

SNAKESKIN

Cobra Car Club of WA Newsletter

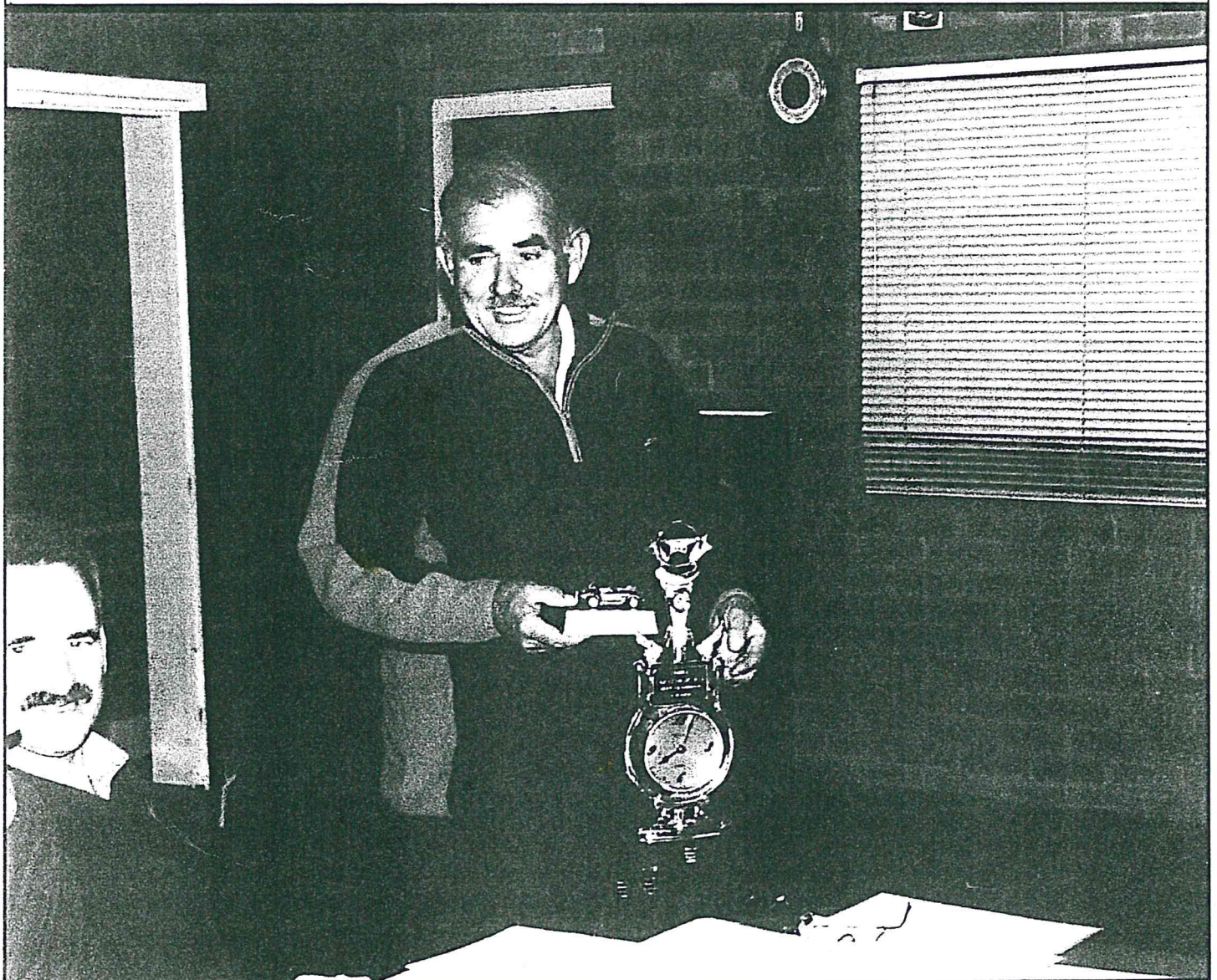
2004 Edition September

Volume 7

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'CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR'

(his story.... page 2)

Cobra Car Club — Clubman of the year Award — for 2004

“AND THE WINNER IS “ — It’s a phrase we hear often with today’s media as they cover all sorts of events world wide. Just recently Big Brother announced on television...” And the winner is Trevor,” and he won a cool one million dollars for being a housemate on a reality TV show. I spend quite a lot of time watching TV of an evening, I find it very relaxing and much of that time is watching shows on our 100inch screen, not that I’m showing off mind you, Oh well, alright, maybe just a little bit.

You cannot even watch the news without seeing winners from around the world being awarded for something, for whatever it is they have done, all of them no doubt well deserved — as the athlete goes to the Olympics to win a Gold Medal and the Formula One team enters the race, they all have one goal in common, everything they do is aimed at that one objective — to WIN.

I myself have been the recipient of a couple of trophies. The first was way back in 1974 when I entered my little stock Suzuki 4WD in the original 4WD race held at Lancelin, just to make up numbers to be able to have a 4WD race, there were ten cars in the event.

Well to my surprise I won the second place trophy, the only reason being, is that all but one of the vehicles kept getting bogged in the sand dunes on every lap and on every lap I would pass them all as they were trying to get out of the soft drift sand which was part of the circuit. From there I went on to spend uncounted numbers of dollars on 4WD and Off Road racing over a period of about 10 years and never won another trophy. My next big trophy win, was after many years down the Speedway as part of a pit crew that won the “Best Dressed Pit Crew Award”. Yet with all these accolades under my belt, I had never heard a single — “and the winner is”.

So, over many years of club work with a few different clubs — I have been involved with behind the scenes work, never thinking that there would be an award out there with my name on it lurking in the shadows, waiting to spring out and surprise me. That is until our Cobra Club AGM this year, when I heard for the first time ever..... “And the winner of the Cobra Car Club, Clubman of the year award is Harry McClymans.....”

“Yeah sure!,” I thought to myself, I was still waiting for the punch line from our Club President —” Nah!!! Only joking Harry and the real winner is ——”.

But it didn’t happen, I was the winner and it did take me completely and utterly by surprise, to the point where I was shaking like a school boy outside the principals office and I was definitely stuck for words. A bit of prior notice would have been nice, I could have prepared a few eloquent words for a thank you speech, instead I think I just blurted out a whole lot of gobbeldy gook that probably didn’t even make sense. So, to the Cobra Car Club of WA, Thank you. To all the members who voted, Thank you. To all the people who wrote stories and articles for the Snakeskin, Thank you. I believe you are a big part of the reason why I now have an award on my shelf and I have finally heard those elusive words —” and the winner is.....”—

Snakeskin Editor.....Harry McClymans

Cobra Car Club: Clubman of the year award winners.

<i>2000—Rob Keene</i>	<i>2002.....not awarded</i>	<i>2004.....Harry McClymans</i>
<i>2001—Rob Keene</i>	<i>2003.....not awarded</i>	

Carroll Shelby is 81 years old. He's won the 24 Hours of Le Mans, as a driver and as a team entrant. He's built sports cars in partnership with all three domestic automobile manufacturers. He's had more than a hand's worth of wives and nearly as many organ transplants. He's worked the oil fields of Texas, lived in Africa, and raised chickens. He's made many great business deals during his amazing life--along with a few bad ones. And he's patented one helluva chili recipe. Whether you revere or revile him, there's no getting around the fact that in the automotive universe, Carroll Shelby is an intergalactic icon.

