

# SNAKESKIN

Cobra Car Club of WA Newsletter

2005 May Edition.

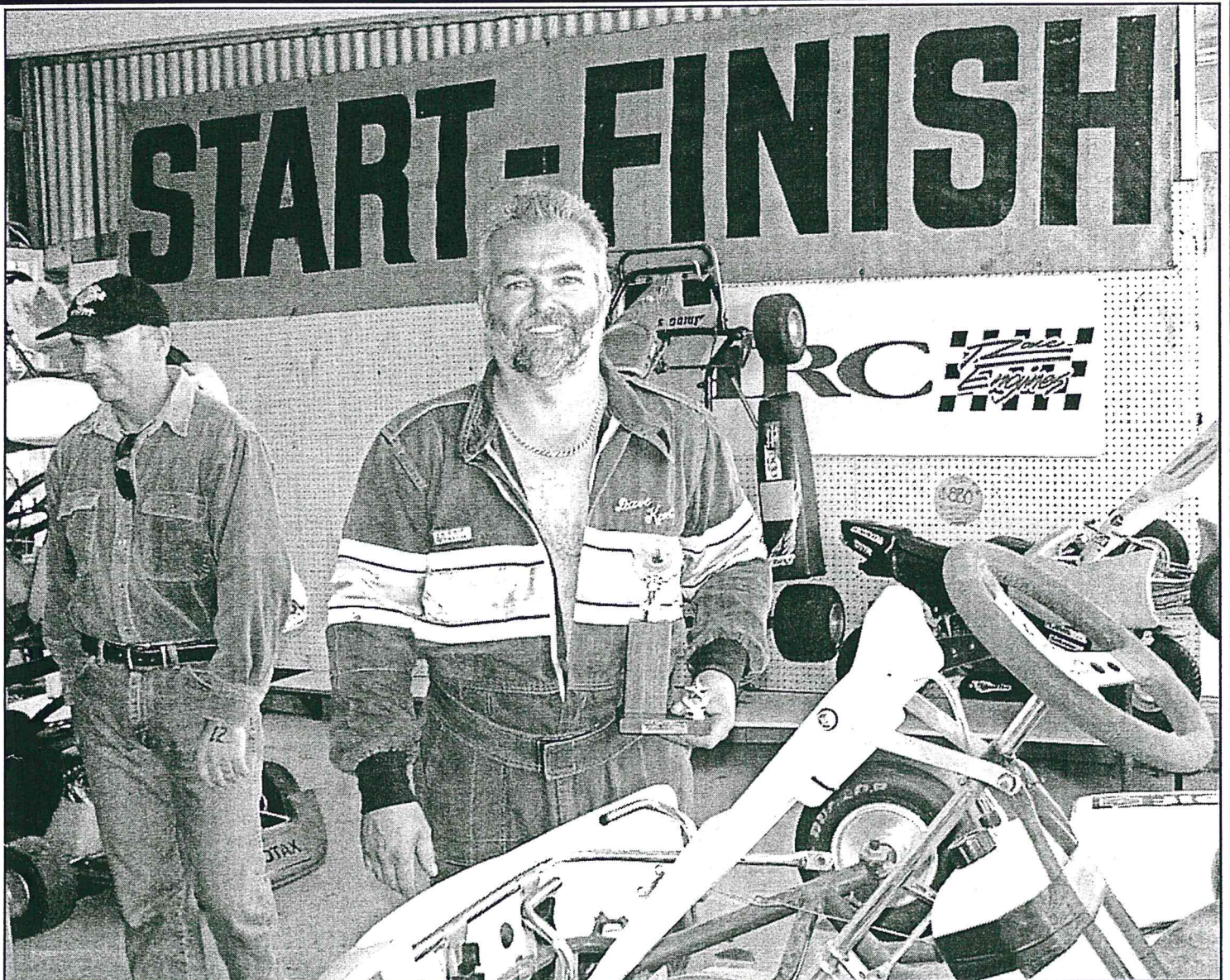
Volume 11

**WANDERING WINE TASTING**

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**DAVE KENT — President and Go kart Champion**

# KIDS & KARS

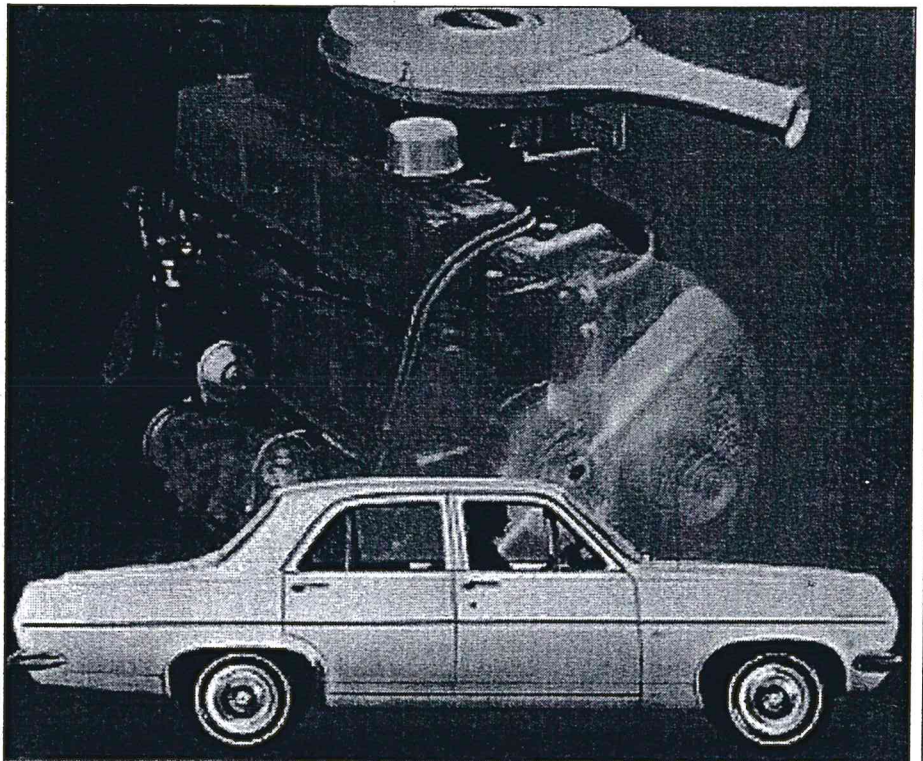
Do you remember way back when you were about to get your first car? I certainly do and with mixed memories.

At 17 I sat for my drivers licence and got it—on the first go—I remember feeling so grown up, although in those days you had to be 21 to be a grown-up. It was now time to cast off my childhood, stop riding my pushbike everywhere and get a car—my first car. Ideally I would have loved a little red MG Sports car—because you could always get girlfriends with a sports car and everybody would look at you as you drove past and I would look like a film star—in my red sports car and I could drag off all the other kids from the neighbourhood who only had FJ Holden's or old Austin's and Zephyr's.

1964 and being a seventeen year old with a driver's licence and still riding my pushbike everywhere—just wasn't cool!! All the mates would ask me when was I going to get a car and all I could say was "Soon". My pay packet at the end of the week only gave me five pounds and ten shillings, of this I had to pay three pounds and ten shillings for my board to my foster mother, that left me with two pounds. She made me pay ten shillings per week off a clothing account at a local store, so she didn't have to make or pay for my clothes anymore. Now that I was 17 and with a job, I had to look after myself. Out of that two pounds I also had to pay off my bike at ten shillings a week and had to bank ten shillings per week for my future???? This left me with the princely sum of ten shillings a week to spend on whatever I wanted—which, believe me was bugger all—so my dreams of a red sports car and looking like a film star seemed far, far away!

Most of my mates had better paying jobs and more helpful parents, so when it was their time to get a car, someone always knew someone else who had an old car in their garage—because they had just bought a new car and trade-ins weren't the go in those days, so there were many old cars around and for about fifty quid you could get a car. It wasn't long before many of the mates had cars and we could all go driving around on Friday nights, doing laps around Perth city—up Murray Street and down Hay Street, they were the days before the silly malls were created and we would do many laps just looking at everyone going to the pictures, dances or whatever. We had never before seen so many pretty girls all dressed up and going out.

We weren't the only ones doing laps, the streets were lined with young blokes in cars driving around on Friday and Saturday nights enjoying the lights and sites of the big city at night. On occasion a mate would let me drive his car and I could do laps as well. I would lean hard up against the door, with my skinny 17 year old arm resting on the window sill and my black shirt sleeve was rolled up and I mean rolled way up! And, yes, I felt very grown up and almost like a film star—even though I was only driving a Vauxhall.....  
Continued on page 3.



## New power so smooth and quiet you'll wonder where the miles went!

You don't need long behind the wheel to know there's never been a Holden like this one. The sparkling way it flattens hills with its new power up to 145hp (delivered by engines with the superb smoothness of a seven-bearing crankshaft, the quietness of hydraulic valve lifters). The silky new ride. The wonderful new ease of handling on even the hinkiest of corners.

