

The SHELBY AMERICAN #105

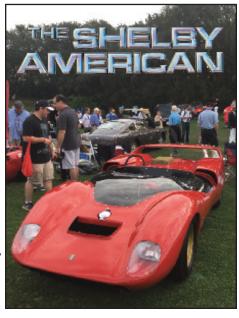
The magazine of the Shelby American Automobile Club



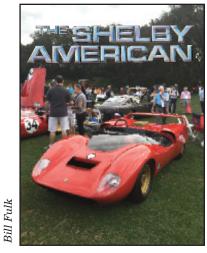
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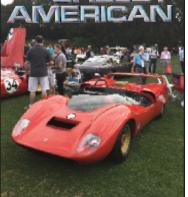
Spring 2016

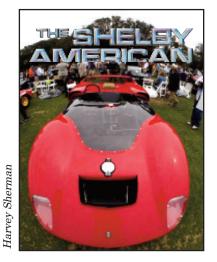
ON THE COVER. The Peter Brockdesigned Shelby DeTomaso P70 is one of the most beautiful cars we have ever seen. When we caught wind that owner Mark Moshayedi would have the freshly restored car at the 2016 Amelia Island Concours we had to be there to see it. Peter Brock was also there, walking around clucking like the proud rooster he had every right to be. We took plenty of pictures and we invited several other SAAC members who were attending the event to take some pictures that would fit our vertical format requirement. We hadn't planned on a "cover contest" but that's what happened. They were all worthy but we could only use one, so we just covered our eyes and chose.

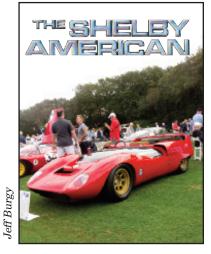




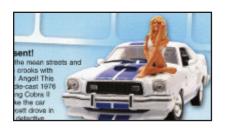












THE MAIL SAAC. 17 pages. What is this magazine coming to? Pardee is sending in books about fairies with Shelby mentions. Peter Brock's take on Gangsta wheels. A SAAC member muscles in on the post office by delivering SAAC Annuals in person. Want to know about the guy who drove the snack truck to Shelby American or would that be that too much information? CSSHPD Sprite school car sells for big bucks - or not so much. When is the last time you saw a Ford GT40 vintage racing? A recent race at Goodwood had 30 of them. We explain why.

SHELBY AMERICANA. 11 pages. A new Ford GT book reviewed. Cobra trailer hitch receiver used by Shelby to put a hex on Enzo Ferrari? Truth can be stranger than fiction. Wait! Stop! Farrah Fawcett and her Cobra II? SAAC bar coasters? Copyright lawyers are rushing to the scene. A 5-story GT350-R billboard in San Francisco. 427 SOHC engine spotted on Craigslist: did it cause a riot? What's Ocean Spray cranberry juice got to do with a Cobra? You'll have to read it for yourself. How strong is your pencil's point? What's that got to do with Shelby?



Et Bost











PETER BROCK'S SHELBY DETOMASO P70. 7 pages. What was Peter Brock's favorite car design? It was originally intended to be the body of the Lang Cooper. But it got to be used for a Can-Am car built in Modena, Italy. That's a little-known story that even the most erudite Shelby American enthusiast isn't familiar with. It was supposed to be powered by a 7-liter small block engineered by DeTomaso, himself. That never happened and only one car instead of 6 got built. We talked to Peter Brock and followed the car to Amelia to get the story.

FORD GTs SWARM DAYTONA. 4 pages. Ford chose the Daytona 24-Hours to debut it's new Ford GT which would be entered in the 2016 LeMans 24-Hour race, exactly fifty years after Ford won the event. Remember that famous 1-2-3 finish? It's probably one of the most famous auto racing photographs of all time. Naturally, Burgy was there to see the debacle. The Fords had teething problems. But there was a gathering of '05-'06 GTs that was interesting to see. And as the registrar, Burgy was all over it like a vampire in a blood bank.

OVER THE TRANSOM. 4 pages. Every once in a while we get something incredibly interesting and it comes to us out of the blue. These pictures were a perfect example. Ten years ago Wayne Hofer drove his Cobra replica to work and he was followed into the lot by an older gentleman who was attracted to the car. He said he always loved Cobras and remembered seeing them when he was a kid at a race track. He took some pictures and eventually had them scanned and shared them with Hofer, who shared them with us.

SCOTTSDALE 2016. *9 pages.* Bill Fulk seems to make a habit of traveling to events where Cobras are prominent. Fortunately for us, he is able to put together a report of his travels accompanied by more pictures than we can use. If you can't go to a place like Scottsdale, Arizona during auction week in January, Brother Fulk is happy to become your tour guide and show you around. And trust us: this guy does not miss a trick. How can he be in so many places at once? Is it possible he was cloned?

G7-A CUTAWAY. *3 pages.* This article started out with SAAC member Dick Soules finding some of the illustrations he used to create a cut-away illustration for a *Car and Driver* cover. That, in itself, was pretty cool. But when we realized the dihedral wing Can-Am car built by Ford had been based on an unused J-Car tub the plot thickened. The Can-Am car had been "sold" to the Agapiou Brothers by Ford for \$1. They never raced it and it sat in Charlie's garage for almost forty years before being sold and rebuilt into a J-Car coupe. Here's the full story.

BURGY DOES KISSIMMEE. 2 pages. Ever since he packed up and fled Michigan for the Daytona Beach area, we get the impression that Burgy goes to shows and auctions every weekend. And that's fine with us because we can't make it to these events in Florida. One of the auctions he never misses is the Mecum extravaganza in Kissimmee where they run 3,000 cars across the block in ten days. It's the auction equivalent of a 24-Hour endurance race and it makes you dizzy just to think about the constant activity.

COMPANY CAR. 2 pages. We love period pictures – especially when they are in color and are sharply in focus. This one picture, sent to Howard Pardee out of the blue, provided the basis for this short article. We can only dream about what it must have been like to live in a neighborhood outside of Detroit in the late 1960s when muscle cars were popular and company executives drove examples back and forth to work every day. Imagine your neighbor's father pulling into his driveway in a bright red 289 Cobra roadster.



ARE WE HAVING FUN YET? 2 pages. The New Year's Day "Anti-Football Rally" sure sounds good. Turning your back on the world of football in favor of a spirited three-hour drive in a Cobra in the company of a hundred or so other similarly minded "car guys" sounds like just the thing instead of settling into the couch and watching college jocks chase an oblong ball around. Could there be a downside? Wait. Stop. Wouldn't it be a tad chilly on January 1st, even in Northern California? In an open car with virtually no heater?



VIVA TERLINGUA! 3 pages. Everyone is familiar with the Terlingua Racing Team's black and yellow rabbit logo. And you might even know there is a real place named Terlingua in the southwestern Texas backcountry. Here's the complete story of how the first chili cook-off came to be and why it was located in the by-God-middle-of-nowhere. And who was involved? Some names may be familiar to you and others not so much. As usual, we dig up the full story behind the story.



SSSUSAN'S SSSHELBY 1 page. We never get tired of saying that every car has a story. It's usually just a matter of putting a magnifying glass on it. Susan Stanley's 1968 GT500 convertible has led an interesting life, from a daily driver that was her and her husband's transportation while he was in the army and they took it with them to Germany for a year. After a couple of cross-country trips he decided to replace it but she liked it so much she convinced him to let her keep it as her driver. We'll let her explain the Chip Foose illustration.



AMELIA ISLAND 2016. 8 pages. Bill Fulk is turned loose at Amelia Island for five days and there's nothing he misses. And that takes some doing because that event is like an amusement park. Like a bloodhound with his nose on the ground, Fulk sniffs out every Cobra, Shelby, Ford GT or Tiger on the island and gets a picture of it. And manages to meet some interesting people along the way. His travelogue is almost like being there, yourself. He included one picture of the silver car at the left but didn't provide any clues what it is.



SAAC-24. 7 pages. We set the wayback machine to 1999 and head back to Ann Arbor and Michigan International Speedway to kick through the remnants of SAAC-24. Most of our memories, at this point, are about how the site was selected (an interesting little story in itself) and how the event was planned. Yes, there was some rain but it did not seem to diminish too many spirits. When it rains, everyone gets wet and there's not much you can do about it. The rain was steady and hard in the morning but by noon the sun was out. A little too late for some.

STOLEN - NOT YET RECOVERED

8T02J149464-01467. Allegedly stolen by Craig Danzig/Blue Mountain Motors, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 12/15. He was subsequently arrested for Grand Theft and is presently out on bail pending trial. Car was allegedly shipped through the Port of Savannah, GA to an overseas buyer (who may not have known the car was stolen). Because the car was moved across state lines and out of the country both the FBI and Interpol are investigating the theft. The car has a Parchment interior, 4-speed and air conditioning. If anyone sees this car please contact owner Donald Hinkel — **don.hinkel@gmail.com**









Notes from the SAAC Mailroom.

"Curiouser and curiouser." — Lewis Carroll, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking Glass.

We sometimes feel like we are in a Shelby version of Wonderland, where fiction becomes fact by virtue of being repeated over and over, and where people who don't know the difference talk like they do and then start believing themselves. The latest thing we heard that made us shake our head to the point where we thought it might fall off was a reference to "matching numbers" on R-Model engines.

To understand the fallacy of thinking that R-Models emerged from Shelby American with the same engines that came in the car when they were built at Ford's San Jose facility, you have to consider the context in which the cars were made. In 1965 they were not \$900,000 showpieces. It's probably safe to say that very few people at Shelby American ever knew that the 289 engines carried the car's VIN stamped into the block. And of those who did, they didn't care.

The knock-down cars (Ford-ese for "semi-complete") were shipped to Shelby American in three groups: 15 early cars (which became 5R094 through 5R108); 5 in the second batch (5R209 through 5R213); and 15 in the last batch (5R527 through 5R540). Mathematicians will note there is one car short. One car in the last batch seems to have somehow fallen through the cracks, and we're continuing to search for it. All cars were shipped by truck and when they arrived at Shelby American (the first batch went to Venice; the rest to West Imperial Highway),

REMEMBERING THE DAY YOU BOUGHT YOUR SHELBY





That's easy for Larry McCurdy of Ashford, Connecticut. He bought 6S481 on February 14, 1966. You don't forget a date like that. This past Valentine's Day it was exactly 50 years ago, and McCurdy still has the car. As the years go by there are fewer and fewer original Shelby owners out there (and even fewer Cobra original owners). But if you ask an original owner what was the exact date they purchased their car, not many could rattle the date off. They

would have to go back and look at their factory paperwork. Not McCurdy.

3RD GEN HERTZ CAR

We were not surprised that Hertz jumped at the opportunity to take a third bite of the Shelby apple, just in time for the 50th anniversary of the original black and gold Rent-A-Racer. They used the New York International Automobile Show to make their announcement.



