

SNAKESKIN

Cobra Car Club of WA Newsletter

2004 Edition November

Volume 8

Results of the Club Show and Shine

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2004 SHOW AND SHINE WINNER — DICK HOGEN-ESCH.

*“Blue-ue Moooooon
You saw me standing alone,
without a dream in my heart,
without a love of my own.”*



I believe everybody would of heard that song by the “**Marcells**” a few times by now and would have heard or used the saying “Once in a blue moon”. But!!!, have you ever seen a Blue Moon? Well! I can tell you I have seen a Blue Moon and when I saw it became very excited to see such a phenomenon.

Some years ago, around 9pm I was driving home from Mandurah heading north on a clear cold September night—all alone, with thoughts of my own and listening to 6KY 1080 on the radio (you know the one, it plays all the good old music that reminds us of all the things we did in our youth) when—the above song came on the airways. I immediately reached for the volume and cranked it up and began singing in a fine loud baritone voice to my surrounding audience of darkened trees and shrubs as they whizzed by hurriedly. While I was singing and driving my thoughts turned to the moon and I gazed up through the windscreen to see it—my skin suddenly crawled with the icy feeling of a finger nail down my spine and I stared in cold disbelief—the moon was as full as I’d ever seen it— large and perfectly round and it was BLUE!! A definite blue not a white or shades of grey—it was blue and I was looking at it. My heart and thoughts raced as to how lucky I am to actually see a blue moon and wondered how many others had seen a blue moon. This was going to be something special to tell everybody, a story to pass on to my grandchildren, of the time I saw a Blue Moon.

I kept leaning forward to view this amazing site through the windscreen of my car, savouring every last moment of time—as I may never see another in my life time! I was wondering what causes a blue moon (?), was it a change in the atmosphere that gives it a blue colour, or some strange thing the moon does at certain times.

The time for a break and fuel was due, so I pulled in to a service station to do both. When I stepped from the car my first thoughts were to look up at the blue moon, but alas! it had changed back to its normal old self—it was white?? As I fuelled the car I was very pleased with myself to have been fortunate enough to have seen it, but felt sad as its passing was so brief. Back on the road again and leaning forward to see the moon again and it was back—it was blue again. How? Why? I was becoming confused—was this an after affect of seeing a blue moon or was there a perfectly good explanation to this insanity and of course there was—I had just realised the top 100mm of my windscreen was tinted blue and this had caused me so much excitement, you can’t imagine how silly I felt. This was something I would definitely keep to myself in case people thought I was nuts, “Fancy seeing a blue moon”, they would say or as I walk down the street, children would point and say “Hey Mister, seen any blue moons lately?!”, or “The poor demented fool.”

What is a blue moon? There are in fact two definitions for a Blue Moon. According to the more recent definition, a blue moon is the second full moon in a calendar month. For a blue moon to occur, the first of the full moons must appear at or near the beginning of the month so that the second will fall within the same month (the average span between two full moons is 29.5 days). July 2004 had two full moons: the first on 2 July the second on 31 July—that second full moon is called the Blue Moon.

An older definition for the blue moon is—some years have an extra full moon—thirteen instead of twelve. Since the identity of the moons was important in the ecclesiastical calendar, a year with a thirteenth moon skewed the calendar. As there were names for only twelve moons and by identifying the extra thirteenth moon as a Blue Moon, the ecclesiastical calendar was able to stay on track

No doubt you would have heard a lot about strange things that happened when there is a full moon, this was just one of them. Next issue of the Snakeskin I shall tell you about the time I was abducted and taken far away to another galaxy by the“Hey! Who are you? Let me go! What are you doing? Get your hands off me you creeps—I don’t need a straight jacket—I tell you its true, true, all true”.

Editor..... Harry Mac.

“When I was told Brian Sizer was leaving to go overseas and I should write something about him in the Snakeskin, it had presented a bit of a problem, as the only thing I have ever said to Brian is “Hi” when we have met at club meetings or runs. He always seemed to be there at meetings and runs but we just never worked up a conversation. He struck me as a very quiet man and didn’t seem to say much (mind you I don’t think he could ever be as quiet as Mike Warren—nobody is). So when I received the phone call from someone who is never quiet—about Brian leaving I realised I knew very little about him, just that he drives a Holden powered red Cobra, which meant that I would have to go to the source and ring Brian to find out a little about him. Oh! I must thank Keith Ennis for the phone call about Brian leaving.”

Brian David Sizer and his wife Pam have left us to go overseas to New Guinea, he is to become Service Manager for mining equipment at the Freeport Mine (the biggest gold mine in the world). He will be gone for about 2 to 4 years.

Brian was born in Kalgoorlie on the 28 December 1948, marrying Pam some 33 years ago and they raised 2 boys now aged 25 and 30. As a young man he had a great interest in motor cars and completed an apprenticeship as a motor mechanic from there he started a successful career in mining equipment servicing.

From Kalgoorlie they moved to Mt Newman up in the Pilbara to continue in that field eventually becoming Service Manager. While working in Newman he started racing at the Hillview Speedway, racing everything from an old 1962 EK Holden to grand national sedans, even to purchasing an ex-Bert VosBergen Grand National car. During this period of time he won many trophies and awards for his skill behind the wheel. Brian also told me many of the trophies were destroyed by white ants eating the wooden bases when they were in storage. Spending around 12 years in Newman, working and racing he was also Club President for five years at the speedway there and in 1987 left Newman and come to Perth.

Brian told me his hobby is cars—fast cars—one of his projects was a Perenti Corvette with a 350 Chev V8 Then he saw the light and built a Lucas/Arrow Jag Cobra which only took 6 years. Unfortunately Brian didn’t see enough light and ventured to the Dark side by powering his Cobra with a General Motors power plant—a Holden 308 with 4 speed auto. His excuse was “He is a GM man at heart and dares to be different). He sold his Cobra before he left and has informed me he will build a new project on his return—but doesn’t yet know what that will be.

(We all hope its another Cobra Brian?) Brian said he has enjoyed the many years of meetings, runs and events with the Cobra Car Club.

On behalf of the Club and its members I would like to wish Brian and Pam a safe and enjoyable time in New Guinea and look forward to seeing you both in the future.



On that note, I would like to welcome the buyers of Brian’s Cobra and new club members —
Malcolm and Jenny Hawke.

Editor....Harry Mac

Birthdays are good for you ; The more you have the longer you live.

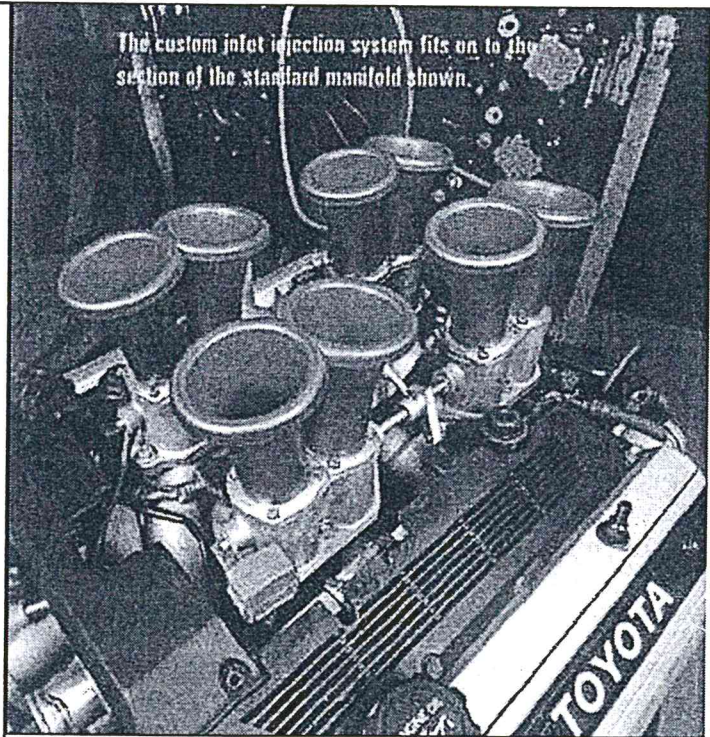
Some mistakes are too much fun ;To only make once.

Don’t cry because its over ;Smile because it happened.

WHY MEN ARE JUST HAPPIER PEOPLE

- Your last name stays put.*
- The garage is all yours.*
- Wedding plans take care of themselves.*
- Chocolate is just another snack.*
- You can be president.*
- You can never be pregnant.*
- You can wear a white T-shirt to a water park.*
- You can wear NO T-shirt to a water park.*
- Car mechanics tell you the truth.*
- The world is your urinal.*
- You never have to drive to another gas station restroom because this one is just too icky.*
- You don't have to stop and think of which way to turn a nut on a bolt.*
- Same work, more pay.*
- Wrinkles add character.*
- Wedding dress - \$5000. Tux rental - \$250.*
- People never stare at your chest when you're talking to them.*
- The occasional well-rendered belch is practically expected.*
- New shoes don't cut, blister, or mangle your feet.*
- One mood -- all the time.*
- Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat.*
- You know stuff about tanks.*
- A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase.*
- You can open all your own jars.*
- You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.*
- If someone forgets to invite you, he or she can still be your friend.*
- Your underwear is \$18.95 for three-pack.*
- Three pairs of shoes are more than enough.*
- You almost never have strap problems in public.*
- You are unable to see wrinkles in your clothes.*
- Everything on your face stays its original colour.*
- The same hairstyle lasts for years, maybe decades.*
- You only have to shave your face and neck.*
- You can play with toys all your life.*
- Your belly usually hides your big hips.*
- One wallet and one pair of shoes one colour for all seasons.*
- You can wear shorts no matter how your legs look.*
- You can "do" your nails with a pocket knife.*
- You have freedom of choice concerning growing a moustache.*
- You can do Christmas shopping for 25 relatives on December 24 in 25 minutes.*

No wonder men are happier people!



Multiple throttle bodies for the Toyota V8—NICE AYE.!



KEN MILES collectors card



CAN YOU IMAGINE IT ?.....YUK!!!!!!

Typical, isn't it. The weather warms up and you are stuck at work. In my case I spent a week working in Bunbury recently when the daily temperature was around 26-28 degrees, the weather fine and sunny – **AND NO BLOODY COBRA!** It was 362km away locked in my shed in Albany. And all I had to drive around in was a Hiace van, or nut-bus as they are more affectionately known.