So why, at a point in life when many octogenarians are content just to maintain a pulse, would he want to get involved in another sports-car project? Simple. It draws its inspiration from, and wears the same name as, the one nearest and dearest to his (transplanted) heart: Cobra. Shelby summarizes things succinctly: "This is it. This is my last hurrah. I'm going to end my car-building days where I started 'em--with Ford."

In February 1962, at the Santa Fe Springs, California, shop of hot-rodder Dean Moon, a small-block Ford V-8 was carefully lowered into the gaping engine bay of an AC Ace roadster. Shelby's first Cobra, CSX2000 (MT September 1999), was born.

So it's only appropriate that this nouveau Cobra concept also hails from So Cal; in this case, Ford Design California (FDC) in Valencia, about an hour and a half northwest of where Moon's garage stood. Even though it's called a "studio," and much design work is done there, FDC is spiritually a hot-rod shop, filled with rabid, talented car geeks who build stuff.

Shelby is the first to tell you he didn't design or build the new Cobra. "I've often been credited with things I didn't do," he says in a self-deprecating tone. "This one was done by J Mays, Chris Theodore, and a lot of other people at Ford." The task of recreating this legendary sports car fell to FDC chief Richard Hutting. He and his team managed much of the design and construction of last year's Mustang concept coupe and convertible. The popular Forty-Nine was another recent FDC hit.

"Discussions about doing a Cobra began in February 2003," notes Hutting, who personally served as the project's chief designer. "We first put pencil to paper in early March. Ford management bought into the idea hook, line, and sinker, and Shelby got involved in it right away." The car was finished just a few weeks prior to its Detroit auto show debut.

Take one look: There's no way it could be anything but a Cobra. Even so, it's a totally modern form. The requisite Cobra cues are present and accounted for: the oval mouth, hood scoop, broad-shouldered rear fenders, bumper shapes that resemble the early car's overriders, fat rolling stock, etc. But to call it "retro" would be a mistake. Put the two Cobras side by side, and the shapes, proportions, and details are vitally different--connected, to be sure, yet separated by 40-some years of evolution.

"The biggest yin and yang on this project was trying to strike the balance getting enough Cobra in there, but absolutely, dogmatically keeping it modern," says J Mays, Ford's vice president of global design. "And this thing's got stance. It's about the same length as an Audi TT, but the same width as a Viper."

Mays is giddy over the project. "I grew up with the Cobra as an automotive icon. I can't even describe what it feels like to be doing a new one."

Its internal code name? "Daisy." And why not? The Ford GT's was "Petunia."

As you can tell from these photographs, it's a full runner. "It's no bubble-gum and paperclip design study," says Mays. The FDC gang's joined-at-the-hip partners in this project were Ford Advanced Powertrain and Chris Theodore's Advance Product Creation Group; APC manager Manfred Rumpel's team oversaw the majority of the engineering. Structurally and philosophically, the Cobra also owes a big thank you to the GT.

"All the suspension, several of the frame members, and the rear-mounted six-speed transaxle come right out of the GT parts bin," comments Scott Strong, director of advanced design for North America. "We even used a couple of production-spec GT bucket seats and cut them down to work in this roadster." Crawl around the Cobra, and it's all there: fuel tank, oil cooler, four-wheel disc brakes, lights that light, even an exhaust system with four catalytic converters.

Advance Product Creation VP Theodore is proud of the high quotient of production-level engineering that's gone into Daisy, which itself is an important part of the story. "Concept cars just aren't normally done this way. But this is the way the teams did it, and we have a lot more stuff in the works that'll be done the same way."

cont: page 10

WA's HOON LEGISLATION ...(Cobra's beware!)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE NEW LEGISLATION.
Road Traffic Amendment (Impounding And Confiscation Of Vehicles) Act 2004

What offence have I been charged with?

A Police Officer has witnessed you committing a driving offence (i.e. one or more of the following):

Racing with another vehicle;

Attempting to establish or break a speed record/s;

Speed, acceleration, braking or steering capability is being tested or contested in any way;

Skill of driver is being tested or contested;

In a manner that causes smoke to come from one or more of the vehicle's tyres or a substance on the road; and/or in a manner that causes the driving wheels to lose traction.

What's going to happen to my vehicle?

Police have the authority to have your vehicle towed away and kept from you for 48 hours.

Importantly, you, the driver, are up for all towage and storage costs if you are convicted/found guilty.

Are there any exceptions to the 48 hour impoundment?

Yes.

If a member of the police force is satisfied that the impounded vehicle was stolen or hired, the car will be released.

A senior police officer may authorise early release if there is a case for exceptional hardship if the vehicle remains impounded.

What happens if towing facilities aren't easy to get?

At their discretion, Police may elect to drive the impounded vehicle to the police station themselves OR if the driver is licensed and not under any impairment (e.g. excess alcohol), police may allow the driver to drive the vehicle to the station.

Can the Police seize my keys?

Police may seize keys to the vehicle that has been impounded.

Police may, without warrant, enter any premises to seize keys to any vehicle that is subject to a court order.

What if it's not my vehicle?

The owner of the vehicle will be notified by Police.

The driver is responsible for the towage, storage and other relevant costs incurred in impounding the vehicle if found convicted of the offence.

If the car has not been collected by the time the impoundment period expires (48 hours), the owner is responsible for post-impoundment fees.

This scary story continues on page 14.....

ONE SIZE FITS ALL(Not quite)

