Brad and Heather were so pleased, we joined the club right then and there. As time went on, Brad wanted to give me more energy by changing my 351 Windsor to a big block, but was convinced by purists to keep me factory original and hop me up thus retaining my value. Thus, in late 1999 I was billeted at Lorne & Betty Pirson's garage for several months while my rear end was changed from 3.0 to 3.5 posi, my tranny was gone over (still okay), I got new brakes, shocks, total engine compartment restoration including inner fenders, and ended up with about 80 more horsepower (take *that* Dart!). In 2000 I got new wheels, tires, stereo speakers and custom exhaust system, and in 2001 I got a new windshield and a little nip and tuck work to fix some door and fender dings. Naburn Auto Body in Surrey, BC has restored me to my former splendour, matching my Grabber yellow paint and having my front bumper, one rocker and bezel re-chromed. I was also treated to a professional interior detailing in preparation for the large number of upcoming shows. As my interior is all original and still in good shape, it was decided to care for it rather than replace it. For all this attention and expense, I have rewarded my owners by winning trophies and making them proud. We have recently returned from a road trip to Renton, Washington where I won a Second Place in my class at the Cascade Cougar Club Prowl. Although I have won three Seconds and one Third, my best awards to date are a First Place finish in the Cougar division at last year's annual Mustang show and most recently a First (Cougar division) at the 2001 Hallmark Shelby Show. I understand there are even more positive changes in store for me over time, like new carpets. I can hardly wait, after all I may be 32 in human years, but I'm 121 in cat years, and I still feel *fine*.