The hoons were out in force cruising up and down the cappuccino strip in Bunbury. Commodore, Commodore, Commodore, rice burner WRX, Commodore, rice burner WRX, Torana, Commodore, rice burner WRX, Ah!, at last BA Boss 290. Zoom, zoom, zoom. Around in circles they go. Maybe I should fit twin turbos to the Hiace, or maybe drop in a V-8. That would get the heads turning.

"Nah, I think I'll stick to the Cobra. I like her just the way she is. She'll do.".....

Had the annual Great Southern Street Machine Show and Shine at Eyre Park about a month ago. There were some fine cars including a 34 Ford hot rod that walked away with about 7 trophies. A '56 Chevy pickup with a dirty great blower hanging out of the bonnet, could have doubled as lawn mower as it was so low. Ron Hiam had the red and white Cobra on show. Can you believe he's only done 4,000km in 6 or 7 years that he's had it on the road. No wonder he doesn't have any stone chips! It's for sale (again), cheap at \$50,000.

Yours truly had the blue beast on display, wedged between a blue Mini and a red Pontiac Firebird. No prizes this year, though. Joe Baker had his yellow Charger displayed but left the Ferrari at home. He parked his light blue Cobra just outside the display area and still managed to attract a lot of attention. Reckons he has to send the blower away to get it looked at as it has been making funny noises. How can you tell Joe, it makes so much f@#&ing noise anyway?

Last weekend Joe takes Dave for rip in the Ferrari. We're heading up the highway near Cranbrook and I tell him the story of how my wife has lost the oil filler cap from her big block Laser and she reckons she can smell petrol. Joe says "What makes you talk of oil and petrol, can you smell something burning?" I say "Yes, I can smell oil." A short while later Joe looks in the rear view mirror and sees all this white smoke pouring out the back of the Ferrari. Jeez, those Ferrari brakes are good. We pull over and immediately look under the engine cover. Do you know just how embarrassing it is to be stuck on the side of the road with the cover up on a Ferrari as all those cars that you blasted past a short while before now proceed on their merry leisurely way?

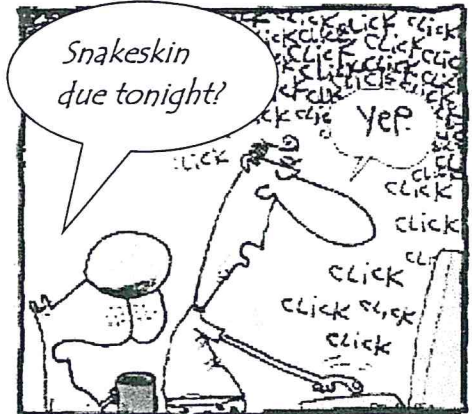
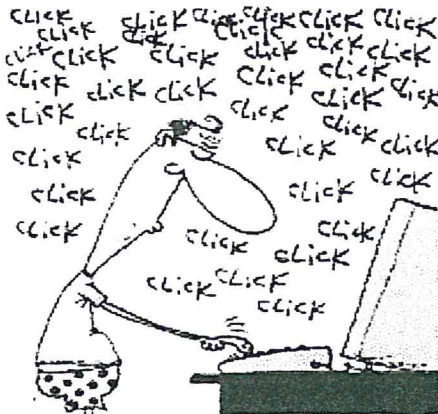
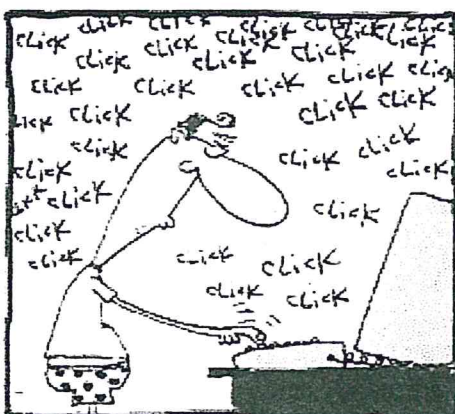
Joe's into his own servicing. According to the Ferrari manual you're supposed to put "x" amount of grease into the rubber boots on the drive shafts. But the amount listed seemed a little small to Joe so he doubled up on the good stuff. It worked well until the car reached a certain velocity that I won't mention for fear of self incrimination. All of a sudden the grease gets squirted out under pressure and burns up on the hot exhaust. Yeah, just what you need when you're 80km from home. It didn't burn for long and Joe spent a day under the car cleaning up the excess grease which had splattered all under the engine.

Well, I'm looking forward to some fine weather so I can rack up a few more kays on the Cobra but I'll have to wait until the end of the month as I have to travel to Sydney.

Why is it always the case that work gets in the way of all the good things we enjoy doing?

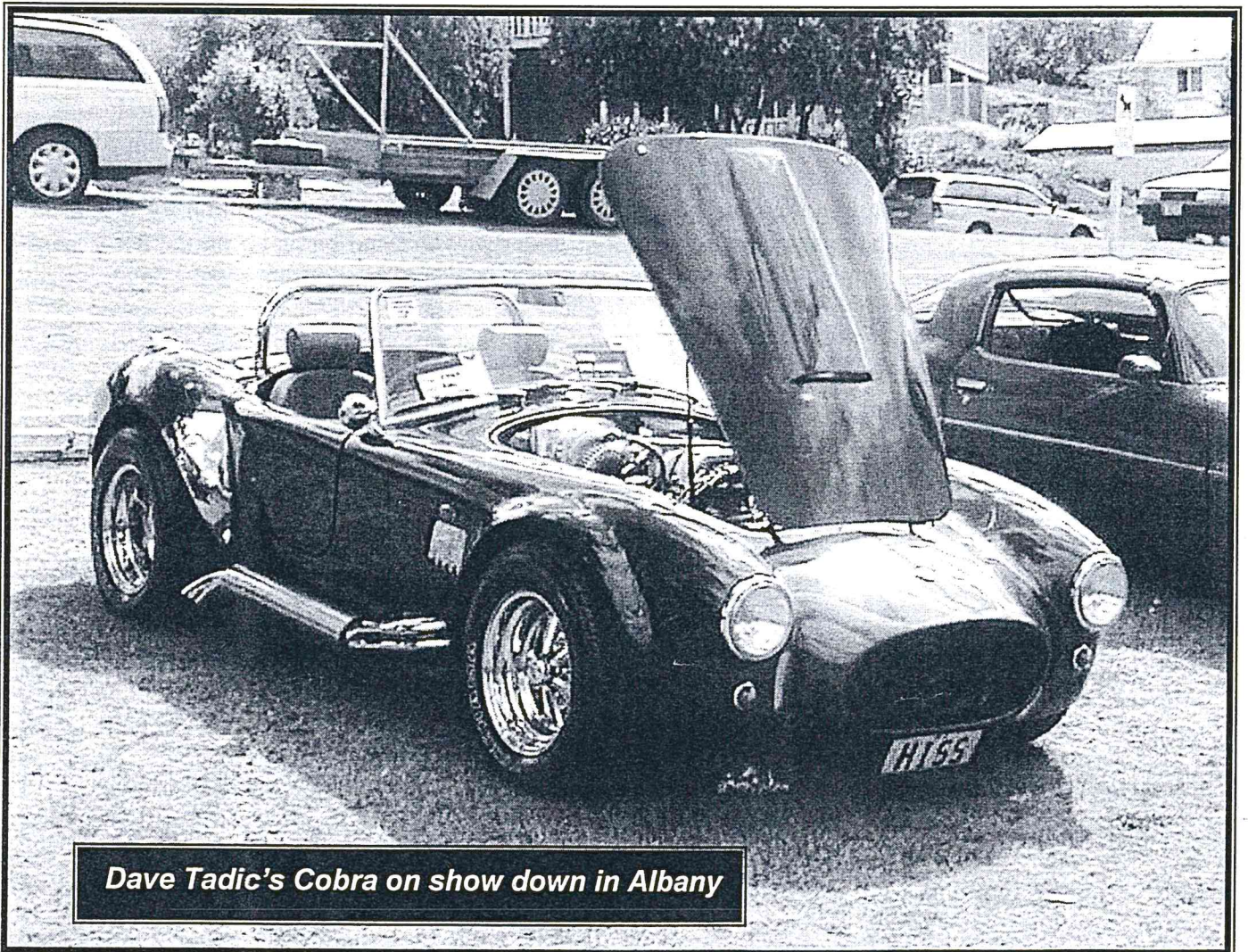
Cheers.....Dave Tadic

MAC MACHO





The red Cobra of Ron Hiam also on show



Dave Tadic's Cobra on show down in Albany

Aug 13, 2004 – Ford is taking the occasion of the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance to unveil the Ford Shelby GR-1 concept, calling the new sports car a salute to 'performance art'. The GR-1 is a uniquely emotional American sports car design that makes a bold statement about Ford's performance future.

"The Ford Shelby Cobra concept was a small step in our plans for the Ford GT supercar architecture and our relationship with Carroll Shelby," says J Mays, Ford Motor Company group vice president of Global Design. "And the Ford Shelby GR-1 is a giant leap toward the future." Based on the architecture of the Ford GT, the Ford Shelby GR-1 is a front-engined, two-seat, fastback supercar, combining modern sculptured surfaces in a sleek muscular fastback design

More than 42 years after their original agreement to produce performance cars, Ford Motor Company and Carroll Shelby are back together producing production and concept cars. Shelby, a former race car driver and creator of numerous collectable performance cars returned to collaboration with Ford in the design of the 2005 Ford GT.

The Ford Shelby GR-1 concept is a sinewy, athletic design with a dramatic front engine proportion. The long hood blends seamlessly into the teardrop-shaped cabin while the dramatic fenders dart rearwards into curvaceous haunches thrusting the car forward and enhancing the aggressive stance and width.

The sharply defined wheel arches and compact overhangs define the dramatic proportion while the sensual surfaces express the car's athletic nature. A chiselled physique is achieved with sheer and full surfaces working together.