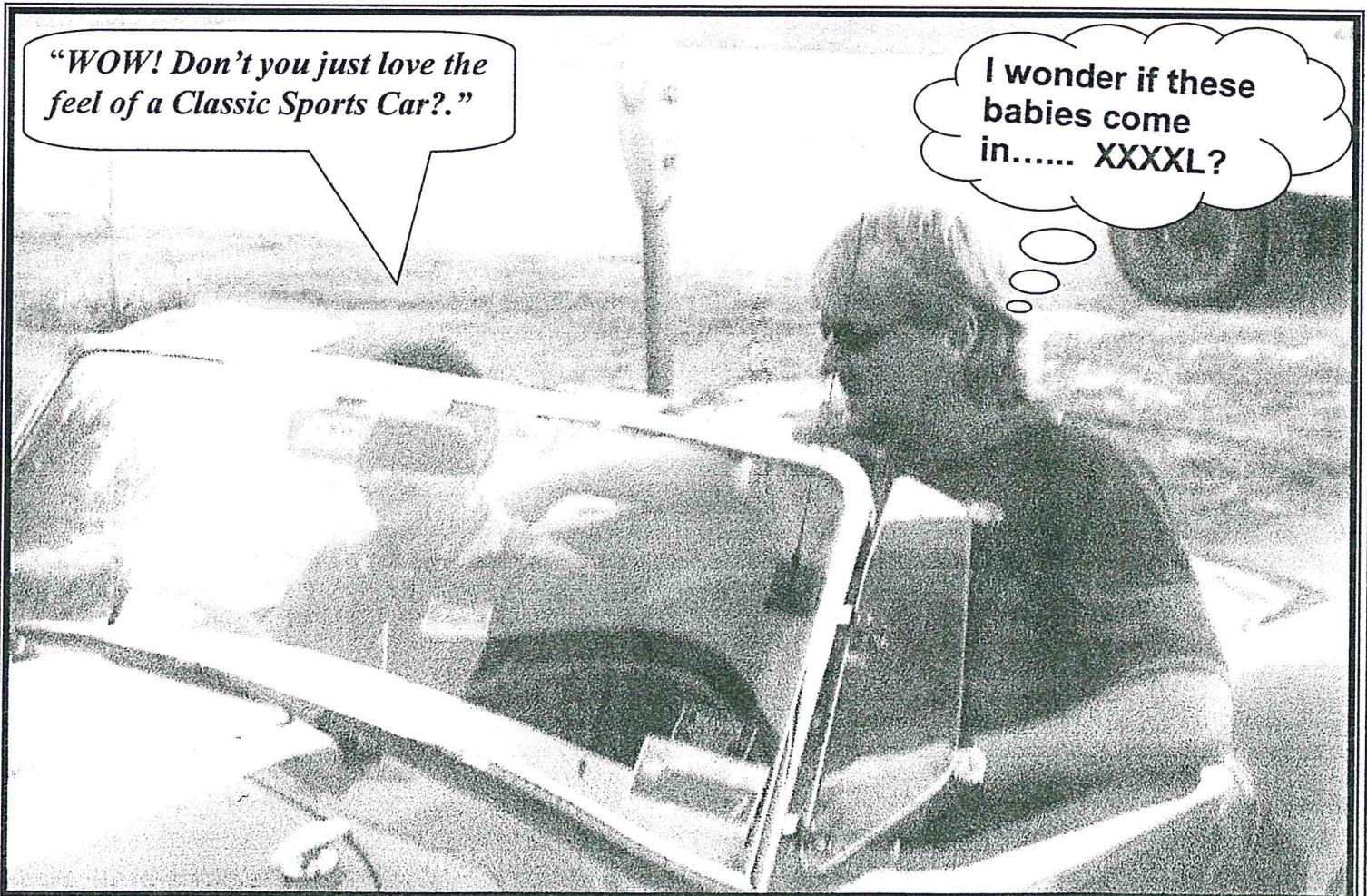
Cobra cockpits are made in one size only (small) — and the choice of seats you have fitted into your Cobra will govern your level of comfort and space, because we all know — People come in all shapes and sizes.

When you have the chance to slide behind the wheel of a classic sports car, it generally fits like a well worn glove and the Cobra is no exception. Your back and backside are cradled in a body hugging seat, the steering wheel, gearshift and switches are at easy reach and you feel as one with the car.

Unless of course your name is Greg ("Lurch" or "Wookie" to his friends). Greg is a friend of Cobra Car Club member Joe Craig and stands 6feet 8inches tall in the old scale and if you are metric minded that's 2.025 metres, Greg is not only tall — but according to Joe and his son Aaron, he is also built like the proverbial brick dunny.

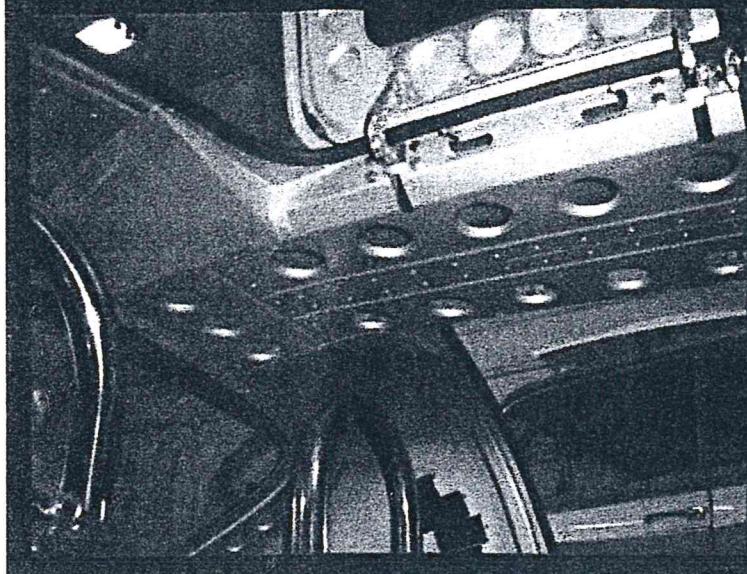
In order for Greg to fit in Joe Craig's Cobra, his feet were pressed hard on the firewall, his knees were bent tight up against the dash board, his backside was having trouble being cradled in the formed seat of a classic sports car and when finally seated was looking completely over the top of the windscreen.

With Greg in the car, Joe also had the funny feeling that someone had shrunk his Cobra. So!!! to the taller members in our club, if you think you are a tight fit — think again.



Cobra Car Club member Joe Craig and friend "Lurch"..... photo by Aaron Craig

Cobra Gullwing hardtop



New from England is this innovative Cobra fastback hardtop displayed in the latest British KITCAR magazine. The one here is made of aluminium and the prices range from 1500 to 5000+ UK pounds and are manufactured by two brothers at Performance Standard Fabrications. The roof was inspired by the original works 'Le Mans' racing Cobra's.

Ma was in the kitchen fiddling around when she hollers out...."Pa! You need to go out and fix the outhouse!" Pa replies, "There ain't nuthin wrong with the outhouse." Ma yells back, "Yes there is, now git out there and fix it." So.....Pa mosies out to the outhouse, looks around and yells back, "Ma! There ain't nuthin wrong with the outhouse! " Ma replies, "Stick yur head in the hole!" Pa yells back, "I ain't stickin my head in that hole!" Ma says, "Ya have to stick yur head in the hole to see what to fix." So with that, Pa sticks his head in the hole, looks around and yells back, "Ma! There ain't nuthin wrong with this outhouse!" Ma hollers back, "Now take your head out of the hole!" Pa proceeds to pull his head out of the hole, then starts yelling, "Ma! Help! My beard is stuck in the cracks in the toilet seat!" To which Ma replies, "Hurt's, don't it ?!"

Ford 302/351 Cleveland V8

Price: \$3300.00 AU

Katicore Motorsport
Ford 302/351 Cleveland
EFI Manifold Stack

45mm Throttle Bodies

Fuel Rails

Central Linkage

Vacuum Ports for Power
Brakes etc.

Mounting Bosses for Cables

Throttle Position Sensor
Ready

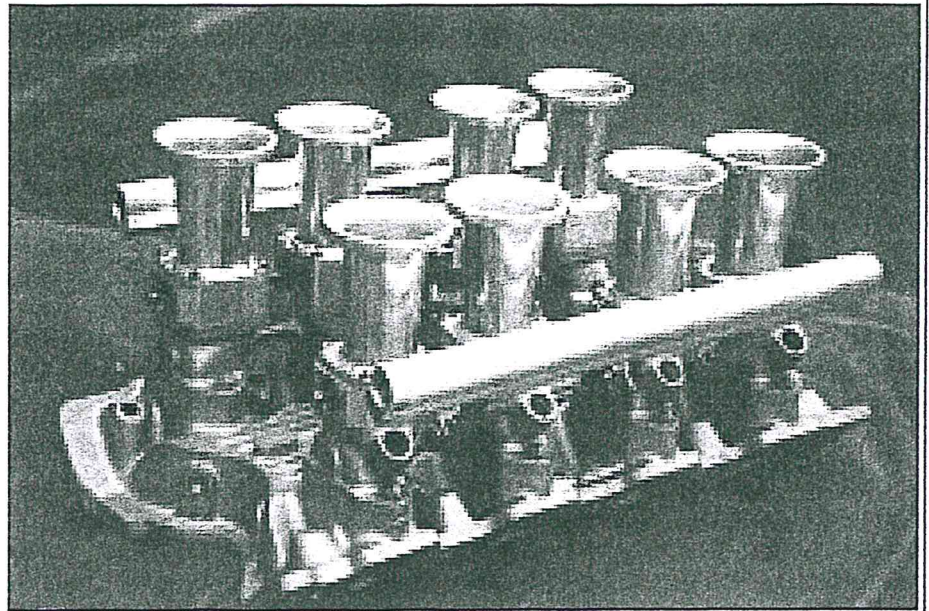
Tall or Short Stacks

Australian Made

Australian Designed

Fully Assembled

No Injectors Supplied



Information

Ford 302/351 Cleveland V8 Manifold Stack comes completely assembled for ease of use.