Holden has a wider track, lower centre of gravity, and new medium low profile tyres. And as for comfort, plush is the only word (Seats are much, much softer and there's a superb new upholstery called Sedon.) So step in. Take the wheel. See how much better the gangster new Turbo-smooth Holden's here. Australia's Own Car. Price \$1770 (£285) plus tax.

new  
**Turbo-smooth**  
**HOLDEN**

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I read with interest your report and ideas on our Cobra Car Club's display at the recent Classic Car Show.

As a proponent of the idea of holding our annual Show'n'Shine at the Classic Car Show event for some years now it was nice to read of others with similar views.

At this point in time we have held six Show'n'Shines, three at the Esplanade in Fremantle and three at Burswood Park. At both these venues most spectators apart from club members and family etc, were there purely by accident. We just happened to have our car show on the day of their picnic or whatever.

So it is pretty simple that to get some lookers who appreciate what they see we should be taking our show to the crowd, rather than the other way around. The crowd is at the Classic Car Show.....attendance estimates are upward to ten thousand! It has been questioned, judging by the low numbers of club members supporting our stand at the Whiteman Park venue, why should we be there anyway. The reason is the AC Cobra and Cobra Replicas are classic cars in any company. There is nothing that looks, sounds and goes, like a Cobra, even after forty plus years. That's a CLASSIC !!

It has been suggested our trophies are not 'Grand' enough. As an owner builder myself what trophy could equal your completed registered Cobra! Surely, that is the ultimate trophy our members should aspire to, rather than some plastic, gilt, or wooden thing, that will end up in some cupboard forgotten. If pot hunting is that important why not try golf or something.

The success of many things in life lies in the planning. If we decide to make changes— forward planning and more commitment from members is essential for an interesting, even exciting display. We can do it better.

If members want a Show'n'Shine, let's have a good one and score some points from those who know rather than the picnic people who just happened to be there.

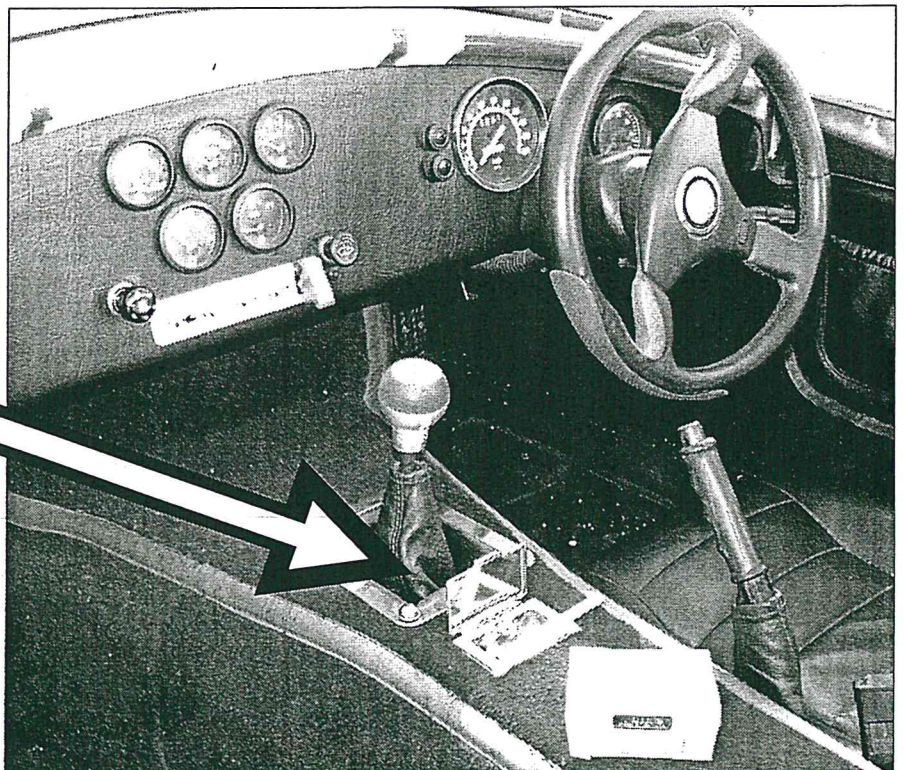
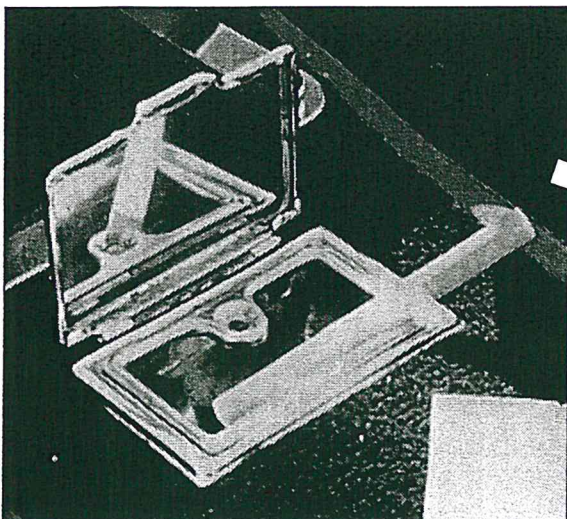
That's my view, what about some input from members?

Keep up the good works Harry.

Regards

Rob Keene.

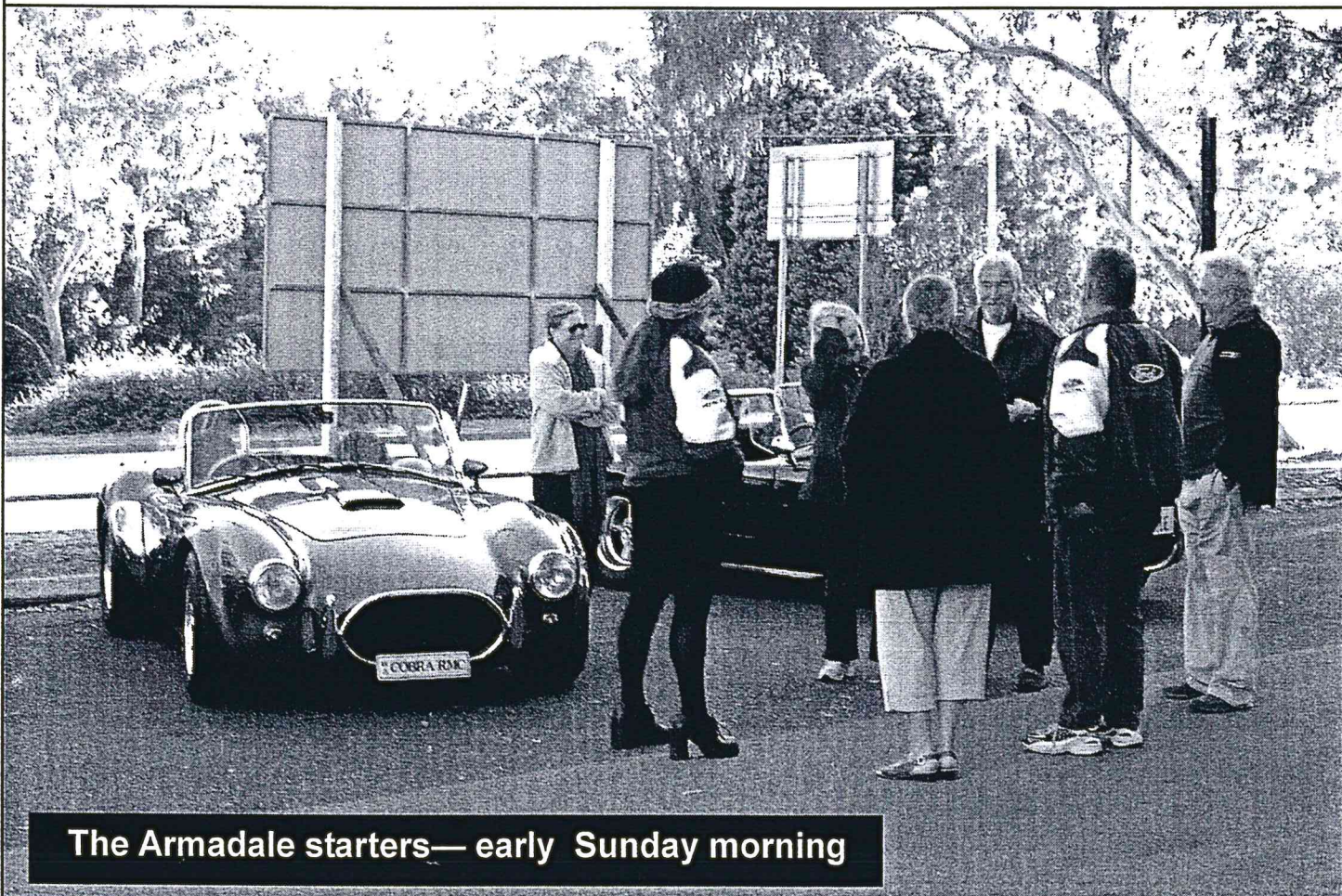
### Joe Craig's latest Cobra accessory



# STAGEDOOR RUN

**Club Run – 10<sup>th</sup> April 2005.**

*A fantastic bit of weather was organized for the Run with Ron, Nola, Roy and Vicki James (great to see Roy and Vicki out and about in the newly finished Gun Metal Grey RMC Cobra). After the hot summer months it was a little cool as we picked Roy and Vicki up at the Pinjarra Road lights heading for our Armadale rendezvous via Fremantle Road, Freeway, Mundijong, King, Nicholson and Armadale road. Just the territory and weather made for Cobra's.*