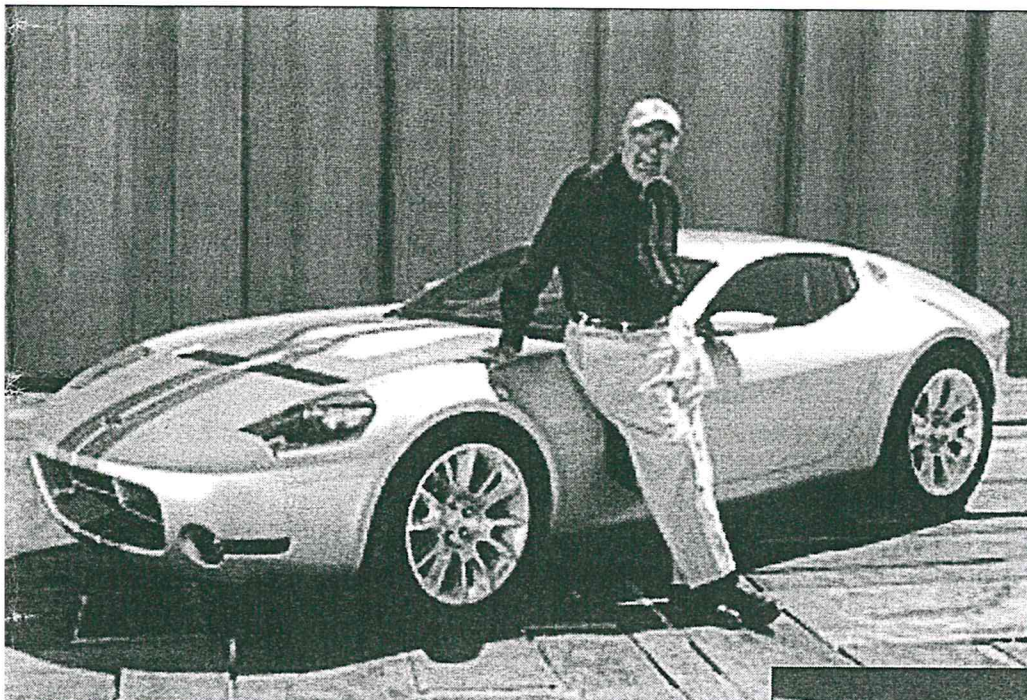
The front of the GR-1 is dominated by the air intake aperture and air flow splitter, directing cooling air into the engine bay and wheel wells. The V10 engine pushes upwards into the hood's surface exposing prominent bulges. Intakes and vents perforate the body side and Kamm tail, further exhausting hot air out of the vehicle.

The Ford Shelby Cobra and its predecessor, the Ford GT were hits of the two previous North American International Auto Shows. The Ford Design team was challenged to follow-up with another exciting concept.

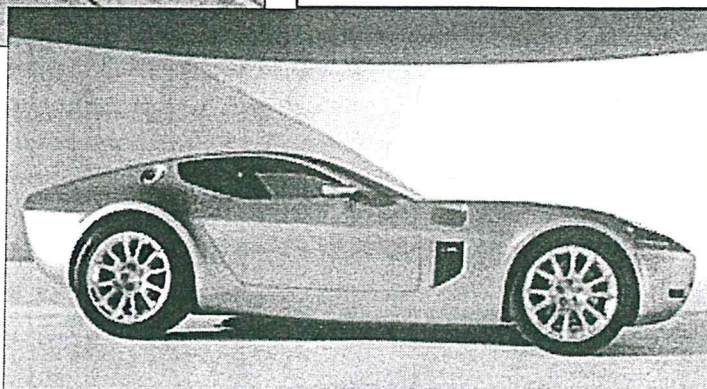
In the Irvine Advanced Design Studio, George Saridakis, a young designer new to Ford in 2000, was known for his contributions in executing the details of some of Ford, Lincoln and Mercury's latest production and concept designs. Saridakis created a sketch that caught the attention of the Irvine team and resonated with Mays.

"George produced this completely resolved sketch - the best I've seen in 10 years," says Mays. "When I saw it, it wasn't a matter of 'Let's do more sketches'. It was really more of a 'Let's get this into clay'. This is a designer so masterful at visualizing every aspect of the car and its story that it literally flowed out of his pen. And because the design is so pure, we really believe this show car will be a hit."

cont: page 19



below:
The new Shelby GR 1, looks remarkably similar to the 1965 COBRA DAYTONA.



above:
Carroll Shelby posing with the latest concept car from Ford the GR 1, that bears his name.

Broometime

By a Cobra Drivers Wife

I spent a week in Broome last weekend. Now I know you will all have heard that line before, usually to describe somewhere dull and boring, but I am talking about the unique experience of "Broometime". What it is exactly is hard to define, but within minutes of landing at the airport after a comfortable two hour plane trip from Perth, and that first whiff of hot, frangipani laden air, a wonderful slow, relaxed feeling had descended upon me and life no longer moved at the same frenetic pace I am used to.

I decided a trip to Broome would be a nice way for my husband and I to celebrate our 20th Wedding Anniversary, so using some frequent flyer points we booked a long weekend, leaving Perth on Friday morning and arriving back on Monday afternoon. Having visited Broome some seven years ago, hiring a car and doing the few tourist spots, this trip was solely going to be R&R. There is something about landing in Broome that is truly unique, as the plane does that big sweep over the turquoise blue ocean; you spot the airport ahead, a black strip of bitumen surrounded by brilliant red earth. The airport itself is so laid back, with its rapidly moving ceiling fans and groups of locals who have come to meet the plane, that you imagine airport security must be totally unnecessary.



A short ten minute journey through Broome and out to Cable Beach brought us to the Seashells Resort. It's one, two or three bedroom bungalows are nestled amongst lush, tropical gardens and the free-form swimming pool beckons you into its warm waters. The truly spectacular Cable Beach is a short stroll from the Resort and the enormous expanse of white sand, a sharp contrast to the surrounding red earth, means you won't have to fight for a place to lay your towel. Fortunately the clear, clean, warm waters were still "stinger-free", although as the weather heats up, won't be for much longer.

A cocktail (or 2 or 3) at the Cable Beach Club Sunset Bar is an absolutely sublime experience. I can recommend the "Postcards from Broome" a delicious mix of Kahlua, Crème de Cacao, Baileys, Strawberries and Cream, with Broome written on the top in chocolate (okay so it was a chick's drink!). The Sunset Bar is separated by about 200 metres of grass from the beach and as its name suggests is an ideal vantage point to enjoy the spectacular Broome sunsets. It has been cleverly terraced so that everyone gets to enjoy the famous view. It's not far from here that the camels make their daily trek up the beach and back. While I enjoyed the camel experience my husband preferred to watch the sunset from the safety of the beach. Dining out was a really pleasant surprise. The Old Zoo Café, right next door to the Seashells Resort was our favourite – the food was delicious, the service friendly and the prices the same as you would expect to pay in Perth. Every night the Café opens its sliding doors and wherever you are sitting it's an outside experience.

The closest thing to a Cobra I saw in Broome was a red MG parked outside the Cable Beach Club. It was actually a hire vehicle and while an open-top trip around Broome would be a lot of fun, I think you'd have to limit your time to early morning and late afternoon due to the heat.

So if any of you are thinking of a weekend to get away from it all I can certainly recommend Broome and if you're lucky guys, you might even get away without buying your wife some Pearls.

Anon.

“Here comes da Judge”

I received a phone call from the Club President—Dave Kent last week asking me to stand in as a judge for our Show & Shine due to the fact that our other judge—Graham Sach—had commitments on that day and couldn't officiate—I said “Yes”.

I had only ever been a judge once before and that was for a funny hat competition at the OFF ROAD RACING Association Christmas Party over twenty years ago. There were all sorts of strange hats made by many of the members, some were made from a variety of car parts and one was made from hubcaps that really stood out. As the parade went on everyone was enjoying the amazing work that had gone into the hats, even one that a member had just made out of beer cartons. As the selection process went on it got down to three for the final parade—a big flowery number which was very popular, followed by the huge hubcap one, but the hat that won was the beer carton hat that looked like a giant cowboy hat and as he paraded down the side of the pool the hat was fully ablaze and looked spectacular so that one was an easy call and popular choice, but this time I had to judge some fine motor cars.

Sunday morning at the show went well with the Marquee and the cars all going together like clockwork with the guidance from Dave Kent and Rob Payne. We ended up with a total of 16 Cobras, 1 trade display from RMC and 2 Cobra chassis' on trailers.

The weather was fine and warm with the easterly just keeping it from getting too hot. Large numbers of visitors wandered around the cars all day enjoying the display of Cobras. Around 1pm Terry Lovell and I started the judging of the Cobras. It was easier than I thought, Terry guided me through the things we were looking for to pick a winner in each class. General finish was all important but things like type of wheels, seats and gauges with dashboard layout and a few other items that closely resemble that of an original Cobra pulled the extra points, although there were some outstanding cars on display it got down to attention to detail and it was this that decided the winners.

The winner of the over ten year old Cobras class was

ROB KEENE.

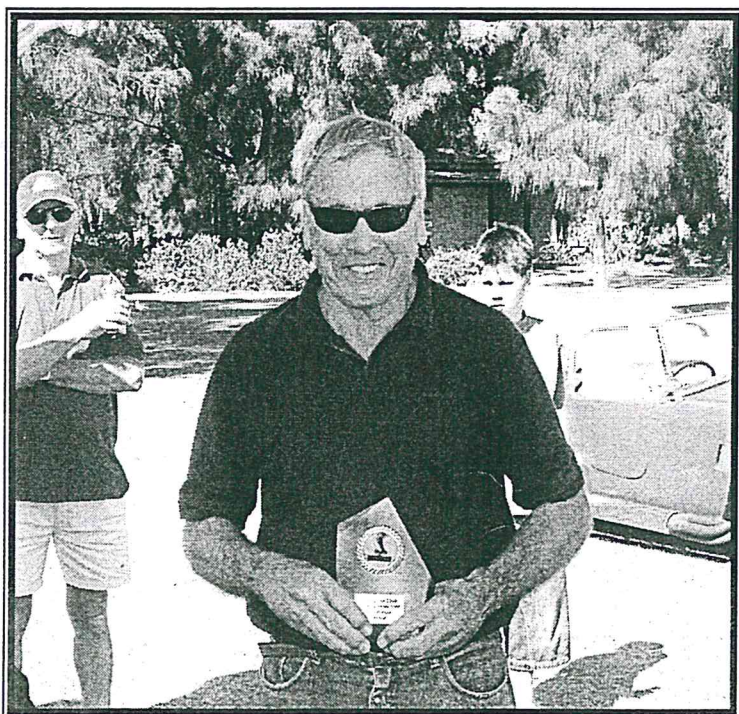
The winner of the builders award went to the very neat white Cobra from Busselton of

FRANK O'KEEFFE.

