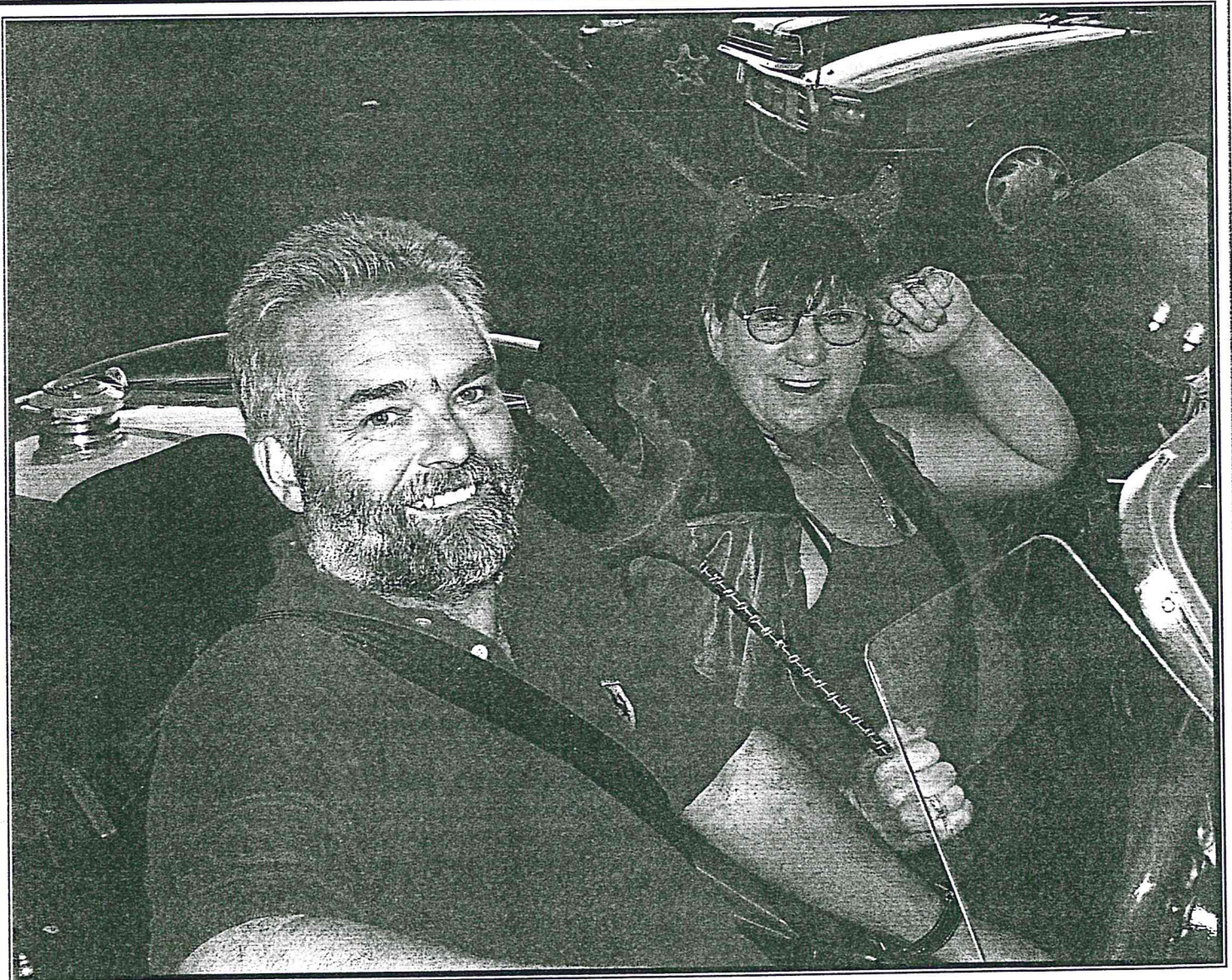


# SNAKESKIN

**Cobra Car Club of WA Newsletter**  
*2005 March Edition.* *Volume 10*

**JANUARY 05, at 'ALL AMERICAN'** Page 8

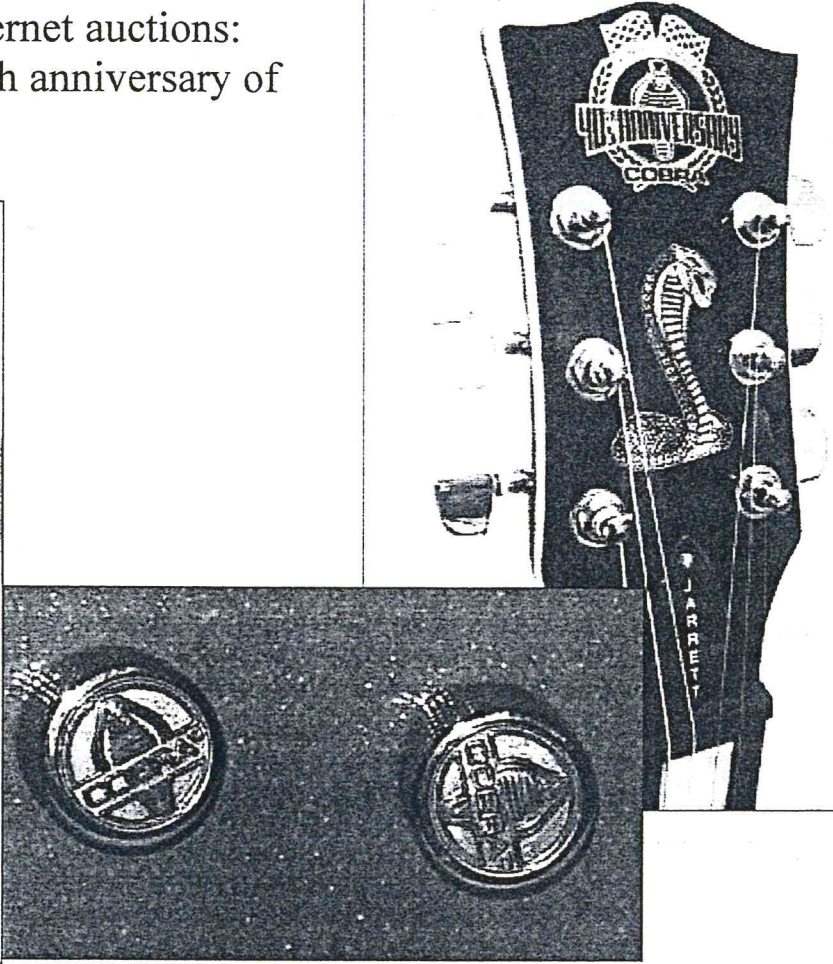
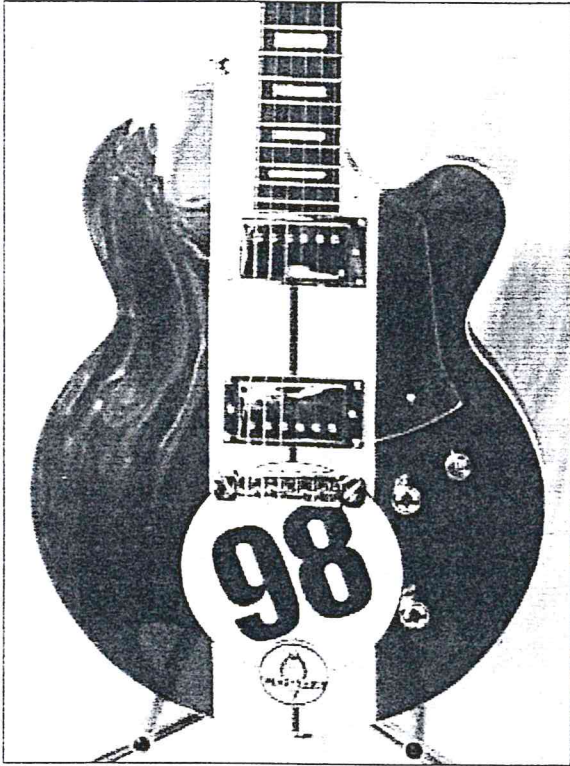