The Injection System is based on a Redline Manifold.

The Manifold utilizes a central vacuum chamber which enables the use of power brakes etc but also has been cross drilled through the ports to assist in the balancing of the cylinders.

Butterflies are individually fitted to each throttle body to make sure they fully seal against the walls of the throttle body.

Corey Clarke

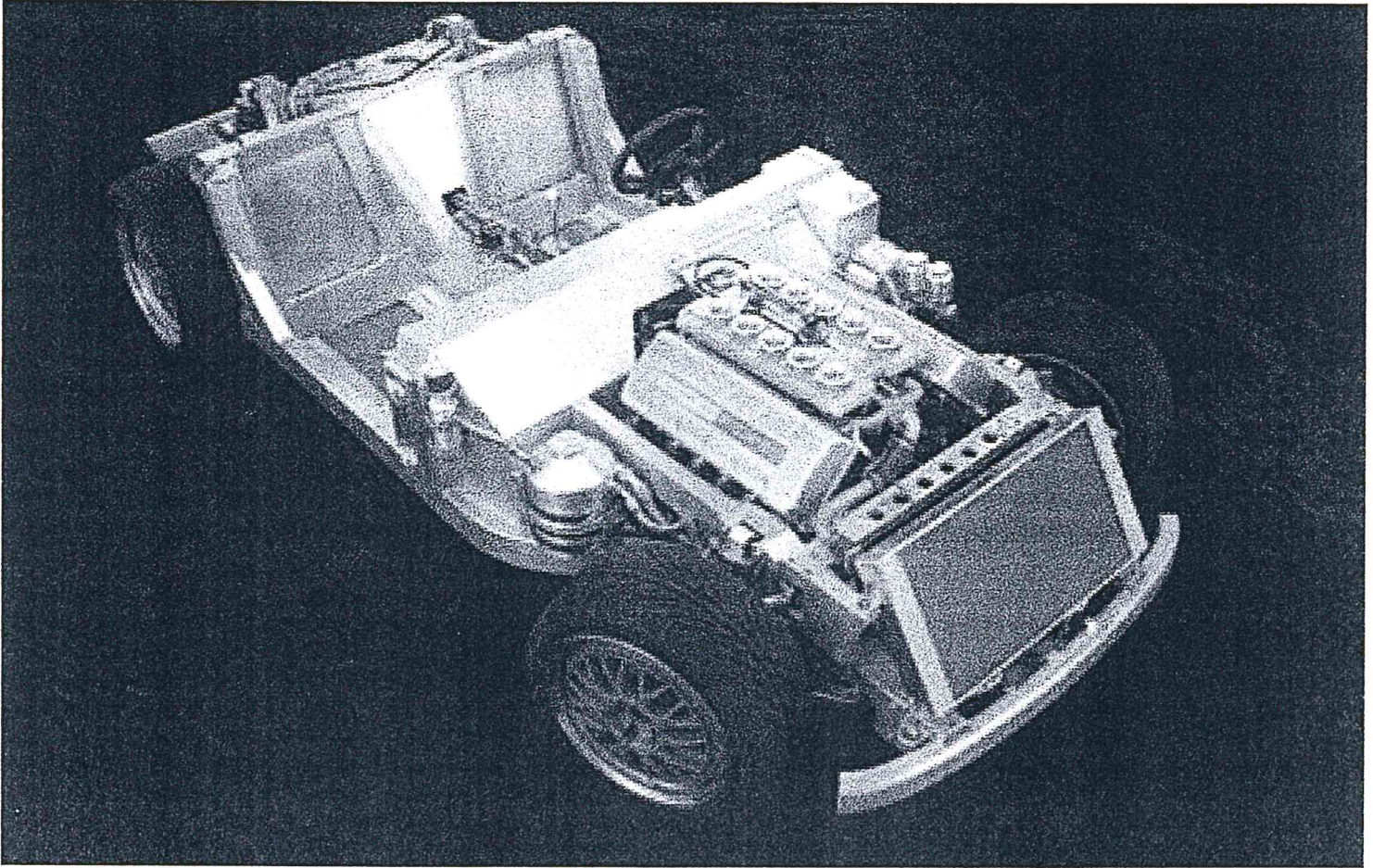
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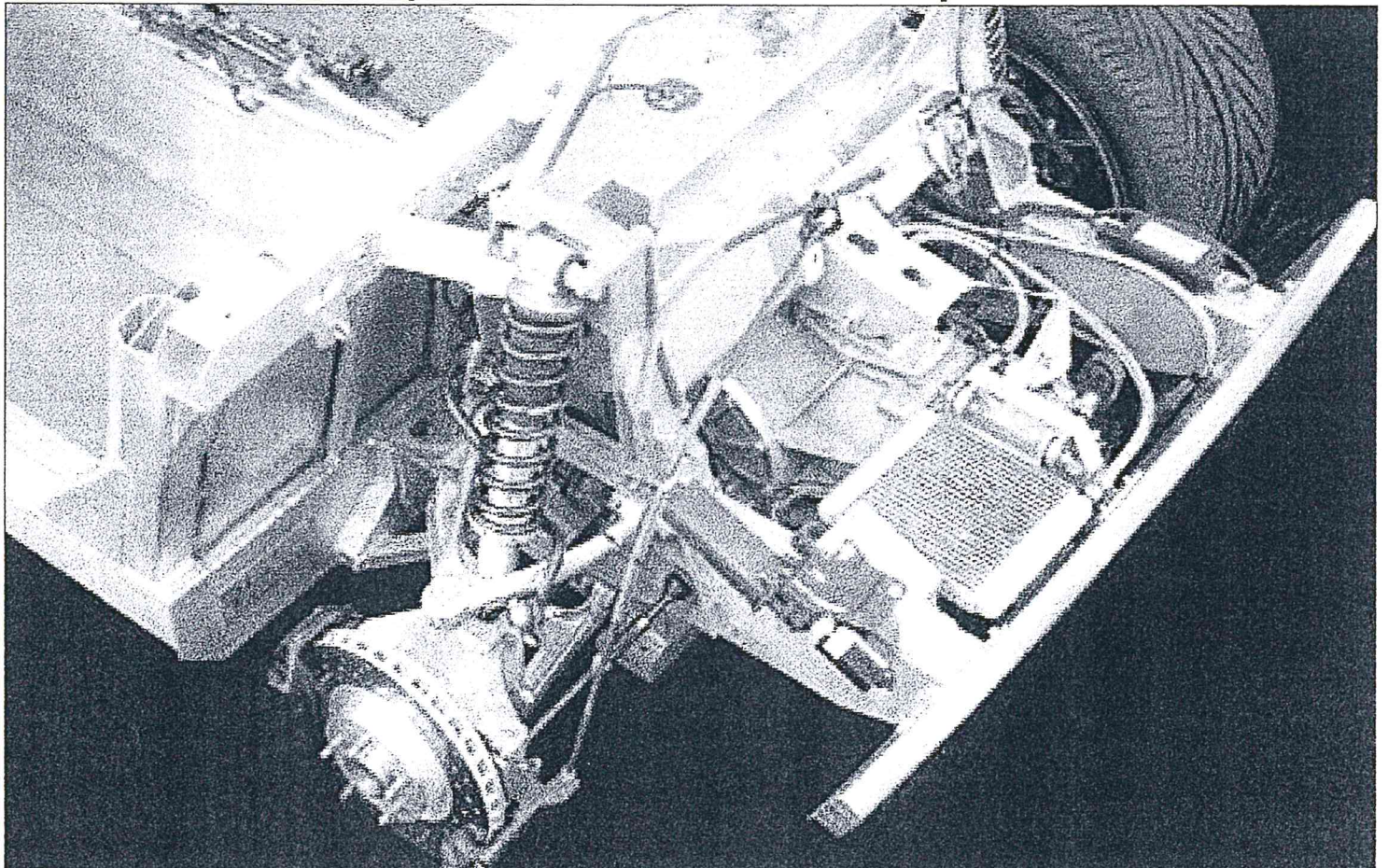
MAC MACHO