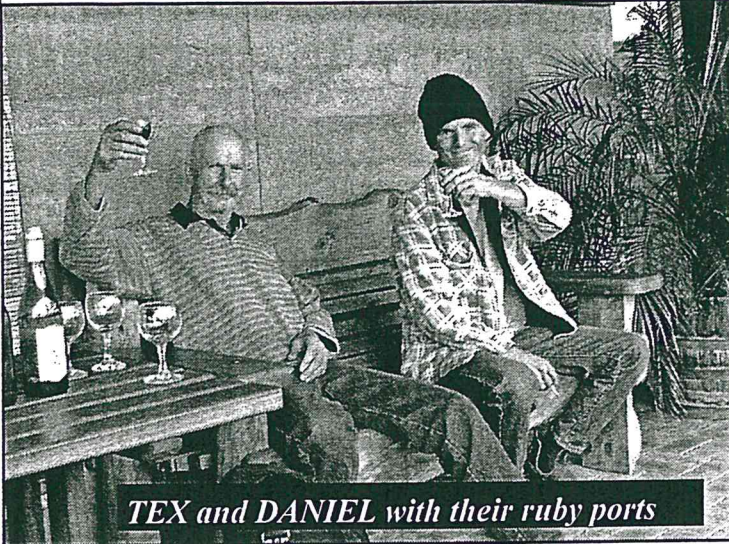
**The Armadale starters— early Sunday morning**

*I must apologise to Roy and Vicki who expected me to stop for a short greeting and exchange when we met. My keen eye noticed both rear indicator lights on Roy's car light up while I was waiting at the Pinjarra Road lights. To me, always keen to go, this meant that Roy had the key in the ignition and turned it to start his car: the lights flashing meant the immobilizer was turned off. On seeing this, no I didn't stop, just made a noise and sounded the horn as we accelerated past Roy & Vicki. Of course I made sure they followed. The trip to Perth was uneventful other than a bit of sun along Mundijong Road that had both Roy & I looking for the white line at about 30kph so we knew where the road was going.*

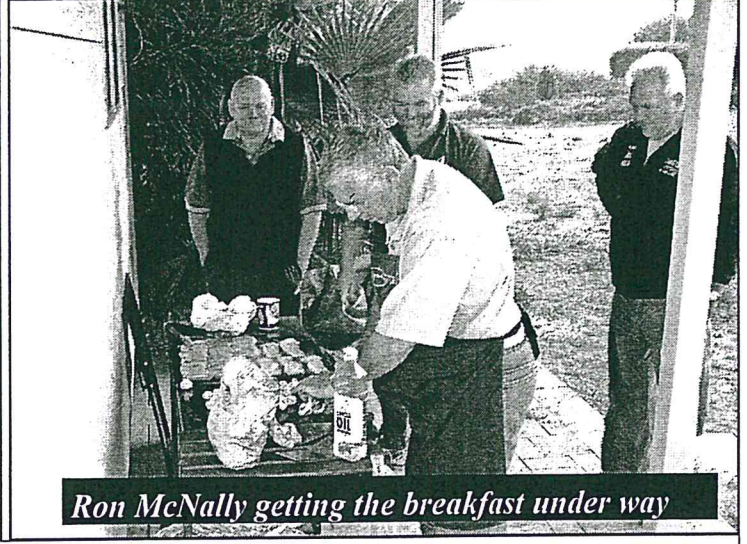
*We arrived in plenty of time and it wasn't long before George and Anne Relf joined us, having recently moved to Perth from Karratha, George was rugged up like a world war 1 fighter pilot, goggles and all. Dave, Jessie, Gordon, Michelle, Rob Payne and sidekick arrived so we headed off pretty well on time*

*Slowly at first, out of Armadale to Byford, turning right at Byford through some rural settings with some big lumps in the road that made some sumps scrape. On to the servo in Forestdale, then down to King Road for some nice good straight road, more on Mundijong heading east, then south on Kargotich where we came across some cyclists so we did the right thing and slowed down when they were near.*

The evening meal was a delightful BBQ cooked by Dick Hogen-Esch, Ron McNally and Dave Kent—if I remember correctly, it's just a bit blurry as to who was doing what. For the remainder of the evening we enjoyed a few more wines and more conversation—I believe we sort of all went to bed around 10.30pm.



*TEX and DANIEL with their ruby ports*



*Ron McNally getting the breakfast under way*

Sunday morning I was up around 6am feeling really good and went for a walk around the estate—enjoying the morning air and mist that surrounded the Estate and the hills nearby—visibility was down to about 100 metres. On returning I showered and cleaned up getting ready for the day, no one else was up yet—some were awake but they weren't getting up. Michelle had come down from the other chalet to get cups that were left from the night before and invited me to join her at the other chalet for a cup of tea with the other campers who were also up and about.

About 8am a big breakfast was prepared on the BBQ and we all indulged in bacon, eggs, baked beans, toast, mushrooms and chipolatas (they are little sausages in case you don't know!!) - thanks to all those who put it together—seemed to be people everywhere cooking or doing something to get it all ready—well done to all the cooks, because it was a breakfast to rival any café in Pinjarra, Gingin or Mandurah!! Soon after breakfast everything was cleaned up, swept and put away, we were packed and ready for the trip home. I think it was around 10am. Some members left to go straight home and some went to the office to return keys, buy more wine to take home—Dave, Jessie, Dave Bennie and Sharon. Coleen and I followed the convoy and missed a turn to go the wrong way—it was just that Ron and Nola turned up a road and waited that I realised we were on the wrong road, so backtracking we went the right way, finally getting onto the Albany Highway and headed north, we were going home.

After approximately 35km we saw the two Dave's' coming out of a side road that had a sign stating "Wandering 19km" - think they may have got lost and decided to take the short cut to Albany Highway—I followed the Mandurah lot and hence the wrong way!! Coleen and I both enjoyed the run and the night away—well organised by Jessie Kent and everyone was well behaved with the odd exception due to a difficult fence—I wonder if I will be invited next year—I hope so!!

**Harry Mac**  
Editor



*Laurie 'cracking' the cask of Tawny Port*

# THE COCKBURN GRAND PRIX — 2005

I have recently been part of a spectacle to rival the V8's at Bathurst. The colour and the glamour were second to none, the very vocal fans as they cheered and jeered during and after every race, was deafening. Some of the driver's in their form-fitting race suits looked very professional and I am sure set doubts in the minds of other drivers. The circuit was ready with its long sweeping bends and unforgiving tight turns and "S's", where many driver's were going to come to grief—to the delight of the many fans just waiting for the event to begin. The racing machines in all their splendour were lined up on the starting grid just waiting for the driver's to turn the morning air into a feast of noise, fumes and hair raising excitement. There seemed to be a camera man on every corner all looking remarkably similar!

I was fortunate enough to be picked for the first race—remembering— as I walked across the grid, the tactics and plans for being up the front and staying there throughout the race, then on the last lap—I would use my racing skill and fearlessness to pass anyone in front of me and take out the win!! As I pulled on my helmet and poured myself into the body hugging race seat, I looked around to see who would be a threat to me in this race, one driver stood out, he was a well built fellow in his own helmet, racing shoes with pink shoelaces and racing suit— still left open at the front exposing a well covered hairy chest (mostly grey).

We were ready to race and I was ready to blast to the front by the first corner and stay there! The starting girl raised the Australian Flag high into the air bringing it down swiftly to signify the start of the race for the Cobra Car Club at the Cockburn Go-Kart Raceway—the air was electric, I punched my foot hard to the floor to accelerate and shoot to the lead of the pack but the response was immediately disheartening as I was plunged back into reality—the engine just went ...putt, putt, durrrrrr, durrrrrr.... and all I could do was watch the others tear off into the distance and take my dream of a win with them!!

There were 13 drivers for the race day, made up of members, friends and family with a number of wives and friends who came along just to watch the fun—and fun it was. We all signed in and had our induction on the Do's & Don'ts, the cost was \$40 plus a \$20 deposit, refundable at the end of the racing. The karts had certainly seen better days, they were held together by many welds and patches of metal and fibreglass, quality and maintenance was obviously not high on the raceway's agenda, even a lick of paint wouldn't have gone astray.

