

COBRA CAR CLUB

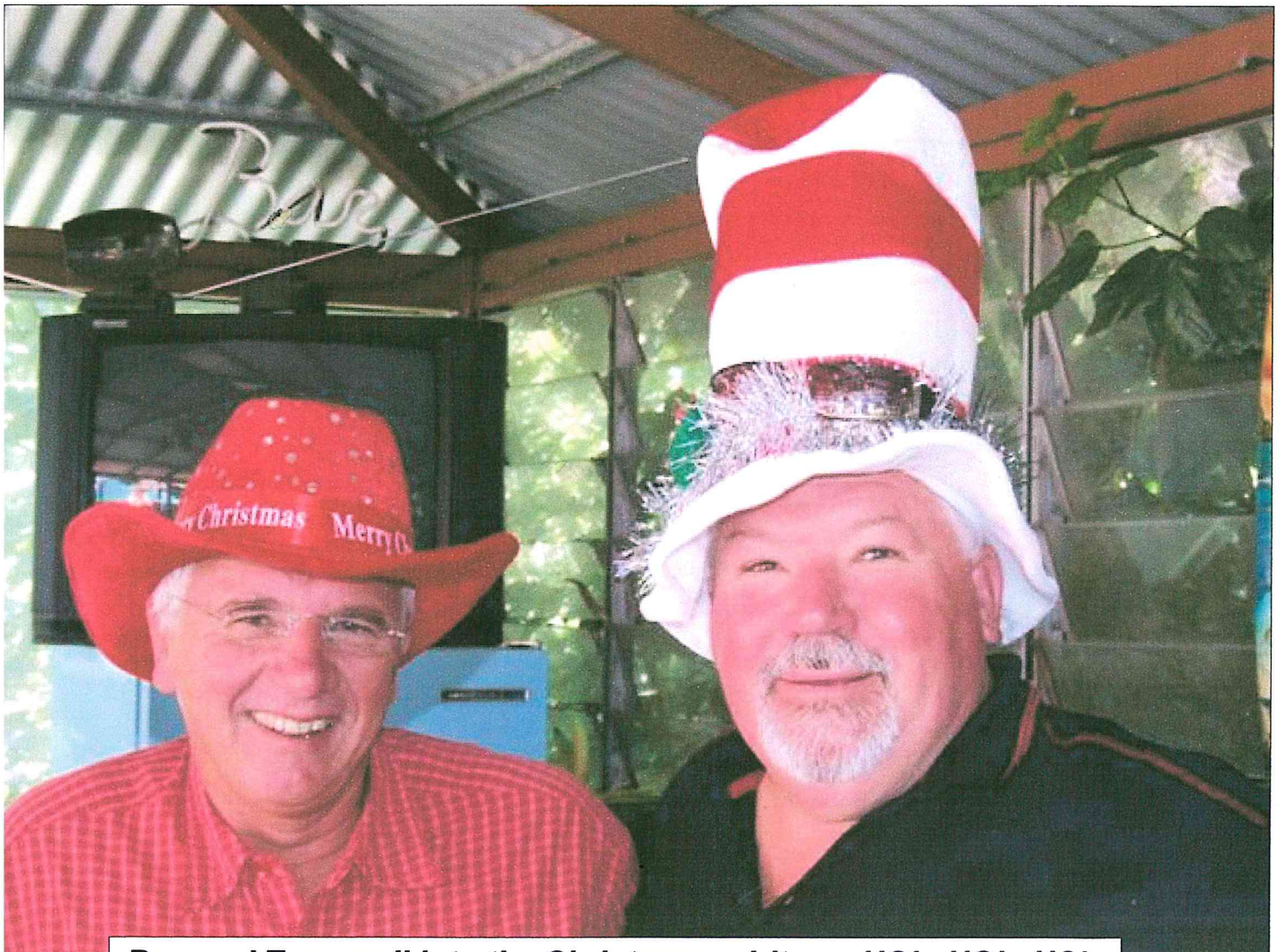
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Snakeskin

January 2008

Vol 26

Christmas get together
Club breakfast in the park
Mancave of Mark Thomas'
Supercharged Lexus Cobra



Ron and Tony well into the Christmas spirit.....HO!, HO!, HO!.

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Christmas get together

Christmas this year was a small affair for the club and was graciously held at the President's home in Armadale. Those in attendance enjoyed a BBQ of steak, sausages, variety of salads followed by some excellent deserts. Thanks for a magnificent effort by Dave and Jessie Kent and their hospitality afforded on this occasion to all club members and partners.