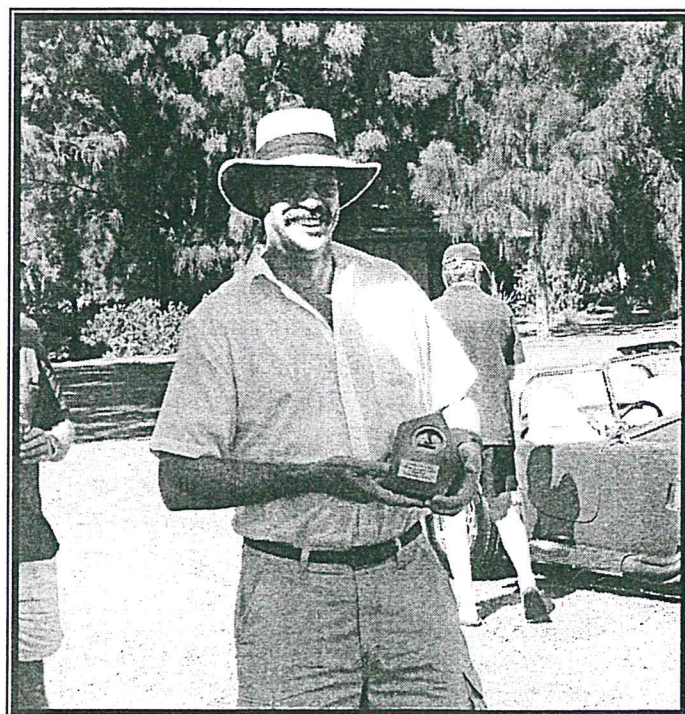
The members choice award went to

DICK HOGEN-ESCH.

A big well done and congratulations to the winners and a big Thank you to the organizers and members who came along with their Cobras to make the day a success. Judge/Editor.....Harry Mac.



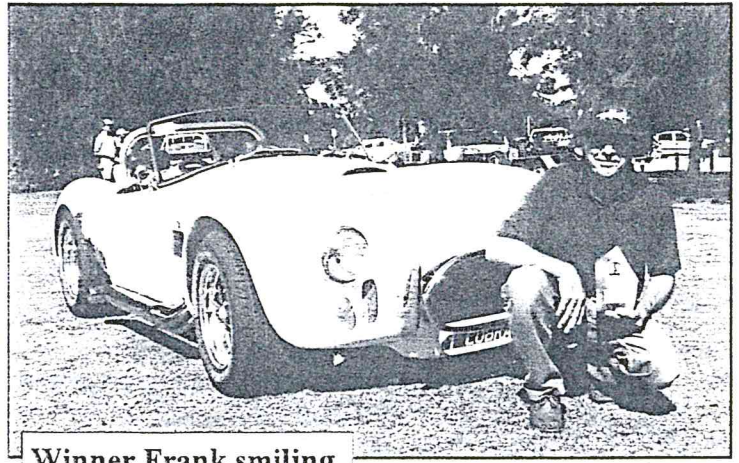
Frank O'Keeffe with the Builder Award.



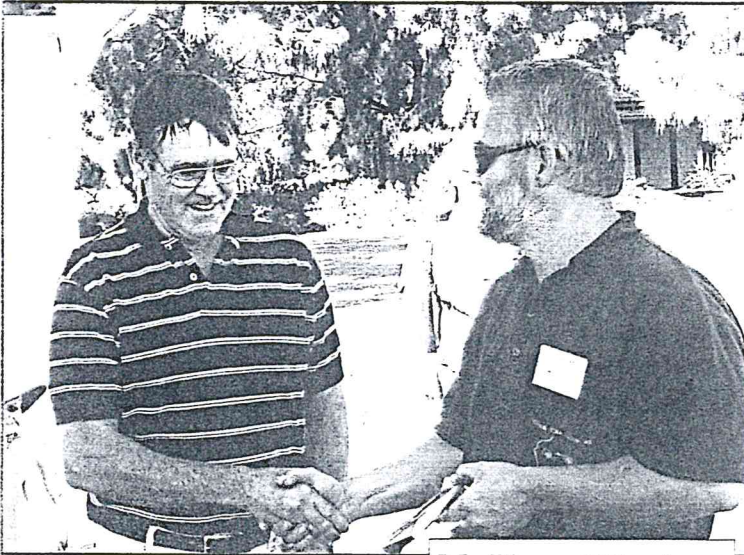
Dick Hogen-Esch with the Members Choice.



