

Mustang Talk Volume IV Restoring the Punch of the Pony

Welcome to the latest edition of Mustang Talk. Part of the nature and history of the Mustang is something our rides just can't shake. Namely, chicks invaded the Mustang turf decades ago, and never left. While we appreciate a little female presence at the clubs and shows, and don't mind listening to the sorority chicks in the neighborhood describing the grinding sound her ignition makes in hopes that a fellow 'stang owner would have a cheap fix, they've diluted the toughness of one of the baddest sleds ever formed from Detroit steel.

Sure, there are plenty of Boss Mustangs still out there, especially since the '05 reincarnation of the famed '67. But, for every Shelby GT or Saleen on the streets, there's probably 50 or so white V6 convertibles with pink trim, bumping Madonna on the stock speakers and rocking a "Because I'm the Princess" plate frame. It got even worse recently, when Ford lots started slinging GTs like they were Festivas. Now you can't even look for the dual exhaust as a sign of a real Mustang owner anymore. So, how is a guy going to keep his muscle car rep these days?

It's a plain point to consider if you're a man with a Mustang: simply having a V8 doesn't cut it anymore. You need more juice, and you need to flex that power plant with regularity. The first part you need is a new exhaust system. Custom pipes give you the feel, sound and look of extra power—they're a must for every GT. Next, you need more air rushing into the manifold. A high-flow air intake will do the trick. Last, but certainly not least—perhaps most importantly—you need a power programmer like Hypertech's Power Programmer III. It plugs in under the steering column and tunes everything in just a few minutes that used to take hours with a wrench to complete.

Also, there are a few things you may want to remove from your 'stang to keep it within manly regulations. Toss the dealership plate frames. Tell your girlfriend that her rose holder and hibiscus seat covers have got to go. Get rid of the factory wheels. Peel off any "Student of the Month" gear—make your kid earn your acceptance in ways that don't ruin your paint.

Lastly, all men with any stake in the image of the collective of Mustang drivers must take a solemn vow: never, and I mean NEVER, give in to your daughter or wife's whining for their own Pony Car. Keep the white and light green V6 convertibles with flower stickers and pink seat covers off the road. Let her know that if she wants to be your little princess, she can get a used Volvo and a hostess job. Confine the cute-ifying of cars to VWs, and protect the Mustang heritage for the good of all men with a stake in its resurgence.

Pump up your Mustang and help the whole of the stang driving community with [Mustang accessories](#) like a [Hypertech Power Programmer III](#).

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