The cars will be based on the Mustang GT instead of an actual Shelby GT350 but that's not likely to matter much to today's enthusiasts. All they will see is the black paint and twin gold stripes. The car will be badged as a GT-H and converted by Shelby American in Las Vegas. They will all be equipped with automatic transmissions and will be built with a special handling pack, unique Shelby vented hood and rear spoiler, 19-inch matte-black aluminum wheels and throaty Ford performance cat-back exhausts. Reportedly only 140 will be made – just enough to provide plenty of publicity. They will be available to rent only from Hertz "Adrenalin Collection" outlets. FYI: none near Mid-Ohio.

they were unloaded and parked in a long row. At this point they were only identified by their Ford VINs because one of the last things added to a finished car was the Shelby serial number, stamped on the aluminum VIN plate. Numberwise, they were parked outside at random.

When it came time to move the cars inside to be converted into R-Models, they were brought in one or two at a time. Again, at random. The first thing to happen was that the 289 Hi-Po engine was removed and sent to the engine shop. There were already other 289 Hi-Po engines there, in various states of disassembly. All of these engines were basically considered little more than components. Heads were removed and sent to an outside porting shop (Mondello's, Roger's Porting Service or Valley Head Service). There were heads going out and coming in all the time. When an engine was being assembled, someone just grabbed the next pair of heads that were available.

The short block was disassembled and all clearances were checked. High compression pistons replaced the stock pistons and an S1CR camshaft was slipped in. Once everything was assembled, the engine was dyno-tested and then installed in the next R-Model that was ready for it.

So, the next time you hear someone referring to an R-Model with matching numbers, they are demonstrating how little they know about GT350 competition models.



PARDEE FINDS A FAIRY

We never thought we'd be able to use the word "fairy" in a headline in this magazine without incurring the wrath of the LGBT lobby. But it just goes to show you that we live in strange times. Howard Pardee, of all people, is smack in the middle of this and frankly, that doesn't surprise us. He sent us the following info with a picture of the book cover at the right.

"If Spriggan, Bogles, Trow and Dryad are part of your vocabulary," said Pardee, "then you probably have already read this book. Former SAAC member David Bell of Monument, Colorado spotted a couple of Shelby mentions in a book he was reading – for what purpose we can only guess."

The book is titled, "A Fairy's Guide to Disaster – An Away From Whipplethorn Book 1" written by A.W. Hartoin and is available as a free Kindle download from Amazon, should your curiosity get the better of you.

www.amazon.com/B007J68WNK

The Shelby references are near the end of the book. #1: "Not fast like this one. This is a Shelby Cobra. It does zero to sixty in four seconds." #2: "Tess's disappeared and Judd's popped up from the other side of the back seat. This Mustang is awesome." It doesn't make a whole lot of sense when we take it out of context. If you want more you'll have to read the whole book. We'll bet that even John Atzbach doesn't have a copy in his collection!



I'M LOVIN' IT



While visiting the drive-thru window at McDonald's recently we left feeling a vague sense of deja vu but couldn't put our finger on it. We were halfway home when we had one of those, "Hey! Wait a minute!" reactions and suddenly realized the connection.





An item on the Hemmings Daily Blog announced that Jerry Seinfeld was putting some of the Porsches in his collection in the March, 2016 Gooding & Company auction at Amelia Island. David Gooding, president of the auction company, was quoted as saying, "We are grateful and honored to be entrusted with these superb examples from the collection of Jerry Seinfeld. These cars epitomize the highest of quality and pedigree. Jerry's keen eye for significant Porsches, the care and pride he takes in maintaining his spectacular collection and his enthusiasm and passion for the Porsche marque makes this one of our most thrilling sales in our company's history."

Seinfeld's collection is said to contain 47 historical Porsches and is one of the largest accumulations of them in the world outside of Stuttgart. The estimated worth is \$15M. The cars are stored in a \$1.4M garage in Manhattan, a three-story compound (four separate garages along with a club room, kitchenette and elevator) on tony Central Park West. A full time mechanic oversees and maintains the cars. How is he able to afford all this? Seinfeld is one of the topgrossing comedians of all time, worth an estimated \$800M, so all the car stuff is chump change.

The purpose of bringing all this up was a quote from Seinfeld near the end of the blog. "I've never bought a car as an investment," stated Jerry Seinfeld. "I don't really even think of myself as a collector. I just love cars. And I still love these cars. But it's time to send some of them back into the world, for someone else to enjoy, as

With all of the recent communications we've been having with aging SAAC members over their mixed emotions on whether to sell or not sell, Seinfeld's philosophy seems worth repeating.

NO WIMPY ROLL BARS



It was the roll bar that first caught our attention. It reminds us of a pro wrestler pumped up on steroids. And it makes the stock single-loop roll bars we've become accustomed to on original Cobras look like so many limp pieces of spaghetti. Gary Goeringer saw this car on eBay. It's a Kirkham polished aluminum body powered by a 320 HP BMW engine, gearbox and differential, built by British BMW spe-



cialist Motor Technik. Looking into the engine bay really leaves a lot to be desired - you expect more. The car was in Germany and sold for \$89,000. As much as we like the look of the roll bar, we're not expecting them to catch on.

O. SINITH HISTO

In the world of academia, a visiting scholar, researcher, lecturer or professor is a scholar from an institution who visits a host university where he or she is invited to teach, lecture or perform research on a topic the visitor is valued for. If you consider SAAC a university, then you might consider Keith Schadoff a visiting

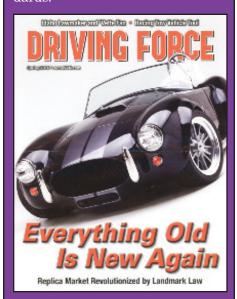


scholar on the subject of A.O. Smith. Professor Schadoff brought to our attention a new video titled, "The Factory" which provides a half-hour history of Smith's factory in Ionia, Michigan. It starts way before 1968 and only includes a few mentions of Shelby production, but it provides some perspective into the factory, including it's razing in 1999. It runs a little less than a half hour and is very well done. You won't regret watching it. And best of all, there will not be a test from Professor Schadoff. https://vimeo.com/124539929



Beginning in 2017, small automakers will be able to legally sell a maximum of 325 turn-key replicas that resemble the body of a motor vehicle produced at least 25 years ago. Prior to this, all manufacturers had to comply with the same rules and regulations. This made it impossible for low-volume automakers to meet the same federal laws that major manufacturers were forced to adhere to.

For replica manufacturers who desired to sell completed cars as opposed to the parts in kit form from which they could be built, this resulted in the replica two-step: a completed rolling chassis (essentially everything except the engine) was sold to a buyer who would then contract with another company to build and install the engine. The car was considered a kit car or hot rod by the state motor vehicle department and would not have to meet federal safety mandates. They usually had to meet emission standards based on the year of manufacture of the engine. If it was earlier than 1967, that effectively meant no standards.



Driving Force is SEMA's monthly publication which reports on the state and federal and state governmental issues they are monitoring.

REGULAR OR EXTRA CRISPY?



We hate to see someone else's bad luck but like any other rubbernecker who encounters an accident on the highway, it's impossible to look away. "Conflagration Consumes Classic Car...vintage Cobra bursts into flames in Walmart lot" was the headline in the Mountain View Voice. Forrest Straight of Los Gatos, California received the article from a friend who feared it was his 427 Cobra. Fortunately it wasn't, but it was hard to know if she was worried about his car or the fact that a million bucks just went up in smoke. He tried his best to console her. In the article, the car was reported as a 1965 Shelby Cobra, "a classic speedster that, in top condition,



is valued at around \$1 million. Only 150 were produced."

As it turned out, the car was a fiberglass-bodied replica. Far from being worth a million bucks, it was insured for \$50,000. The owner parked it in the lot and went into the Walmart (another clue it wasn't an original 427 Cobra) and when he came out smoke was coming from under the hood. In a classic "What do I do?" panic mode, he opened the hood, thereby allowing more oxygen to feed the fire. Leaving it closed would not have helped, so you're damned if you do and damned if you don't. Without a fire extinguisher the owner attempted to use a shirt to put out the flames, but they were fed by gasoline so the only thing he succeeded in doing was to get his eyebrows singed. The fire department was on the scene in record time. They had no trouble spotting the column of thick black smoke rising from the parking lot, visible from blocks away. Unfortunately, they were not on the scene fast enough to do more than smother the flames engulfing the car with flame retardant foam.

The *Mountain View Voices*' coverage was typical of the misinformation put out by a reporter not familiar with Cobras. It's pretty much what we've come to expect. However, a newspaper article has a megaphone affect and everyone who reads it, and who is not familiar with Cobras beyond what they may have seen during a Barrett-Jackson auction or in a photo caption in *People* magazine, become similarly misinformed. The key word missing from the reporting was "replica," which would have changed the complexion of the story.

The bill was passed by the U.S. Congress and signed by the President in December, 2015. According to information printed in the Specialty Equipment Market Association's Driving Force newsletter, the bill was the result of a year-long effort by SEMA with support from the specialty equipment industry. It means that a company can legally sell a turn-key replica Cobra. It must meet federal equipment standards (lighting, tires, windshield, brake hoses, etc) but is exempt from vehicle standards such as roof crush, side impact and crash testing. Turn-key vehicles must also meet current Clean Air Act emissions standards. Manufacturers must install a certified engine package from a current model year vehicle or a crate engine that has been certified by the California Air Resources Board (CARB). It will then be permanently exempt from emissions testing.

What does this mean? You can purchase a turn-key Cobra replica that is powered by, say, a current Ford crate engine that has already been certified. However, if you want something with a 289 Hi-Po or a 427 medium riser, the rules have not essentially changed. You're still on your own, buying the roller separately and getting the engine somewhere else. And then dealing with your state's DMV to register it.

We don't know if all this is good or bad. It appears to be the federal government's attempt to install a one-size-fits-all solution to replicas while, at the same time, tangling them up in current emission requirements. We have an EPA so they naturally feel that they must get involved. We suspect that the more time that passes, fewer and fewer replica owners will consider original specifications as important as they presently do. Whatever happens, once federal regulations are put in place, they are rarely rescinded. They just grow.

THE END OF RACING?



Elsewhere in this issue we referred to news of the new federal law that will allow manufacturers of replica vehicles to sidestep some government regulations as long as they build cars powered by current-year EPA certified engines. We remain convinced that once NHTSA and EPA become involved with hobby vehicles, their interest will only expand.

The latest incursion by the Environmental Protection Agency is a proposed regulation that would prohibit the conversion of street vehicles into race cars. It would also make it illegal to sell certain parts and products for racing purposes on street vehicles. The proposed regulation was hidden in a non-related regulation titled, "Greenhouse Gas Emissions and Fuel Efficient Standards for Medium- and Heavy-Duty Engines and Vehicles – Phase 2."

If this law was passed it would impact all vehicle types such as sports cars, sedans and hatchbacks most commonly converted for use at the race track. The Clean Air Act already prohibits certain modifications to motor vehicles but it was never intended to regulate vehicles built or modified for racing as long as they were not used on the street.