My first kart was either totally stuffed or it couldn't copy with a payload of 95kgs because it protested all the way round. First up we had 4 practice laps then lined up for 4 Race laps—there were 7 of us in the first race and 6 in the second. We all had four practice laps and 4 races—the members were mixed continuously so we were racing different people each time. Some of the karts went really well with a number of driver's coming to grief, spinning out or running off the track, Ron McNally did both while tussling with Dave Kent in his open fronted race suit and hairy chest in a position over first place, spun and shot backwards into the bush at a great rate of knots, leaving Dave to go on and win that race. Many of the drivers clashed with each other in some of the tight turns causing trouble for following traffic, but it was all in fun and no one was hurt, except for a few bruised ego's.

In two of the races good fortune smiled upon me and I got a couple of good karts and they went well. One race I was the leader for a while, showing my skill and fearlessness to those following, until on the back straight when a light weight driver by the name of Joe Craig, slowly passed me to take the lead—I knew he had a distinct weight advantage and no matter what I did, I just couldn't close the gap between us, I was even looking for stuff on the kart to throw off in the hope of making it lighter, but it was all bolted down—had to accept my fate and settle for a second place behind Joe—Well done Joe!! My third race, I fought off a challenge from another two lightweights to hang on to the lead for a few laps but succumbed to being overtaken by them both going uphill on the back straight "again"— this time I settled for a third place.

Rob Payne was the camera man on every corner videoing the event for obvious laughs in the future. Rob couldn't race due to an operation the week prior and didn't dare risk further damage, we owe a big thanks to Rob for organising the event and the fun enjoyed, thanks Rob, hope you get better soon. Rob even brought the lovely Suzanne Payne along to cheer us all on or was it to see that Rob didn't get behind the wheel of one of the race machines ?????

There were a few sons of members racing with us and for a while there I thought it was going to be won by one of them—"again"—as every time we have held one of these events someone's son always seems to win it—my son Kim included!!

In the Pits after every race one could hear the excuses as to why some drivers didn't win and of

course the reasons why others did, this was cause for much debate as drivers rebuked each others, claims of bad driving and cheating—boys will be boys!!

The circuit was good, the company great and the weather was perfect, particularly after all the rain on Saturday. Karts could have been better and it got down to luck of the draw when getting a kart—Dave Kent got all the luck and had good karts for every race, along with his skill from years of racing at the speedway, took out the honours and the Trophy—Well Done Dave—(you racing driver you).

I didn't come last in the point score, there were a few lower than me, but next time—you watch out—my time for glory will come—one day—maybe—perhaps—who knows!!

**Harry Mac  
Editor**



**High speed racing action at Cockburn Raceway**



**← THE  
WINNER**



**More high speed action**

# AUSTRALIA'S OWN COBRA HERO.....RON THORP.

## 1965

History sourced by Plankie, from the net.....'BOWDEN'S OWN' the current owners.

Jan 11th, practised at Oran Park where it was noticed the oil pressure would drop on LH corners.

First raced at Sydney's Warwick Farm, Feb 14 th 1965. Was fitted with a front mounted three point roll over hoop, and small Perspex windshield that was mainly to be used in Hillclimbs. The car was still basically a road car. Placed third in class (and 14 th outright) after Thorp experienced oil surge and fuel starvation problems. He ordered a T pan sump and a new manifold with matching Holley carburettor from Shelby, which was fitted in late May and fixed the problems. Also received and fitted was an oil radiator. The Cobra was locally registered with the plate DPP 745.

Feb 21st, Bathurst Hillclimb, 1st in Production Sports Car Class.

Feb 26th, Cover and feature story in "Australian Auto News Weekly".

Mar 14th, Silverdale Hillclimb 1st Outright.

Mar 21st, Tamworth Hillclimb 1st Outright.

Mar 28th, Lakeland Hillclimb 1st Outright.

April 11th, Huntley Hillclimb 1st Outright.

April 11th, Wollongong Hillclimb 1st Outright.

April 19th, Bathurst Race 1, 5 th Outright.

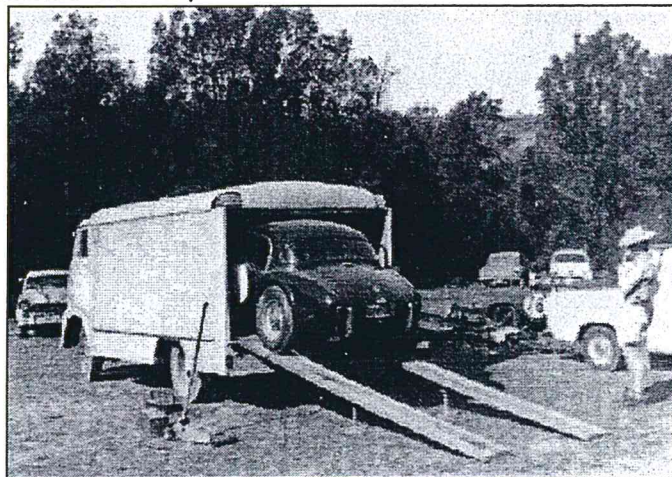
Race 2, 4 th Outright (Speed on Conrod Straight 143.76 mph)

May 1st, Oran Park, 9 th Outright.

May 16th, Warwick Farm Race 1, 10 th . Race 2, 4th Outright.

May 23rd, Silverdale Hillclimb 1st in

Production Sports Car Class.

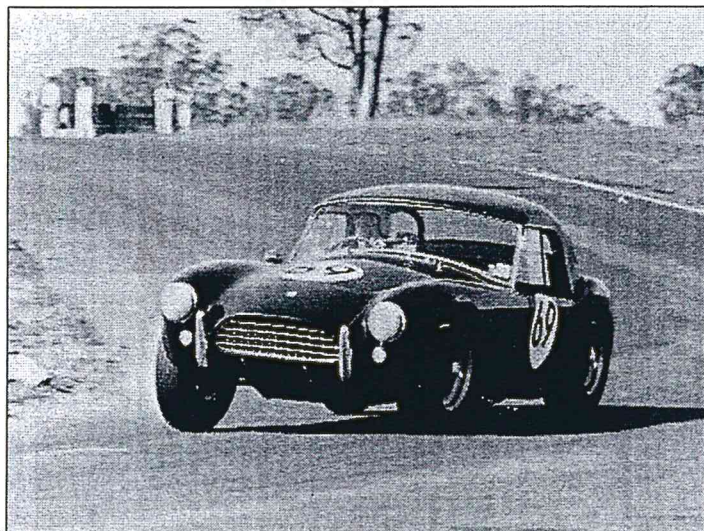


**June 7th, Caversham 6 hour, 2nd. He drove solo! Caversham is in Western Australia; Thorpe loaded the Cobra in his Austin 3 ton Cobra transporter and drove 4300 kilometres (2600 Miles) on mostly rough and unsealed roads. It took the little truck, the wild Cobra and the well shaken Thorp, one week to get there.**

Aug 22nd, Catalina Park, Race 1, 7 th, Race 2, 6th Outright.

Aug 29th, Lowood 2nd Outright.

Sept 11th, Newcastle Hillclimb,  
1st Production Sports Car Class



Thorp upgraded the car with an order from Shelby Automotive;

He received and fitted new Halibrand magnesium wheels, 4x 48IDA Webers, matching manifold and a hood scoop, Derington racing headers and side exhausts with brake scoops fitted to the front and rear brakes. Wider guards were fabricated to fit the new wheels. He also had a special Perspex fairing made for hillclimbs and some circuit races to replace the heavy windscreen.

Nov 7th, Catalina (Pictured on front cover of events race program) Race 1, 7th, Race 2, 7th Outright.

Nov 14th, Lakeside, DNS;

Thorp travelled 1000km (620 Miles) North to Queensland for the Australian Tourist Trophy race, which was run at Lakeside International Raceway on Nov 14 th . This was the event that Shelby sent over Ken Miles, Ron Butler and CSX 3002 to run in the race.

Thorp, who was very keen to race against the "works" Cobra, ran into trouble with some over zealous scrutineers who picked up That his wheels were ¼ of an inch proud of the guards. They offered Thorpe a solution of taping some wooden coat hangers to extend the guards. But Thorpe gave them his thoughts on it and then went out and qualified the car. In the first race he was waiting on the starting grid when the chief scrutineer approached him and said it was ok for him to race with the guards as they were, but he would not be listed in the official results.

He told them told them to shove it, drove off the grid, packed up the car and watched the race instead. He never raced at Lakeside Raceway again.

Dec 5th, Warwick Farm, 3rd in Production Sports class.

Dec 15th, Huntley Hillclimb, 1st Outright.