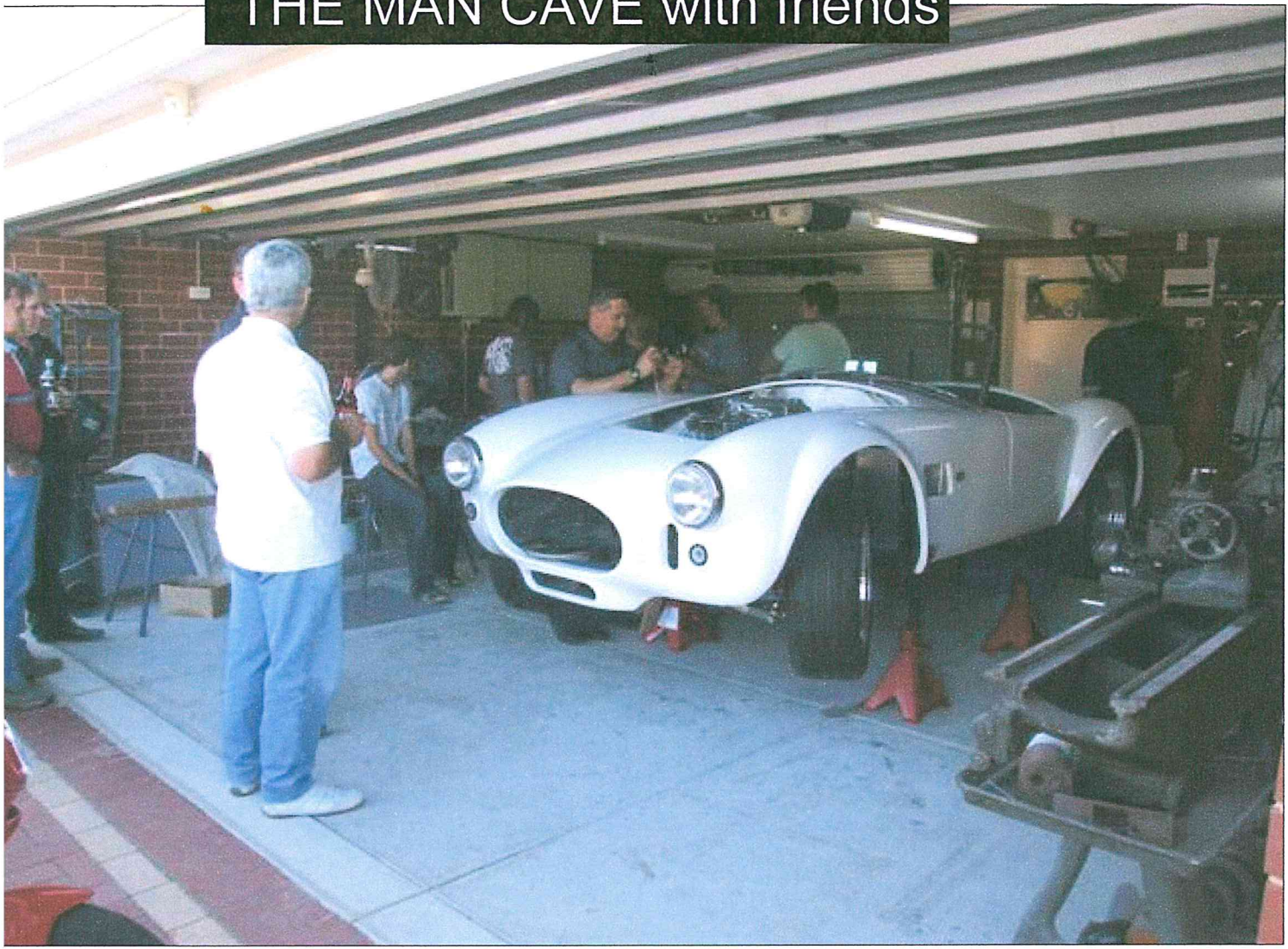


Gordon, Malcolm and Gerry wishing I would go away



Ron and Tony's physic dark side Tee!, Hee!, Hee!.





Side pipes in a very nice box



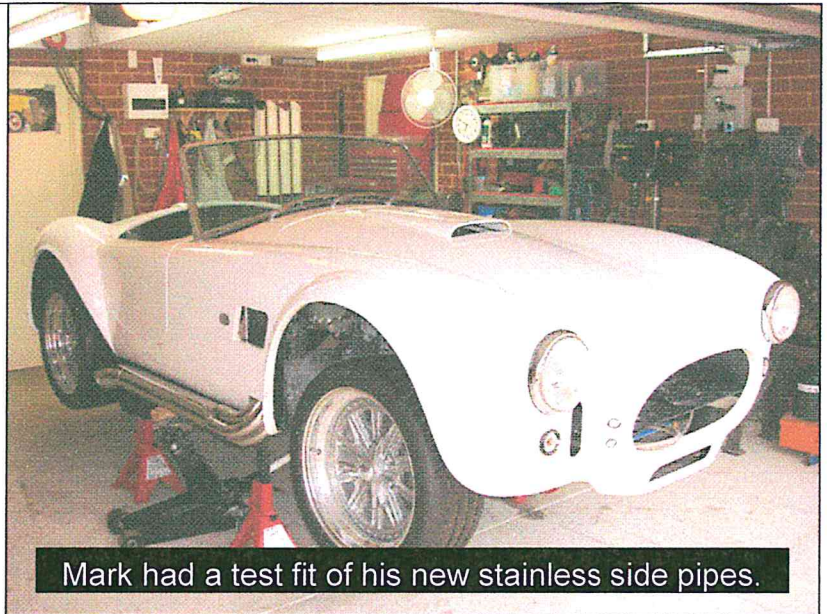
The Dash and the wheels



The Man Cave of Mark Thomas

The invite was made and I was off to Mark and Vicki's shed run and BBQ. It was on a warm Friday night in December after work, at what Vicki calls 'MARK'S MAN CAVE', his garage at home where he is building his G/Force Cobra.

When I arrived the street and driveway were already full of cars, including a GT Falcon, a Corvette and Triumph, there were also a couple of Cobras and several normal cars and utes. Many people were milling around in the garage and on the driveway all talking about cars. The invite was for his close friends, friends from work and members from the Cobra Car Club.



Mark had a test fit of his new stainless side pipes.

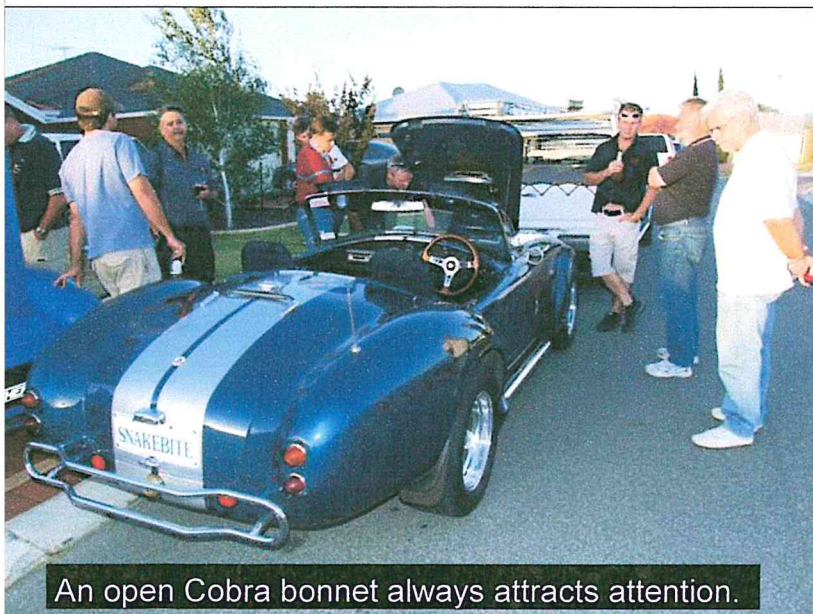
The invite was for his close friends, friends from work and members from the Cobra Car Club.

THE CAR:- A new body and chassis from G/Force Sports Cars, on Jaguar XJS independent suspension with disc brakes on all corners. Power is from an all alloy 1999 Mustang 4.6 Quad Cam Cobra engine with the Tremec T45, 5 speed, it's quite a package as the 4.6 V8 is a big engine in a Cobra and leaves very little room in the engine bay for anything else except thought's-

'I thought that would've fitted or I thought this was going to fit.'- you know what I mean? Although! with Mark's— training as a genius, he has managed to fit a lot in there.