Alan's Aluminium



Winner Frank smiling

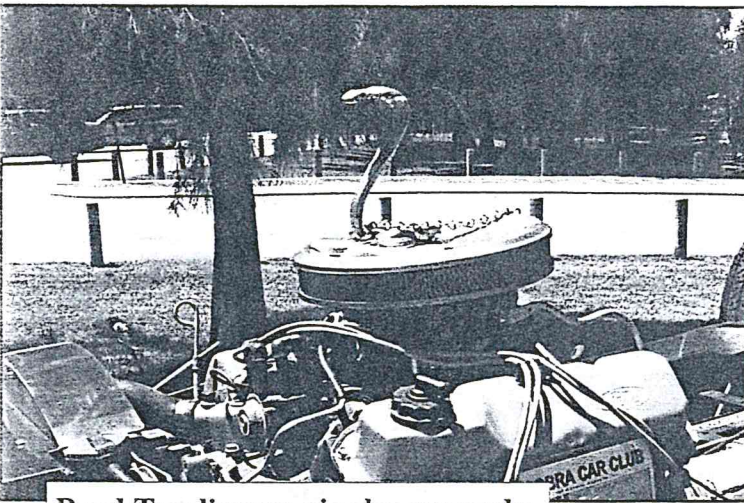


Mr Keene Winning

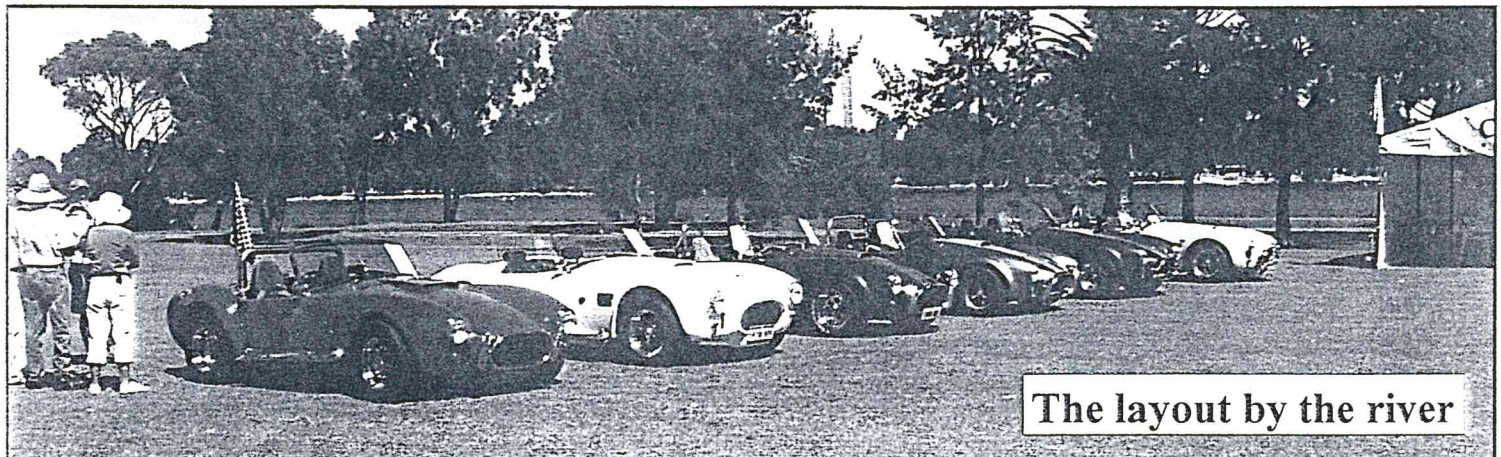


BURSWOOD SE

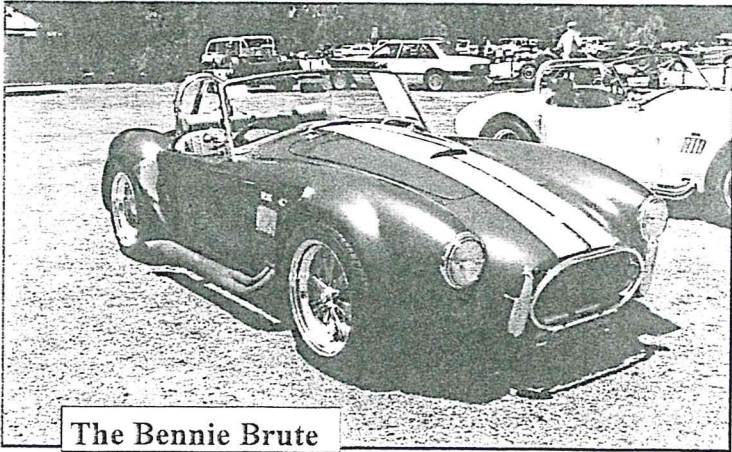
COBRA



Brad Tomlinson's air cleaner snake



The layout by the river

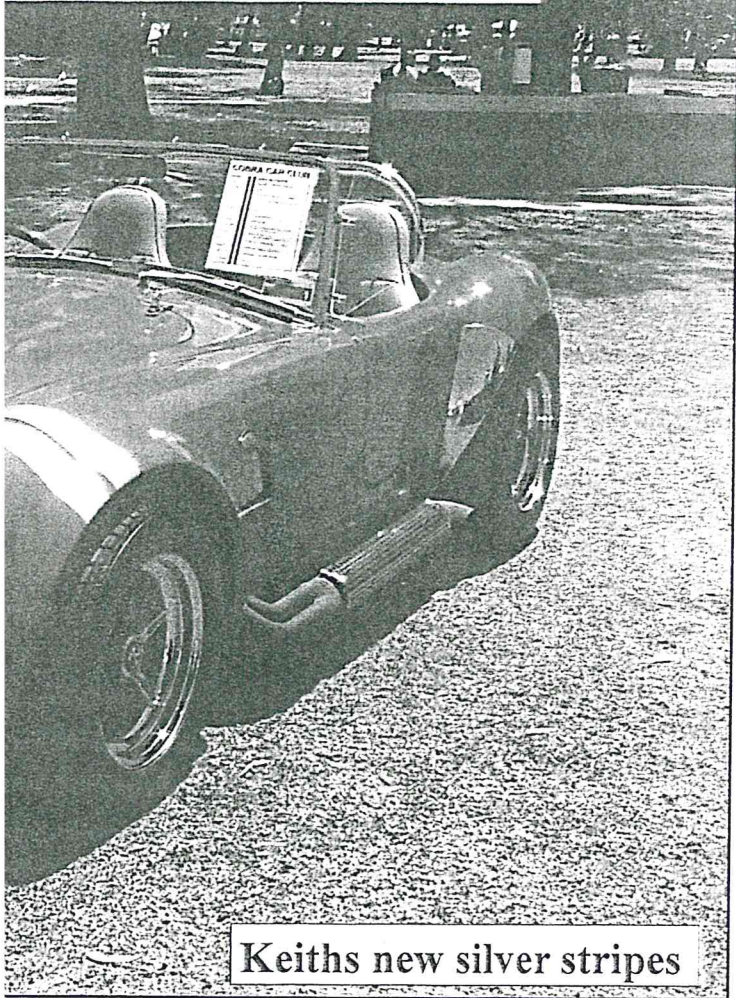


The Bennie Brute



The McNally Mauler

DOW AND SHINE



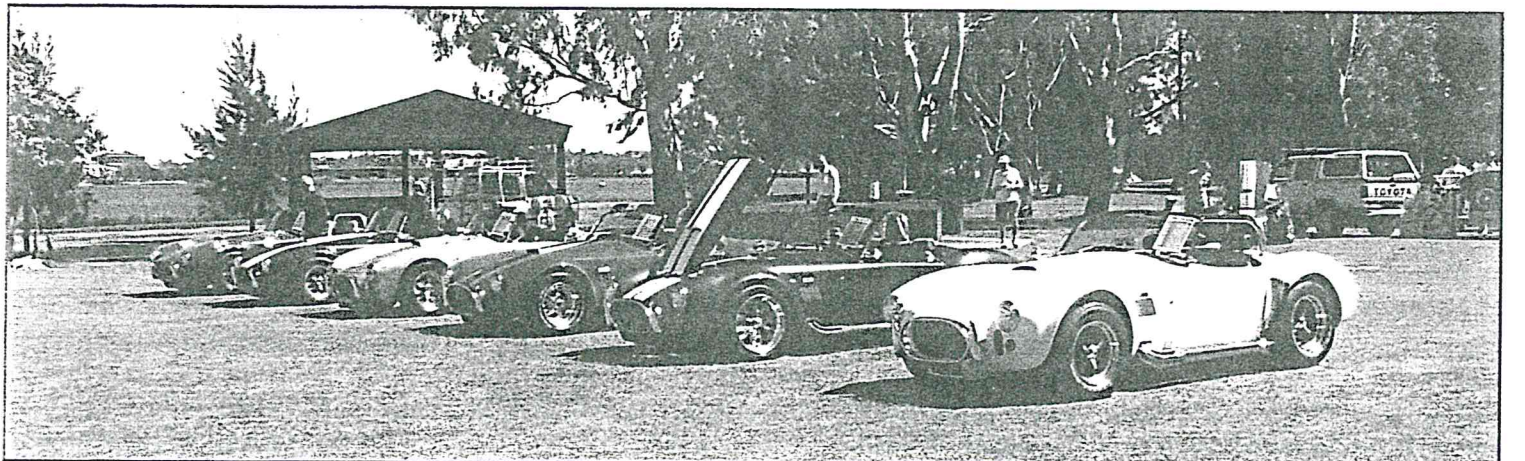
Keiths new silver stripes



The Keene Machine



Graham Dowsett work of art



The annual run to Dunsborough was on and Brian was to pick me up around 7:30-7:45am

Saturday morning, he also told me to travel light.

As the morning light broke it was evident we had a wet night and by the look of the dark clouds in the sky, could have a wet morning travelling south.

Brian arrived around 7.45am and it started to rain again but Brian was brave and had fitted his soft top to the Cobra prior to leaving home. Most members are considered brave to drive a Cobra in the rain without a roof over their heads, but I believe Brian was braver than most for fitting his soft top, for he would have to face the slings and arrows of torment from the other members when they saw his roof fitted. Oh!!! And how right I was—me thinks they were all just jealous!!

We arrived at Pioneer World in plenty of time and waited with Dave and Jessie Kent for the coming of Gordon and Michelle Scott who were several minutes late and when they showed up we then headed to Pinjarra straight away, no time for chit chat.

By now the sun was shining and the weather looked promising with only a few dark clouds hanging around. The road to Pinjarra was chocker block with slow moving traffic with very few opportunities for passing, this meant our schedule was going to be shot and I was getting very concerned that by the time we got to Pinjarra, breakfast would be OFF and I was fading fast!

Ron and Nola McNally with Dick Hogen-Esch and son Dean were waiting for us at the café and breakfast was still on, so I enjoyed a big breakfast—it was so big, that at one stage I thought it was going to get the better of me! I had never seen such a large breakfast at a café before but it was just their standard of breakfasts served. I had the “Steam Train Driver’s breakfast” and would recommend it—but you may need a doggy bag.

After breakfast we prepared for the road ahead, Brian took the soft top off and put it in the boot, because the weather was now fine and that was the only reason, because I am sure Brian Plank can take any amount of teasing.

Ron McNally took off with Brian and I following. As we left, we found the road just as busy as before with lots of weekend travellers all heading south. After about 30 minutes of driving I hadn’t seen any of the other Cobras up front and thought they must be really moving because I know Ron and Brian were certainly scooting along to catch up. Then convoy procedure popped into my mind—about the car in front of you keeping an eye on the car behind, now this rule was being abused by whoever was in front of Ron and why didn’t Brian have his lights on?, he was tail end Charlie and who was leading the pack way out in front anyway? and why am I telling you all this. This was going to be reason for a serious article of discussion in the Snakeskin about convoy procedure and its flagrant abuse on this trip to Dunsborough. Not being able to keep quiet any longer about this matter, I made mention to Brian about not having his light on and where were the rest of the convoy, to my horror he said..... “Behind me!”.....Oooopps!!, I didn’t see the other Cobras when we left Pinjarra and I thought they were out the front of Ron and Brian.

After removing both feet from my mouth we drove on down through Waroona, Harvey, Brunswick and onto Collie for a fuel stop, then off to Balingup for lunch and a break, this time I just had tea and cake. As soon as lunch was over the ladies couldn’t resist a stroll through the local antique and collectors store, then into the craft shops, this intolerable behaviour was concern for our trip leader Ron, who blew his air horns, very, very loudly and this prompted the ladies to hurriedly stroll back at their leisure when they were ready.

From Balingup we travelled to Nannup on 41kms of the narrowest windiest road in the southwest, but it was so very scenic. It is a long section of road that scares Jessie Kent and no doubt some others. It scared me the first time I drove on it when we went to Albany. There are so many tight blind bends —**THAT MAKE SURE YOU STAY ON YOUR SIDE OF THE ROAD**—, because you cannot see around them and you have no idea what is on the other side and if something went wrong you could end up in a creek or worse.

Nannup took us on to Busselton to visit club members Frank and Denise O’Keeffe, with another cup of tea and more cake. After approximately an hour of chatting and hearing about their experience of babysitting the neighbours rabbits while they were away and how their daughters dog took off next door to hunt wabbits, causing them to escape out of the cage and run away. They finally found them and put them back in the cage, only to find the next day the male had died of a heart attack and the female had seven baby rabbits. The hardest thing they had to do was explaining what happened to the rabbits when the neighbours returned home.

From Frank’s it was on to our last leg of the journey to Dunsborough. During the trip down we all got chance to play with Dick’s new toy—a GPS handheld system—fascinating toy—tells you your exact speed while travelling and the direction you’re headed and how many kilometres you have travelled. When we got to Dunsborough, Dick checked the data on the GPS and somewhere on the way it had reached a speed of 164 kph—and we don’t know who did it or who had it at the time. I think it may have been when someone was doing 110kph and someone else moved the GPS forward very fast to record the other 54 kph of speed at that time. Well we all made it down safely, although a little tired after going the long way round.

We settled down at Brian's place and relaxed for a while before wandering over to the shops for a few essentials like milk, coke(!), Beer and/or wine for some, then a little more relaxing at Brian's before we were off to the Pub for the evening meal. While we were relaxing Leone Hogen-Esch joined us with a friend and a couple of daughters with popcorn, they had been holidaying in Dunsborough and came over for a visit then accompanied us to the hotel for dinner.

The Hotel was pleasant with not many patrons, so it was easy to order meals and join a number of tables together. I enjoyed a very nice steak meal with all the trimmings (you know the sort) - things like lots of broccoli, a purple cabbage thing, some funny looking crinkly lettuce and a few other weird looking leafy vegetables—all pushed to one side so I could get into my steak and chips—I wonder if people really eat that stuff!!

By about 9pm we strolled back to do more relaxing and I must say some were more relaxed than others with the constant popping of corks and abundant sampling of some fine reds. Some retired early while a few kept relaxing and pondering the woes of the world—the rubbish problem in Bali, trouble with today's youth and the problems of yesteryears parents—aren't you glad we are the perfect generation. I think next time we go away to relax I shall take a talking stick where everybody gets a chance to hold the stick and have their say without interruption, because that evening in order to be able to add to the conversation you had to be very rude and keep butting in, just to join in.

Around 11:30pm we called it a night and hit the bunks for some sleep. As morning came people were getting up from around 6am. I woke around 7am after a very peaceful sleep and I think the 3 XXXX stubbies helped me not to hear anyone snoring. As from the reports of other campers, there seems to have been a lot of people snoring (I wonder why anybody would stay awake at night just to find out who snores!) One person even asked me if I was "snoring last night?" to which I replied "I didn't know because I was asleep"- that is what sleep is for—sleeping. I go to sleep at night and I wake up in the morning, I always have—just lucky I guess. Once everyone was up and had completed morning ablutions, we set about cleaning the house and loading up the Cobra's again for the return trip home. From there we all went and fuelled the Cobra's and headed to the Café for breakfast.

While we were enjoying breakfast many onlookers were admiring the shiny Cobra's outside—dreaming that one day they will have one! Whilst there a local Cobra owner showed up and parked next to us he was Ian Reed and he had a Cobra sporting dark green metallic paint with gold stripes and running some very BIG rubber on the back—they were 315's—on I think 11" rims, powered by a supercharged Ford 351 Windsor 4 bolt main, all up it was an attractive Cobra. Ian also races it at various events around the southwest and at Albany around the houses. After breakfast it was off to Frank and Denise O'Keefe's to pick them up, as they wanted to join us on a part of the run on our return home. When we got to Frank's there was a reporter from the local community newspaper and he had us all lined up on the front lawn for a photo shoot. So, if you can get the Busselton local you will probably see us in it.