Picture rows of grim, dour bureaucrats shuffling the stacks of papers on their desks without giving a thought to any possible enjoyment citizens might receive from either participating in or watching automotive competition. The parking lot outside their of their office is probably filled with Volts, Prius' and Smart Cars. Could they care any less that these proposed

EPA regulations represent governmental overreach at its worst, running contrary to the law and defying decades of racing activity where the EPA, itself, has allowed conversion of vehicles for racing? Probably not.

As soon as word of this impending action was splashed across the Internet there was an immediate firestorm of protest. Car enthusiasts contacted their representatives in Congress, resulting in the proposal being withdrawn. SEMA released this press release:

"We want to thank Congress for pushing the EPA to withdraw an illconceived proposal. However, confusion reigns: the agency continues to assert new-found authority under the Clean Air Act to regulate modification of vehicles for use in competition. This means that those converting and racing competition vehicles and the parts and services industries that support them, do so under new EPA policy that considers the activity illegal. Only clarifying legislation, such as that offered under the RPM Act, will confirm that such activity is legal and beyond the reach of future EPA regulations. The racing industry and public need a long-term solution to eliminate any uncertainty regarding how the Clean Air Act is interpreted."

Don't think this is the end of it. If anyone believes the EPA bureaucrats will sulk back into their offices and move on to some other do-gooder undertaking, they do not know their history. The EPA apparatchiks will keep coming back, again and again, and each defeat will only stiffen their resolve. Think of the Terminator.

BLACK WHEELS MATTER



Last issue's item about all-black "Gangsta Wheels" was definitely food for thought, and it got a lot of people thinking. Peter Brock was one of them. Here's his email.

"All-black wheels...Ugh....Wheels are a message of taste the car's owner presents to the viewer. Obviously this recent all black wheel trend is in answer to the fully polished "mag" wheels we see on every "bling" mobile that's hoping (very belatedly) to be seen as having some performance lineage. As the late, great Yankee catcher, Yogi Berra used to say, "Nobody goes there anymore 'cause it's too crowded."

"Team Cobras ran real mag wheels which were difficult to keep polished, as magnesium oxidized quickly, but it was a matter of pride to the Shelby crew to keep the RIMS polished! The centers where painted white, primarily after 1964, for identification on circuits like Reims where the blue and white cars could be seen at a great distance but were difficult to tell one from another. Before that change in livery to Guardsman Blue for 1965, the center portions got blackened by brake dust and oxidation. They looked so ill kept it was decided to paint just the centers, but keep the

rims polished as a matter of pride. Since wheel design is such an important part of identifying a car's era (on Cobras, it's Halibrand "Kidney Beans" vs later "Sunbursts"), allowing the centers on mag wheels to oxidize to black indicates an owner's lack of interest, both in the car's presentation and labor required to keep the centers clean. Sure, brake dust is a pain in the ass, but it isn't good for the wheel material either. My opinion of all-black wheels is about the same as a beautiful girl with bad teeth.

 ${\it Keep\ those\ rims\ polished?"}-{\rm Peter}$ ${\it Brock}$

SHOW 'N GO OR SNOW 'N BLOW?

Lee Cross of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania sent us a photo demonstrating how versatile his '65 GT350, 5S547, is. When a record snowstorm blanketed the northeast in the middle of January, with coverage measured in feet instead of inches, Cross needed a vehicle to hitch to his four-foot wide snow blower. The Shelby was a little light in the rear but filling the trunk with 50-lb. bags of sand solved that problem.



SPECIAL DELIVERY

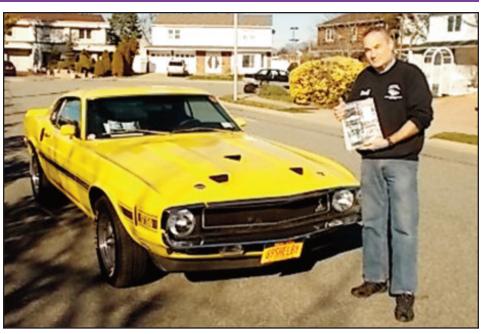
We couldn't make this stuff up, folks. SAAC member Alan Stewart of Merrick, Long Island was eagerly awaiting the latest Shelby American annual in early January when his wife told him there was a package for him at the front door. He went to retrieve it and was surprised to see what appeared to be a six-inch thick book. His first thought was that it was some kind of special, oversized edition but on closer inspection, he found it was actually five separate annuals, addressed to five different SAAC members, wrapped in one clear plastic bundle. Stewart's annual was on top, so the package was delivered to him.

He considered sending the other four annuals back to SAAC so they could be resent. But when he realized that the zip codes were all near him, he decided it was a nice, sunny day, so he and a friend hopped in his Grabber Yellow '69 GT350, 9F02M482632 and made the deliveries. "It was a good excuse to take my Shelby out for a run, and it felt good that these members all received their annuals when they were supposed to. I believed that this is just what SAAC members would do for one another."

Three of the members were fairly close by. Two were not home so he left the annuals at the front door with a note. The third member's wife was home and appreciated getting the annual. She knew how important it was to her husband. She even offered to show Stewart and his pal their '67 Shelby out in the garage but he felt a little awkward because her husband wasn't home, so he thanked her for the offer and they moved on.

The last member lived a few towns over but it turned out to be well worth the drive to deliver his annual to him. He was also appreciative of Stewart's going the extra mile, and invited them out to his garage to show them his collection of cars. They included a pair of new Ford GTs, an ultra-rare Yenko 427 Camaro and a '69 Corvette Bloomington Gold winner.

If Alan Stewart had just sent the



In early January of 2016 the weather was unseasonably warm. Temperatures in Long Island were in the 50-degree range with not a snowflake in sight. Four issues between zip codes 11510 and 11566 are about to be delivered in appropriate Shelby style.





As you might imagine, the personal delivery of the 2015 Annual was an unexpected event. Special thanks to Alan Stewart for taking the matter into his own hands and resolving the problem instead of shrugging his shoulders and saying, "It's not my problem." Stories like this demonstrate how really special SAAC is.

misdirected annuals back to SAAC we would have re-mailed them along with an apology. The books would have taken an extra week or two to reach their intended recipients. We know how much everyone looks forward to getting the annual so when there is a hiccup like this we take it personally. We're fortunate that Alan Stewart did, too.

Is there a downside? The only one we can think of is the precedent that has been set. We certainly hope SAAC members on Long Island aren't expecting to have their annuals personally delivered by someone driving a Shelby.



We ran this picture of Alan Stewart and the crew of the cable television show "Carfellas" who are friends of his. To refresh your memory, refer to the 2013 Annual, page 7.

BURGY'S FORD GT CORNER THE LATEST NEWS THAT'S 44-INCHES HIGH

The new 2016 Ford GT will make use of Gorilla Glass – the same stuff used to make smart phones and other consumer electronics virtually unbreakable. It's also lighter than standard automobile safety glass. The result is that Ford's supercar is lighter and, therefore faster and it handles better. Gorilla Glass is 30 percent lighter – the Ford GT's glass weighs only 46 pounds, a 12 pound saving over standard safety class. The new glass, used on the front and rear windows is stronger, clearer and more durable.

To develop the new glass Ford worked with Corning Glass in Corning, New York, a stone's throw from Watkins Glen. Those with a good recall of history will recall that Corning produced the windshields for the 1967 GT40 MK IVs. When those windshields began cracking during LeMans practice, Ford put in a super-rush order for Corning Glass to make eight replacement windshields that were stronger. One for each of the four entries and a spare for each car. They were made overnight and as soon as they were finished they were put on a jetliner — each one occupying a First Class seat — to Paris.



Ford sent out a press release and a photo and it was picked up by a number of newspapers. Ted Warren spotted it in the "Shreveport Times" on January 2nd.

A truck was waiting at Orly airport in Paris and as soon as the new windshields were carried off the plane they were taken directly to the Ford's paddock at the track and they were installed in the four waiting MK IVs. None of the new windshields experienced any cracks during the 24-hour race.

Gorilla Glass is so strong that it will not easily shatter in a crash but emergency responders are still able to free crash victims using power extraction tools. The Ford GT will be the first car to use this glass on windshields but it's pretty much of a sure thing that before long Gorilla Glass will be standard on all production cars.



It didn't take long for the first Ford GT plastic model kit to appear. Thank Revell for making a 14-piece snap-fit model which Ford gave away at the Detroit Auto Show back in January. A more detailed 28-piece kit is available for \$14.95 in retail stores. The kit takes 10-15 minutes to assemble. Previous auto show give-aways are a Mustang and a Raptor pick-up.

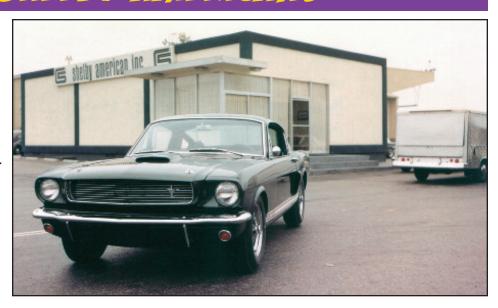


Times Square is called the Crossroads of the World, so what better place to put up a huge billboard showing the 2016 Ford GT? So many SAAC members sent pictures to us that we lost count.

CAN WE EVER OVERDOSE ON TIMI AT SHELBY AMERICAN?

It seemed like a fairly innocuous photo of the 1966 Shelby Paxton prototype, 6S051. The car was parked in front of Shelby American's 6501 West Imperial Highway facility for a public relations photo. It's fairly rare because it is a color transparency; most factory photography was black-and-white because most magazines didn't use color for press releases and news items. If they wanted color they would assign their own photographer to shoot a car.

Steve Yates owned the car and when he died of leukemia in 1995 he left it to his wife, Joyce. In her will, Joyce donated the car to the Shelby American Collection in Boulder, Colorado. She also left Steve's expansive



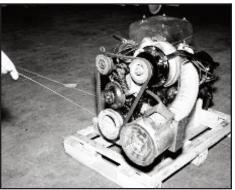




Two almost identical photos were taken of the car that day, one in color and one in black-and-white. 6S051 was originally delivered in white but it was painted Ivy Green (the first non-white GT350) without LeMans stripes and as a Paxton prototype it had unique side stripes that said "G.T. 350 S." It was a four-speed car with a Detroit Locker, Cragar/Shelby wheels and a rear seat.

collection of Shelby literature and memorabilia to the museum. Jim Cowles volunteered to deliver the car and all of the memorabilia to Boulder from Nashville, Indiana. The car came with a file drawer-sized box of documents relating to 6S051. Yates saved everything he could find about the car as well as every receipt and scrap of paper generated during his ownership and subsequent restoration. The car was painted white with blue LeMans stripes when he bought it but when he realized it had originally been green, he restored it back to its original specs. The Shelby American Collection loaned the box of paperwork to Cowles so he could go through it and make scans of anything important.