He has sourced many things off the internet, particularly for his oil system, such as an adapter to the engine for running a remote oil filter and oil cooler with a separate temperature thermostat for keeping it at the correct temperature.

Another idea I liked was the aluminium recess cut into the boot fibreglass for the 'Tsunami' fuel pump and surge tank, (very effective and looked great).



An open Cobra bonnet always attracts attention.

His polished stainless steel sidepipes were sitting on the floor in a box, they had only just arrived from the east, after about an hour my jealousy was starting to subside, but very slowly.

The Cobra sits on 'IMAGE' Halibrand replica wheels 18"x 8.5" and 18"x 11" with Michelin 18" x 235 and 18" x 315. Mark has fitted the XJS Powerlock 3.31:1 diff to the rear and he is currently looking for a rear sway bar for it .

There was lots to see and talk about, there weren't many Club members at the Man Cave but Mark's friends made up the numbers, some with very nice cars of their own, such as a perfect 1956 Chev Corvette and an excellent Triumph TR6.

An item on the night of great interest was the - - - 'Phire Phart', but that's another story and luckily for you it is on page 6.

Once the sun had set, Mark started the BBQ

to get the food underway, there were salads, fried onions, etc and a large variety of sausages, he even had vegetarian sausages, umm yeah, sure!!!!,

"I mean like, how the hell do you make any vegetable taste like a nice greasy fatty piece of fried meat????".

We were all well fed and watered, then around 9:45pm we started to head home.

I would like to thank Mark and Vicki for inviting us to the 'MAN CAVE' to have a look at Mark's work of art in progress, he hopes to be driving it Christmas 2008, good luck Mark.

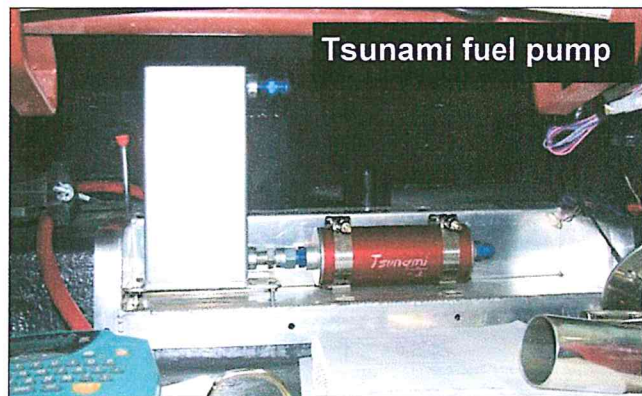
Members attending- Dave and Jessie Kent, Simon Clemens, Perry Ruffo, Eddie Terrell, Harrymac and of course the host's Mark and Vicki Thomas.



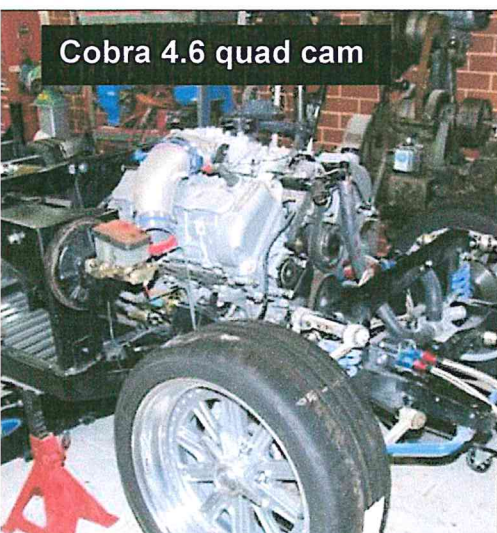
Dirty big fat rubber thingy



The 1956 CORVETTE



Tsunami fuel pump



Cobra 4.6 quad cam



TR6 Triumph

Man Cave - *Phire Phart*

The Jet is normally used in Control line speed competitions and is classed as a stock size. (determined by head diameter and length) These engines are flying in models at just over 240 Kph.

It works on the same principle as the German V1 bomber also known as the doodle bug. It has one moving part only (it vibrates open and closed) being the reed or petal. It is made by Bailey Machining Service in the US. The engine weighs 350 grams and produces 2.6kg static thrust

The petal is made from 0.006" spring steel and has ten fingers (in a flower petal shape) that cover the ten ports in the Aluminium intake (head), the head holds the metering jet and Flowjector which atomises the fuel as air passes over it and through the venturi throat and into the combustion chamber.

Combustion chamber and tail pipe are made of 0.013" stainless steel and as the engine heats up to over 650 deg Celsius, the tail pipe glows red hot and maintains the combustion cycle.

The engine runs at a frequency determined by a ratio of the volume of the combustion chamber to tail pipe volume and air temperature in the tail pipe.. This engine runs at 220 pulses (hertz) per second.

The Jet will run on almost any combustible fuel when jetted for the correct air to fuel ratio.

The engine was ground run inside Mark's workshop on 100% Methanol which runs cool and has a wide flammability range which makes it easy to start and run consistently.

If running on Petrol the engine would run so hot it would melt down if stationary for too long.

A large volume car air pump is used to start the jet while a constant high voltage spark from a model "T" Ford trembler coils supplies the ignition to a miniature spark plug.