Ron lead us on a very picturesque tour through the Ferguson Valley with some very pretty countryside. This route took us to Dardanup where we needed a toilet stop, trouble was it took some time to find one and it was a single tin dunny at the back of a property and it worked— but for the men it was the nearby fence! Dardanup was where we bid goodbye to the O'Keefe's, they left us to head home and we carried on through Waterloo, Brunswick, Harvey, Waroona and onto Pinjarra for lunch and a debrief before we all went our own separate ways.

The weekend had its moments—Dick wasn't paying attention to his driving and was playing with his radio when all of sudden he had to bring his Cobra to a screeching smoking halt behind the stopped Cobra of Gordon Scott, - close call Dick!

For the return trip I was driving Brian's Cobra and when taking off from an intersection rapidly—first—second—and Oops! No third— couldn't find third gear which slowed me down very rapidly—causing a concertina of the convoy behind me— close call Harry!.

Unfortunately, Jessie Kent woke up with a very painful back on Sunday morning and had to put up with all kinds of rude suggestions as to how it happened, Jessie graciously denied any kind of behaviour not fitting for a lady, her back just went out and the trip home for her was most uncomfortable, I hope it didn't last long Jessie.

The weather and the company for the trip was Excellent. ☆☆☆☆

My Thanks go to Ron McNally for the excellent organization of such a full weekend. WELL DONE RON.
My Thanks also go to Brian Plank for the use of the family holiday home and for taking me with him.

EDITOR..... Harry Mac.

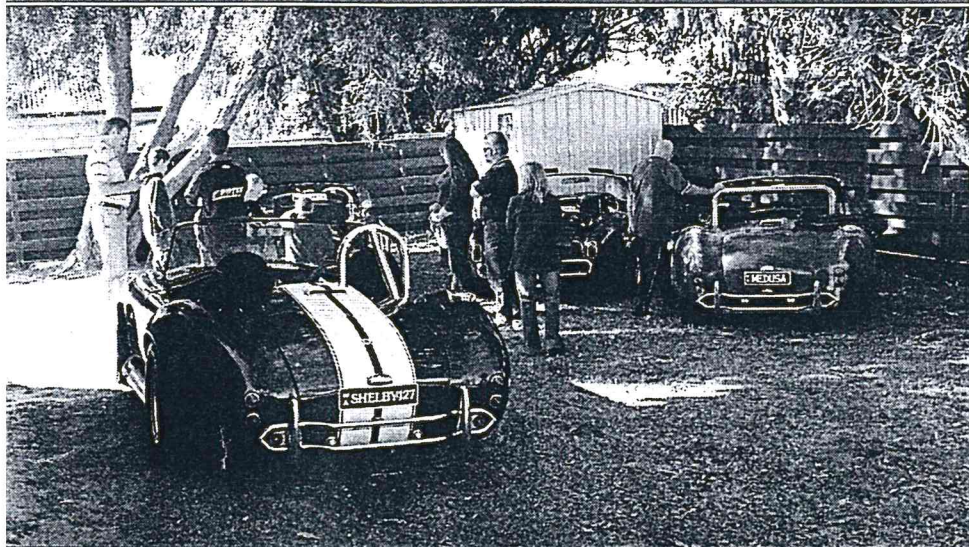


Top:
Cobras at Balingup Cafe and craft shops.



Second:
Cobras at Dunsborough café for breakfast on the Sunday morning.

Third:
Cobras at Brian's place packing up for the run home.



Fourth:
The Cobra tribe going home after dinner and drinks at the pub.

Below:
President Dave Kent being sexy and alluring before going to bed.



OUR NEW LAWNMOWER

Last Saturday afternoon, I was sitting on my front veranda, drinking a beer, writing an article for the next Snakeskin and watching my wife Coleen mow the lawn.

Amanda from next door was so upset at this that she came over and shouted abuse at me... "you should be hung." she said.

I took a sip from my stubbie of Export, wiped the cold foam from my lips, lifted my darkened Ray Ban sunglasses, stared directly at this nosey woman and calmly replied,

"I am, that's why she cuts the grass."

After a few days I felt really bad about what I had said, so on Monday I went and bought her a ride on mower to show my sensitive caring side.

I am very proud of the deal I got and I have a picture of it on page 18 for you to see.

Harry Mac.

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URGENTLY WANTED \$7,69
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ono. 9439 1178. 9413 112 326
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lic. Just passed pits, no rust 2
owners \$1500 ono 9414 7772

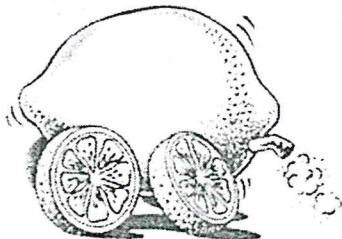
1993 FORD COBRA
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9LK589. Be the envy of all your friends this summer in this replica Cobra 427 powered by 5.0 litre V8, coupled to a smooth 5 speed trans with chrome mags, sports leather steering wheel, chrome side pipes LPG gas for economy and finished in Ferrari red.

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Unfortunate advertising positioning.

This Cobra ad was placed in the Saturday "West Australian" newspaper a couple of years ago and as you can see the position on the page could have been better placed. Directly below is an ad for an insurance company about— "buying a LEMON".

I actually went along and had a look at that Cobra with the intention of possibly buying it to short track my Cobra needs.

Although it was cheap, it also had a soft top and it was a Cobra, but after about twenty minutes with the salesperson and with him fast becoming my other best friend, I found out it belonged to one of the bosses and he used to drive it hard, very hard, you know what I mean, so I thought better of it.

From memory it was on a Toyota chassis and it needed quite a lot of work to make it a very nice Cobra, so maybe someone at the newspaper knew something.

Harry Mac.

(thanks— go to Joe Craig for the cutting)

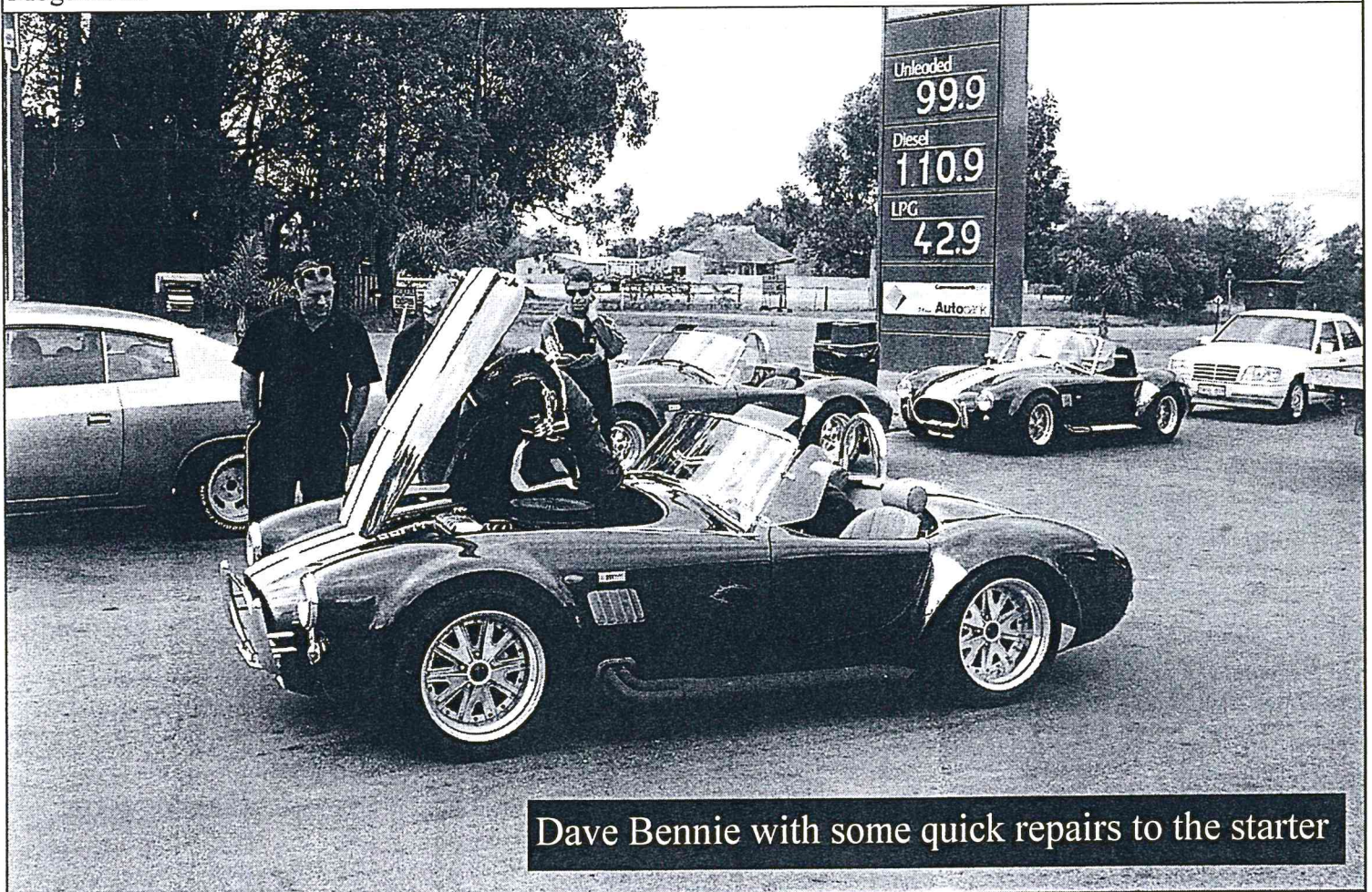
We arrived at Gingers Roadhouse on the dot of 9:00am to find most starters for the run raring to go. **Ron and Nola McNally** and **Brian Plank** were in their Cobras with **Murray Neindorf** and **Mike Warren** in Murray's silver Charger and **Harry McClymans** in the family Merc. **Sue and I** also decided the family sedan was the appropriate mode of transport as we were off to the Toodyay races after the run (nothing to do with the fact there was a chance of a shower).

Having received a call from **David Bennie** that he and son **Ryan** were on their way up from Mandurah we had to cool our heels for a few minutes. After what must have been a very quick run from Mandurah David and Ryan arrived, with Ryan at the wheel. After a quick refuel they were ready to go....well almost, a sticking starter motor meant no mumbo. With a very high compression ratio making a push start impossible it was out with the tool kit for a fiddle under the bonnet. David is obviously well practiced at the remedial procedure and it wasn't long before we were on our way.