Among the publicity photos taken of the car were an engine shot showing an aluminum "Paxton" air box, painted in black krinkle-finish, which was standard with Paxton aftermarket units. When the Paxton unit became a legitimate option, a revised air box was produced with "SHELBY" replacing the Paxton script. Several photos of the engine on a wooden pallet were also taken prior to installing it in the car. A piece of wire was used to hold the supercharger's air cleaner in position for the photos [note someone's hand at the left of the photo, holding the wire].

Cowles could not seem to find the time to review the documents so he asked his friend Kieth Champine to look through them and scan what was historically important before the box was returned to the museum. One of the things Champine discovered was a 4" x 5" color negative of 6S1615, the white Hertz GT350 he has owned since 1976. The plot thickens.

Champine purchased the GT350 in 1976. He soon began a meticulous restoration which was completed in 1986, and the car placed 1st in the concours at SAAC-11. With the car freshly restored, it was declared "America's Most Perfect Shelby" by Fabulous Mustangs magazine. Champine had studio photographs taken, something fairly uncommon at that time. He sent the studio transparency to Kopec, who happened to be finishing the 1987 Shelby American World Registry. The picture dazzled Kopec and he used it on the registry's cover.

Among the things Champine found in the Yates box was one of the negatives of the studio shot of 6S1615. He was at a loss to explain how Yates had acquired it because it was in a sleeve from a photo shop that listed Dallas or Atlanta locations – not the photo studio in Green Bay where the car had been photographed. That studio will not even release negatives to its own customers. Since Yates is no longer around, the question of how he got the negative will probably never be answered.

Another interesting twist is that when Champine was studying the color photo of 6S051 he noticed a catering truck behind the GT350. One of his other projects is continuing to post photos on the SAAC Forum under the "Shelby American History" section, under the topic, "George Watters Collection." Watters, a long time SAAC member, is a memorabilia collector who has been gathering, among other things, historical photos of Shelby American and the cars. He grew up in the Los Angeles area and visited the factory many times as a teenager (sometimes only peering through the chain link fence). He also poked around Hi-Performance Motors quite





a bit and has had a long time interest in photos from that era.

Champine is posting some of Watters' photos on the forum, giving people the opportunity to see and comment on them. The topic currently occupies 51 pages on the forum and the last time we looked, 92,171 people had viewed this thread.

Champine emailed the color picture of 6S051 to Watters and asked him about it. Incredibly, Watters identified the catering truck in the picture and knew its owner, a guy named Jack May. In the late 1970s, Watters and May were both sound editors at Paramount Studios, occupying offices across the hall from each other. May had a picture of the catering truck on his wall and one day Watters asked him about it. May said it was his old catering truck and it brought back memories.

One day Watters drove his '65 GT350 to work (it was on a weekend) and that prompted May, a car guy himself, to recall that in 1965 and 1966 when he owned his catering truck one of his stops – three times every day – was at Shelby American at 6501 West Imperial Highway.

Prompted by Watters, May recalled that his favorite cars were the ones built by Shelby and he loved visiting Shelby's factory every day. Did Shelby or Ken Miles ever come out to the truck? May recalled that, at one time or another, almost everyone came out to his truck. He said Shelby would come out once and a while and was always very cordial. Miles never had much to say and was very cut and dry. May also related other experiences about his visits to Shelby American but in the intervening forty years, Watters can't remember the exact details. However, after that day he and May spoke often about Shelby American and the cars. May had a couple of pictures of his truck taken at Shelby American and brought them to show Watters one day.

Jack May worked at Paramount for a couple of years and then went to work at Universal Studios. Sadly, he got sick and passed away around 1985. He was in his 50s.

Is all this too much information (TMI)? You be the judge.



- Jeff Burgy

My Dad ordered his Boss 351 new in February of 1971 and it was delivered in April. He ordered it with a "radio delete" option because he said he wanted to "hear that engine." I don't think my mother thought very much of it, and a year and a month later he replaced it with a new '72 Mercury Montego. I bought the Boss from him. I put a factory AM/8-track stereo radio in it, along with Shelby 10-spoke wheels, rear window louvers and a Mach I urethane front bumper.

I pulled the Boss 351 engine and dropped it into my Pantera. The 12,000-mile Pantera engine went into the Boss. Back in those days at Ford, I was working so much overtime that I didn't have time to get the Boss running. I sold it to a friend who owned a Pantera with the 351-C installed. He got the car back into running condition.

About a year later, 1976 or 1977, I got a call from the guy I had sold the Boss to. He said that the car had died on him on the road and he had to walk to a phone booth to get help. By the time he had gotten back to the car, somebody had tossed a Molotov cocktail into it. It burned up and was destroyed.

When I sold the Pantera I kept the Boss 351 engine which had originally come in my Dad's Boss. I knew that someday I would build a Cobra kit car and this was the engine I wanted to put in it. I took the engine to a builder friend of mine who had previously done some small jobs for me. I had planned to have him rebuild it; it had over 100,000 miles on it. To my horror, the guy went bankrupt, closed his shop and sold my Boss 351 engine.



Burgy [left] drove the Boss on his wedding day. Note: the decorations didn't last long.

Since that episode I have checked eBay on occasion, hoping I might find my old Boss 351 engine. Imagine my shock when I found my old car, the Boss 351, for sale. I had thought it had been destroyed, but apparently not. I guess the Molotov cocktail damaged the engine compartment but didn't incinerate the entire car as I had imagined.

The sale of the car on eBay generated a lot negative press on the site. Almost everybody said it was a fake and could not be a *REAL* Boss 351 because it had a Mach I bumper, was set up for an automatic transmission and a regular, non-Boss 351C engine. Even though I, myself, had installed the Mach I urethane bumper and converted the car from a four-speed to a C6 automatic, most of the naysayers on eBay and the Boss 302 Exchange remained unconvinced.

The car was still in Michigan, so I went to look at it. I was 100% convinced it was my old Boss. Although I would have liked to get it back, it was just way too rusty for my taste. I'm done with rust-buckets.



The car still had the rear window louvers I had installed as well as the rear bumper, which I had painted with rattle-cans. It was amazing that it held up that well. Whoever painted the car screwed up and painted the hood in the Mach I style black-out instead of the Boss-style black-out. The Boss 351 side scallops were also positioned too high on the front fenders. I got a call a few months later from the guy who bought the car from eBay. It was still in Michigan, but I've since lost his contact information. I never found the engine, either.



Burgy was involved with a similar Boss 351 that was owned by a friend of his, John Denyer. A friend of Denyer's was street racing the car when he crashed it.



HENRY FORD POPS THE HOODS

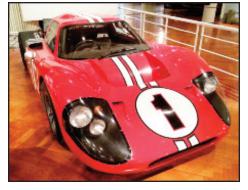
At one time the Henry Ford Museum was the focal point of what used to be called "Greenfield Village" in Dearborn. Michigan. Henry Ford had a sense of history and the industrialist realized the importance of maintaining and preserving items of historical interest, especially as they related to the Industrial Revolution. He began collecting personal historical objects in 1906. Today the twelve-acre site contains huge collections of automobiles, locomotives (including an Alleghenyclass 2-6-6-6 locomotive, the most powerful steam locomotive ever built), airplanes, antique machinery and pop culture items. He had Thomas Edison's laboratory in New Jersey dismantled and rebuilt on the museum's property. Ford also had the Wright Brothers' bicycle shop, where they built their first airplane, moved on to his grounds. Also included in the displays is Lincoln's chair from Ford's Theater and JFK's presidential limousine. The Henry Ford Museum/ Greenfield Village was opened in 1933.

The Benson Ford Research Center uses the resources of the Henry Ford, especially photographic, manuscript and archival material which is rarely displayed to allow visitors to gain a deeper understanding of the American people, places, events and things. Shelby American photographer Dave Friedman's complete photographic collection is now part of the Benson Ford center.

More recently the facility was reorganized and the whole complex is now called "The Henry Ford." A couple of years ago they started a tradition of raising the hoods of about 40 of the most iconic cars on display at the museum. The "hoods up" display only lasts for the months of January and February. SAAC Motor City Region member Rodney Beckwith IV was there and he photographed what is arguably the most valuable car in their collection, the LeMans-winning red GT40 MK IV, #J-5. Most of it's body panels were removed, exposing the car's internals. The hoods went down again at the end of February.









CSSHPD SPRITE FETCHES \$22K





A piece of Shelby American history, albeit a small piece, went across the auction block at the Mecum auction in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania this past August. The 1959 Austin Healey Mk I Bugeye Sprite reportedly used in Shelby's driving school between 1961 and 1965 (according to the description in Mecum's auction catalog) sold for \$22,000. It was the only Sprite used in the school.

The latest NADA guide for collectible, exotic and sports cars puts the value between a low of \$7,300 and a high of \$39,800 with a median of \$21,600. Based on those numbers, this car sold right on the money. It appears that the Shelby pedigree didn't help its value the way it typically has with other Shelby-related cars in the past.





FORD GT: OLD US. NEW ?

There aren't many of us who are in a position to buy a 2017 Ford GT. But that doesn't necessarily keep us from buying Powerball tickets and thinking about it. SAAC member Glenn Brueckmann asked Jeff Burgy, the club's New Ford GT Registrar, his opinion about waiting for a 2017 or 2018 GT or getting a 2005 or 2006 model instead.

As a long time SAAC member, I am seeking your guidance. I have considered searching for a near new 2006 Ford GT. With the soon-to-be-available 2017 GT, I decided to hold off. However, as details begin to leak regarding the application process coupled with a production of 250 units, my application success seems dubious.

I am definitely a Ford enthusiast; I have owned many Fords and currently have very long term ownership (15-26 years) of a 1965 Shelby GT350-R model, 1965 Shelby GT350 (early 2-digit Venice car) and a 9,000-mile totally correct 1969 Boss 429. I even own Ford Motor Co stock and have no intention of purchasing a GT for resale. However, I am not the king of social media and I do not drive the snot out of my cars. Thus, it seems my chances for success in obtaining a '17 GT may be quite limited.

Is the new GT being built for more than one year? Will production increase and provide me with a possibility in the second year? You probably do not know, but I am pondering. Bottom line: am I dreaming about the new GT and should I get serious about purchasing a 2006 GT? Are there certain 2006 VIN's to avoid, under 100, mid or late production? Do you know of any available 2006 GTs, black or blue w/stripe, 4 options, under 500 miles? Or should I hang on for the 2017 or 2018 GT?

I appreciate any insight you may be able to offer. Thank you.

Regards, Glenn Brueckmann Glenn ·

What to do with regard to the "new GT" is certainly a tough decision to make. The new 2017 GT is an incredible automobile – definitely nothing "retro" about it. It is just about as "high-tech" as a car could be. I guess if it were my money, I would opt for the "old" 2005-2006 GT. The naysayers said that they built too many of them to be "collectable." I was pretty sure they were wrong about that, and the market has certainly proven it.