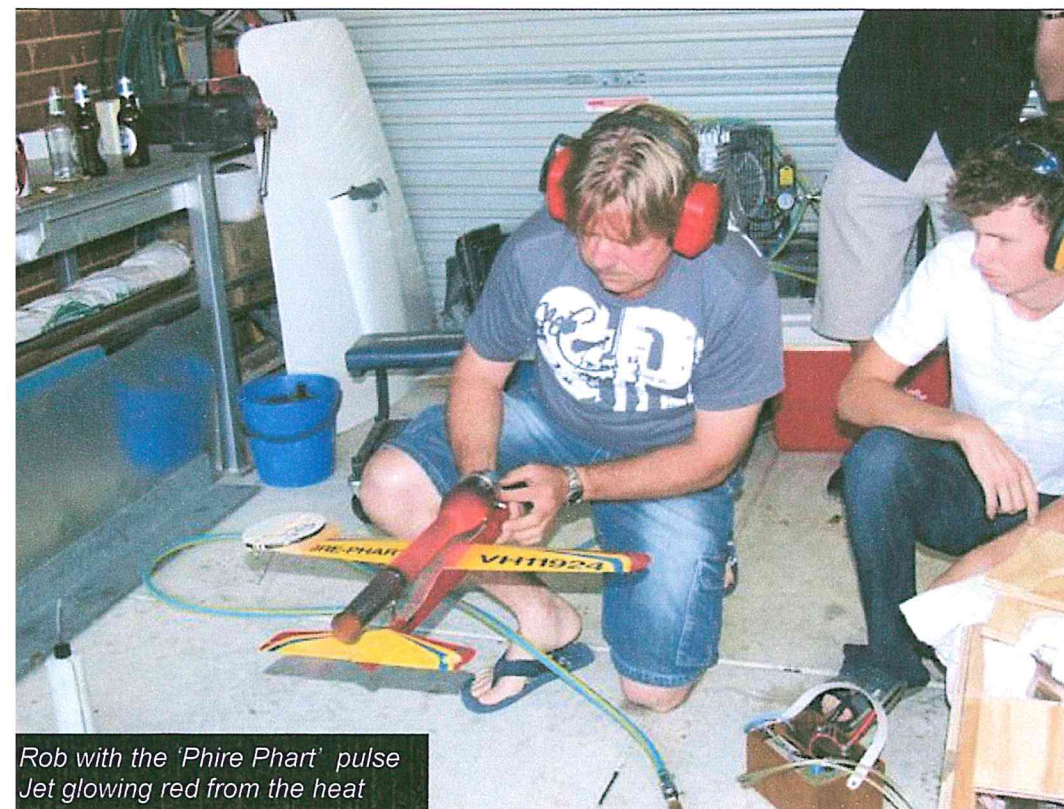
Once running, the combustion cycle is self sustaining. When the mixture in the chamber fires it forces the petal closed and exhausts out the tail pipe. This causes a slight vacuum in the chamber and a fresh charge of fuel and air is drawn into the chamber until rich enough to fire again. This cycle operates about 220 times a second until either the fuel or the air is restricted to the point where the engine flames out.

Pulse jets are very uneconomical in fuel consumption, this one consumes a litre of Methanol in about 3 minutes.

The best thing about Pulse Jets is that they are extremely loud !!! You can literally feel the noise.... **Rob Fry**

HOW LOUD ????? When Rob Fry was about to start the jet, he warned everyone of the noise and asked us to wear earplugs or headphones. I thought- 'What! louder than a power saw cutting roof sheets or a Mazda rotary at 16000 rpm in a hill climb up a sand dune, without an exhaust, NAH! I don't think so'.

BIG MISTAKE—I was ready with my trusty camera to photograph the firing of the jet, when it started.



Oww!! IT HURT, I stuck a finger in my left ear and still tried to take the shot with one hand, I couldn't—my ear drum was now vibrating at 220 pulses a second in tune with the bloody jet, it was louder than my thinking so I had to let the camera go, to save my ear, no photo.

Luckily, Rob Fry started it again after it had cooled. This time I had ear plugs with headphones and was able to take a great photo. Wow! what a fantastic toy.

Harrymac.

Rob with the 'Phire Phart' pulse Jet glowing red from the heat

Club Breakfast in the park

If you missed it—you missed a great run. For most of us it started at Armadale Pioneer World, where there were many cobras parked with people chatting in the early morning and we were soon ready for the run to Dawesville.

Simon checked the list to see if everybody was there, he then gave us the run schedule and where we were going. First stop was to be Avalon Beach in Falcon, Mandurah to pick up southerner's who were gathered there.

The trip to Avalon Beach went smoothly, except for pulling up at the wrong car-park—the mistake was soon rectified and we found the correct car-park with an opportunity to take some excellent photos was used during the stop. From there it was a short run down over the Dawesville Bridge and to the picnic area on the Peel inlet (very nice indeed).

Where we set up, there was also a boat ramp, so it was very busy. Ron and Nola had commandeered 4 of the BBQ's and all was well on the way. There were plenty of picnic tables and chairs in the park, the setting was perfect, lawns, trees, water and Cobra's everywhere—sort of like Uuumm!" heaven without the chicks in bikini's!"

Breakfast was bacon, chipolatas, eggs , pieces of fired bread I think it was called "Frog on a shelf or toad on a log or in a bog or something!" it tasted great—even had seconds.

After breakfast we all sat around in this ideallic environment and discussed Cobras, world topics and current affairs such as ummmm—I was still waiting for the boat with the bikini chicks to come back, but it didn't—think Ron Mac was pulling my leg.

Stage 2 was a cruise to the south send of the Peel waterway then north up the highway and over the Dawesville bridge again. Once we crossed the bridge we took a left turn and were lead by Murray Bill down to the coast road and followed that all the way up to Halls Head and what an excellent drive with ocean views on the left and some very nice real estate on the right, enhanced by the constant rumbles of Cobra's passing 13 or 14 in all—which meant a lot of rumbling, it was all met with the approval of the residents waving and smiling at the passing parade.

The tour led us to the south side of the Mandurah Estuary for a break and another opportunity for photos by the water, with many large impressive boats passing by. Then it was across the Old Mandurah Bridge and up through Mandurah town, then out to the north side of the estuary for another break this time with food and drinks.

Many more large boats were passing by—I thought we must have been in Miami (Florida) - I wondered if they were really going somewhere or were they just out to be seen, not like our congo line of magnificent Cobra's!! - we were on a mission—yeah sure!

From our vantage point in the marina, we could see the enormous wealth and development happening in Mandurah and I would like to congratulate the Shire Council down there for allowing all the high rise. The place looked fantastic and not like some useless greeny-shire strangled 'sleep hollow'.

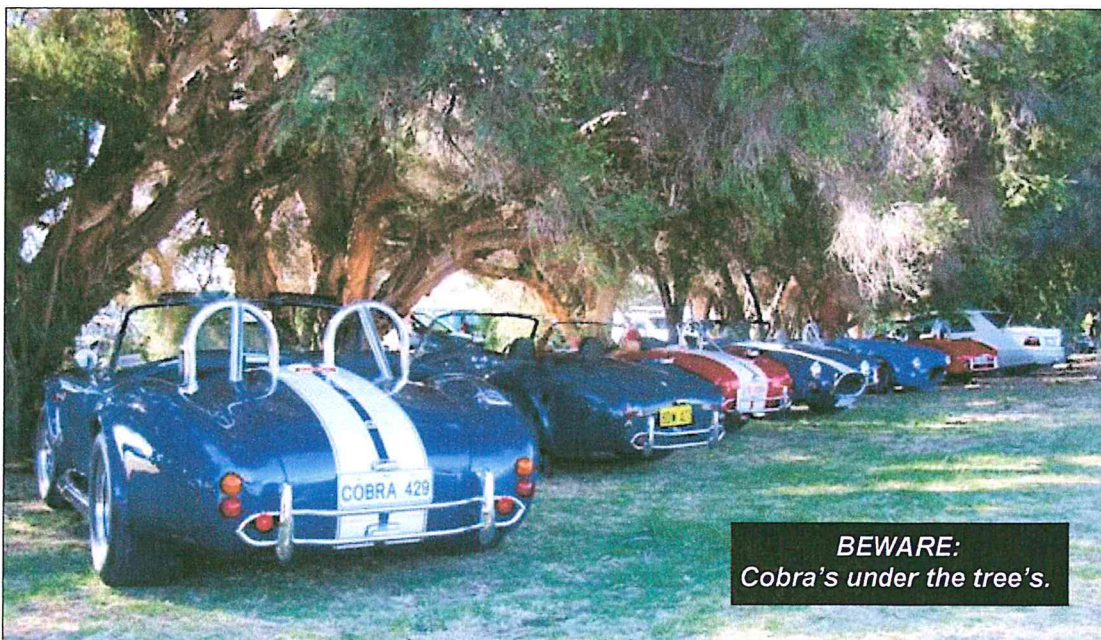
From there it was time to split and go our own ways quite a few headed for a petrol stop for the trip

