



Thunderbirds

of Southwest Ohio

Newsletter

JUNE 2020



Next Meeting: All meetings cancelled until further notice

Calendar of Car Events: Below is the current status of various Thunderbird events.

VTCI Events: The VTCI South Central Regional Meet scheduled in New Orleans on June 11-13, 2020 has been cancelled. Per a forwarded e-mail from Jack Wake, the VTCI International Convention scheduled in Portland Oregon for Aug 11-16 has been cancelled.

Other National Thunderbird Club Events: The International Thunderbird Club (ITC) will hold its convention on September 17-20, 2020 in Detroit, Michigan (cannot confirm). The Classic Thunderbird Club International (CTCI) International Convention "Birds on the Bay" rescheduled to April 20-24, 2021 in Sarasota, Florida.

VTCI Newsletter Contest: I got word from Cliff Lieske, head of the VTCI Newsletter Awards Committee, that he has received our submittal for the newsletter competition. As was mentioned in last month's newsletter, Mr. Lieske asked that clubs wanting to vie for an award send him one sample of their club's newsletter that was published between April 2019 and April 2020. He was sent our July 2019 Newsletter for his committee's consideration.

Birthdays & Anniversaries in May: Although currently out of sight, they certainly are not out of mind. We want to wish a rousing Happy Birthday to Dave and Mark who are celebrating their birthdays this month.



June Birthdays

18th: Dave Harvey
29th: Mark Allen

June Anniversaries

None



Thoughts from the President:

Well T-birders another month has gone by and it's only felt like a year. Based on the recent correspondence I've received from our club members; everyone appears to be doing well. Hopefully, it will stay that way until this event is over.

When there's not much going on in our car world and club activities, it's hard to come up with stuff to write about. Over the last few months, I'm sure most of you have been living lives similar to what Peg and I have been experiencing. Our sphere of exploration is the size of our yard and the inside of our house. Sometimes I retire to my shed just for a change of scenery. From time-to-time we get to talk across the street or over the back fence to our neighbors. On rare occasions we make excursions beyond those imposed limits for a short drive around the local countryside with questionable but necessary stops at local businesses for life necessities. I must admit Peg and I are getting a lot of cleaning, clearing out, and organizing done that we may have been putting off for a while. I can assure you our pile of unneeded possessions has and are continuing to dwindle and our donations to Goodwill and the local dump have increased exponentially. I would venture to suggest that if any of you are doing what I call "deep" spring cleaning, you have found things you forgot you even had. I know we have. Rhetorical question: Could this be a way of making space so we can acquire more stuff? I shutter to think.

Final Thought: There's an annual event that brings me untold excitement. I wait every April with baited breath for its arrival. When that glorious day comes, I spend hours marveling at the anticipation its mere existence brings. I'm speaking of the delivery of my Show and Shine Calendar. Unfortunately, this year the world-wide pandemic event has cast a long shadow over my jubilation. The calendar has laid on my shelf by my favorite recliner for better than a month without ever being opened. Doing so would only bring unhappiness. Those local car events that would have happened in weeks now gone by are nothing more than memories of what could have been but never were. I fear looking at future event listings knowing that they too may not happen which would only crush my spirit. So, I wait impatiently for that moment when all is well with the world and we can once again enjoy the thrill of the car show and cruise-in. Keep the faith, it will come.



Brett



June 20th: The first day of summer

CARS, FORM OR FUNCTION? (by: Peg Andrews)

During our "shelter at home" experience, Brett and I were making productive use of our time by watching old Monk re-runs. 😊 We had just come to the conclusion of one, when Brett asked me to look at the guide to see when that particular episode had been filmed. The answer was 2004. I asked why he wanted to know. Well, here's the reason; he had spotted a beautiful black Retro Bird parked in the perp's driveway. He knew immediately that it was a 2002 and wanted to know if the "bad guy" was driving the latest model or one that was a couple of years old.

Now, how did Brett know that the car was a 2002 model? Perhaps you vintage car aficionados already know the answer. The hub caps on a 2002 T-Bird are solid chrome. On the 2003, 2004 and 2005 models, there is an ivory stripe around the outside circumference of the hub cap, and thus one knows immediately that it is a 2002 because of the lack of this stripe.

This ability to know one year's car from another after just a quick look at the car has always amazed me. I'm one who thinks a car is functional. It is a vehicle to take me from Point A to Point B. I want a car that is reliable. When I get in my car, I expect it to start and not have any problems until I'm safely home again. Now admittedly, I don't want a car that looks like it's been through a recent war. I don't want dings or dents. I don't want paint that is chipping off or has faded away to an entirely different color. (Oh... and I want heated seats, but that is a totally different conversation.)