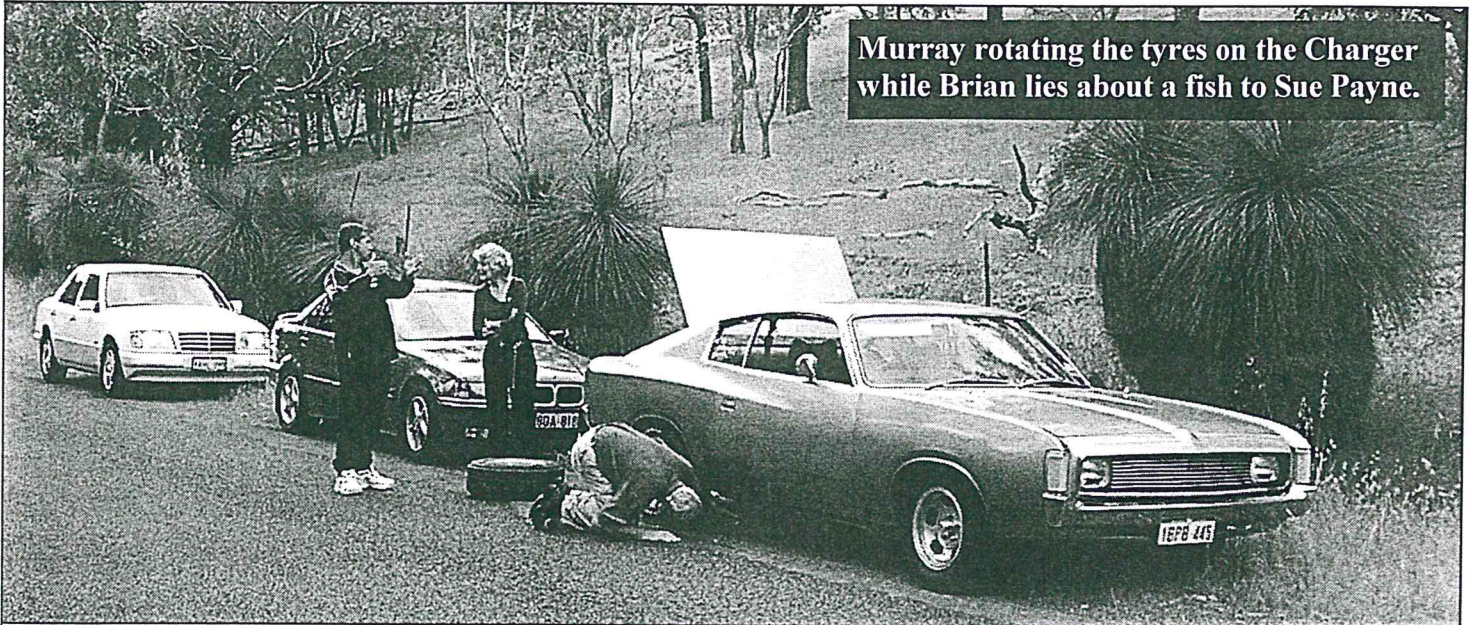
With the three Cobras leading the way we cruised up Great Northern Highway to Bullsbrook and then turned right into Chittering Road for the scenic Chittering Valley. Sue and I followed Murray and Mike in the Charger and it was not long before it was apparent that the smoke from the back of the Charger was more than exhaust. Murray's rear tyres were rubbing on the body when the car was under load.

Flashing lights etc only drew friendly waves by way of a response. It was apparent Murray knew of the problem but was not overly concerned. However, the further we went the greater the smoke so eventually Murray conceded and pulled over. He had put the wider wheels from his Cobra onto the Charger for the run. They were obviously just a tad wide for the Charger. Fortunately Murray had put the old Charger wheels in the boot "just in case".

After a quick wheel change we were on our way again. At Bindoon we stopped at the Bakery for the obligatory coffee and cakes and a chat. With a few threatening clouds and a group of mates back in Perth watching Bathurst Brian decided he had seen enough of the countryside and headed back home. For the rest it was on the road to Mogumber.



Dave Bennie with some quick repairs to the starter



Murray rotating the tyres on the Charger while Brian lies about a fish to Sue Payne.

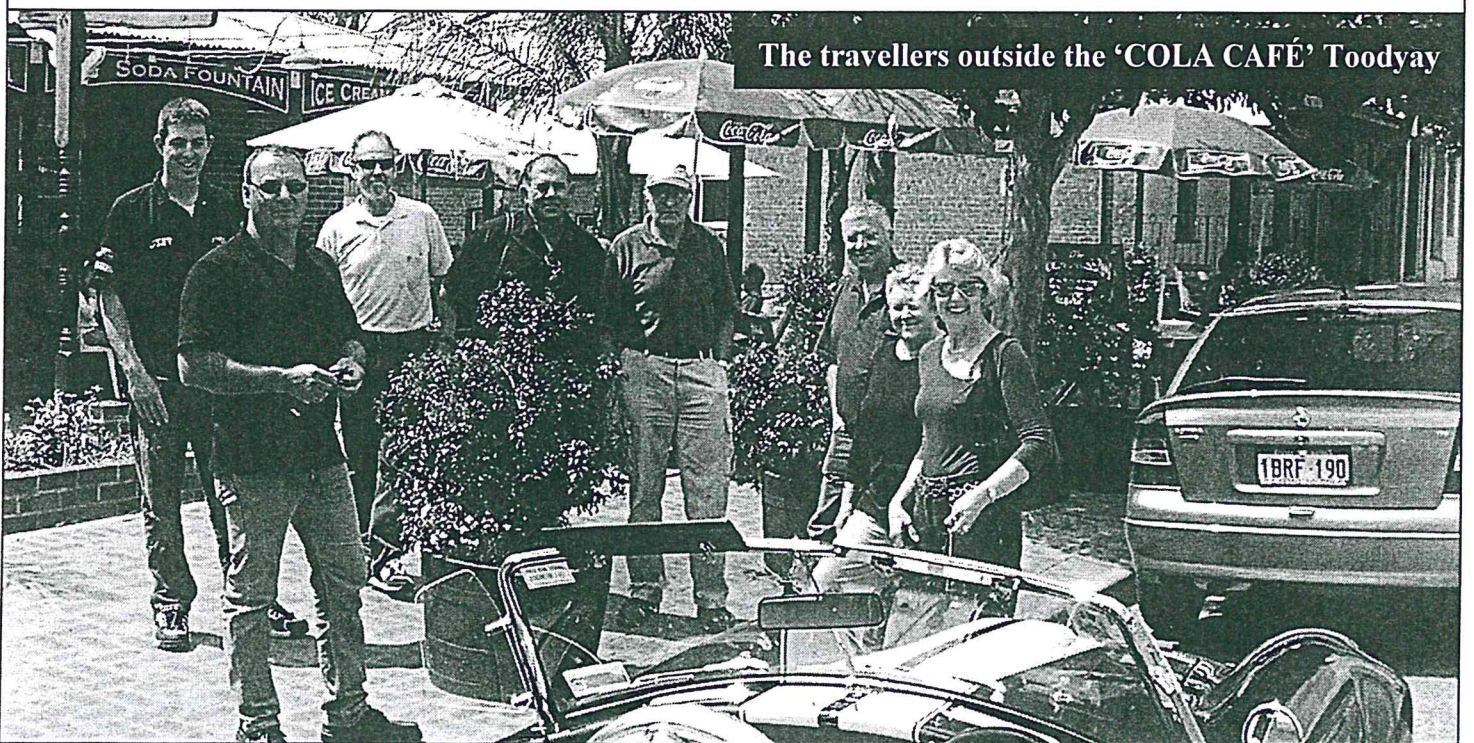
I must confess that I had never heard of Mogumber but after a lovely run up the Bindoon Moora Road we arrived at Mogumber. Obviously no one told them we were coming and nothing was open...that is to say the pub was shut. So without stopping we turned right onto Yarawindah Road. This road connects through to the Great Northern Highway and is a perfect Cobra Road...wide, windy, with a good surface and through some of the most picturesque farming country.

Then back onto Great Northern Highway and then down along the Bindoon Dewars Pool Road to Toodyay. With the wildflowers putting on a lovely display and with fields of Paterson's Curse and Canola crops in full colour we arrived at Toodyay feeling quite exhilarated after an excellent drive.

After a fuel top up we made our way to the very interesting "Cola Café" for Lunch and a debrief. After lunch Sue and I headed off to the Toodyay Races while others took in the ambiance of Toodyay before heading back to the big smoke.

The weather was kind to us and it was another excellent run. Thanks to Ron McNally for the excellent organisation and all those who took part.

Story and photos by.....Robert Payne.



The travellers outside the 'COLA CAFÉ' Toodyay

“COLEEN’S NEW LAWNMOWER”

From page 15

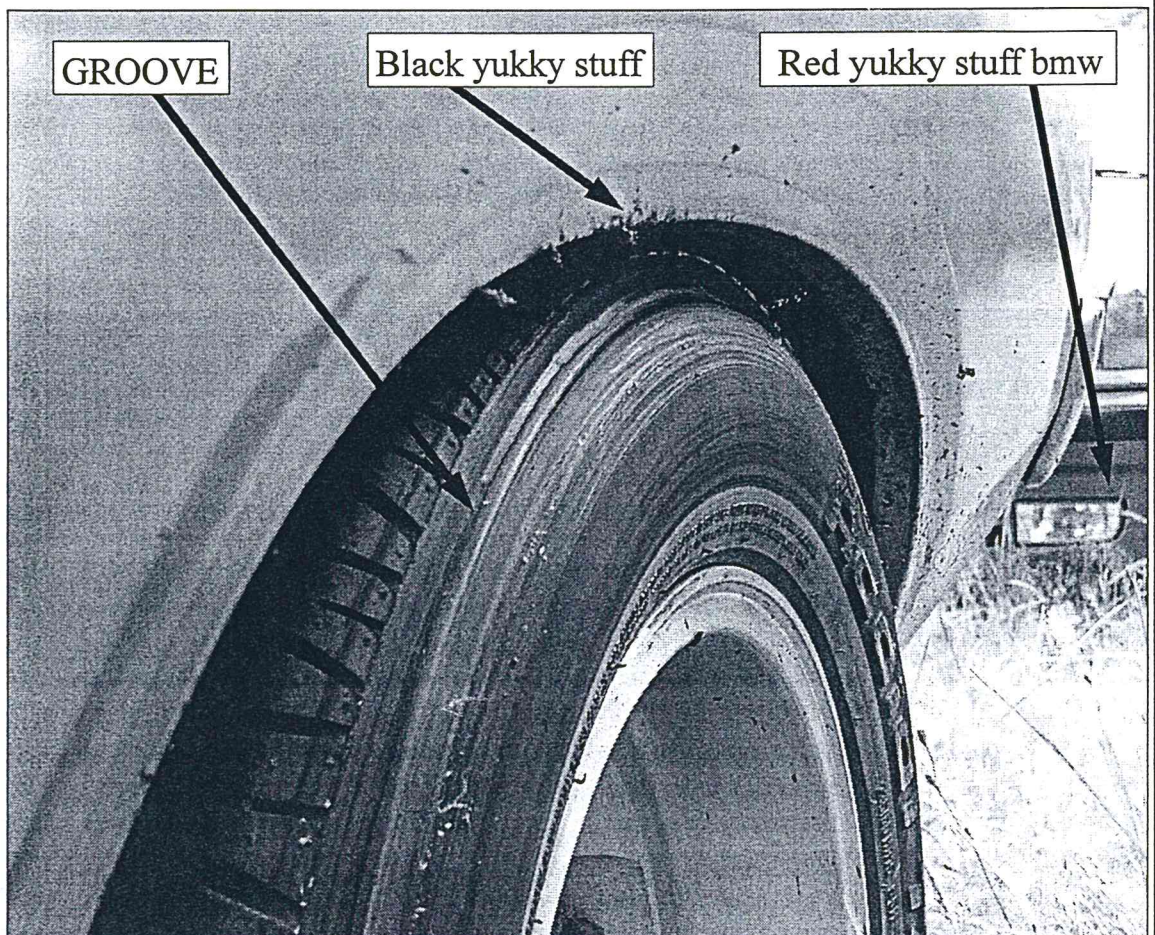
My neighbour still thinks I’m a pig, there is just no pleasing some people.