back to Perth, Dave Manson suffered a flat tyre and Dave Bennie had to go and get his type repair kit from home to assist fix the problem.

Which reminds me—Ron McNally and Alan Golding have organised a tyre repair kit with compressor for around \$35—

"So check it out",..

**Harrymac,
Editor.**



BEWARE:
Cobra's under the tree's.



Top left:
Cobra's coming and going at the Estuary.

Above:
Our picnic spot by the water, south of the Dawesville cut on the Peel Inlet.

Left:
The blue Cobra's of Dave Bennie, Dave Kent and Murray Bill

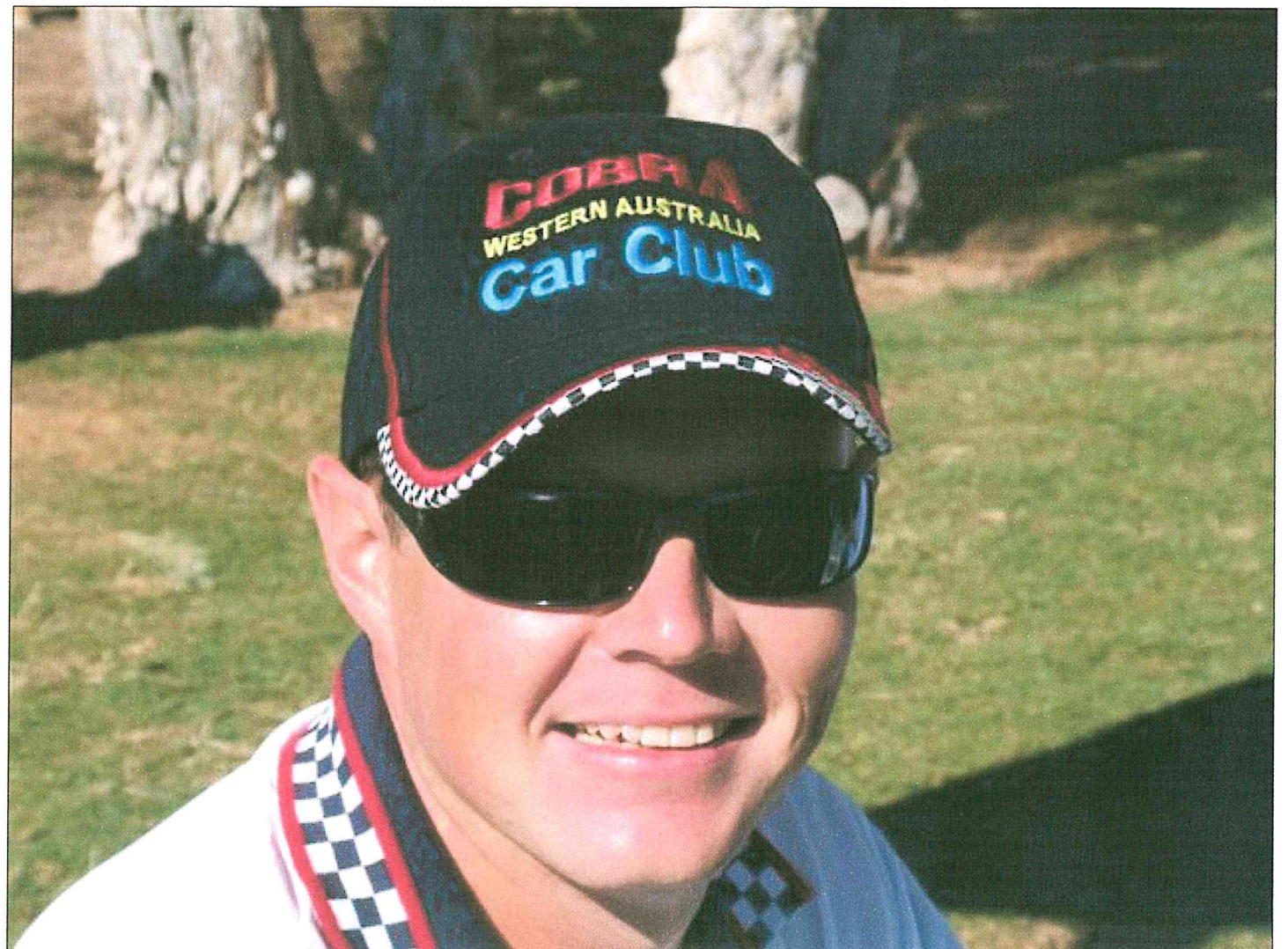


The line up at Avalon Beach, Mandurah.



A DOZEN COBRA'S—SOUTHSIDE CARPARK—MANDURAH ESTUARY

I don't know who this is, because he is wearing sun glasses and a strange hat



Editors apology

Due to unforeseen circumstances the 'Snakeskin' is running late, I wish to apologise to all the members for the delay.

Editor: Harry McClymans.

Next months Snakeskin

Valentines day run.

NOSTALGIA

DRAGS.

QUINNS ROCKS CAFÉ.

SHOW & SHINE 08

CRABBING WEEKEND

It's a cool fall day, clear sky, light jacket on and a Red Cobra idling through throbbing sidepipes five feet away. I know the car's reputation -- I've read Cobra stories for years. George has made some shakedown passes, warmed up the fluids and now it's time for me to jump in and ride shotgun down the quarter-mile. Ah, the perks of the job!



I reach for the door handle. There is none. It's inside, a minimal device resembling a garage door latch.