**The 2005 VALENTINES DAY CRUISE** Page 10



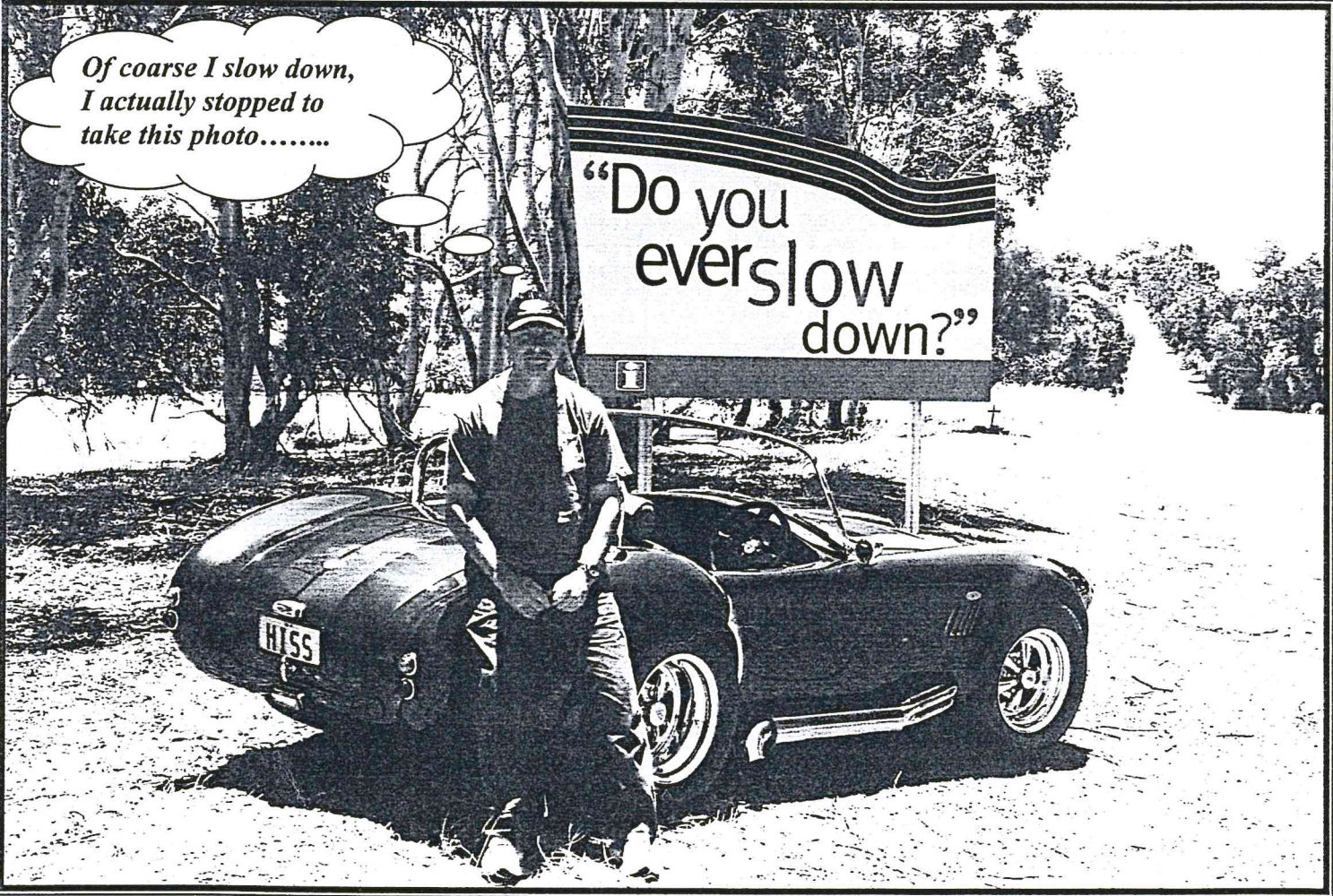
***Club President Dave Kent and Jessie (Devil) Kent at Kings Park.***



Interesting Item from Ebay internet auctions:  
**COBRA GUITAR** for the 40th anniversary of  
the Cobra.