Above: All new aluminium chassis and the new Ford aluminium V10

Below: Rear suspension with the new GT40 Six speed transaxle



2004 Ford Shelby Cobra Concept

POWERTRAIN/CHASSIS

Drivetrain layout	Front engine, rwd
Engine type	90° V-10, alum blk/hds Valve gear DOHC, 4 valves/cyl
Bore x stroke, in/mm	3.66x3.70 / 93.0x94.0
Displacement, cu in /cc	390.1 / 6392
Compression ratio	11.8:1
Max horsepower @ rpm	605 @ 6750
Max torque @ rpm	501 @ 5500
Specific output, hp/litre	94.6
Power-to-weight, lb/hp	5.3 (est)
Max engine speed, rpm	7500
Transmission	6-speed manual
Axle/final-drive ratio:1	3.36 / 2.12
Suspension, front; rear	Double wishbones, coil-over shocks, anti-roll bar; double wishbones, coil-over shocks, anti-roll bar
Brakes, f/r	14.0-in vented disc; 13.2-in vented disc
Wheels, f/r	18x10.0; 19x13.0cast aluminium
Tires, f/r	275/40R18; 345/35R19 BF Goodrich racing slicks

DIMENSIONS

Wheelbase, in	100.0
Track, f/r, in	60.6 / 60.4
Length, in	155.4
Width, in	75.0
Curb weight, lb	3200 (est)
Weight dist, f/r, %	50/50

MT ESTIMATED PERFORMANCE DATA

0-60 mph, sec	3.3
Top speed, mph	205
0-100-0 mph, sec	12.0
Braking, 60-0 mph, ft	95
200-ft skid pad, g	1.00

CONSUMER INFO

On sale in U.S.	Don't we wish
Price	\$95,000 (est)

Tax Cuts - A Simple Lesson In Economics. This is how the cookie crumbles. Please read it carefully.

Let's put tax cuts in terms everyone can understand...

Suppose that every day, ten men go out for dinner.

The bill for all ten comes to \$100.

If they paid their bill the way we pay our taxes, it would go something like this:

The first four men (the poorest) would pay nothing.

The fifth would pay \$1.

The sixth would pay \$3.

The seventh \$7.

The eighth \$12.

The ninth \$18.

The tenth man (the richest) would pay \$59.

So, that's what they decided to do. The ten men ate dinner in the restaurant every day and seemed quite happy with the arrangement, until one day, the owner threw them a curve.

"Since you are all such good customers," he said, "I'm going to reduce the cost of your daily meal by \$20." So, now dinner for the ten only cost \$80. The group still wanted to pay their bill the way we pay our taxes.

So, the first four men were unaffected. They would still eat for free. But what about the other six, the paying customers? How could they divvy up the \$20 windfall so that everyone would get his 'fair share'?

The six men realized that \$20 divided by six is \$3.33. But if they subtracted that from everybody's share, then the fifth man and the sixth man would each end up being 'PAID' to eat their meal.

So, the restaurant owner suggested that it would be fair to reduce each man's bill by roughly the same amount, and he proceeded to work out the amounts each should pay.

And so:

The fifth man, like the first four, now paid nothing (100% savings).

The sixth now paid \$2 instead of \$3 (33% savings).

The seventh now paid \$5 instead of \$7 (28% savings).

The eighth now paid \$9 instead of \$12 (25% savings).

The ninth now paid \$14 instead of \$18 (22% savings).

The tenth now paid \$49 instead of \$59 (16% savings).

Each of the six was better off than before. And the first four continued to eat for free. But once outside the restaurant, the men began to compare their savings.

"I only got a dollar out of the \$20," declared the sixth man. He pointed to the tenth man "but he got \$10!"

"Yeah, that's right," exclaimed the fifth man. "I only saved a dollar, too. It's unfair that he got ten times more than me!"

"That's true!!" shouted the seventh man. "Why should he get \$10 back when I got only \$2? The wealthy get all the breaks!"

"Wait a minute," yelled the first four men in unison. "We didn't get anything at all. The system exploits the poor!" The nine men surrounded the tenth and beat him up.

The next night the tenth man didn't show up for dinner, so the nine sat down and ate without him. But when it came time to pay the bill, they discovered something important.

They didn't have enough money between all of them for even half of the bill!

And that, boys and girls, journalists and college professors, is how our tax system works. The people who pay the highest taxes get the most benefit from a tax reduction. Tax them too much, attack them for being wealthy, and they just may not show up at the table anymore. There are lots of good restaurants in Europe and the Caribbean.

Article from "Sports Cars & Specials"

If at first you don't succeed, try and try again. That may well have been Nat Buchanan's maximum for he certainly tried hard again and again to establish a successful Australian sports car. The attempts didn't make him a fortune but he did make quite a few cars, and in so doing made Buchanan one of the best known names in the local specialist sports car industry. It was for good reason that this happened three good reasons, actually. The first Buchanan made news in the mid-50's with the announcement of a prototype sports car. The Buchanan was an attractively styled coupe with lines right up to date with the latest European fashions. The body was fibreglass and sat on a special chassis using the engine, gearbox and other mechanical parts from the Ford Consul and Zephyr sedans. The prototype created great interest and generated the inevitable claims, rumours and speculation about production-soon-to-follow. But that was as far as it got. The prototype Buchanan coupe was the only one ever completed. However, that lone example was known to still be running and in good condition more than 20 years later.