Consumer Reports would love this. Step high, squeeze in, close the 2-pound door. My head sticks out into the sunshine and uh, gee, there's no roll bar. Part of me believes I'm in a car but everything from my shoulders up isn't buying it. While I'm trying to figure out which half to believe George pushes the funny-looking shifter forward into first gear and drops the clutch. The General XP 2000s spin like a top. Traction? What traction? With two deep black strips laid across the starting line, George backs up and stages. Green light, go! First gear is a clinic in wheel spin. Second gear isn't much better. The rear end drifts left and right as George dials in correction on the wheel. "It's OK," I whisper, "I'm insured." But what about the car? The Cobra is an easy \$500,000 and he's running it for all it's worth. At the top of second gear the tires begin to bite. George eases into third and we're catapulted forward like a NASA acceleration sled. Redline is never more than a couple seconds away. Fourth feels like a strong second gear in a normal muscle car. We squirt forward. Wind noise upstages the sensation of acceleration and the roar of the sidepipes trail behind the car, creating a net effect of strong, smooth, almost magical acceleration. We rocket through the traps and return for our time slip. 13.83 at 98 mph. Not earthshaking taken by itself, but consider that we didn't start accelerating until almost mid-track. Clearly, the Cobra was making tremendous horsepower but those tires would have to go.

This is the experience related by Tom Shaw, making a quarter mile pass in CSX 3189, in 1991.

As owner of CSX 3189, George Poteet can test the limits of Cobra myth and Cobra fact any time he wants, and he often does. "It's not a show car," he tells us. George's Cobra sees about 5,000 street miles a year, and so far has two trips to the dragstrip and some hot laps on a roadcourse under its belt. In 1965 Car and Driver clocked 12.2 second quarter mile times for his 427 test car; with the help of M&H rubber George's car has tripped the lights at 12.52.

Originally a 427 street model, the Cobra was changed over to S/C specs when it was restored in 1983. Besides the S/C parts, which include headers and sidepipes, the car sports Goodyear Eagles mounted on GT-40 rims. George's street snake is equipped with the single Holley four-barrel carburetor, somewhat unusual on street models, as most had dual Holleys.

George has several Shelbys and high performance Fords on his self-described "Ford farm." including a '68 KR convertible, '69 Cyclone CJ and a bevy of street rods, but the reliable Cobra is a special favorite. What better instrument than a street snake to separate myth from reality?

"Happy New Year" 2008

I would like to wish you all "A very Happy and Prosperous New Year", although belated. I don't know what you normally do on New Year's Eve, but for Coleen and I, it usually passes without incident or excitement, it's a very quiet night watching TV until it's time to wish each other "Happy New Year" and go to bed.

This year was a little different, we were invited down to Dawesville by Ron & Nola to relax for a couple of days. Ron & Nola are planning a bit of an extension to the old 2-storey beach house and felt it was a good opportunity to get a second opinion on their ideas and some assistance in getting the ideas onto paper for a draftsman to be able to draw up a set of working drawings for construction.

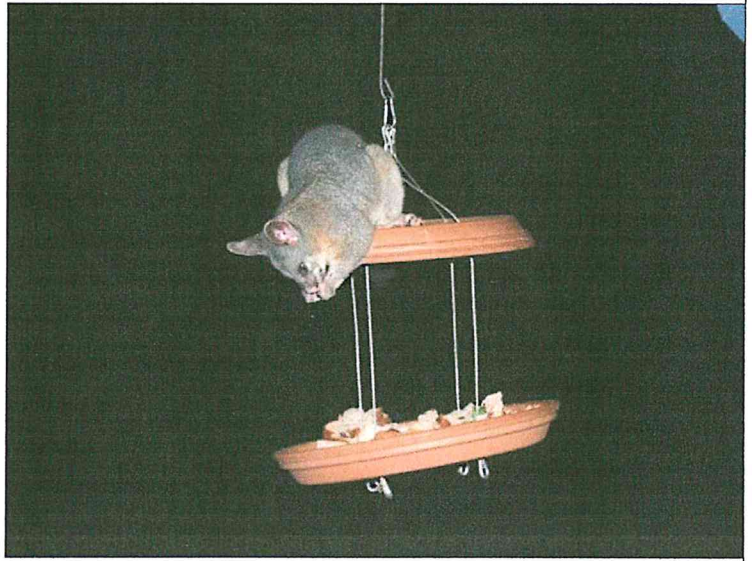
Coleen & I arrived at around midday on New Year's Eve and just in time for lunch. So while Nola was feeding us, Ron was busy feeding the many parrots, kookaburras' and magpies that also come for lunch on the upstairs balcony, it was very enjoyable. Ron also advised us that at night the possum's come down for feeding as well. With lunch out of the way it was down to business, Ron showed the plan drawings of their ideas. Everything had to be big, big bedrooms, big upstairs balcony (4mx14m), big entertainment areas and lots of toilets. There was also a need for a heap of stainless steel cabling on the balustrade, along with a forest of timber for the balcony ceiling and a very high percentage of glass to the front elevation.

Over the period of the afternoon Ron and I wandered around Dawesville looking at and photographing the styles and ideas that appealed to them both.

When back at the 2 story beach shack, Nola was preparing dinner whilst Ron and I put ideas to paper with the aid of photos, pens, paper and wine. Ideas like how big an entry staircase do we really need, I wanted one to rival Rose Hancock's old one in Mosman Park, but alas, I had to rub it out and draw a smaller staircase.

We all enjoyed a great dinner, with a magnificent dessert that Coleen just had to have the recipe. Ron kept our glasses full of several excellent wines and the evening was a perfect way to kickback, relax and bring in the New Year of 2008.

Oh! the possums did come late in the night to feed on the fruit and raisin bread left for them.



Harrymac

A mother is driving a little girl to her friend's house for a play date.

"Mommy," the little girl asks, "how old are you?"

"Honey, you are not supposed to ask a lady her age," the mother replied.

"It's not polite."

"OK", the little girl says, "How much do you weigh?"

"Now really," the mother says, "those are personal questions and are really none of your business."

Undaunted, the little girl asks, "Why did you and Daddy get a divorce?"

"That is enough questions, young lady, honestly!"

The exasperated mother walks away as the two friends begin to play.

"My Mom won't tell me anything about her," the little girl says to her friend. "Well," says the friend, "all you need to do is look at her drivers

License. It is like a report card, it has everything on it."

Later that night the little girl says to her mother, "I know how old you are, you are 32."

The mother is surprised and asks, "How did you find that out?"