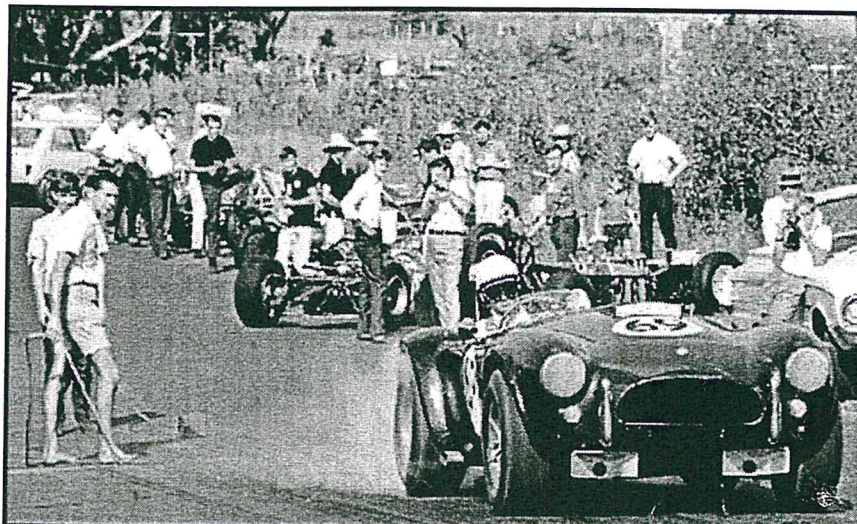
Thorp won the 1965 Australian Hillclimb Championship for Production Sports Cars (The championship was a series of seven hillclimbs, Thorp missed the first one in January at Amaroo NSW as the car was not ready, but he competed in the remaining six events.)



## 1966 RON THORP'S 1964 Mk2 — 289 AC COBRA.....COB 6033, race history , cont:

Jan 31st, Catalina Park, NSW Sports Racing Car Championship 5th Outright (Started from the rear of the Grid as he missed practise), Race 2, 4 th Outright  
 Feb 13th, Warwick Farm, DNF (Broken Throttle Linkage)  
 Feb 20th, Bathurst Hillclimb, 1st Sports and Racing Class.  
 Mar 6th, Oran Park Race 1, 5 th Outright. Race 2, 1st Outright.  
 Mar 20th, ,Tamworth Hillclimb, 1 st Sports & Racing car Class.  
 April 11th, Bathurst, 3rd Outright.  
 April 18th, Wollongong, 1st Sports & Racing car Class.  
 May 1st, Oran Park, 8th Outright.  
 May 15th, Warwick Farm, Race 1, 11th Outright. Race 2, 2nd Outright.  
 May 22nd, Silverdale Hillclimb, 1st Sports & Racing car Class.  
 June 6th, Caversham 6 hour, 1st Outright **(Drove solo again!!)**  
 June 13th, Mallala, Race 1,7 th, Race 2, 4th Outright.  
 July 17th, Warwick Farm, Race 1, 2nd . Race 2, 7 th outright.

Aug 28th, Catalina Park, Race 1, 5th Outright.  
 Race 2, 2nd .Race 3,7 th (Mixed racing and Sports car race, 1 st Sports car home)  
 Sept 10th, Newcastle Hillclimb, 2nd Sports & Racing cars Class.  
 Sept 18th, Warwick Farm, Race 1, 6th Outright, Race 2, Unknown? (anyone know?).  
 Oct 23rd, Fountaindale 1st Outright.  
 Nov 16th, Grafton Hillclimb, 1st Sports & Racing cars Class.  
 Dec 4th, Warwick Farm, Race 1, 6th Outright. Race 2, 4th Outright.  
 Winner of the 1966 Australian Hillclimb Championship for Sports & Racing cars, and 2nd outright



**Hillclimb event.....smokin' it.**

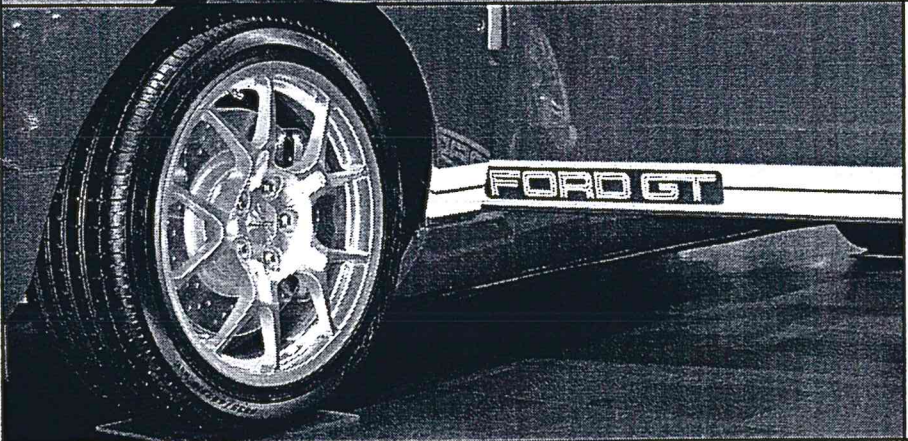
## 1967

Jan 22nd, Amaroo Hillclimb 1st Sports & Racing car class.  
 Jan 30th, Catalina Park Race 1, 5th Outright.  
 Feb 19th, Warwick Farm, Thorpe practised, but then had to leave to attend the birth of his son. His son was given the middle name of "Warwick" after the racetrack.  
 Feb 26th, Bathurst Hillclimb, 1st Outright and Sports & Racing cars Class.  
 "Racing Car News" Feb 1967, Feature car in article "Australia's Top Sports Cars"  
 Mar 27th, Bathurst, Race 1, 2nd Outright, Race 2 ,9th Outright.  
 May 14th, Warwick Farm, Race 1, 10th Outright.  
 May 21st, Wollongong Hillclimb, 1st Sports and Racing Class.  
 June 5th, Caversham 6 hour, 2nd Outright (Solo drive again)  
 June 25th, Castlereigh NSW Sprint Championships; 1st Sports cars class (Ran an average of 13.8 over the ¼ mile, with the engine badly misfiring every run, Thorp said the car should have easily ran a 12 second pass if running right.)  
 July? Dapto Hillclimb, 1st Sports and Racing cars class.  
 July 16th, Grafton Hillclimb, 1st Outright.  
 July 30th, Wollongong Hillclimb 1st Outright.  
 Sept 3rd, Surfers Paradise 12 Hour, 1st Improved Production class  
 Sept 9th, Newcastle Hillclimb. 1st Sports & Racing cars Class.

Advertised for sale in October 1967 Racing Car news with Austin "Cobra" transporter, but not sold.

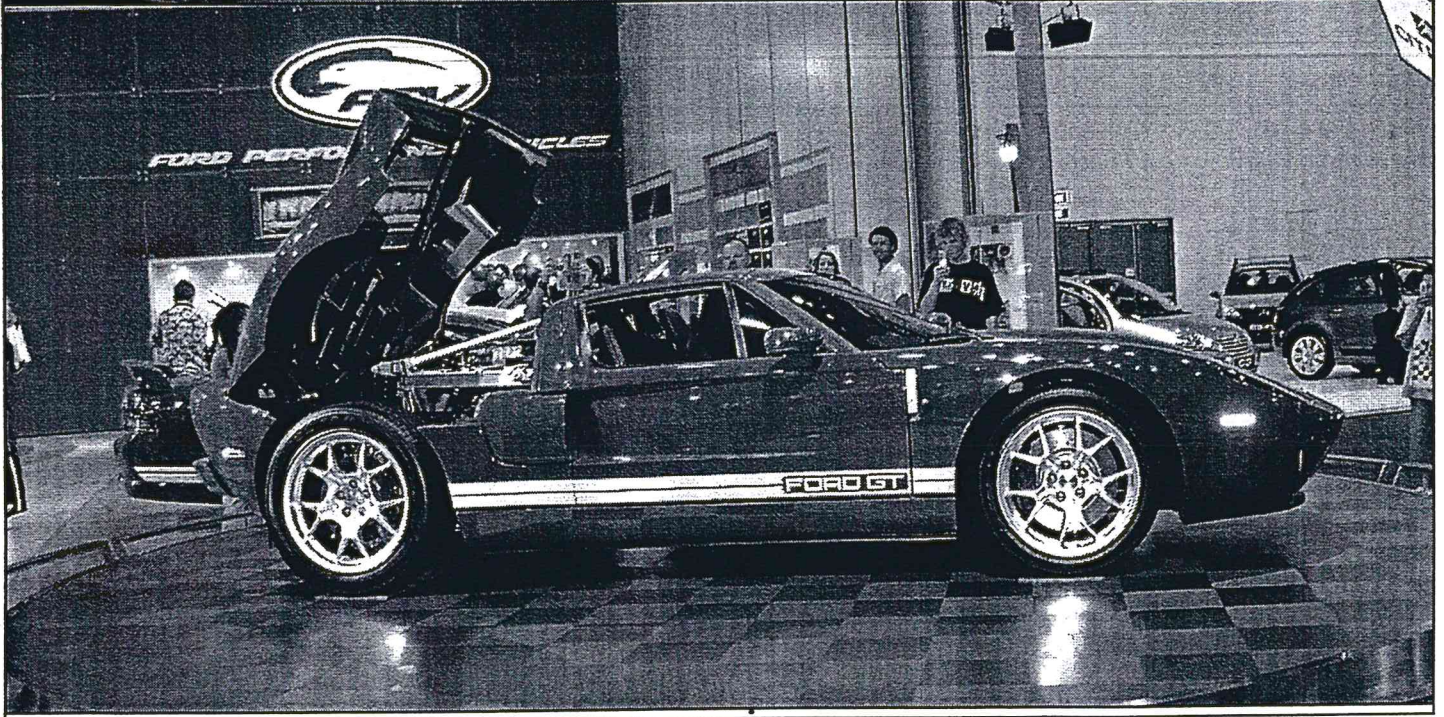
Oct 15th, Wollongong Hillclimb, 1st Sports and Racing cars class.  
 Nov 10th, Wollongong Hillclimb, 1st Outright.  
 Nov 26th, Bathurst Hillclimb, 2nd Outright.  
 Winner of the 1967 Australian Hillclimb Championship for Sports & Racing cars.