My rationale for sticking with the "old" car would be this: the values of the '05-'06 cars have shot up dramatically and will probably continue to climb. The limited numbers of the 2017 model will likely cause those who were unable to get one to look for an '05-'06 model in the future (which will help to keep their prices up). The 2005-2006 model shares a profile with the original, iconic GT40; everybody knows immediately what it is. With the 2017 model. I have to look at the pictures closely to confirm that it is NOT a Ferrari, Lambo, or some other European exotic. The prices of replacement parts for the 2005-2006 models are *VERY* expensive but fortunately, they have been obtainable with the exception of cluster gauges. I would expect prices for any service or replacement parts for the 2017 model to be *INCREDIBLY* expensive, since I expect overall production volume to be quite low.

I am unsure of what the production numbers will be for the 2016/2017

model. I have heard 400-500 a year for two or three model years. Personally, I don't think there are 1500 "Ford guys" out there with a half-million bucks to spend on a car that doesn't have a prancing horse on it's flanks. I could be wrong, and I hope I am, but I would expect a total of around 1,000 units or less to be built. However, if they sweep GTLM at LeMans...well, that's a different story. If that happens I guess I could see demand for 1500-2000 of them.

I am disappointed that the new car is not a V8. I understand Ford's rationale; I just don't agree with it. Although the car's looks (*AND* it's performance) are stunning, the V6 is a turn-off for a lot of guys (including a fairly significant number of current GT owners) who all seem to expect an American Supercar to be V8 powered.

To be clear, I have to admit that I have *NEVER* done well in the stock market so don't take my words as gospel. Just take them into consideration while you make your own decision. If I had the wherewithal, I'd buy an '05 or '06 GT now, submit an application for the 2017 model and, if I was lucky enough to be selected, I'd buy it. I'd drive them both and sell whichever one didn't measure up.

I don't have any leads on GTs for sale. I'd suggest Shelby Smith in Arkansas or Marv Rose in Sacramento – they both have good reputations for selling nice GTs and standing behind their deals.

Jeff Burgy



WHERE HAVE ALL THE GT405 GONE?



The short answer is, "Europe." Why aren't more GT40s being vintage raced here in the U.S.? To answer that question we need a little context.

Vintage racing really got its start here in the late 1970s. It's been a part of this country's motorsports scene for almost forty years and a lot has happened in those four decades. In the beginning, a car's race history was vital. If you had a race car without verifiable race history it wasn't even worth your time to send in a race entry. To be accepted by most sanctioning bodies, cars had to have race history and also be restored to period, as-raced specifications. Values had not yet soared into the stratosphere (although they were clearly headed in that direction) so cars were prepared and driven moderately, as befit their historical importance. No owner wanted to be recorded in history as the one who wadded his car up or put it into a guard rail.

Vintage racing was becoming increasingly popular each succeeding year, and quickly moved from drivers-



only to spectator events. Prior to this, costs for the event were borne by participants through their entry fees. Once there was a spectator "gate," the sanctioning bodies were quick to see the link between spectators and profits. Activities like club corrals and shows, honored marques, and special guests (drivers, team members, authors and other well known personalities in the racing world) increased interest in vintage events and helped make them more popular. And, with that, more financially successful.

The competitive urge, never very far below the surface, began to bubble up. Vintage racing started to slowly move from "vintage" to "racing." Some owners to begin to modify their cars to go faster and perform better. At first these modifications were described as being made to increase the safety aspect of the cars. That rationale made sense. To offset the additional weight of a roll cage, more power was needed to maintain equilibrium. As cars became faster, bigger brakes were necessary to slow them down. Larger radiators kept them from overheating and wider wheels and tires were employed. To retain the original body contours, rear ends were narrowed so fenders did not need to bulge. It was a creeping evolution.

At the same time this was happening, owners of historical race cars, which were becoming increasingly valuable due to their low production or unique history, were no longer being vintage raced. Their owners were unwilling to put them at risk on the track in the middle of a pack of other cars which no longer accurately represented their history.



To head off declining entries and, hence, watch their profits shrink as spectators were not attracted by smaller grids, the sanctioning bodies began relaxing their stringent requirements. No longer did cars have to have actual race history. It was merely enough if they looked "period correct." The unintended consequence was that even fewer valuable, historical race cars were brought out and raced. Today you can see Shelbys, Corvettes, Mustang notchbacks, Camaros and a wide variety of other cars that never turned a wheel on a race track, presented as 1960s racers. In fact, requirements have been loosened to the point where you can see an early Mustang fastback outfitted with all (or most of) the pieces used on GT350 R-Models. Actual replicas - Cobras, Grand Sport Corvettes, Daytona Coupes – are beginning to be seen in vintage racing grids.

Meanwhile, in Europe, the major sanctioning body, the FIA, has steadfastly refused to lower its standards. Cars like Cobras and GT40s must have correct mechanical components. Blocks and heads must have exact part numbers and other pieces must be time period correct. Specifications must be the same as the cars were raced in 1965. Finding something like an original 1965 block greatly increases the cost of preparing a car. However, it means that all of the cars are prepared to similar standards, and the result is that there are no runaway winners. It also means that the cars tend to be driven more carefully on the track due to their value. The result is





that more of them are brought out to race, and that they are accurately presented. All good for spectators.

The recent Goodwood Members Meeting, held on the weekend of March 19-20, is an excellent case in point. The Alan Mann Trophy, named in honor of the late British GT40 Ford factory team owner Alan Mann, attracted thirty GT40 Mk Is that raced

prior to 1966 for the single marque event. It was a sixty-minute race requiring two drivers per car.

Photographic coverage was carried on the Sports Car Digest website

<www.sportscardigest.com>
The vivid photos seen here were taken
by Tim Scott and examples of his expertise can be seen on his website

<fluidimages.co.uk>









SURVEY RESPONSE RESPONSE

We sent out a survey to SAAC members back in February in an attempt to put together a profile of SAAC members. Our goal was to see if we were moving the club in the right direction; if we were emphasizing the right things. We compressed the response window to three weeks so we could compile the results in a timely fashion. We shared the survey results in the March issue of SAAC's email newsletter. We weren't fishing for feedback but when we received this thoughtful email from long-time SAAC member Ed Murphy from Lansdale, Pennsylvania (who is also a Pennsylvania State Trooper) thought it was worth sharing.

read the latest survey with great interest. I just wanted to take a moment and thank you and the members of the board for the work you put into SAAC.

I have been a member since 1978. I have never owned an early Shelby. At this point I am not sure I ever will. I can remember when 427 Cobras were \$35k. I passed on a '68 GT350 for \$5500 as that was all the money in the world to a 17 year-old. (Of course I later paid \$3k for an '80 Pinto!) Life always seems to get in the way.

I have owned a '69 Mustang coupe and a '70 fastback with a 351C and a factory shaker. I am getting to the point that when I retire I can purchase the car I have always wanted (or, at least, something close). My toughest decision will be choosing between the performance of a new GT350 (not an R, of course) or a '69/'70 Boss, or an early Shelby. Or maybe I need to save it for retirement and a used '12 Boss will have to do.

The greatest value I've seen in the club is the access it has given me to places and people I wouldn't otherwise have had. I met Carrol Shelby several times and had a brief conversation, one-on-one, at a restaurant in the Dearborn Hyatt Regency. I met Jay Leno in the parking lot while he was doing burnouts in a Cobra. I've driven an '87 Mustang GT at Charlotte and Mid-Ohio, I've ridden in a Pantera, a '66 GT 350H, a '69 Boss 302, and an AC MkV at Pocono, and driven a '66 Mustang at the Ford test track in Utica (and later helped install a new U-joint at a gas station in Ohio at 10 pm so we could get home!)

I drove an '87 T Bird Turbo at Pocono. I've driven my '03 Mach I at VIR, NJMSP, and Watkins Glen. I

watched my '87 GT raced at Milan Dragway (and later had a stretched timing chain covered under warranty). I got Larry Shinoda's autograph, met Chuck Cantwell, and ridden in a Ford GT. I've seen a Daytona Coupe up close, heard one at speed, and I can remember seeing Bob Bondurant doing 180-degree bootleg turns on the track in a rental Cougar. I've seen a T/A Boss 302 dicing with a '66 GT40 MkII. I've listened to Allen Grant, Bob Johnson and a lot of other notable people in the Ford performance world whose names I can't remember. If I stop a Smith Trucking driver, I know Barry Smith likes the same cars I do. And I've been passed on I-80 by Ross Myers in an original 289 Cobra being driven from Pennsylvania to Michigan. And I can't believe I didn't make it to Downingtown all those years ago.

All of these opportunities and memories are due to SAAC and the people who run it. I am sure that without the club they would have otherwise not have occurred. So it's not just the cars, the conventions, the magazine, or any of that. It's the hard work of the people in the club that make it all happen.

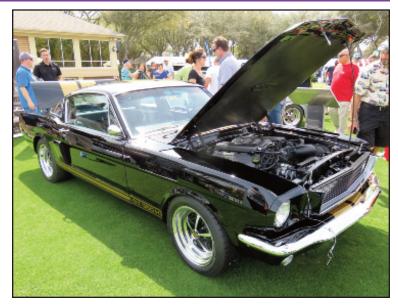
Thank you. Ed

NIE TOLD YOU SO

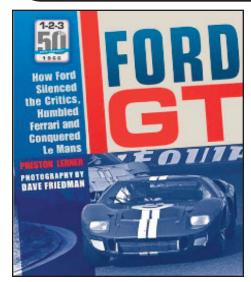
Back in the Summer '15 issue we predicted that it wouldn't be long before the folks at Revology would be taking their retro-Mustang up a notch. At Amelia Island they unveiled a '66 GT350 decked out in Hertz togs. It was a very nice presentation, with its 5.0-liter Ti-VCT Coyote DOHC V8 that really filled up the engine bay. We liked the 16" x 8" aluminum-rimmed Magnum 500s. The sticker price was a tad north of \$158K. A bit spendy, but you're getting a brand new, zero-mile car with all the bells and whistles.







SHELBY AMERICANA



FORD GT - How Ford Silenced the Critics, Humbled Ferrari and Conquered LeMans by Preston Lerner; photography by Dave Friedman. 10 1/4" x 12 1/4" hardcover; 76 color photos, 227 black & white. Published by Quarto Publishing Group USA www.motorbooks.com

Haven't there been enough books written about GT40s already? Until we saw this one we would have said, yes. But if you are intrigued about Ford's campaign to beat Ferrari at Le-Mans in the mid-1960s, this is the book you've been waiting for.

Author Preston Lerner, who has been writing for Automobile magazine for the past 30 years, teamed up with former Shelby American photographer Dave Friedman for this book that centers around Ford's LeMans victories in 1966 and 1967. The story of Ford's GT40 program has been told and retold almost since the mid-1960s when it was breaking news. The cars are as exciting now as they were fifty years ago and this is reflected in Lerner's text. Some of the people who were there when history was being made are no longer alive, but those who are still with us prove they have excellent memories and the perspective gained over the past five decades makes for interesting reading.