"And I know that you weigh 140 pounds."

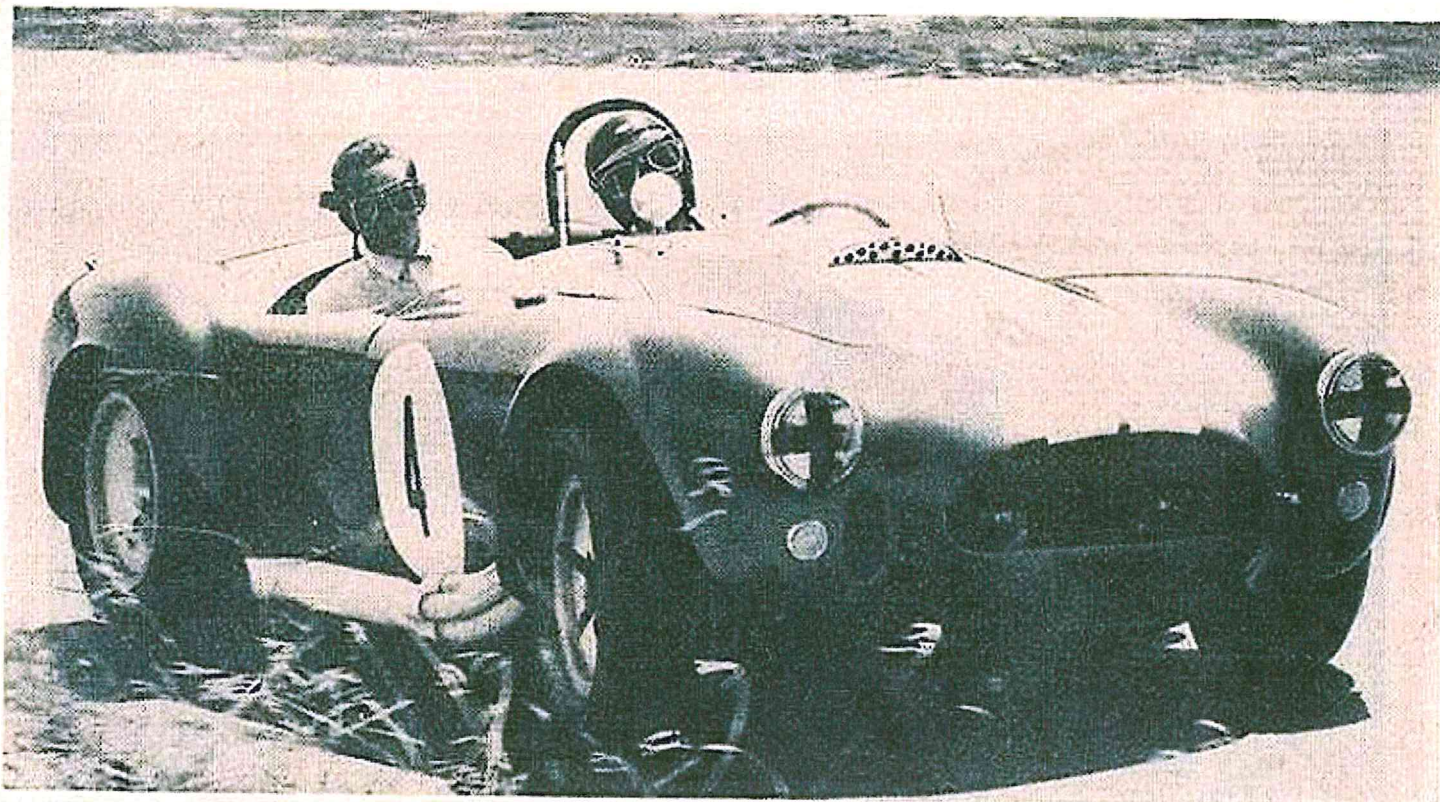
The mother is past surprised and shocked now.

"How in heaven's name did you find that out?"

"And," the little girl says triumphantly, "I know why you and daddy got a divorce."

Oh really?" the mother asks. "Why?"

"Because you got an F in sex."



MOTORING WITH MILES

John Weinthal goes for a hair-raising ride in the most powerful sports car to come to Australia.

FIVE HUNDRED horses, seven litres up front, 13in. wide Goodyear radials and Ken Miles in the driving seat. This is the fabulous Cobra 427 which came to Lakeside for the Australian Tourist Trophy, only to die a miserable death with a collapsed rear wishbone on the 34th of the title's 83 laps.

At Miles's first Lakeside practice session on the Thursday I went along for a look and wound up having a short, fast ride.

Miles describes this as an "almost" street machine. Then he adds that the competition car (which this was, of course) has an alloy motor rather than the normal Ford steel block, and bigger wheels with bodywork to match, plus those great exhausts on each side blasting the scenery less than an arm's length from the ears.

My run came after about 12 laps by Miles. After the first five he and mechanic Ron Butler (a former New Zealander, test driver for Shelby International and one-time Porsche racer) had stiffened the shocks all round and swapped the rear anti-sway bar for a heavier one. Seven more laps and times were down from the first 1min. 7sec. to around 1:5.

I settled into the right-hand passenger seat with tie well tucked into my shirt front, but without a helmet or seat belt—it was my neck, Miles said, and if I wanted to risk it, then why not?

Ken Miles whips the 500 bhp Cobra 427 through Lakeside's BMC Karroset with Queensland correspondent John Weinthal grasping the seat rails to combat the tremendous cornering forces. Five laps in the Cobra were an eye-opener with a best at 64 seconds for the 1.5 mile track — quicker than any Mustang. At the end of the five laps our man's tie was ripped from round his neck and his shirt completely undone from the gale as the Cobra hit more than 140 on the short Lakeside straight.

The sensations are almost beyond description. Snaking from the pits the big car blasted off with accelerative forces which pressed me way back in the seat and prevented my closing my mouth after the first initial cry of pleasure, or awe, or was it terror?

Quietly through BMC Corner, then sideways out as the tyres grappled on the hot mix towards the Esso Esses. Down the back and up through the Eastern and Shell for the first blast up to 140 on the straight.

Without a windscreen or helmet the noise and wind were deafening. I thought my eardrums would burst and jammed my fingers in them for each of the next five runs down the straight.

As Miles warmed up and started pushing through the corners I could see he was making no allowances for passengers. We careered semi-sideways through every turn with that fantastic jolt from behind whenever the accelerator was thought of.

Five laps were fantastic! Our best was 64sec.—Miles's best to that stage and quicker than even the Mustangs have taken Lakeside.