*Cobra Club Member Dave Tadic and his Cobra at his new posting in Kalgoorlie*





## *Observatory Cruise*

*The meeting place was Deep Water Point in Mt Pleasant—a beautiful spot by the river with a very nice lawned park.*

*There were 8 cobras and a new member Colin and his Dad in a sedan ready for the cruise along the south-side of the Swan River, attending were: Ron & Nola McNally, Wayne & Duska Flanagan, Murray Neindorf and Mike Warren, Brian Plank and Harry McClymans, Malcolm & Jenny Hawke, Jessie Kent and friend, Dick Hogen-Esch and daughter, Rob & Maureen Keene and we were going to meet Simon Clemens and Brooke at Bickley.*

*Just after 6pm we headed west along the river taking in all the mansions facing the river, areas like Attadale, Applecross, Bicton and the like. I saw Nola pointing at a lot of these houses as we went—I think she was showing us some of Ron's property investment portfolio!!*

*The run along the river was very pretty—only concern was driving directly into the setting sun making it difficult to see anything, let alone the car in front—at one stage near Fremantle, a female driver in a little sedan waiting to turn right onto the road we were on, thought she had seen enough Cobras and shot right out in front of Brian's Cobra—Brian was busy looking at the other side of the river and it was only the fact that I screamed like a big girl that brought his attention back to his driving and his foot to the brakes to avoid hitting the silly .....!! We finished that section of the cruise at Captain Munchies where we met up with Ron & Connie Meechin who will continue this Observatory saga for you—take it away Ron ....*

**As I was late arriving to the observatory cruise (I met up with everyone at Captain Munchies).**

**The day had been quite hot but arriving at Captain Munchies the Fremantle Doctor soon took care of the heat and humidity. We knew it was going to be a great evening cruise with a jovial mood sweeping everyone and the temperature mild but warm.**

**The increased number of ladies on this cruise put those male members who did not attend to shame; I was pleased with myself, with my better half coming with me (Connie) who had a good time.**

**After ¾ of an hour lining up trying to get our orders of sticky, oily and strange burgers, Ron McNally said, "It was time to go and everyone jumped into the cars eager to get into the hills."**

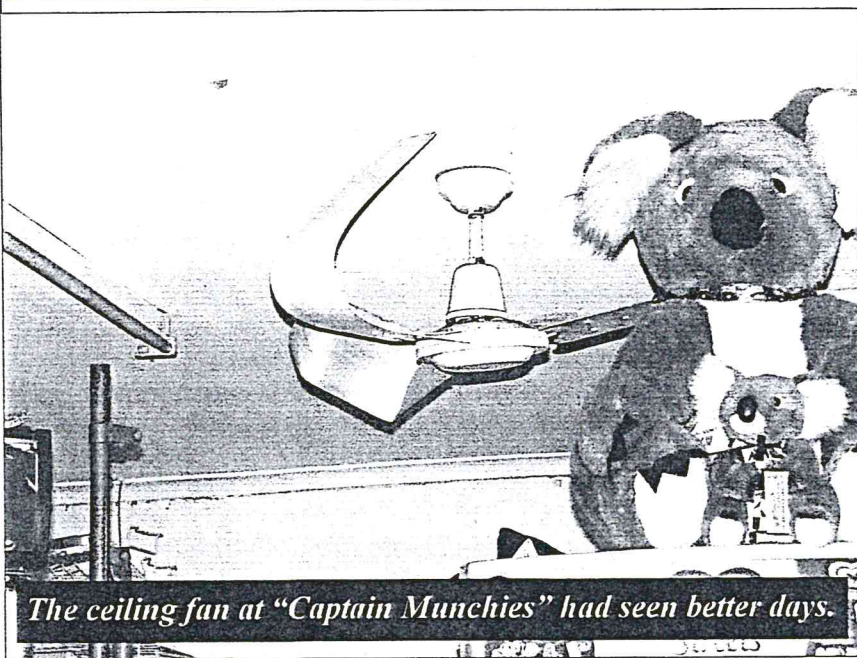
**The Fremantle traffic lights were not kind as several members (hi Dick) were left behind and trying to catch up took the wrong turn. That really was not too bad as the locals must have been glad to see as they kept waving their finger(s) up at us. Not sure if it was the exhaust fumes with their lunch, the noise to their ears or just their jealousy???**

**Anyway, we stopped just before the Fremantle traffic bridge while Ron McNally telephoned the stragglers, who caught up with us very quickly...**

**We started the cruise along West Coast Highway but when we were nearly at Scarborough Rob Keene experienced problems with his silver beast. Ron McNally telephoned him (must be Telecom's best client by now Ron) and found Rob had to quit and head home.**

**We decided to head straight for the hills rather than continue the cruise via the West Coast highway in case we were late. When we got halfway through the Polly pipe, one particular member, who is nameless (good one Brian) kept revving his engine where several passengers put their ear plugs in and wished to see the light at the end of the tunnel. They are really not like that all the time Connie, honestly...**