**Thorp parked the Cobra in his shed in 1968 and only occasionally drove it on the road. He then pursued his new love of planes and flying. It is of credit to Thorp, that in all the time he raced the Cobra, he never once marked it.**



**The FORD GT—**

I have failed to find words to describe the GT40....it's umm, It's sort of ??? , er, umm. It's just bloody, ahhhh, umm . WOW!!! You should of **"BLOODY SEEN IT"**



**“I LOVE TO GO TO WANDERING ,  
ALONG A MOUNTAIN TRACK.”...( as long as there are no fences )**

It was to be a late start on the Saturday morning where the northerners were to meet at Pioneer World Armadale at 10am. The morning was threatening showers and the clouds looked like they would comply, so it was to be a “tin top” weekend away.

Three cars arrived at Pioneer World—all at the same time—Dave and Jessie Kent in the Fairlane, myself and Coleen in the white sedan and Gordon and Michelle Scott in their Cobra, ready to take on the elements. After a very short chat we headed to Pinjarra to meet up with the southerners.

The run to Pinjarra didn't take long, with Gordon and Michelle only having to endure a few light showers on the way. When we arrived at the Steam Train Driver's Café, the southerners were well into their breakfasts, those being Ron and Nola McNally, Dick and Leonie Hogen-Esch, Roy and Vicki James with Dave Bennie and Sharon—one thing I noticed, they were all driving big 4WDs. We all had time to have a breakfast, toilet stop and a bit of last minute shopping before heading out to Dwellingup for the run to Wandering.

Our trip held no surprises and we passed through the area virtually unnoticed, there was no convoy leader with a need to blow the usual cobwebs out to their engine and the whole trip was pretty mundane, the scenery was just normal bush, bush you can see anywhere—no sunburnt country, no sweeping plains, no ragged mountain ranges, nor droughts or flooding rains, just plain old bush—my apologies to “Dorothea MacKeller”!

Being just a short run inland it wasn't long before we were in Wandering and at the Wandering Brook Estate Vineyard. The 14 of us then sorted out sleeping arrangements and got settled in. Lunch was booked for 1pm at the winery which was walking distance from the chalets, the women went the long way—around the fence line and through the gate while the more adventurous men took the direct route and climbed an inoffensive little fence to save them from the extra 150metres!

Once the ladies finally arrived—after what seemed a long time to walk 150 metres—we all went inside to sample the wines and the wines and the wines—we then purchased some wines to have with our meal, (except for one dentist couple from Mandurah who shall remain unnamed, who thought it was a BYO winery restaurant), the group then went to the long table and we ordered our meals. Lunch was fun, there was always someone with a silly comment about the meal someone got or the wine they were drinking or spilling, to which there would be an equally silly answer—lunch was a laugh from beginning to end—that's what you get when you dine with 13 other comedians.

The meals were quite good and there were only a couple of complaints, one from a diner who got a cold marron and one from myself, as I didn't get any gravy with my schnitzel. The wines were enjoyed by all, sharing each other's purchases and the consensus was—wines from the estate were pleasant and enjoyable.

When the meal and chatting was over everyone headed back to the chalets for a break, except for me, I started chatting with the owner Laurie and a couple of local gentlemen from the area who were enjoying Ruby Port from the bar, they were Tex and Daniel. Not being a Ruby Port fancier myself, I asked for a tawny port only to be told the estate hadn't yet bottled one as it was still in the barrel. Next, to my delight Laurie decided to “crack”: the small barrel on the counter so I could have a sample of his Tawny Port.

It had been some 30 years since I had done any serious port appraisals as a student with the Wine Guild of WA and I was wondering if I could remember the terminology of a wine taster and would the cracking of this cask be wasted on me. Laurie handed me the glass of port to sample, I did the usual things of nose, etc, expecting just another tawny port, but to my surprise I found I was drinking one of the finest ports I have ever tasted. Laurie informed me it was eight years old and he had fortified it with a liqueur that gave an end result of 25% alcohol content. It had all the qualities of a much older port, excellent on the palate, the finish superb and the likeability would make me recommend it highly, so if you are ever down there and he has bottled it, try and get one or two—but if you were thinking of just downing a bottle after meal—don't—you should drag it out over several meals to make it last longer. Oh! And don't share it with friends, because I don't think there will be too many bottles on the market. To the wine maker my compliments—.

When I left Laurie, Tex and Daniel at the bar I had several bottles of wine in my grasp, my camera and camera case around my neck and a glass of Chenin Blanc for the trek back to the chalets. It was at this point I realised I had enjoyed more than my share of wines and port and felt quite unbalanced on my feet! Never-the-less I made it back to the chalets with only a small incident at the fence where I required a little help. I wish to thank Michelle Scott for her assistance in my moment of need—not like all the others who sat back, laughing and watching me lose my dignity at the stupid fence. Thank you Michelle. (a full explanation can be read in my letter to the secretary in this edition of the Snakeskin).

Long straight stretches on Hopeland did not bring any surprises from the side of the road and we continued very responsibly along Lake and Gordon Road to Mandurah and the "Stage Door Restaurant".

Colin and Naomi were waiting for us and had reserved the parking area we prefer— somehow I think they heard us coming. It took a while for Dick & Leone to arrive, something about an errand for Harry before breakfast, but that didn't stop me from placing a wakeup call to the Hogen-Esch residence thinking that Dick & Leone had slept in. Dick and Leone had already left and it wasn't until their son Ashley arrived and told us that he heard the phone ring as he was leaving, but left Rachel to answer it cos she was still in bed— did we understand what I did to Rachel ... I am sure she wasn't happy with me after a 2:00am bedtime.

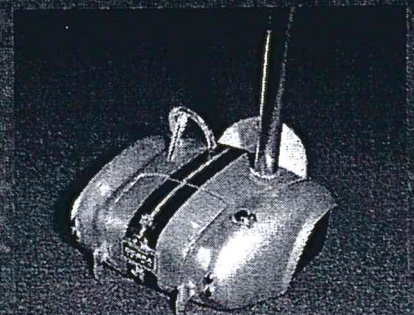
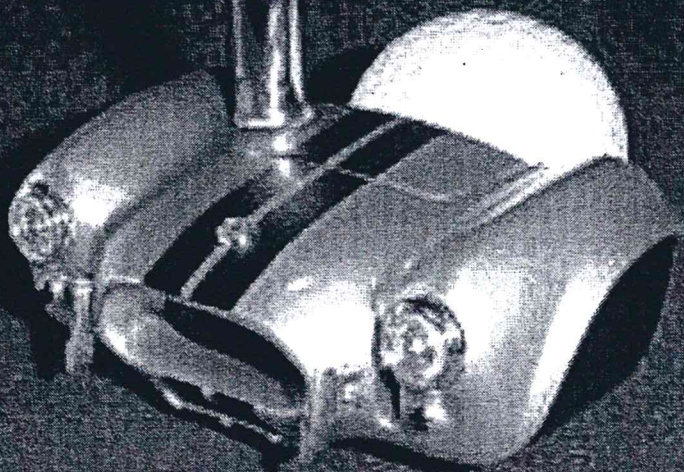
The Stagedoor were expecting us and had the food already prepared. There were only three other customers so it didn't take long for the coffee to come and for us to overindulge in breakfast.

Over about 2 hours, many passers by stopped to check out the cars. Rob Payne departed for home early because he was racing his RX7 at Wanneroo in the afternoon. We talked and told stories until a couple of indigenous minors showed an interest in the cars. By this time, breakfast had settled and it was time to head home. Some the shortest route and others stopping off along the way to see some friends who live in the country (Golden Bay).