I guess what I'm saying is that I don't really care much about the design of a car. If it has a stripe around the hub cap, that's fine with me. I'm also fine if it doesn't. I don't care if it is shaped like a box or has sleek lines. To repeat myself, as long as it will get me where I want to go, I'm fine. Now, you might ask me why do I belong to a vintage car club then? The answer has always been twofold. One, I like spending time with my husband and he likes vintage cars. Two, I like the people in the club. Over the years they have become almost like family.

BUT, having said all this, I have started thinking about cars from the past that have made an impression on me. First of all, there was my Uncle's Studebaker. I guess it was made sometime in the 50s, maybe late 40s. It was burgundy in color and was really different from most cars of that era. When he would come to visit, I would go out and sit in his car. One time that almost got me in a lot of trouble because the car started to roll away down the hill and I, being about 4, had no idea how to stop it. (Of course I'm on a tangent again!)

The next vehicle that I remember being quite a bit above the ordinary was my Dad's pickup. It was one just like the Hallmark movies use when they portray country life. It was the one that my daughter uses as a prop to draw people into her booth when she sells soap at festivals (Obviously, a scale model). It was the quintessential beautiful old pickup, and to boot, it was the perfect shade of green.



Then, there is the car to beat all cars! (Sorry, T-Bird folks) My best friend's roommate in college owned a baby blue 1967 Mustang with black interior and a black convertible top. Her name was Sally. How fitting! We had a lot of fun in that car, riding around with Mustang Sally!

So, maybe by now you are saying that I need to take back my earlier words about a car only being functional. And to be honest, I guess I do. I do love a few cars for no other reason than that they are attractive. And I do have a fondness towards certain cars that are sentimental to me. Still, my main desire in a car is that it be functional. So, is it *form* or *function* for me? I'm not really sure.

Is Roger Seeing a Light at the End of the Tunnel?

I got an e-mail from Roger a while ago. Though it is difficult to read the level of emotion behind an e-mail, unless there are bolded expletives, I could sense a degree of enthusiasm combined with a little trepidation. Roger has finally gotten his 1966 hardtop back from the paint shop. He had some minor body work done on it and had it returned to its original Wimbledon White color. He had the job done at Maaco and seems to be pleased with their work. What's next-- reassembly. To put it in his words, "Now all I have to do is figure out how all the parts go back on it". Here are two of the pictures he sent of the completed paint job, while still naked of chrome, mirrors, door handles, etc.



Did you know? Due to a strike the 1957 two-seat classic Baby Bird was made almost into 1958 and the four-seat redesigned Square Bird came out later than normal for new car year release.

Staying positive doesn't mean
you have to be happy all the time.
It means that even on hard days you
know that there are better ones
coming.

@4UWELL

FATHER'S DAY: WHO, WHEN WHERE & HOW



The first known Father's Day service occurred in Fairmont, West Virginia, on July 5, 1908, thanks to the efforts of Grace Golden Clayton. The service was to honor all fathers, especially those hundreds who were killed during a devastating mine explosion in Monongah (just a few miles from Fairmont) the previous year. However, the observance did not become an annual event, and it was not promoted—very few outside the local area knew about it.

In 1909, Sonora Smart Dodd of Spokane, Washington, also was inspired to create a holiday honoring fathers. William Jackson Smart, her father, was a farmer and Civil War veteran that raised Sonora and her five younger brothers by himself after his wife, Ellen, died giving birth to their youngest child in 1898. While attending a Mother's Day church service in 1909, Sonora, then 27, came up with the idea.

Within a few months, Sonora had convinced the Spokane Ministerial Association and the YMCA to set aside a Sunday in June to celebrate fathers. She proposed June 5, her father's birthday, but the ministers chose the third Sunday in June so that they would have more time after Mother's Day (the second Sunday in May) to prepare their sermons. So it was that on June 19, 1910, Sonora delivered presents to handicapped fathers, boys from the YMCA decorated their lapels with fresh-cut roses (red for living fathers, white for the deceased), and the city's ministers devoted their homilies to fatherhood.

The widely publicized events in Spokane struck a chord that reached all the way to Washington, D.C., and Sonora's celebration started its path to becoming a national holiday. In 1916, President Woodrow Wilson and his family personally observed the day. Then eight years later, President Calvin Coolidge signed a resolution in favor of Father's Day "to establish more intimate relations between fathers and their children and to impress upon fathers the full measure of their obligations." In 1966, President Lyndon Johnson signed an executive order that the holiday be celebrated on the third Sunday in June. Finally, under President Richard Nixon, in 1972, Congress passed an act officially making Father's Day a national holiday. Six years later, Sonora died at the age of 96.



To all the Dads in TSWO, have a joyous time on this Father's Day. If you're fortunate to have your kids with you doing these troublesome times, give them a hug. They need it, you deserve it.

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