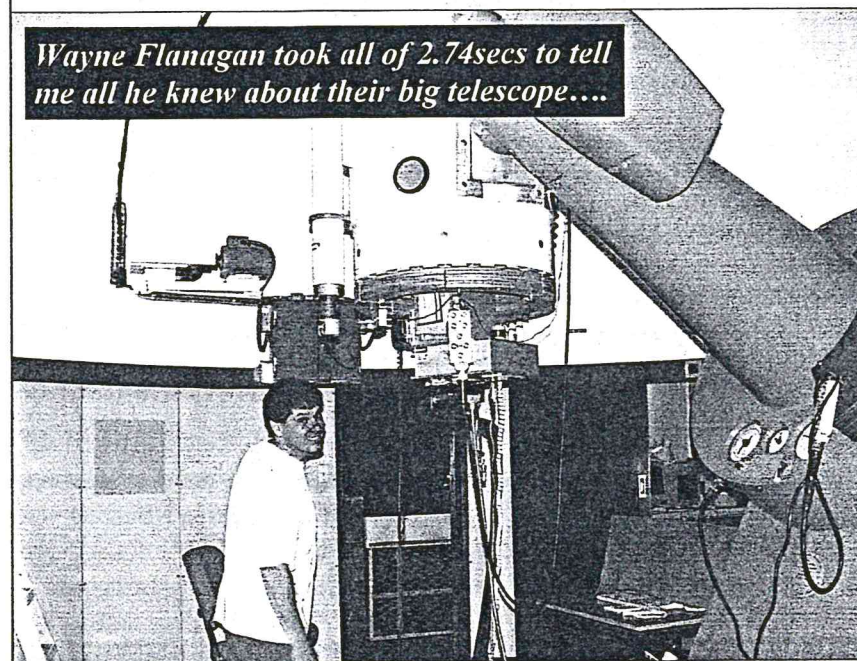




*The ceiling fan at "Captain Munchies" had seen better days.*



*The line up for the evening meal*



*Wayne Flanagan took all of 2.74secs to tell me all he knew about their big telescope....*

The cruise to the hills was a breeze and we nearly all arrived in one convoy, but one member indicated something was wrong to Wayne who immediately stopped to offer assistance. I couldn't wait for a "comfort stop" so all the traffic witnessed a 15 metre dash from a Cobra.

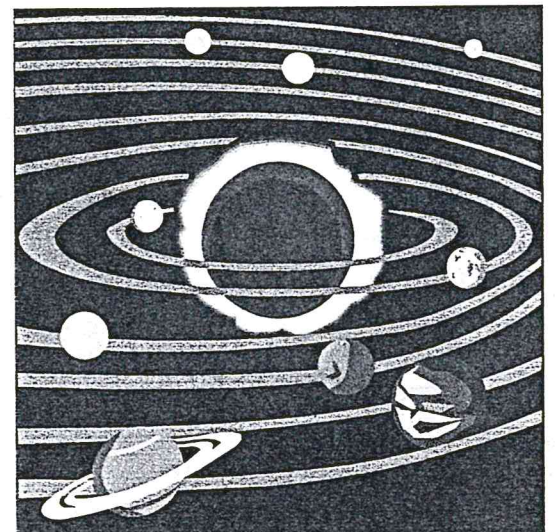
The Observatory staff encouraged us with great and detailed stories of the universe that tried to capture the soul. I think it was called passionate. The evening was terrific with no clouds (until later) and little light from the city to interfere with our twilight gazing trying to unravel the mysteries of the universe.

Observing the stars through the various telescopes was very interesting with Jupiter and its moons seemingly clear as the moon. In fact, we heard that you could even see Murray's jewels!

The evening was a great success with everyone gazing through telescopes 6 or more times until at 11.30 we left dodging kangaroos

A great thank you Ron McNally for arranging what was an enjoyable cruise in terms of great weather, exceptional company and stretching the mind, trying to find the bloke shooting arrows, I think.

Ron Meechin





Since the world situation is making us all think about how governments, religions and business effect us, this simplified explanation might help us under stand better.  
THE "TWO-COW EXPLANATION" OF WHAT MAKES...

**A CHRISTIAN:**

*You have two cows. You keep one and give one to your neighbour.*

**A SOCIALIST:**

*You have two cows. The government takes one and gives it to your neighbour.*

**A REPUBLICAN:**

*You have two cows. Your neighbour has none. So what?*

**A DEMOCRAT:**

*You have two cows. Your neighbour has none. You feel guilty for being successful. You vote people into office who tax your cows, forcing you to sell one to raise money to pay the tax. The people you voted for then take the tax money and buy a cow and give it to your neighbour. You feel righteous.*

**A COMMUNIST:**

*You have two cows. The government seizes both and provides you with milk.*

**A FASCIST:**

*You have two cows. The government seizes both and sells you the milk. You join the underground and start a campaign of sabotage.*

**DEMOCRACY, AMERICAN STYLE:**

*You have two cows. The government taxes you to the point you have to sell both to support a man in a foreign country who has only one cow, which was a gift from your government.*

**CAPITALISM, AMERICAN STYLE:**

*You have two cows. You sell one, buy a bull, and build a herd of cows.*

**BUREAUCRACY, AMERICAN STYLE:**

*You have two cows. The government takes them both, shoots one, milks the other, pays you for the milk, then pours the milk down the drain.*

**AN AMERICAN CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows. You sell one, and force the other to produce the milk of four cows. You are surprised when the cow drops dead.*

**A FRENCH CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows. You go on strike because you want three cows.*

**A JAPANESE CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows. You redesign them so they are one-tenth the size of an ordinary cow and produce twenty times the milk.*

**A GERMAN CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows. You reengineer them so they live for 100 years, eat once a month, and milk themselves.*

**AN ITALIAN CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows but you don't know where they are. You break for lunch.*

**A RUSSIAN CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows. You count them and learn you have five cows. You count them again and learn you have 42 cows. You count them again and learn you have 12 cows. You stop counting cows and open another bottle of vodka.*

**A MEXICAN CORPORATION:**

*You think you have two cows, but you don't know what a cow looks like. You take a nap.*

**A SWISS CORPORATION:**

*You have 5000 cows, none of which belongs to you. You charge for storing them for others.*

**A BRAZILIAN CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows. You enter into a partnership with an American corporation. Soon you have 1000 cows and the American corporation declares bankruptcy.*

**AN INDIAN CORPORATION:**

*You have two cows. You worship them.*



*"How long is a piece of string? and How long is a marriage?"*

*"We won't know the answers until we reach the end of both."*

As a young man around the age of 19 knocking about with a bunch of "Rockers" (hoons in today's language) there was plenty of opportunity to study my mates and their girlfriends, there was ample to study because there were around 30 of us and we were the "Nollamara Boys".