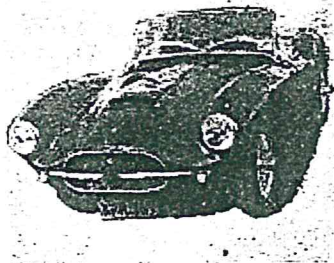
Though Nat Buchanan still dreamed of making his own car, his ambitions changed somewhat when the Ford-powered coupe project failed to get off the ground, for it wasn't long after this he decided the time and market were ripe for a "conversion" sports body and so was born the Buchanan body, or as it became known among enthusiasts—The Buchanan Body. In what proved to be a very shrewd and successful move, Buchanan hatched an agreement with Tom Sulman. He borrowed Sulman's Aston Martin DB3S sports racer and, after subtly changing some details of the body styling to save too much embarrassment, used the shell as the mock-up on which the fibreglass moulds were made.

The immediate success of the Buchanan Body proved the Aston Martin DB3S might have been made for the job. It was a good looking shape in its own right, with long racy lines that stamped it as a serious sports car, and it didn't hurt that Aston Martin's racing reputation was riding high at that time. There couldn't have been many cars better than the DB3S for a specialist body to resemble. Before long Buchanan was selling the bodies as fast as he could make them. The handsome shell became most popular for converting TD and TF model MGs. Literally dozens of MGs had their traditional square-rigger bodywork removed. Then, a matter of some hours' relatively easy work in adapting the 'glassware'; the owner was the proud passenger of a car that not only looked better than the original (in his eyes anyway) but went better too, thanks to the reduced wind resistance and weight. Aside from the favoured MGs, the Buchanan Body also went onto many other cars including the Triumph TRs and a variety of homebrewed specials, usually Holden powered. Some were made for racing but by far, most went on to the street. Buchanan also offered a special chassis that took Holden running gear, and later offered a neat hardtop for the body. Altogether production topped the 100 mark before the firm of J & S Fibreglass acquired the moulds from Buchanan in 1959. In the following years J&S added a further 45 or so to the tally, confirming the Buchanan's place as one of Australia's most popular conversion bodies.

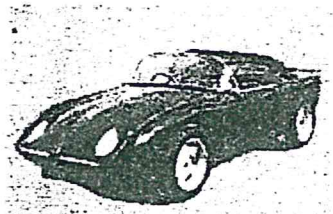
The reason Nat Buchanan didn't continue with the body was that he had his hands full with a difficult and demanding new project; his third (and as time was to tell, his last). There had been rumours of course, that Buchanan was up to something yet it still came as a pleasant surprise for enthusiasts when in 1958 first details of the Buchanan Cobra was released. Intended to be a relatively cheap sportster, the Cobra was designed to borrow as many mass-produced mechanical parts as possible and to be manufactured as a complete car. The mechanicals were mostly of Standard 10 origin, including the engine, gearbox (with remote gearshift lever from the Standard Penant model), leaf-sprung rear axle and the wishbones and coils independent front suspension. Not to forget the seats, steering wheel and other miscellanea. The running gear was carried on a robust ladder-type chassis using box-section main members. Manufactured for Buchanan by Pressed Metal Corp (later involved with the Austin Healey Sprite) the chassis also supported the fibreglass body, which was a thoroughly professional job from nose to tail.

The nicely styled shell was more than just a pretty face for it was functional too, and very well finished both outside and within the cockpit. Weather protection, for instance, wasn't an afterthought for the equipment included a proper windscreen, side curtains and a practical soft-top. The interior boasted a fully carpeted floor and a big boot with access from the cockpit as well as the rear lid. The dash panel was thought by some reporters to be a bit plain for there was no tachometer, but the huge unlidded "glove" compartment on the left was welcomed.

People with an eye for beauty prefer J. & S. FIBREGLASS BODIES



These bodies are not just semi-completed shells but are ready to drop straight on to the chassis. You can do your own fitting quickly and easily, or, if you prefer, J. & S. can carry out the complete fitting to your chassis.



The "BUCHANAN"
Body £274/6/6
Body with Windscreen and
Hardtop £369/6/6

M.G.A. HARDTOPS
£66/5/8
Lined £87/5/8
Lined & Painted £96/5/8

The "RENO 750 SPYDER"
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A 1958 advert for the Buchanan Cobra four years before the Shelby Cobra

The Cobra is more prototype than turntable toy, as it's already undergone fluid dynamics analysis, simulated wind-tunnel testing, and the engineering documentation even contains wheel-alignment specs.

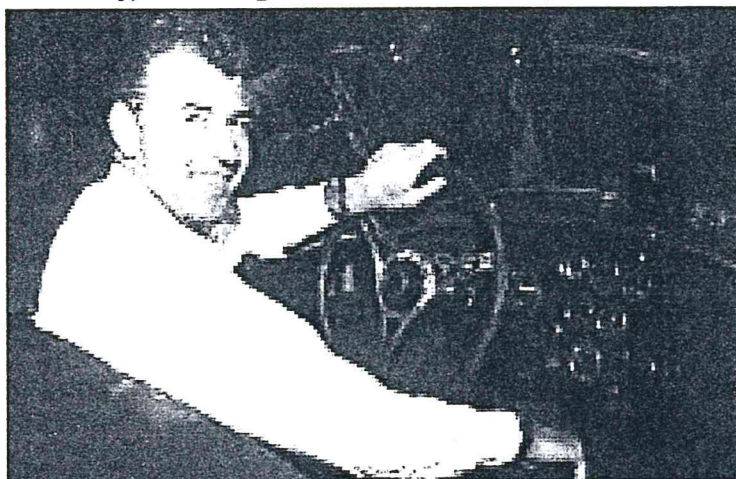
Hutting's face can barely contain his grin as he presses a button on the key fob. The clamshell hood opens to reveal another surprise: the first Cobra powered by a V-10 engine. It would've been easy to stuff in a V-8 that paid homage to those great 289s and 427s of Cobras past, but the use of this 6.4-liter V-10 is yet another sign that this concept is not a straight retro piece.

"You've seen [the DOHC V-10] before, in last year's 427 concept and in a Mustang test mule [MT September 2003]. Now we decided to build a real one," says Mays, giving full credit to Ford Powertrain and the V-10's project leader, Kevin Byrd. It's an all-aluminium extension of Ford's modular V-8 engine family, although it shares nothing except cylinder count and V-angle with the 6.8-liter, SOHC Triton truck engine. This one displaces 390 cubic inches and is rated at 605 horsepower at 6750 rpm. Wanna talk torque? The V-10 yanks out 501 pound-feet at 5500 revs.

Just how reliable are these numbers? "We're not really sure," Cutting quietly admits. "The dyno it was being tested on reads to 600 horsepower. The engine guys pegged it. And the car does great burnouts." The 90-degree powerplant is an odd-fire design, yet requires no balance shaft or offset crank pins to even out second order vibrations. Its 10 individual aluminium intake trumpets are things of beauty, if a bit of a compromise in terms of intake velocity. This particular engine was handbuilt, but represents the third indication (that we know of) that Ford is serious about a big-inch V-10 for performance applications. It's sure worked for Dodge.