Like any proper telling of Ford's LeMans victory, the story begins with Henry Ford II's desire, encouraged by Lee Iacocca, to purchase Ferrari. After Enzo Ferrari paraded his company like a teasing suitor under Ford's nose, he promptly withdrew it, angering HF II. "You go to LeMans," Ford told Don Frev. the Assistant General Manager of the Ford Division, "and beat his ass." This prompted a swarm of Ford corporate underlings to begin scouring the landscape for a suitable starting point for a Ferrari-beating endurance race car. That was in 1963 and the book includes Ford's discovering Englishman Eric Broadley and his Lola GT which morphed into what became the new Ford GT.

The story continues through construction of the earliest GTs, testing, and the first foray to LeMans in 1964. Conventional wisdom was that a new car required a minimum of three years of trial and error before it could win LeMans. This proved to be true, and the book covers all of the high and low points. Finally the planets aligned in 1966 and Ford had its never-to-beforgotten 1-2-3 photo finish. The story includes the circumstances around the "Ken Miles affair" and it is even more poignant in the retelling.

The saga, as you know, did not end in 1966. Henry Ford II did not want the victory to look like a fluke so he ordered a new car, built at Ford in the U.S., which became the MK IV. It won again in 1967 and was then outlawed by the French in the FIA. Ford then pulled the plug on its factory effort. If you're looking for yet more Ford GT pictures you've never seen, you'll find a bunch of them in this book. We're happy to have it on our shelf.



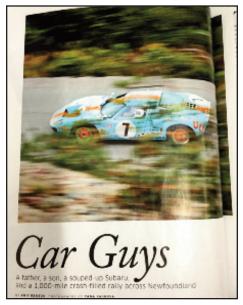
Peter Cavallo of Essex, England sent us this photo of a chrome trailer hitch receiver cover. It arrived in England attached to a Dodge truck that somebody purchased and he brought it into Cavallo's shop to show him. It is metal and about six-inches high. The electrical trailer hitch plug activates the snake's eyes when the brakes are applied.

With us so far? Good, because Cavallo added a few more details. According to him, during the GT40 vs. Ferrari chapter of racing history, Carroll Shelby carried this winkling cobra (said to have been created in the place that was to become A.O. Smith in the future) and the battery from a 427 Cobra with him around Enzo Ferrari's villa. In the middle of the night, Shelby would hold the cobra up to Enzo's bedroom window and, using an original Cobra horn switch, would activate the glowing red eyes in the dark of the night in order to instill in Ferrari the fear of the cobra's bite.

Does that sound, maybe, a bit farfetched? We're only relating what Cavallo told us. We report and you decide.



Is it our imagination or some kind of karma? A badge and emblem company sends us an email every once in a while looking for new accounts. They attach a bunch of samples and there always seems to be one that is Cobra related. We wonder what Capitol Area club this is?



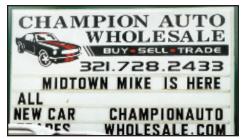
Tom Dankel of Hollister, California, a frequent contributor to this column, was sitting on a United Airlines flight, minding his own business when he started flipping through the pages of the January issue of Hemispheres, United's in-flight magazine. An article titled "Car Guys" led off with a picture of a GT40 in Gulf livery at speed. The article was about "a father and son in a souped-up Subaru and a 1,000-mile crash-filled rally across Newfoundland." Good thing they led off with a GT40. Who would have continued reading the article if they had showed a Subaru?



Stones Custom Glocks will stipple any polymer-framed gun. They use a soldering iron and can also incorporate a logo. One of the ones they pictured was this G.I. Joe Cobra logo. The pistol is a Springfield XD. Thanks to Brett McDonald of Covina, California for turning this one up. Not sure if it's his.



Elvis is alive and driving a 427 Cobra comp car (CSX3011) in Palm Springs. Possibly, according to eagle eye Greg Melnyk who saw this in the December 2015 issue of *Travel Host Palm Springs* magazine.



If you keep your eyes open you're sure to spot Shelbys everywhere. Doug Cresanta of Satellite Beach, Florida sent this picture he snapped of a sign for a wholesale auto sales company in Melbourne that has a '66 Shelby on it. If you were wondering where Midtown Mike is, now you know.



Pete Doriguzzi, Vice President of Heacock Classic insurance and SAAC member was on a business trip to attend the SVRA National Championship vintage races in Austin, Texas (we know – it's a tough job but somebody's got to do it...) when he stopped at a Texaco station to refuel his rented car. We continue to be amazed that of all the cars in the world that Texaco could have put in these advertisements they chose a Cobra and a Shelby. Trust us: it wasn't a random choice.



MASTER EAGLE EYES CONTINUE TO THRASH IT OUT

Ok, this thing has lasted far longer than we ever expected. It all started when we began getting multiple eagle eye sightings from Ken Young in Wisconsin and Jim Hutchinson in Massachusetts for each issue. We wondered, aloud, if it might just be a coincidence – or if it wasn't, how long they could keep it up. Then, before we knew it, we started getting multiple sightings from Ted Warren from Louisiana.

As Warren waded into the fray, we got the feeling

that it might be the eagle eye equivalent of the redneck boast, "Hey, ya'll—watch this..." In real life, that kind of swagger, usually fueled by a steady stream of alcohol, is followed by either an explosion, a barrel-roll or a belly flop. Warren's eagle eye sightings were surprisingly unique, homespun and it seemed like they were finding him and not the other way around.

Then we got a large batch from Bob Barranger of New Jersey. We challenged him to maintain his level of participation and were somewhat surprised when he did. Like a horse race, some seemed to step it out while others fell back. Positions changed continuously. And once in a while we got a few sightings from dark horses who looked like they might have what it takes but faded in the stretch. Where will it end? We have no idea. We'll just



Young saw this ad in an issue of *Mike Kelly's Cruise News*, a Florida street rod newspaper. It's hard to tell what caught his attention first—the Shelby stripes or the word "chrome."



Ever seen a '68 Suzuki Cobra? We hadn't but Jim Hutchinson saw this one advertised on an auction website. It's the T-500 model, but we doubt if many GT500 owners will be rushing out to get one to park in their garage. There is a limit. Somewhere.

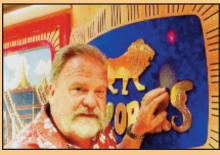


Don't try making reservations at the Hotel Fort Shelby in Detroit. No word if Barranger did but that place is long gone.



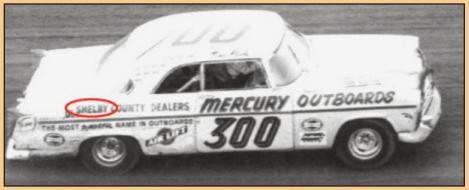


You might call it a long term marketing plan: with an eye to future buyers, Ford teamed up with Lego to create a new Mustang and F-150 Raptor. This was spotted by Bob Barranger. It's hard to believe that a Ford engineer actually got paid to develop a Lego Mustang? Are you in the wrong line of work?



It seems like Young spends half of his life on cruise ships. His latest so-journ was to Southeast Asia. He evidently didn't get his fill of Vietnam in 1968 so he had to go back. Rumor has it that he lost a cigarette lighter in a Saigon bordello and returned to try to find it. He is pictured attempting to score eagle-eye points examining what he claimed was a cobra on the ship's wall. Spoiler alert: that's a seahorse, Young.

We wouldn't normally consider a catalog listing like this, sent in by Young as it turns out, worthy of an eagle-eye accolade, but something caught our eye. The diecasts are 1965 GT350s available in red or black. The description says, "...this is the most authentic Shelby diecast ever created." This is the result of how the passage of time affects history and accuracy. It's only going to get worse, folks.



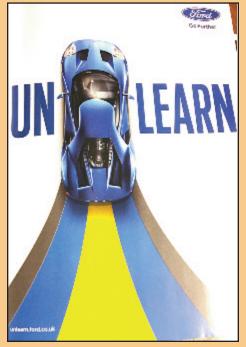
The original Shelby/Chrysler connection? Well, let's not march off the cliff to this tune. Barranger spotted this picture in the March 2016 issue of Hemmings Muscle Machines. The article was on early NASCAR star Tim Flock and his Chrysler 300s, and Barranger's eagle eye picked out the sponsor on the rear fender: Shelby County (Chrysler) Dealers. Elmer Carl Kiekhafer was the owner of Kiekhafer Marine and went NASCAR racing in the mid-1950s with a professional team of meticulously prepared Chrysler 300s (brought to the track in transports – unheard of at the time; the box trucks had jacks built into the floors to support the cars on their frames so they would not ride on their wheel and axle bearings during transport to and from races). The cars won the championship in 1955 and 1956 but Kiekhafer quit NASCAR in 1957 after accusations of cheating by Bill France. This was not uncommon when one car or team won consistently and other teams and entrants threatened to pull out. Kiekhafer used his cars to promote his Mercury outboard motor company. Rather than risk the backlash of being seen as a cheater, booed by fans and, thus, potentially affecting Mercury sales, he simply withdrew from the sport. Bet you didn't know that.



It was the "COBRA & GT350" on the front fender of this freshly restored Mel Burns Ford-sponsored '65 Fairlane B/SA drag car that caught Young's eagle eye. It was in a *Hemmings Muscle Machines* March 2016 pictorial from the 2015 Chicago "Muscle Car & Corvette Nationals" show.



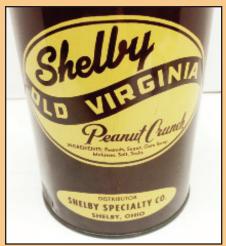
Barranger spotted picture frames engraved with names in a gift shop on Aruba. Naturally he found the one for "Shelby." Aruba? That's in southern New Jersey, isn't it?

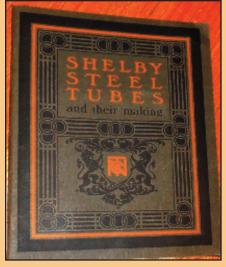


The British automobile publication *Octane* can usually be counted on to carry some pretty interesting items. Ted Warren spotted this full-page ad for the newest Ford GT. Pretty slick.

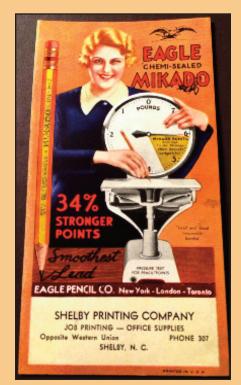


Barranger spends a lot of time dragging his hook through eBay sites starting with "Shelby." It's amazing what he finds.





The latest book on Barranger's shelf is this one about cold drawn seamless steel tubes: where they are made and how they are used. National Tube Company, Frick Building in Pittsburgh. Fascinating reading!



We've never seen a pencil tested to determine how strong the point is. Of course, these pencils were advertised way before our time. Still, they make a strong point. (Sorry, we couldn't resist the pun). Another Barranger discovery



Young prowls around hot rod meets so he turns up a lot of weird stuff. You won't see a Walker radiator on a Cobra but they are the hot ticket on street rods.



This is what an eagle eye is. Young was looking at a full page of swap meet photos in a Good Guys magazine. He spotted the '66 Shelby tach right away.