Getting girlfriends seemed to be foremost on everyone's mind and I was no exception. The difference became apparent that, I wanted a girlfriend for a date and hopefully sex if I was lucky and yes, I was lucky very often—they were the days before the sexual revolution, when most girls only did it if they were in love, going steady or were engaged to get married.

I noticed with most of the "Boys" when they got a girlfriend, she became a possession of theirs and they protected her jealously from all the other mates. No sooner were they boyfriend and girlfriend, they were making plans for marriage—it seemed to be a desperate plan to get married as soon as you could in case you missed out and ended up lonely in your old age. After a while I began to notice this was a pattern with nearly all of them, they found it very difficult to chat up a girl for a date and if you got a date and she was a "Nice Girl" you wouldn't try to get sex—but if she wasn't the nice girl type (and our mothers told us about them!!) you'd go for it! For some reason they could not go up to a girl they didn't know and start talking to them—this was never a problem for me, I would be in there like "Flynn" chatting up a date.

It wasn't long before my mates started getting married—some because they wanted to and of course those that had to.

By now we are in our early 20's, most of them married with children and constantly arguing and according to my mates—I was the most hated male amongst all the wives—because I was still single, still partying and still lucky with girlfriends. As I looked at their relationships I began to believe this is what marriage was all about and it wasn't a pretty site—I thought I would end up single so I lived life to the fullest—down the pub every night and at night clubs at least 3-4 nights a week. Slowly after a period of time a lot of the mates wanted to join me at the pub or go to a night club at least one night a week—this only caused them immense grief on the home front and separations and divorces started to happen—of course I was the one to blame—I was hated even more. I had nothing to do with their separations, but the wives and even some of



*Coleen and Harry McClymans — 3rd March 1973*

the mates, needed someone or something to blame rather than look at their relationships—and I was it. The men treated their wives as possessions allowing no freedom or trust between them and the wives demanded that the husbands give up all things such as their interest in cars, going to car events and most of all their mates—who they believed to be a bad influence on their marriages.

**Cont: page 7**



By the early 70's we were heading for our mid-20's, many of the boys were separated and miserable, a few of us were still single and possibly looking for prospective partners who could be wives. We all still hung around together as a group, but we were all grown up now(!) and should have a better idea of life and life's partner's. But it wasn't the case—the mates who were separated were looking for new partners to dominate and hadn't noticed that the world around them had changed and I mean changed dramatically. We were now in the “**Sexual Revolution**” and women were burning their bra's, doing what they wanted to, many of them on the pill and having sex with whom ever they wanted—they had thrown off the shackles of their mother's and were enjoying a new found freedom..

At 24 I was still single and loving it, but I would have quiet thoughts to myself about being alone when I was old and didn't like the idea of it. I was still dating plenty of girls, but none of them struck me as a 'life time partner'.

That's the way it was— until one magic night I was introduced to a “nice girl” at a friend's party and they asked me if I would like to take her out later, I of course said yes, but I would have to behave myself because I was told she was a “Nice Girl”. I thought she as very attractive, even beautiful—she was intelligent and was also pleasing to hold a conversation with and had a body to die for—she was indeed a “Very Nice Girl”. We ended up going to a nightclub after the party and she must have been warned about me by some of the wives, because she was very nervous and yapped all night long. Around 3am I returned her home, thanked her for a lovely evening and bid her goodbye. I went home and watched Television for a while thinking, “WOW what gorgeous woman and how does one marry a woman like that—but dismissed it, as she wouldn't marry a bloke like me! I found out some months later that the next day a mutual friend of ours—one of the 'Boys' ex wives who lived over the road from my dates flat—came over to ask about her night out with “Harry”. She told her I was friendly, funny, courteous and a perfect gentleman all night and didn't even try for a kiss goodnight when I dropped her home, she even wondered why no move was made to get intimate and maybe she wasn't my sort!! - to which our mutual friend (who had known me for many years) replied “Oh, that's unusual—maybe you will end up marrying him”.

That same day the “Boys” were having a BBQ so I went round and asked her if she would like to go—she said yes (much to my delight). The afternoon was one of the most enjoyable dates I had ever experienced, she was a pure delight, she could only see the good in people—not like all the mate's ex wives and girlfriends who were very sarcastic, jumping at every opportunity to be able to put me down, even for the smallest thing. I also noticed I spent the whole afternoon with her and drank very little.

I couldn't help it—I just wanted to be with her and listen to her—I was hooked (but I thought it couldn't last because she truly was a “Nice Girl”).

Over the next few weeks I spent every minute I could with her—I had never before found such friendship—I even stopped drinking except for maybe a wine or beer when we went out together. I had hardly seen any of the “Boys” and they were all wondering what was going on—I was missing from the pubs, the clubs and the parties, but I knew I had just found a brand new best friend. Still in the back of my mind I was waiting for the bubble to burst—because I knew a “Nice Girl” like that doesn't marry a guy like me.

Well folks that was 33 years ago, we were married shortly after we met on Saturday the 3rd March 1973 and I know we will get old together because we became best friends

For many years the “Boys” used to have reunion parties around Christmas time and we would all meet for a BBQ, bringing our wives or girlfriends and children, talked about the good old days or whinge and bitch about all their ex's and the “bloody kids” - so it wasn't long before we stopped going, because we were happy with our lot and realised that very few of the “Boys” ever became best friends with their wives.