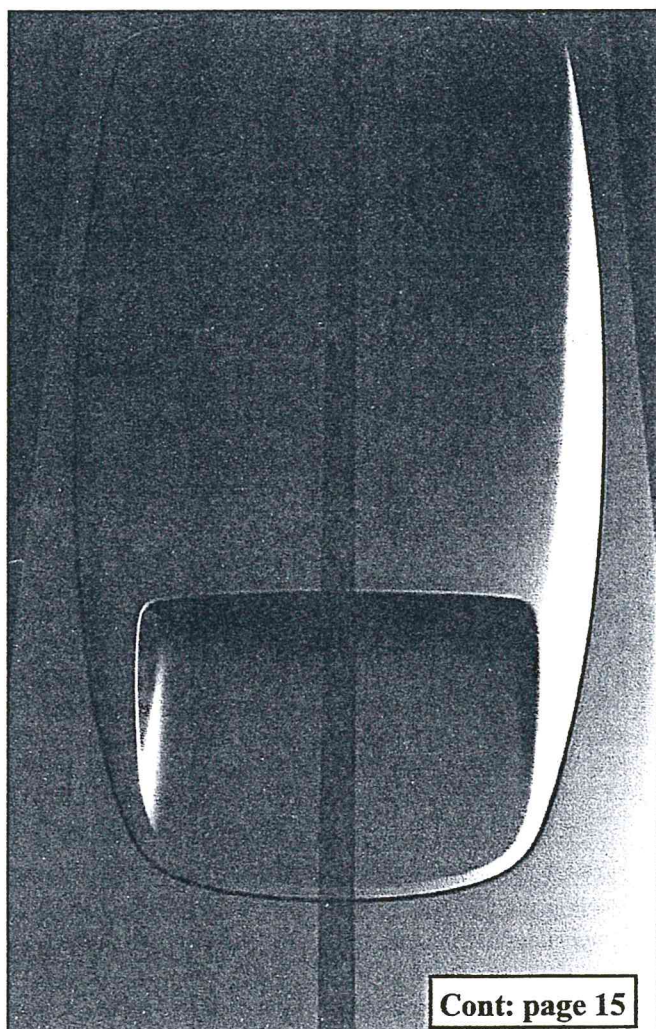
Even though the Cobra is a front-engine roadster, it employs a rear-mounted transaxle; as noted, it, and all the suspension bits, are GT production parts. The upper and lower wishbones wear GT part numbers, and the huge, vented Brembo disc brakes should do the job. Only the spring rates have been adjusted to compensate for the front-midship chassis layout and differing weight distribution.

Shelby, showing off the first Cobra, 1962.



Shelby today, test-fitting the next one. Same guy, same smile, same enthusiasm...separated by just 42 years. Photo by Matt Stone

The new Cobra scoop



“The world of medicine amazes me”— On a regular basis you hear stories of limbs being reattached, brain surgery, organ replacements and many other wondrous surgical miracles being performed every day, also the modern day medicines and pills for curing everything, well almost everything - this brief narrative is about my current cold or flu (the doctor didn't define which one I had).

Fathers Day this year for me started at a Hillary Boat harbour restaurant for a family breakfast, with children and grandchildren in attendance. I got some great presents—the sort of presents you can play with and enjoy for a long time—not the sort of presents that makes you want to cross the giver off your Christmas present list (forever). I hear that one of the Cobra club's fathers even got a digital camera for Fathers Day—how lucky is he? I had to buy my own digital camera!

The restaurant was packed wall to wall with long queues to get to the food and I believe somewhere in the queue someone breathed in my direction and passed on their blood cold or flu, because by Sunday night I had a headache and the sniffles—by Monday morning I wasn't feeling the best and by Monday afternoon I had a full blown cold or flu with runny nose, blocked sinuses, headache and a dry cough that would not stop, the sort of cough where you cough vigorously for about 12-15 coughs to retrieve about half a teaspoon of phlegm (I hope you aren't having breakfast at the moment). But I'm, big and strong and healthy and it will pass quickly—not like the cold/flu I had six weeks ago that lasted 2 weeks before I was able to go back to work on the roofs. I kept thinking it will stop soon, so there is no need to go to the doctor—even with the persistent requests of my wife that I needed to go and see the doctor.

This was the second dose in two months and I felt it was very unfair, normally during winter I may get a sniffle or two and it just goes away. I was wondering if this one was going to take 2 weeks as well. By Thursday there was no change in my condition, and again with the persistent requests, I finally went to the doctor. The doctor did all the usual things—took my temperature, checked by blood pressure, made me say aahhhhh!, listened to my chest and told me I had a cold/flu virus (I could have told him that) and he filled out a script for antibiotics and told me to take them 3 times per day and to get plenty of rest.

Now that I had medicine, I would be cured in a day or two and could go back to work. Boy! Was I wrong. A week passed with absolutely no change to the symptoms, I still had that horrible dry cough with little or no result (Coleen didn't like my reference to phlegm) the blocked sinuses and dizziness after coughing and the overall lousy feeling associated with a cold/flu.

By now I was taking antibiotics along with cold and flu capsules, rubbing Vicks Vapour Rub into my chest and then Coleen started to give me some sort of herbal pills and some homoeopathic capsules as well, - I thought at any minute now when I walk, I was sure I was going to bloody rattle. I had already missed over a weeks work and to what I hear, I missed out on a committee meeting to rival all committee meetings, with a very lavish meal and some very fine wines to compliment the cuisine put on by the hosts Rob and Sue Payne.

It was time to confront this doctor again and tell him his witches brew wasn't working and to give me something to cure this cold/fu so I could get back to work. I finally got to see him and let him know his concoction wasn't working and after he did all the doctor things again, you know—temperature etc. etc he asked me what colour was my result when I coughed (I thought what the hell has that got to do with anything) and told him it was white or very pale yellow—to which he said “Good, it is working”!

The doctor then proceeded to explain a few things about colds and flu. They are viruses that affect your lungs and the reason they prescribe antibiotics is to stop the virus becoming a bacterial infection which could develop into bronchitis or pneumonia and then you are in real strife. While your cough result is white its okay— but the moment it turns yellow you have a bacterial lung infection that is very difficult to treat.

Well, all that made sense, but what about my bloody cold/flu? - to which he replied “There is no cure for the common cold/flu, it just has to run it's course which varies from 2days to 2 weeks and if he had a cure he wouldn't be here in this surgery—he would be living the life of the rich and famous in the Bahamas”. So all I could do was go home and wait or my two weeks to end and ponder my thoughts about how they can transplant hearts, and all kinds of other organs, but still can't cure a common cold/flu.....**Harry Mac.**

How do I get the vehicle back?

- To obtain a letter authorising the release of the vehicle from the police station (see the Impoundment Notice for which station), you must produce a vehicle license/registration in the name of the owner and photographic identity support (e.g. drivers' license with a photo, passport) and pay any costs.

Can it get worse than 48 hours impoundment?

- Yes.
- If you are convicted of a second impounding offence within three years of the first, the court may impound the vehicle for up to 3 months. In addition, the person convicted of the offence may have their driver's license suspended and is responsible for all costs associated with the extended impound period.
- The Commissioner may refuse to release the vehicle until all such costs are paid.
- If you've been convicted of two or more impounding offences within the last five years, a court may order that the vehicle is confiscated.
- A confiscated vehicle becomes the property of the state. You may also have your driver's license cancelled.
- This does not apply if the vehicle has been stolen or hired.
- If the court is satisfied that the vehicle was lent at the time of the offence, the court instead of confiscating the vehicle, may order it impounded for up to six months.

Do I get a warning that the vehicle may be confiscated or impounded for longer, depending on the court's decision?