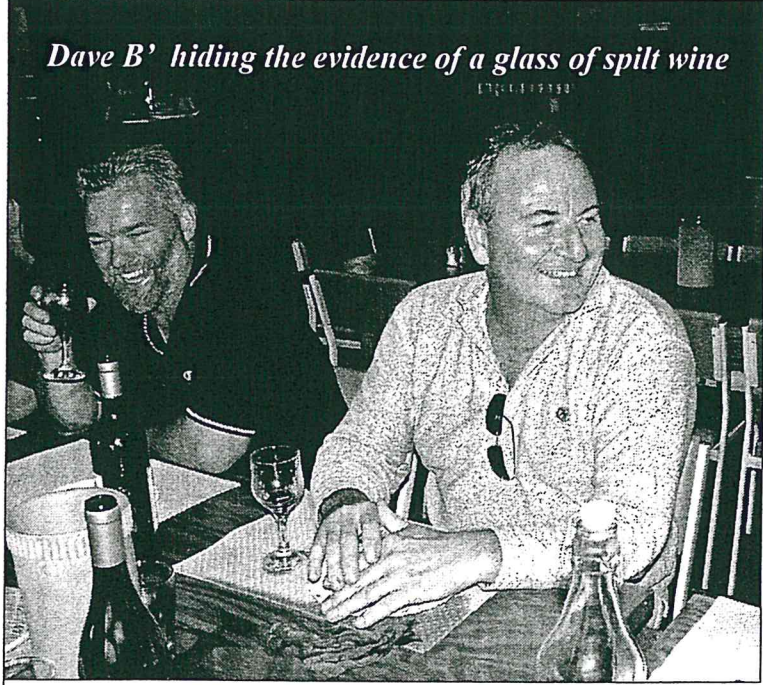
Great drive, terrific breakfast and fantastic people.

Until next time – **Wido Maka**

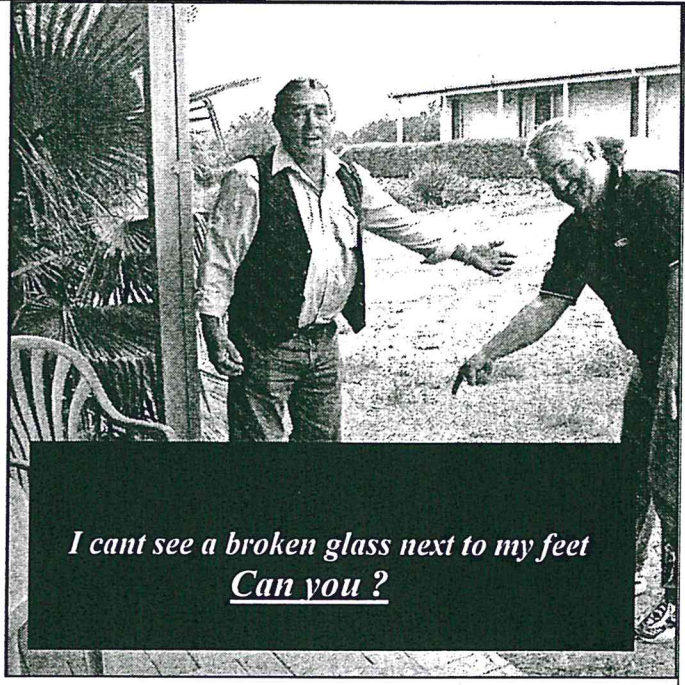
# FOR THE GOLFERS



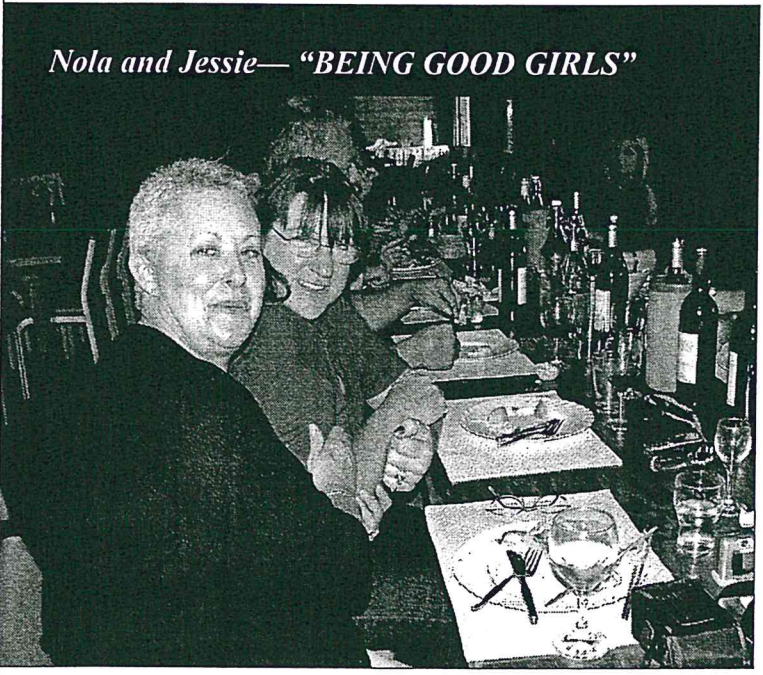
*A new novelty putter for sale on Ebay, it comes in several colours or paint it to match your Cobra. It also comes in lefthand.....US60.00 plus shipping*



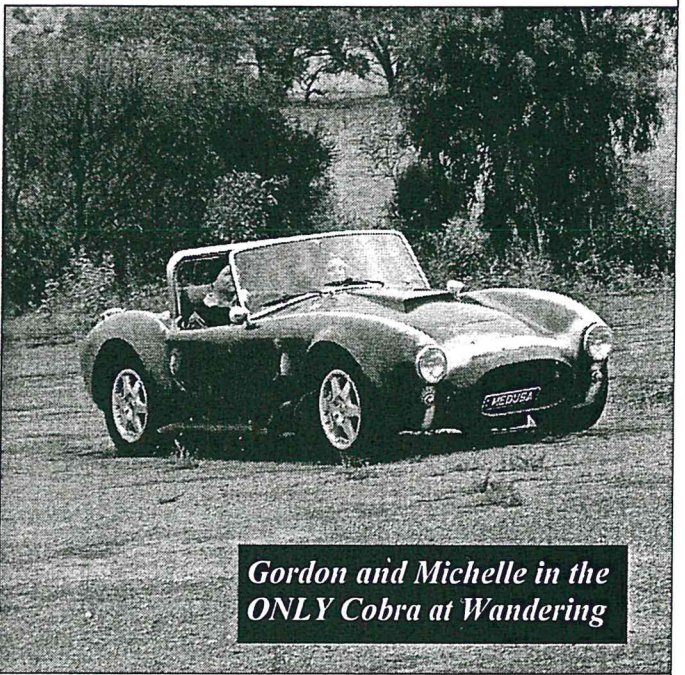
*Dave B' hiding the evidence of a glass of spilt wine*



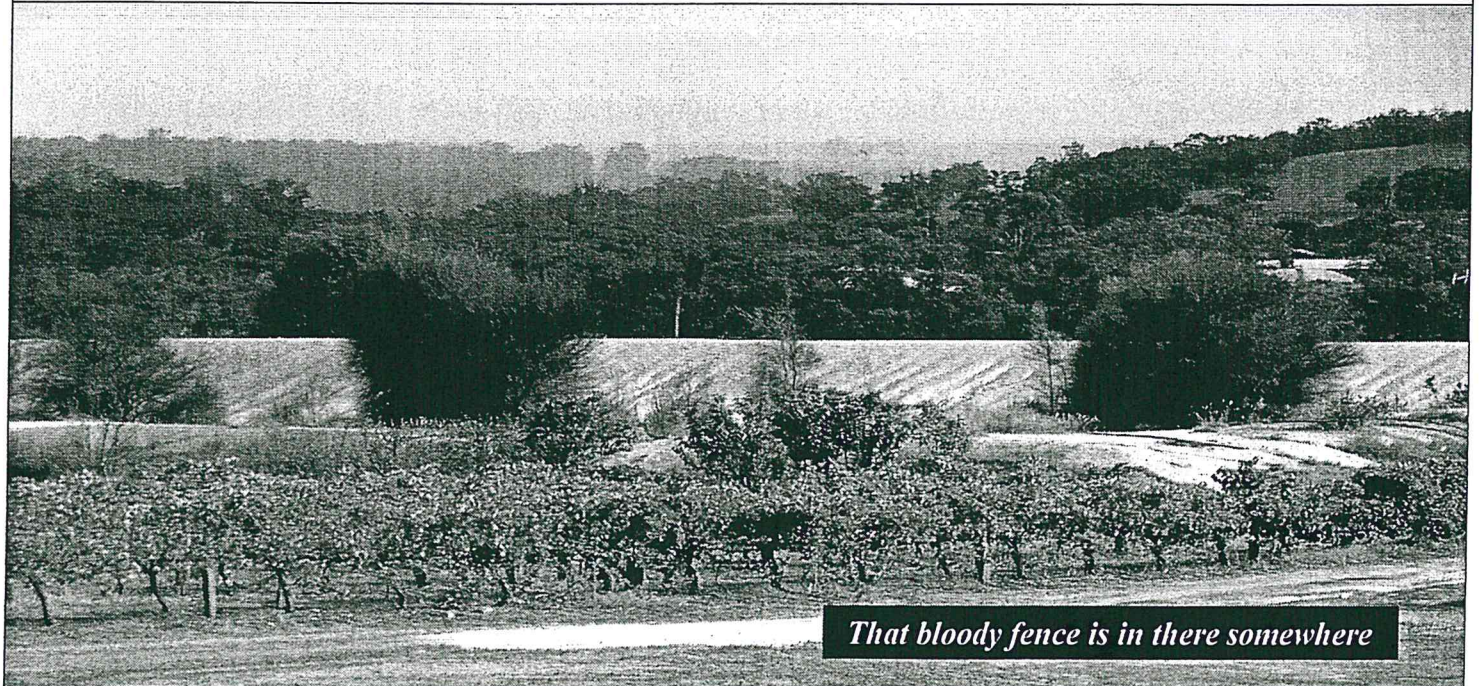
*I cant see a broken glass next to my feet  
Can you ?*