I left Miles and the Cobra awe-struck, exhilarated and educated. To ride beside a top driver in a car which does the standing quarter in under 12sec., reaches 100 in about 10sec., and with a theoretical maximum of over 200 with the right gearing is something. To sit there while he is going all out on as tight a circuit as Lakeside is really living. This Cobra tonic leaves all alcohols way behind!

AMS

Supercharged Lexus Cobra

“Andy Flight”



Recently I was invited to a shed run of a new Cobra build by a new Cobra builder Andy Flight. The G/Force body/chassis was picked up in November and Andy took a couple of weeks off to give the project a big shove to get the ball rolling—and I mean rolling down hill very fast—every week Andy would email me with photos of his progress and it wasn't long before he had a rolling Cobra with engine, gearbox, brakes, steering, fuel tank, etc. etc and etc—so a shed run was called for in early January.

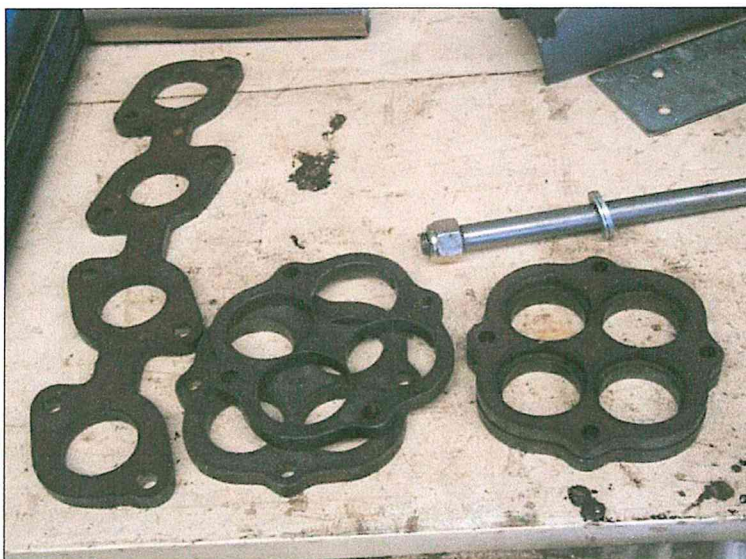
Andy is a regular on the Club Cobra Forum so the invites were limited, those attending were Bobby Brown, Perry Ruffo and myself (Harrymac). What I found with this build was the quality of everything, while Andy was waiting for his chassis and body he got to work getting almost everything he needed for the build and having reconditioned, painted or plated then assembled ready for fitting it was put on the shelf in the underground store/cellar under lock and key.

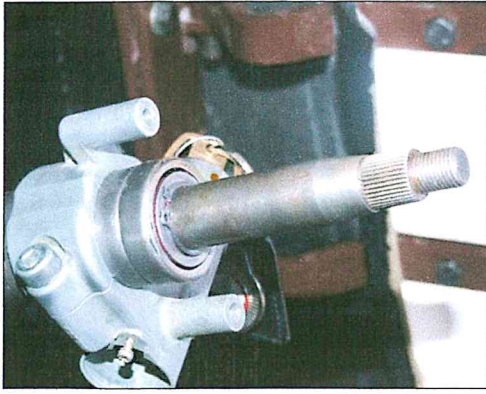
Costs were kept to a minimum, for example, he bought a Series II XJS Jaguar as his donor car, stripped what he needed and sold the rest and re-couped all the money spent on the car!. Next was buying a Lexus Soarer V8GT front cut and again kept what he needed and sold the rest, considerably reducing this outlay for an engine, mind you even the Eaton supercharger and manifolds were bought cheaply by searching the net for the best deals, (that strangely sounds familiar!!)

We spent a couple of hours looking and talking about Cobras and the best places to get Cobra stuff. Andy's fuel tank is a recent addition to his build, it is a Rocket Industries Alloy tank with all the AN fittings etc, welded into the tank and it comes with a sender and looks like it belongs in a race car, again another item at a surprising price purchased here in Australia.

His extractor plates and side pipe flanges were all laser cut and on the bench ready for making his exhaust, he has also sent me a copy of the computer drawings to take to a cutter to get mine cut, so if any one is interested let me know and I can order extras.

We finally went down to the store/cellar to have a look at lots of things yet to go into the Cobra, such as the 17" knock-on Cobra Wheels and the new computer, gauges, steering wheel etc. There was also a nice idea for a large wine rack—





Andy didn't claim the design, he said it was there when they bought the five acre property in Wandi just before the boom. Lunch was soon on us and his gracious wife fed us with the best party sausage rolls I had ever tasted. I later found out they are "Mrs Quick's" from Coles—I can highly recommend them.

In Andy's last report things have slowed a little due to work commitments - (sounds familiar) but he is nearly ready to pull the body off and fit the aluminium lining to the engine bay, so here is another Cobra I am sure will be on the road very soon and worth a close look at, as he has a very nice way of doing things (differently). I have invited him along to a couple of our events—which he has enjoyed.



Andy is also the proud owner of the WA number plate I spent months and months waiting to get my hands on, only to be beaten to it. I am glad it went to a nice home, but it's on a 'BLOODY CAMRY', I at least was going to fix it to a Mercedes.

Harrymac.

Editor



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President Bush visits a school

George Bush went to a primary school to talk to the kids to get a little PR. After his talk he offers question time.

One little boy put up his hand and George asks him his name.

"Stanley," responds the little boy.

"And what is your question, Stanley?"

"I have 4 questions Mr President

First, why did the USA invade Iraq without the support of the UN? Second, why are you President when Al Gore got more votes than you? Third, whatever happened to Osama Bin Laden? and Fourth, why are we so worried about gay-marriage when half of all Americans don't have health insurance?

Just then, the bell rang for recess. George Bush informs the kiddies that they will continue after recess .

When they resume George says, "OK, where were we? Oh, that's right, question time. Who has a question?"

Another little boy puts up his hand. George points him out and asks him his name.

"Little Johnnie" he responds.

"And what is your question, Little Johnnie?"

"Actually Sir, I have 6 questions:

First, why did the USA invade Iraq without the support of the UN? Second, why are you President when Al Gore got more votes? Third, whatever happened to Osama Bin Laden? Fourth, why are we so worried about gay marriage when half of all Americans don't have health insurance? Fifth, why did the recess bell go off 20 minutes early? and sixth, what the heck happened to Stanley?"

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Second paragraph of handwritten text, continuing the narrative.

Third paragraph of handwritten text, detailing an event.

Fourth paragraph of handwritten text, concluding a section.

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