So if you ask me “How long is a piece of string?” I will say measure it with tape, however if you ask me ‘How long is a marriage?’ I will say measure it by your friendship..

To Coleen, my wife, my best friend—I love you.

**Editor**  
**Harry Mac**





DAVID BENNIE  
KEITH ENNIS

STEPHEN WARD  
RON MEECHIN

BRIAN  
RON McNALLY



# COBRA CAR CLUB

**WA  
INC**



IGAN



**PLANK                      ROB PAYNE                      MURRAY NEINDORF**  
**DAVE KENT                      DICK HOGEN-ESCH**



# -Cruising Valentines-

Saturday 12th February 5.45pm—the Merc was washed and cleaned and we were off to the rendezvous point in Kings Park for the Valentine's Day Cruise and an evening of pleasure with the Cobra Club. By the time Coleen and I got to the meeting place at the Botanic Gardens car park there were already 2 Cobras waiting—John and Tania Wheeler (a new member) and Gordon and Michelle Scott, pleasantries were exchanged and some silly comments about the bamboo growing out of the Scott Cobra console were made (it was a gazebo warming gift for the Kent's).

It wasn't long before we noticed Mr & Mrs Plank drive past the carpark and headed for the supposed designated car park, further into the Park, so to assist anyone else who was lost, I went and stood at the entrance of the car park as a guide for the rest of the comers.

After a few minutes the convoy of Cobra's from McDonalds Forrestfield arrived and joined us in the car park.

The late afternoon was very busy with parking at a premium and the local Police car driving around keeping an eye on everything. Still no sign of the Plank's Ron McNally rang them to see if they were lost. Brian said he wasn't lost and was waiting at the correct car park with (the M&M's) Murray Neindorf and Michael Warren and the police patrol had just told them where all the other Cobras were, so they promptly came around to the other correct car park.

Once we were all together in the same car park, Ron McNally gave us the rundown on the cruise and the final destination which was to be a BBQ at the home of Dave and Jessie Kent in Armadale.

There was no theme to the Valentine's Day Cruise, but a lot of members did wear red for the run. The exception was Jessie Kent who was a dead ringer for Elizabeth Hurley in the film "Bedazzled" wearing red horns, red bow tie and pointed tail along with a red and black cape and her bright red trident—not to mention Jessie's high heels, black stockings and short black skirt—there are some 10x8 colour glossies for sale from the editor for a small fee!! Well done Jessie.

The cruise started with Ron and Nola McNally leading the way. First we headed west, then after a while we were heading south, then east, then north and then west again and south again and we passed the other correct car park then turned west once more then south again and that was just to get out of Kings Park—"me thinks that was nice cruise just on its own!!"

*The Kings Park Starters*





# VALENTINES CRUISE for the ROMANTICS

Our cruise led us down to Nedlands and we followed the river. We snaked our way through Dalkelth, Peppermint Grove and Mosman Park passing some of Australia's finest real estate in those leafy suburbs. The 9 Cobras attracted much attention as they cruised passed many people enjoying picnics and BBQ's on the river foreshore on such a beautiful evening just before sunset.

We were then onto Stirling Hwy and down to Captain Munchies car park in Fremantle for a head count and change of leader—being Dave and Jessie Kent to lead us through Fremantle and on to Armadale. Personally, I felt there was no need for such comments as “Oh Harry are you going over to get a burger or something to tied you over till we get to the BBQ?” or “Hey! look Harry Captain Munchies is open” - it made me feel sad and in need of a new group of friends—a group who like food and not this bunch of skinny misfits that must only eat lentils and tofu—I believe there is a need for fast food and take-aways in this society to make up for all the modern women who either don't know how to cook or don't want to— so there!!! And by the way—I did survive till the BBQ—but only just!

Dave and Jessie led us through the very busy cappuccino strip in Fremantle, it was reminiscent of the “America Cup” with so many people out enjoying the evening on the sidewalks café's, then it was a simple run up South Street and Ranford Road to the Kent's.

Much work had been done at Dave and Jessie's backyard—the new outdoor area with a slightly raised cabana was about 6mx8m with a metal roof, steel frame and columns, complete with bamboo bar, fridge and freezer, spa, ample lounge chairs and tables on a timber reeded deck floor, accessed over a small bridge that cross the purpose build moat pond that run around three sides of the cabana—this had all the trimmings of a designer pond with fountains, plants, fish and one pretend crocodile—

bordered with limestone pavers to give the finishing touch. The complete building and surrounds were adorned with Bali statues, umbrellas, overhead ceiling fans, fairy lights and much, much more to create a magnificent ambience to the Valentine evening.

Dave fired up the BBQ as the rest of us settled in with a drink from the bar, discussing the cruise and the new look backyard. It didn't take long before the food was ready and we made

our way to the tables to help ourselves to the meat and an array of delightful salads and side dishes, then to the tables and chairs set up in the back yard elegantly dressed with table cloths, candles and candelabra's which just added to the evenings romantic setting. The meal was followed by dessert—Pavlova with strawberries and cream and a Pineapple cheesecake—I sampled both and they were deliciously exquisite—my compliments to the chefs.

Later on in the night all the Beau's were gathered in the garage and presented with chocolates and a rose from Sue Payne for the men to give to their loved ones, so for a little while, there were lots of grovelling men on their knees (as commanded by Sue Payne) bestowing gifts of chocolate and roses to the ladies—this was followed by lots of hugging and kissing from the ladies who were obviously pleased by the grovelling and gifts and display of love from the men—from the photographer's point of view looking to take pictures, the whole scene I thought was best not filmed at all.