*Nola and Jessie— "BEING GOOD GIRLS"*



*Gordon and Michelle in the  
**ONLY** Cobra at Wandering*



*That bloody fence is in there somewhere*

My first car still didn't come until I was nearly 21—by this time I had moved out of home, got a better paying job in the building trade as a roof plumber and life had far less boundaries and restrictions attached to it. "Hire Purchase" was the new wave of spending in the mid-sixties, so I jumped right in and I got me some of that Hire Purchase. Having saved a few hundred dollars, I now had enough for a deposit on a reasonably newish car—it was late 1968 and I could get a 1966 Holden HR Sedan from a car yard for \$2,000 and all I had to do was sign on the dotted line and promise to make the payments. Oh! and it was Beige with a white roof (Bloody Beige), but this was the only car yard that would sign me up without a guarantor.

Well, now with my new set of wheels I could do laps in my own car and I felt "as flash as a rat with a gold tooth"! But being a beige motor car it sort of lacked that film star image.



**THE HR HOLDEN**

As with most young blokes and cars, we want them to look good and go fast, so over a period of time money was spent on a new iridescent Blue paint job, mag wheels and the latest Dunlop Aqua-jet tyres—lots of bits and pieces to make it go quicker and look like a race car, all lowered and loud—but unfortunately all this was in lieu of the promised payments and after a couple of years it was repossessed—“but that's another story.”

Talking with club members at various meetings and outings we often discuss our son's cars—what they have, what they are doing with them and how much we are personally doing and spending on their cars to help them have what they want, it was a relief to know I wasn't the only Father who does this.

My son started working for me at 16 as a young roofer and he was making big money for a teenager and he was spending big money for a teenager. But it wasn't going to be long before he would want his first car—so we went away to Argyle Diamond Mine in the Kimberley's for about 10 weeks roofing. I only paid him enough money to give him the things he needed while he was away and he would get the rest when we got back to Perth. By the time we got back to Perth he had about \$6,000 left for the 10 weeks away. He wasn't 17 yet but we could get a car and work on it to get it ready for when he got his licence. He was another one that wanted to be noticed in his car and have a car that would “pull the chicks!”. When the time came for a car we went out together and bought a 1978 BMW 7 Series sedan that had all the leather seats and everything electric that opened and closed—and we got it for the \$6,000—now it was his turn to be the “rat with the flash gold tooth!!”

**Harry Mac**  
Editor

*My Dear Mr Payne,*

*Please find the following rendition of my visit to the Wandering Brook Estate Winery a true and accurate account of events.*

*Once I had completed my meal, a delightful Chicken Schnitzel albeit without gravy and two bottles of white wine, I went outside and enjoyed a conversation with the proprietor of the vineyard. Not long after this, the members, who had also finished their meals and partaking and spilling of wine left to return to the Chalets, leaving me with my new mates Laurie, the owner of the winery, and Tex and Daniel, two local wine samplers from the neighbouring hills. I continued to sample some of his finer wares – for example an 8 year old liqueur Tawny Port of approximately 25% alcohol content that was pure nectar of the gods and would even please "Bacchus".*

*When leaving, I found myself burdened with my camera hanging from my neck, my camera case also hanging from my neck. In my right hand a bottle of as yet un labled Sparking Shiraz. Between my right arm and my upper torso I successfully held an open bottle of 2004 Chenin Blanc. This was a delightful fruity wine with a very pleasant clean after taste and one I would recommend; this was half full with no cork. Also a bottle of 2003 Chenin Blanc, this was quite a different wine to the 2004 Chenin Blanc it was a very sweet wine and the after taste was not as clean or pleasant, I believe this fruit was picked too late in the season leaving an undesirable baume reading of the sugar content of the fruit, this wine was far too sweet even for a Spatlese, this bottle was open - 3/4 full and with a cork in it! In my left hand I held a glass of the 2003 Chenin Blanc of varying quantities - I also had a cigarette between my lips and no hand free with which to hold it.*

*Upon my trek back to the Chalets where the members had gathered, I traversed a very uneven gravel road going down hill, this had cause for me to occasionally stagger to the left following the incline of the hill just to maintain my balance. Once I had reached the boundary fence I attempted to climb it, to be able to reach the Chalets, here I encountered a problem - I suddenly found my left leg on the Chalet side of the fence with my glass of wine (now with less content), my right leg was still on the winery side of the fence along with my other bottles of wine. To my detriment, the top strand of wire to the fence was much higher than both my legs on tip toe and having no hand free to be able to push it down to set myself free. The camera and camera case were swinging from left to right and back again. At this point one of the bottles - luckily the one with the cork - slipped from my grasp and landed on the ground at my right foot on the winery side of the fence - unbroken.*

*I found myself in a dilemma - I had no hands left to reach down and pick it up and if I did bend down I would pour the wine out of the open bottle - but as I attempted to bend and pick it up I fumbled and lost my equilibrium – momentarily getting tangled in the fence, then as if by magic I found the third hand I needed, the hand of an angel appeared to help me in my moment of need, it was the lovely Michelle Scott, taking the glass of wine and what was left in it from my left hand, she then helped take some of the burden from me in the way of the other bottles of wine, camera and case, this left me free to be able to retrieve my bottle of 2003 Chenin Blanc from the ground. Michelle then helped me to get my other leg on the Chalet side of the fence and as I regained my composure she handed me back my glass so I could continue enjoying my quaffing whilst guiding me back to the Chalet to join the others. I believe I was lucky enough not to be seen by other members as I elegantly overcame this challenge of the 'ring-lock' fence and uneven terrain.*

*No doubt you will hear a variety of rumours of my said behaviour over the weekend, I trust that you will know in your mind whom to believe.*

*I thank you for standing by me and my reputation within the club (Cobra Car Club) and look forward to seeing you at the coming meeting!!!*

*Yours sincerely  
Harry McClymans  
Editor*

## "IT MAKES YOU WONDER"

A contestant on "Who Wants to be a Millionaire?" had reached the final plateau. If she answered the next question correctly, she would win \$1,000,000. If she answered incorrectly, she would pocket only the \$32,000 milestone money. And as she suspected it would be, the million-dollar question was no pushover.

It was, "Which of the following species of birds does not build its own nest, but instead lays its eggs in the nests of other birds? Is it:

A) the condor; B) the buzzard; C) the cuckoo; or D) the vulture?"

The woman was on the spot. She didn't know the answer. And she was doubly on the spot because she had used up her 50/50 Lifeline, and her Audience Poll Lifeline.

All that remained was her Phone-a-Friend Lifeline, and the woman had hoped against hope that she would not have to use it, mainly because the only friend that she knew would be home happened to be a blonde.

But the contestant had no alternative. She called her friend and gave her the question and the four choices.

The blonde responded unhesitatingly: "That's easy. The answer is C: The cuckoo."

The contestant had to make a decision and make it fast. She considered employing a reverse strategy and giving Eddie any answer except the one that her friend had given her. Considering that her friend was a blonde that would seem to be the logical thing to do. On the other hand -- the blonde had responded with such confidence, such certitude, that the contestant could not help but be persuaded.

"I need an answer," said Eddie.

Crossing her fingers, the contestant said, "C: The cuckoo"

"Is that your final answer?" asked Eddie. "Yes, that is my final answer."

Two minutes later, Eddie said, "I regret to inform you that answer is..... absolutely correct. You are now a millionaire!"

Three days later, the contestant hosted a party for her family and friends -- including the blonde who had helped her win the million dollars.

"Jenny, I just do not know how to thank you," said the contestant.

"Because of your knowing the answer to that final question, I am now a millionaire. And do you want to know something? It was the assuredness with which you answered the question that convinced me to go with your choice.

By the way how did you happen to know the right answer?"

"Oh, come on," said the blonde. "Everybody knows that cuckoos don't build nests. They live in clocks!"

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