You stop off at the Old Orchard Inn in Burgin, Kentucky and pick up a book of matches near the cash register. And the name "Shelby" jumps out at you. Barranger, again.



Auctions sell memorabilia as well as cars. Young spotted this piece of GT40 artwork in Auctions America's catalog.



The same magazine had an article about a kid's model car contest and Young picked the Essex Wire 427 Cobra out of a page of photographs.



Auction advertising always touts the most interesting cars. CSX3295 caught Warren's attention.

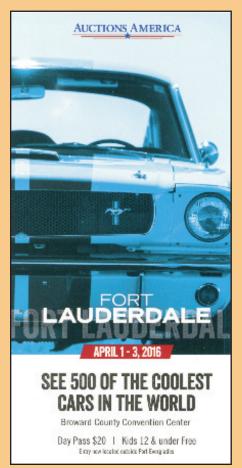


In the 1950s and 1960s, when vacationing by car was gaining popularity, almost all rest stops, service stations and restaurants on the road sold window decals which advertised where you had stopped. It wasn't uncommon to see station wagons and sedans with rear side windows covered with decals showing where their travels took them: like to Shelby, Montana. Thanks to Bob Barranger for this one.



Young passed a table full of fliers for future swap meets and auctions being held in the Minnesota/Wisconsin area and immediately ground in on the

ately zoomed in on the '68 Shelby inside the circle on the bottom right corner. Proving that whatever it takes to be an eagle eye, Young still has it.

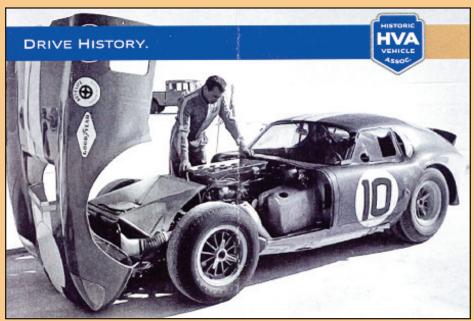


Young must be on the mailing list of some auction companies who have apparently mistaken him for a high roller. No matter: he's turning up Shelbys.





We'll barely give this one to Young because it's a 7 1/2" x 10" brochure. Not exactly obscure.



The Historic Vehicle Association started their "This Car Matters" registry with the Daytona Coupe. They have made good use of it in ads and postcards. This one shows driver Craig Breedlove at Bonneville. Young scored one.



SAAC member and part-time steel guitar musician Doug Cresanta is a certified Eagle Eye. Here's an example. He spotted a '67 Shelby on this 8 1/2″x11″ printed flier for a three-day bluegrass festival. One of the groups is The Atlantic City Boys and their concert includes a classic car exhibit. First time we've ever seen the combination of bluegrass and classic cars. Maybe they just do things

 ${\it differently in Okee chobee, Florida.}$

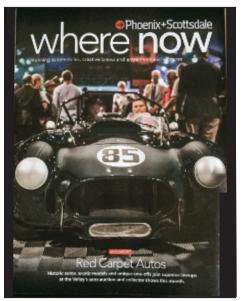


There comes a time when you realize that you are just watching too much television. Bill Campbell of Lake Havasu City, Arizona is seeing Cobras everywhere.





We know there are some members (exactly how many we do not know) who collect logos and stickers of SAAC regions. Here is the latest one. Dan Reiter, spark plug behind SAAC's Lehigh Valley Pennsylvania region, came up with it and although we don't have any details (size, cost, etc) we're sure if you shoot an email to Dan he can advise you on how to get one for your collection. reiterdrds@ptd.net



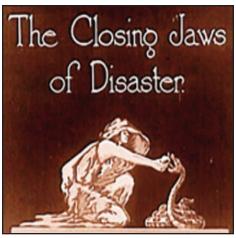
Tom Dankel of Hollister, California is a frequent contributor to these pages. Evidently he is a tireless business traveler, so he has opportunities that the rest of us sedimentary SAAC members don't have. Where Now is a magazine that is left in hotel rooms in the Scottsdale-Phoenix area. With the auctions in town, this was an appropriate article to include in this issue.



There is something to be said for pubcrawling. Phil Murphy of West River, Maryland was staring at his unfinished double Shirley Temple with extra cherry and picked it up to polish it off when he suddenly focused on the bar coaster underneath it. He saw "SAAC" and signalled to the bartender that he had had enough. But he was not seeing things. The coaster was from the Specialty Advertising Association of Chicago. While Murphy was wondering about what this meant, Pardee, who had been sitting next to him at the bar and slugging back White Russians like they were free (which they were because he had convinced the bartender to put them on the hapless Murphy's tab), drunkenly suggested that they had an actionable misdeed and should tell SAAC to begin immediate legal proceedings for infringement. Murphy copyright agreed but when he read his bill he actually fell off his bar stool. It was ten times what he expected it to be. At that point, of course, Pardee was nowhere to be found.



Bill Fulk of Sacramento, California is a self-admitted teeny-bopper/slasher film freak. We're ok with that – everyone is entitled to their own little quirks. He spotted the Cobra RV in the "Friday the 13th" movie.



In the Silent Film Era of the 1920s there was a 15-part serial titled, "The Master Mystery" starring Harry Houdini. At the end of each chapter he gets tied up or locked in some inescapable situation. He is able to escape at the beginning of the following week's episode. This title card from late in Chapter 12 foretells the trap Harry is headed for. The one thing Harry cannot escape from is the wedding ring that encircles the finger of his sweetheart at the end of the chapter. Steve Sloan of Pasadena, Texas has a special interest in silent films and it seems there are a lot of references to cobras.



Here's another one. It's from the 1929 silent movie "The Magician." The premise is an evil magician/alchemist/ hypnotist finds a formula to create life but one of the ingredients required is the blood of a virgin. That might be a tall order today but in 1929, not so much. This scene takes place in the snake charmer's tent at a local carnival where he spots a potential victim, although it is not evident how he determined in advance her state of chasteness. A minor detail.



Cory Hitchcock of Granite Falls, Washington is another frequent contributor here. He recently saw an article in the Everett (Washington) Herald about a toddler who was named Isis because her parents were interested in Egyptian mythology. "Isis" was an Egyptian princess. Fast-forward to today, where ISIS has a totally different connotation. The article highlighted her problems and touched on people asking if her parents would change her name (they won't). The sociological aspects were not what held Hitchcock's interest, however. It was the Cobra pedal car in the picture's background that caught his eye.



We look forward to the winter auction season for a lot of reasons, but one good one is because it brings out some really nice full-page advertisements. Cobras and Shelbys are natural attention-getters and it seems a couple of stunners show up every year.



Rand's Custom Hats has an interesting blog and they invite their customers to send in photos. This one had no caption so we have no idea who's car it is or where the photo was taken (although it's just a guess, but it's not New Jersey). The photo was sent to Howard Pardee by his pal Jim MacDonald of Mill Creek, Washington, probably as much to highlight the Cobra as it was to needle Pardee about his choice of headgear. Be assured it ain't a Rand Custom hat.



We're not sure if we can bestow the title of eagle eye on Marty Beaulieu of Atherton, California for spotting this 5-story high billboard in San Francisco advertising the new Shelby GT350R. Unless your eyes were locked on your iPhone as you were walking down the street you couldn't miss it. He said it was right across the street from the Mini dealer. Wouldn't that be the equivalent of bullying a weakling?

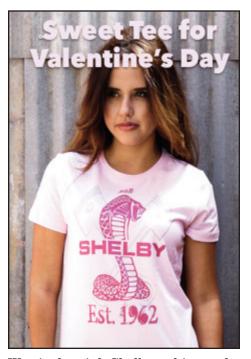


Doug Cresanta is another one of these guys who is like a magnet to Shelby and Cobra stuff. We're at a loss to explain why this happens to some people and not others. This car wash is located in Indian Harbour Beach, Florida. The Cobra comes up on a large outdoor screen using HD TV about every minute. That logo looks familiar. Isn't Ocean Spray the brand name of a cranberry juice?





Should be an interesting batch of cars at the Quail Lodge show at Monterey this coming August. At least, that's what they are trying to solicit.



Was it the pink Shelby t-shirt or the young model that caught Roger Morrison's attention? He spotted this on the Petersen Store's website. We're not sure they sold many pink ones to the males in their client base but they would make nice gifts for wives, daughters or girlfriends.







Howard Pardee found the website of Dutch automotive artist Henk Holsheimer and among the charcoal illustrations were the '67 GT500 [*left*], one of 150. The size is about 16″ x 20″ and the price is €219.90 (\$242.37 US); they are signed and numbered. His illustrations were also used in an issue of the British magazine, *Classic & Sports Car* [center], and another illustration of a '67 Shelby [right].



Even though there's not much in the Genuine Hotrod Hardware catalog that we're interested in purchasing, we nevertheless spend a little time thumbing through it when it arrives because we can occasionally spot a trend. Previously, items representing hot rods were joined by Mustang and Shelby related gear, Corvette and '55-



'56-'57 Chevy stuff, the sporadic Cobra items and more recently Camaros, Firebirds, Chevelles, Dodge Chargers and Road Runners. We note that the latest catalog has three





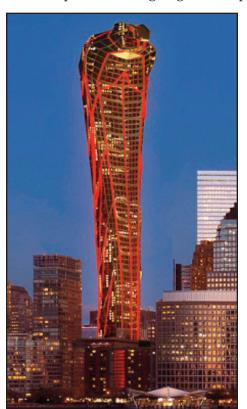
items relating to the 1975 Mustang II Cobra II. Are these cars finally attaining the notice of collectors and hobbyists? Or is this a matter of a mail order business just trying to add to their line of products? Keep in mind that in the 1970s, automobile performance took a heavy hit when the federal government ratcheted up strict emissions mandates. The U.S. manufacturers were sucker-punched and the only way they were able to comply was by choking their engines and using numerically lower rear end ratios. Naturally performance suffered and they tried to offset this by employing eye candy: mag wheels, badges, fake scoops and tape stripes. Historically Shelby and early Mustang owners and enthusiasts scoffed at cars like the Mustang II Cobra II. After a decade-long diet of high performance red meat, who wouldn't? Suddenly all they could get was tofu and arugula. What may be happening is that as younger enthusiasts enter the hobby they might not be old enough to have been around in the mid-1970s when the performance tide went out. A Cobra II was driven by Farrah Fawcett in the "Charley's Angels" television series and an option to the 1/18-scale '78 Cobra II was a figurine of her that can be perched on the hood. We can't recall ever seeing a model with a Peter Brock figurine.



If you're in the paint department of a big box store and you see this advertisement sitting on the shelf, you'll do a double-take like Pete Doriguzzi did as soon as you see the mouth of a 427 Cobra staring at you.



Long time Cobra owner (since 1972) Chuck Schwab of Wallingford, Connecticut spotted the small image of a Cobra in the corner of a local newspaper's ad supplement. It caught his attention because it was the same color as the car that has been parked in his garage for the past 44 years.