Cont: page 12



*Brian and Sue Plank enjoying Valentines Day*

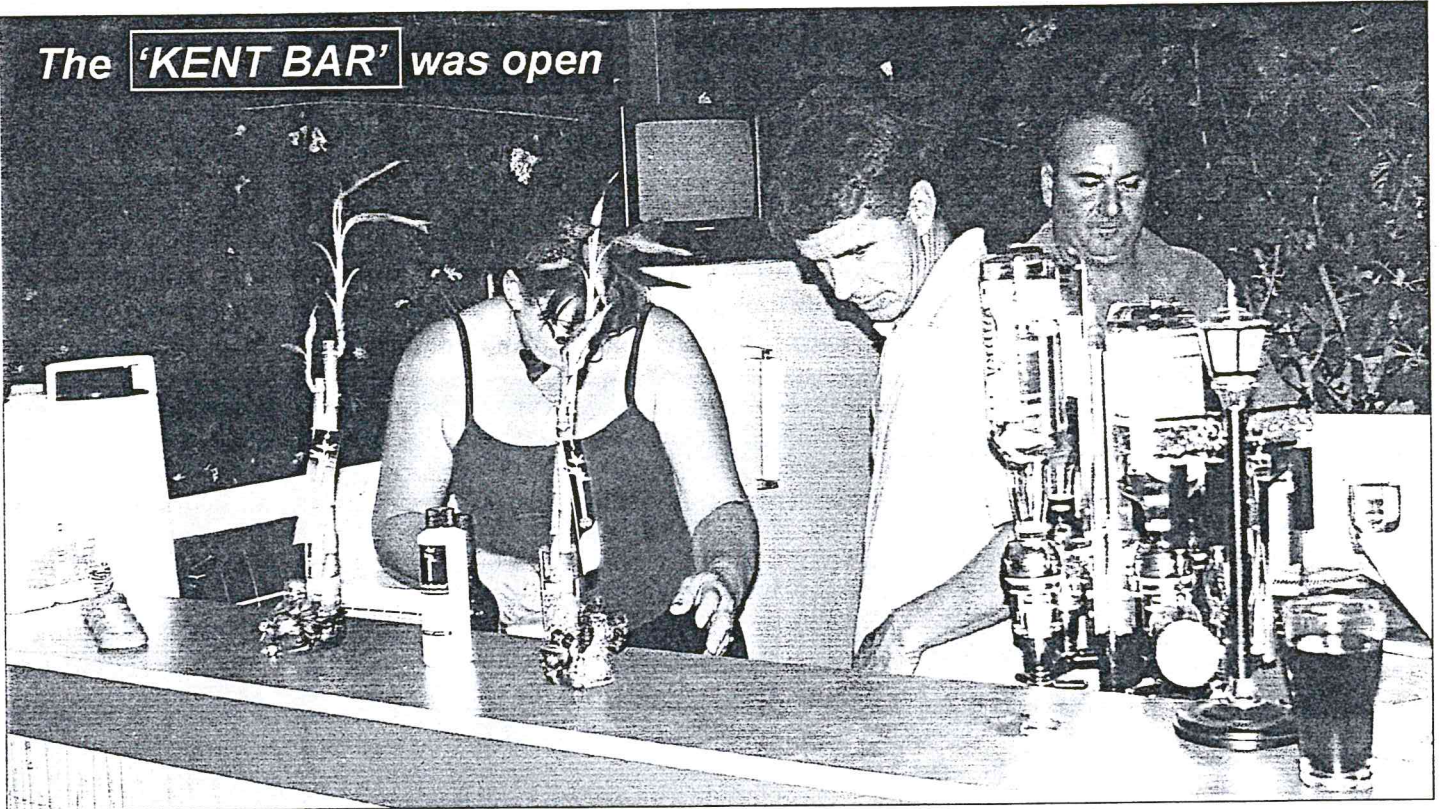


As the evening drew closer to 11pm, we started to make our way home—it was a cruise and a night to remember—with much laughter and fun in a very pleasant atmosphere, enjoyed with good friends and humorous company. Thanks to Ron for organising the cruise, thanks to Sue Payne for again organising the roses and chocolates and a rousing cheer and thanks with a big well done to Dave and Jessie Kent for such a wonderful Valentines evening.

Those attending the run: Ron & Nola McNally, Dave & Jessie Kent, Brian & Sue Plank, Robert & Suzanne Payne, Gordon & Michelle Scott, Dick & Leonie Hogen-Esch, John & Tania Wheeler, Dave Bennie & Robin, Murray Neindorf & Michael Warren, Brad & Monica Tomlinson and Harry & Coleen McClymans

**Editor Harry Mac.**

**The 'KENT BAR' was open**



**One of the backyard tables with candelabra and guests**





## Auto One's Classic Car Show - "Saved by a Phew!!!"

This year for the Classic Car Show I was just another visitor with a camera. The day before I did some ringing around to find out the possible numbers of Cobras that would be on show and the count was unknown and disappointing, never-the-less, I would go out and visit those that were there for the day and say "hello" and take some photos.

As I walked across Whiteman's Park at around 2pm Sunday looking for the Cobra section and wondering how many Cobras made it for the display—would it be 4 or 5 or even maybe only 1 or 2—thinking of how embarrassing for the club if we only had 1 or 2 cars on show and would we be invited back next year(?)

Finally in the distance through the cars and trees—I could see the Kent Bus with the "Cobra Club" banner on the side and spied 3 Cobras, thinking—"well, it's a start". As I drew closer more Cobras came into sight and I began to feel very happy—8 Cobras in total "Phew!!" we were saved once again by a few members who had made the effort.

It was mentioned at a club meeting recently to join our Show-n-Shine event with the Classic Car Show—to hopefully have more cars on display—it is an idea with a lot going for it. There are many car clubs that have their main show day at Whiteman Park and the people that come to the show are more interested in cars than the bike riders and picnickers at Burswood. The members who have their cars on show also have a day's entertainment—looking around at other cars on display. We could have the judging early and the trophies on the winners cars for the rest of the day (perhaps past winners could display their trophies with their cars also).