Murray Neindorf’s grooved tyre from his Valiant Charger on the Toodyay run.

After a close look at Murray’s tyre I think we were lucky not to have a major accident that day. The groove in the sidewall was so deep that it would not have taken much more before it blew and caused a terrible crash. We were on the Chittering scenic road heading to Bindoon, when Rob Payne noticed a

lot of smoke coming from the rear of the Charger and tried to attract Murray’s attention by flashing his lights, but it took Murray a long time and many kilometres before he pulled over to find out what was wrong with the couple in the BMW and upon inspection found a groove about 10mm deep in the rear left hand rubber with many scrapings of rubber all down the sidewall, showing that the body was travelling around 150mm up and down on the old twisting bumpy road at high speed.



Editor. HMc.

NOT A PRETTY PICTURE

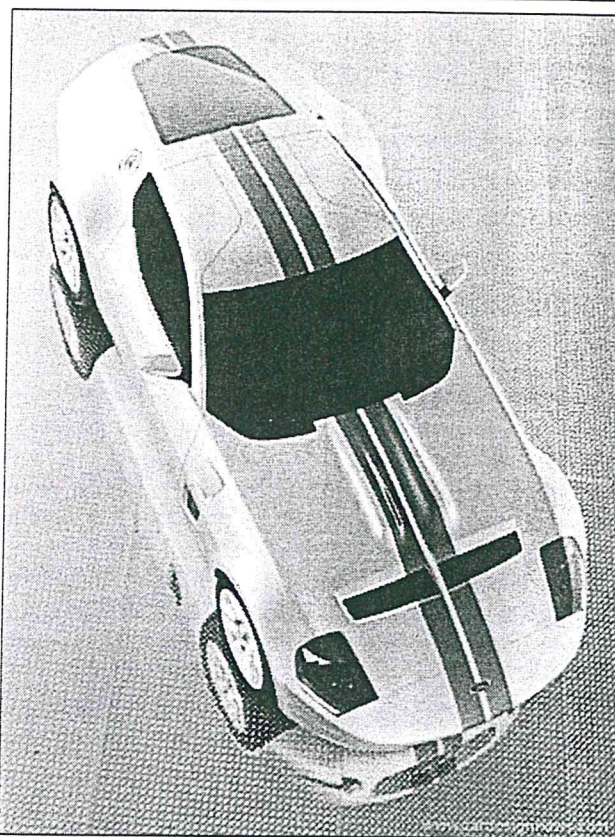
Information and pictures from the internet

Ford Shelby GR-1 - Preliminary Specifications

(Measurements in inches, unless otherwise noted)

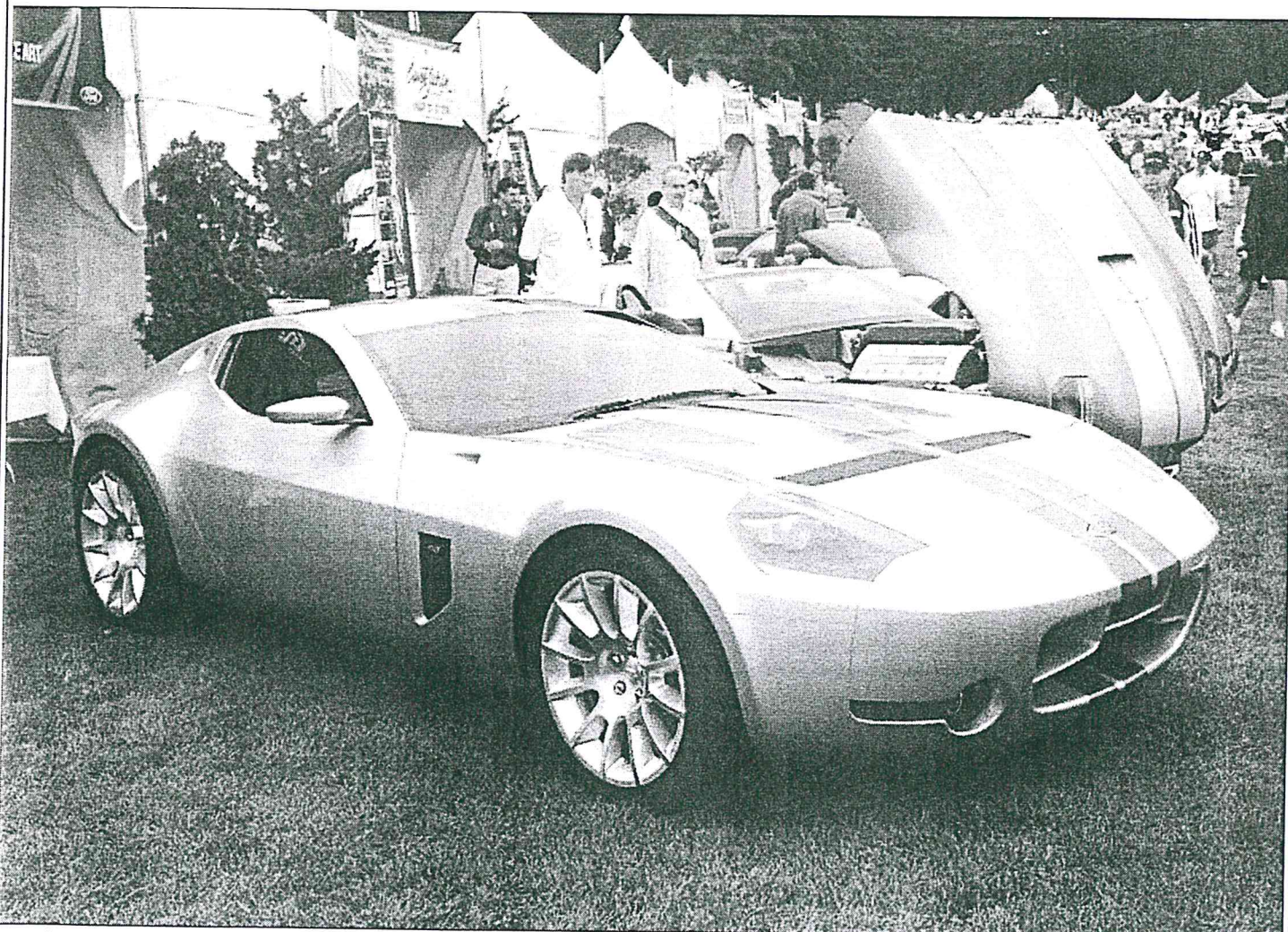
Length 173.7 (4413mm)
Width 74.6 (1834mm)
Height 46.0 (1168mm)
Wheelbase 100 (2540mm)
Track Front 63.0 (1598mm) Track Rear 61.3 (1558mm)
Front Overhang 35.6 (903mm)
Rear Overhang 38.2 (970mm) Min. Ground Clearance
5.9" (150mm)
Curb Weight 3900 lbs est.
Tire Size 275/40/R19 front 345/35/R19 rear

Engine Ford 6.4L V10
Max RPM 7500RPM
Horsepower 605 @ 6750RPM
Torque 501lb/ft @ 5550RPM
Transmission 6-speed transaxle with LSD
Final Drive Ratio 3.36:1



It still looks like the Daytona from the top

(August 12, 2004)



The FORD SHELBY GR 1 on display with the new COBRA in the background.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"(I don't)

One day, a seamstress was sewing while sitting close to a river when her thimble fell into the river. When she cried out, the Lord appeared and asked, "Why are you crying?" The seamstress replied that her thimble had fallen into the water, and she needed the thimble to make her living. The Lord went down into the water and reappeared with a golden thimble. "Is this your thimble?" the Lord asked. The seamstress replied, "No." The Lord again went down and came up with a wooden thimble. "Is this your thimble?" the Lord asked. Again, the seamstress replied, "No." The Lord went down again and came up with a silver thimble. "Is this your thimble?" the Lord asked. The seamstress replied, "Yes." The Lord was pleased with the woman's honesty and gave her all three thimbles to keep, and the seamstress went home happy. Some time later, the seamstress was walking with her husband along the riverbank, and her husband fell into the river. When she cried out, the Lord again appeared and asked her, "Why are you crying?" Oh, Lord, my husband has fallen into the water!" The Lord went down into the water and came up with Mel Gibson. "Is this your husband?" the Lord asked. Yes!" cried the seamstress. The Lord was furious. "You lied! That is an untruth!" The seamstress replied, "Oh, forgive me, my Lord. It is a misunderstanding. You see, if I had said 'no' to Mel Gibson, you would have come up with Tom Cruise. Then if I said 'no' to him, you would have come up with my husband. Had I then said 'yes,' you would have given me all three. Lord, I am a poor woman and am not able to take care of all three husbands, so that's why I said 'yes' to Mel Gibson." The moral of this story is: Whenever a woman lies, it is for a good and honourable reason, and for the benefit of others.

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