- Yes.
- 14 days prior to the court hearing, the Police Commissioner is required to provide written notice of the police intention to seek impoundment or confiscation of the vehicle. This notice goes to:
 - The driver of the vehicle
 - The vehicle's license holder
 - The Director General (DPI)
 - Any other person whom the Commissioner is aware of who has or may have interest in the vehicle
 - The public generally, in a newspaper having state-wide circulation Speeding Offences

People caught travelling at **45km/h** or more above the legal limit also risk being charged with reckless driving under the new provisions and having their drivers' licence suspended or even cancelled.

Editors note:

Personally, I believe this is a nasty piece of legislation and is about to get even scarier if they introduce the '**dob a hoon**' law, where anyone can call the police and report what they may think is a hoon action. I can accept the impounding of a vehicle, but to have it confiscated by the state is beyond reason and unjust. If we compare the same offence with the person in a \$200 heap of junk to a person in a \$600,000 Ferrari — when the cars are impounded, both offenders have an equal and just punishment for their crime, but where is the balance in the justice of the decision to confiscate both cars, why should one person pay so little and the other person so much — for the same offence.

Harry Mac.

The cockpit is elemental, but comfortable. The seats and steering wheel are leather-trimmed, but the rest of the interior is a study in businesslike brushed aluminium. Those handsome rollover hoops are removable and beneath them lies structure tied into the chassis for maximum rigidity. The gauges aren't as convincing, however. Their look is elegant, but they're small, not so easy to read, and if this is a no-compromise performance car, why isn't there a big, fat tach smack in the middle of the instrument panel? Nav system, cup holders, heated and cooled seats? Nope. Windows, top, even a radio? Wrong car, pal.

What does Shelby think? "I love it. It's right. I've waited 40 years for this, and Ford made it happen. It would have to go through the development process to become a production car, of course, but it's a Cobra. What say we take it out to one ah' them drifting contests this Saturday afternoon?"

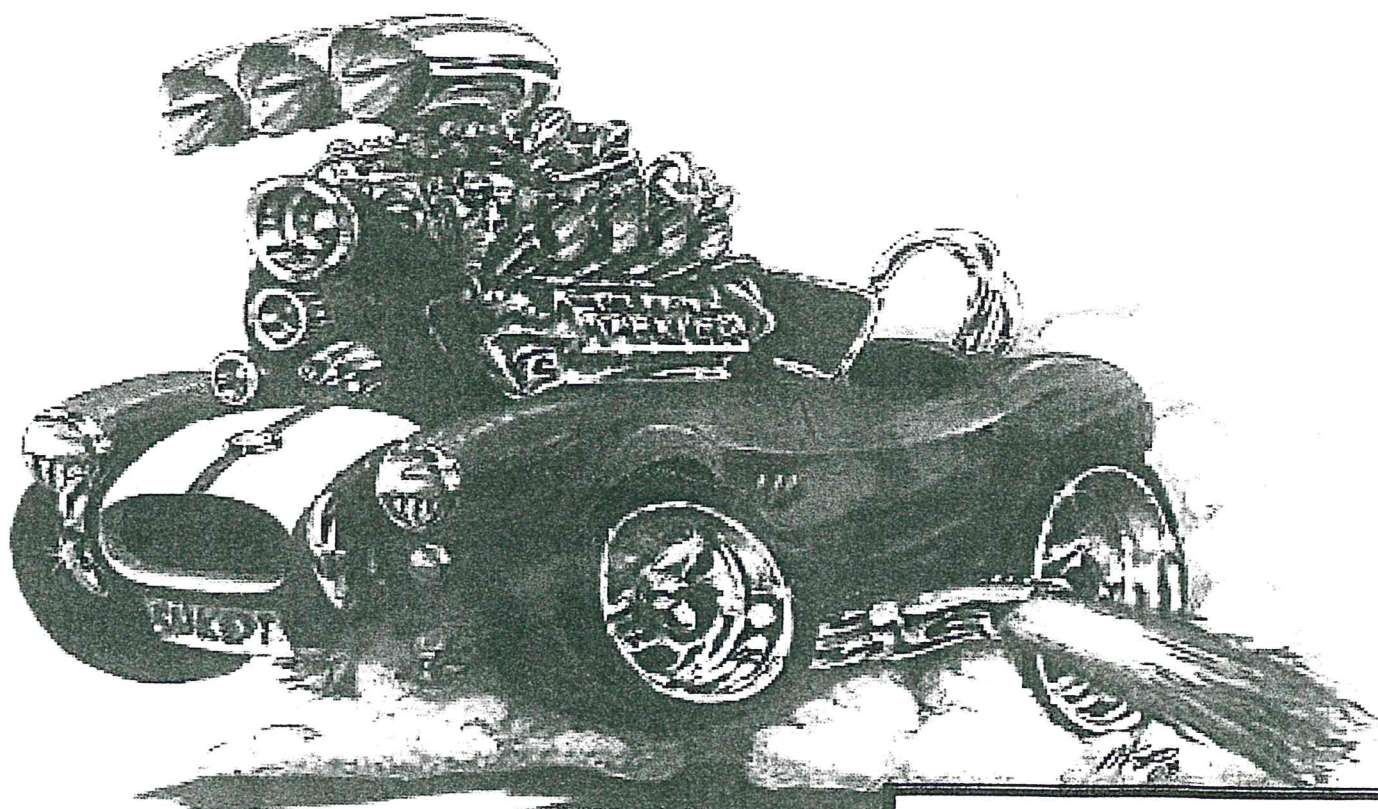
Will Ford build it? That's a complex question, but "yes" is a feasible answer, and there are several overriding factors to support this notion.

The potential demand is obvious, as demonstrated by the dozens of companies that have built replica Cobras. Considerable buzz still surrounds the car, as well as the Shelby name, more than 35 years after original Cobra production ceased. The new Ford GT was a from-scratch proposition, yet it got the green light.

It's indeed that car that's made this Cobra possible. It lent so much componentry to the project, but more important, the GT's conception and development story helped Ford show everyone--including itself--that it can do this kind of thing. These teams can repeat the process; in fact, it would be easier the second time around, since a lot has been learned, and so much of the chassis, suspension, and transaxle development work has already been done (and paid for).

There's one final reason Ford should--no, must--give us the Cobra: to put the final, iconic punctuation mark on Carroll Shelby's extraordinary life, with a car that's worthy of the name.

*By Matt Stone
Photography by John Kiewicz
Motor Trend, March 2004*



"The Roskell Racer"

An Irishman, a Mexican and a Blonde Guy were doing construction work on scaffolding on the 20th floor of a building.

They were eating lunch and the Irishman said, "Corned beef and cabbage! If I get corned beef and cabbage one more time for lunch, I'm going to jump off this building."

The Mexican opened his lunch box and exclaimed, "Burritos again! If I get burritos one more time I'm going to jump off, too."

The blonde opened his lunch and said, Bologna again! If I get a bologna sandwich one more time, I'm jumping too."

The next day, the Irishman opened his lunch box, saw corned beef and cabbage, and jumped to his death. The Mexican opened his lunch, saw a burrito, and jumped, too. The blonde guy opened his lunch, saw the bologna and jumped to his death as well.

At the funeral, the Irishman's wife was weeping. She said, "If I'd known how really tired he was of corned beef and cabbage, I never would have given it to him again!"

The Mexican's wife also wept and said, "I could have given him tacos or enchiladas! I didn't realize he hated burritos so much."

Everyone turned and stared at the blonde's wife.

The blonde's wife said, "Don't look at me. He makes his own lunch."

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