After ringing around on Saturday and finding a lack of numbers coming I had no interest in setting up a display of sorts to make the day more interesting for members and visitors to the show. So where do we go from here?? I think we should join the shows into one event to encourage more participation by members.

Maybe, along with the trophy we could offer prizes or reasonable cash amounts for the winners, (instead of just a trophy), the Club can afford it or it could come from sponsors—maybe large trophies—I noticed many large trophies on display at many of the clubs on show. The trophies we have are indeed nice but perhaps its time to have trophies that stand out and say "Hey! Look at me!" My Clubman of the Year trophy is much larger than any of the winners trophies - perhaps we need to introduce large car show type trophies and decent cash prizes to have more members actively participate.

If we start planning our next show early, by the time it get here it should be a "beauty". You don't have to be there all day either you can drop your car off and pick it up at the end of the day or, you could leave it overnight as there are members who camp overnight —so it will be safe.

I am sure all this and more will be discussed over the coming meetings.

Harry Mac..... Editor



**Brian Plank in his other dream car, the Dodge Viper RT/10 at ALL AMERICAN in January, it was a pity that he wasn't allowed to start it up.**



# 2005 CLASSIC CAR SHOW



Dave Tadic's and Malcolm Hawke's Cobras in the sunshine at Whiteman Park.



The other entries at the CLASSIC CAR SHOW, Dave Bennie, Murray Neindorf, Brian Plank, Dick Hogen-Esch, Jessie Kent and Rob Keene— also the “Kent busmobile”

*Can you keep a secret?, good— because I don't want anyone else to know this. Sssshhhh!!! I heard a rumour that there is a bloke in Leeming who has Cobra made out of aluminium and I'm not going to mention any names, but I believe his car started in gear and attacked the brick wall in his garage making a big dent to his Cobra.....OUCH!!!! That's like swerving to miss a sheep. Now if anybody asks you didn't hear it from me, OK!*

Harry Mac



## **A.A.A.D.D.**

Sound familiar to anyone?? I can raise my hand...

" I went to the Doctor the other day and I have been diagnosed with A.A.A.D.D.-

**Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder.** This is how it manifests:

Yesterday I needed to wash my ute because it was looking a bit scruffy, so as I started toward the garage, I noticed that there was mail on the hall table. I decided to go through the mail before washing the car. I put my car keys down on the table, put the junk mail in the rubbish bin under the table, and notice that the rubbish bin was full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the rubbish first. But then I said to myself, since I'm going to be near the letterbox when I take out the rubbish anyway, I might as well check if there is any more mail first and then pay all the bills when I come back inside.

I took my cheque book off the table, and saw that there was only one cheque left. My extra cheque book was in the desk in my office, so I went to the desk where I found a bottle of coke that I had been drinking earlier while I was on the computer preparing the next edition of the "Snakeskin". I was about to look for my cheques, but first I needed to push the coke aside so that I didn't accidentally knock it over. I noticed that the coke was getting warm, so I decided that I should put it back in the fridge to keep it cold.

As I headed towards the kitchen with the coke, a vase of flowers on the counter caught my eye - they needed to be watered. As I put the coke down on the counter, I notice my reading glasses which I had been searching for all morning. I decided I had better take them back to my desk, but first I must water the flowers. I put the glasses back down on the counter, filled a plastic jug with water when suddenly I spotted the TV remote. Someone had left it on the kitchen table.

I realise that tonight, when we go to watch TV, we will be looking for the remote, but nobody would remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decided to take it back to the family room where it belongs, but first I must water the flowers. I splashed some water on the flowers, but most of it spilt on the floor. So, I put the remote back down on the table and got some paper towels to wipe up the spill. Then I headed down the hall trying to remember why I was going that way and what I was planning to do.

By the end of the day; the car wasn't washed. The bills weren't paid, there is a warm bottle of coke sitting on the counter. The flowers still aren't watered, there is still only one cheque in my cheque book. I can't find the remote, I can't find my glasses, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys. I tried to figure out why nothing got done yesterday. I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day long and now I'm really tired. I realise this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I think I will wash the ute."

**Harry Mac.....Editor.**



## “How a man can make a woman Happy” .....( *It is not difficult.* )

To make a woman happy a man only needs to be : a friend, a companion, a lover, a brother, a father, a master, a chef.

An electrician, a carpenter, a plumber, a mechanic, a decorator, a stylist, a sexologist, a gynaecologist, a psychologist, a pest exterminator.

A psychiatrist, a healer, a good listener, an organiser, a good father, very clean, sympathetic, , athletic, warm, attentive, gallant, intelligent.

Funny, creative, tender, strong, understanding, tolerant, prudent, ambitious, capable, courageous determined, true, dependable, passionate.

### ***WITHOUT FORGETTING TO:***

Give her compliments regularly, love shopping, be honest - and know when to tell fibs when appropriate, be very rich, not to stress her out, not look at other girls.

### ***AND AT THE SAME TIME, YOU MUST ALSO:***

Give her lots of attention, but expect little yourself, give her lots of time, especially time for herself, give her lots of space, never worrying about where she goes.

### ***IT IS VERY IMPORTANT:***

Never to forget: \* birthdays, \* anniversaries, \* arrangements she makes.

### ***“HOW A WOMAN CAN MAKE A MAN HAPPY :”***

Show up with a carton of beer — Naked.

## CLUB CONTACTS

<b>President:</b>	<b>Dave Kent</b>	<b>9497 9479</b>
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<b>Secretary:</b>	<b>Rob Payne</b>	<b>9332 7278</b>
<b>Treasurer:</b>	<b>Dick Hogen-Esch</b>	<b>9581 2111</b>
<b>Club Captain:</b>	<b>Ron McNally</b>	<b>9582 1177</b>
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