Don Johnson of Honolulu, Hawaii couldn't help but notice this in the online version of London's *Daily Mail* paper. The first thing he thought was that we were having a new building erected for SAAC HQ in downtown Sharon. Not quite. It's actually a pro-



Robert Boote of Vestal, New York says, "You never know what you're going to find on Craigslist." To prove his point he found a complete 427 SOHC engine, reportedly with zero miles and rebuilt by Holman Moody for a mere \$50,000 or best offer. The seller is near Westfield, Massachusetts. He might want to set up one of those "take a number" machines like they have in the supermarket deli to keep the horde of buyers manageable.



Is eagle-itis contagious? On a recent cruise to Southeast Asia accompanying her husband, Jami Young spotted the coiled snake on a food wrapper. Does what he has rub off? We'll have to keep an eye on this situation. We might need to look for an antidote.

posed skyscraper designed by a Russian architect. He hopes a developer in Asia or the Middle East will express some interest in building a tower shaped like a serpent's body coiled on a round base. A nightclub or restaurant would be built in the snake's head. It is named "The Asian Cobra Tower." In the Middle East, snakes are reportedly seen as a sign of wisdom. We're keeping an eye it as a possible site for a future SAAC convention.

Peter Brock's SHELBY DETOMASO

Awake after a 40 year sleep.

- Rick Kopec

Most race cars are the result of evolution, because at the very top levels, rarely is a car competitive for more than one season. There are exceptions, of course, but seldom does a race car remain the same for a second season unless it is sold to a lower level team without the resources to improve it. While the top cars are competing, designers, engineers and fabricators are working on improvements for the following year – or on a totally new car. At the very top levels of racing, other manufacturers are chasing the current leaders. They never stop.

In the 1950s, sports car racing in this country was a pure amateur sport. Drivers competed for trophies, silver cups, trays and pewter mugs. Cash prizes were not only unheard of but considered inelegant and uncultured. Sports cars tended to be expensive and sports car racing was in the same category as polo and country club memberships – not something for the everyman.

As interest in sports car racing grew, it expanded from participantonly competition to full-fledged spectator events. The primary sanctioning body in this country was the Sports Car Club of America, run by hidebound traditionalists who mimicked the originators of organized sports car racing in England. The SCCA was headquartered in Connecticut, and oversaw amateur events across the country, with the exception of a group of west coast renegades called the California Sports Car Club. The Cal Club was not anchored to the philosophy of the SCCA. They held their own events. They had their own rules and their

Most race cars are the result of own driver certification requirements. racing virtually exploded. Automobile

In 1958 a third sanctioning body stepped into the arena in California. The United States Auto Club recognized there was a void in sports car racing in this country. They had been running open wheel and stock-bodied racing. Sports cars were just another type of racing, but it was still racing.

USAC recognized that a professional road racing series which offered major cash purses would attract world-class drivers. At the same time it would generate an increase in the evolution of sports racing cars. They organized the first Los Angeles Times-Mirror Grand Prix in October of 1958. USAC requested and received FIA approval for a two hundred-mile event planned for Riverside International Raceway. They offered a hefty cash prize expecting it to attract name drivers in top cars. It did: more than 30,000 showed up.

Flushed with success, they made plans for the following year and the event was even more successful. Within a few years a full-blown "Fall Series" was scheduled, with races in Laguna Seca and Kent, Washington as well as Riverside. Purses grew and attracted European car builders who joined American manufacturers in creating cars specially for this series. Top European drivers whose names had been associated with Grand Prix Formula One events, like Jim Clark, John Surtees, Graham Hill, Bruce McLaren and Jack Brabham were joined by top American talent like Phil Hill, Dan Gurney, Roger Penske and Jim Hall. Most of the top cars were powered by American V8s. "Unlimited" sports car racing virtually exploded. Automobile magazines had all they could do to keep up with the almost daily innovations in suspensions, brakes, aerodynamics and engines. It was truly an exciting time.

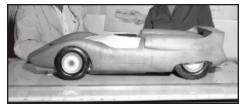
By 1963 the SCCA finally saw the light and entered into professional racing. They initiated the United States Road Racing Championship, eight separate events across the country with cash prizes for winning drivers and points for drivers and manufacturers. It was no coincidence that the SCCA rules for modified sports cars matched exactly those of the West Coast Fall Series.

Carroll Shelby hungrily eyed the west coast series. He understood the prestige and publicity that the winner would receive. Shelby American already had a team of top drivers, fabricators, mechanics and engine builders necessary to field a serious effort that could result in that success. All they needed was a car, and it wasn't a Cobra roadster.

Shelby's ear was continually to the ground. A number of manufacturers were preparing new, rear-engined sports racers for the fall, among them John Cooper in England. Shelby American had the talent to create a car of its own but lacked the time that would take. Cooper had been building a rear-engined sports racer powered by a four-cylinder Coventry Climax Grand Prix engine for a few years. Shelby contacted Cooper and ordered four of his Cooper-Monacos, beefed up to accept full-race 289 Cobra engines. The first car arrived in February and received a full-spec Cobra race engine.







Evolution: Cooper-Monaco "King Cobra" [left] was raced by Shelby American in 1963 and 1964; Brock-designed Lang Cooper was based on a wrecked Cooper Monaco [center] and raced in 1964; Brock's quarter-scale clay model for a the sports racer [right] that was intended to replace the King Cobra for 1965 and was later used for the DeTomaso sports racer.

and promptly lowered the track record.

By the time the 1963 fall series began at Kent, Washington at the end of September, Shelby American had two Cooper Monacos (now called "King Cobras," having been given that name by the automotive press). The cars, driven by Dave MacDonald and Bob Holbert, were clearly the fastest. Holbert broke the track record and won the pole position. However, mechanical problems plagued both cars and they failed to finish. Two weeks later Mac-Donald won the second race at Riverside and he won again at Laguna Seca. Detecting some customer interest, Shelby ordered two more cars which were purchased by Comstock Racing in Canada.

Shelby ordered four more Cooper-Monacos for 1964. The first one was completed for Olympia Brewery heir Craig Lang. The car was raced by Mac-Donald or Holbert in several west coast SCCA events until it was wrecked by Holbert at Kent and totally destroyed. Shelby ordered a space frame to replace it and Peter Brock designed a totally new body for the car, which was built by Don Edmunds and Wally Peat. It was much more aerodynamic than the original Cooper-Monaco but used the same chassis and mechanicals. This car, dubbed the "Lang Cooper," looked svelte with smooth, crisp lines but as

Dave MacDonald tested it at Riverside it was going together, Edmunds thought Brock's rear "ring airfoil" spoiler was too complicated. The same thing had happened with the Daytona Coupe. Brock had designed an elaborate curved spoiler but when they ran out of time, Phil Remington specified that the Coupe be built without it because it had never been tested.

> Aerodynamics had yet to be a proven concept, although Brock had an intuitive feeling it would work. Edmunds simplified the design as he was building the rear section and left the ring airfoil off. He was a superb craftsman and did a beautiful job of simplifying the rear clip on his own. When Brock saw the car's flat rear deck he realized that Edmunds had essentially built a large airplane wing. And like an airplane wing it would generate lift instead of downforce that a ring airfoil would create, making the car almost undrivable at high speeds.

> Brock explained to Edmunds that it was like someone designing an airplane, and then the fabricator arbitrarily deciding, on his own, to remove the entire rear rudder and stabilizer. However, because aerodynamics was in its infancy and Brock could not point to any tests or examples which worked, Edmunds' rear treatment staved the way he had built it. Dave MacDonald was intended to be the Lang Cooper's driver. He drove the car only once before being killed in a fiery crash at the 1964 Indianapolis 500.

Always looking down the road, Shelby realized that while the 1964 Fall Series was still six months away, the ante would be raised the following year. A number of teams from Australia, England, Italy and New Zealand were already said to be preparing new cars for 1965 with a horsepower war in the offing. Small block Fords and Chevies would no longer be enough.

Shelby contacted constructor Alessandro DeTomaso in Italy and asked if he could design and re-engineer the venerable Cobra small block V8 into a 7-liter racing engine. DeTomaso said he could and then suggested the engine be mated with an innovative backbone chassis he had designed which used the engine as part of the chassis structure. He had already constructed a car using this chassis, called the Vallelunga, and the concept worked; however it was powered by a four-cylinder Ford engine that was hopelessly under-powered.

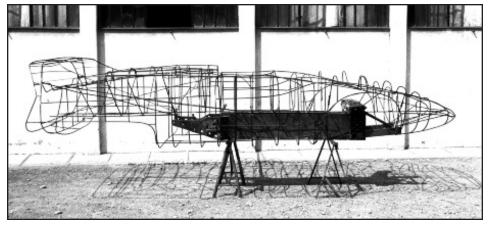
Shelby knew that two seasons was stretching it for the King Cobras. They would need to be replaced if he was to remain competitive in the USRRC and the West Coast Fall Series. The fact that a car already existed using DeTomaso's new backbone chassis helped convince him. Shelby ordered six cars. He would supply the plans for the body, based on Peter Brock's Lang-Cooper design, while DeTomaso worked on the new 7-liter engine.

DeTomaso Identifier: the first of the "backbone chassis" cars, the Vallelunga [left]. Between 1964 and 1968 about 50 were produced. The "Sport 5000" [center] was based on Peter Brock's original P70 design. It was powered by a small block Ford engine. The P70 [right] never raced. Shelby pulled the plug before the car was completed.









The completed maquette (a French word for scale model or an unfinished sculpture) was made of solid steel lengths, hand-formed and welded together, over which the aluminum bodywork was formed. Brock was used to making a plywood buck.





Alessandro DeTomaso was no stranger to Shelby American. These pictures were taken in the spring of 1965, while he and Shelby were still "partners" in the P70 project.



The P70 was mostly complete when this photo of Peter Brock was taken in Modena. The smile indicates that Shelby had not yet pulled the plug on the car.



King Cobra plywood buck used to construct a replacement body during a recent restoration.

In less than a week blueprints of Brock's innovative open two-seater body design were on their way to Italy where DeTomaso's metal workers turned them into an aluminum body. In January of 1965 DeTomaso unveiled the P70. The designation stood for Prototypo 7-Liter. The body was mounted on an engineless mocked-up chassis and as soon as Shelby and Brock saw it, they were both disappointed. It only barely resembled Brock's original design.

The clock was ticking, so Brock was sent to Italy to personally supervise the construction of a new body. He spoke no Italian. He was met at the airport in Rome by DeTomaso who, on the way to Modena, explained the concept of his backbone chassis and how the new 7-liter V8 would be attached to it, becoming an integeral part of it along with the transaxle.

During the drive, Brock also became aware that DeTomaso was not happy that Shelby had dispatched him to oversee the project. He took it as something of a personal insult, implying that Shelby did not have confidence in him to complete the car. As he sat there, it dawned on Brock that he was in the middle of an intense rivalry between the two. He just needed to keep his eye on the ball and not get sidetracked and drawn in.

The next day the new chassis was loaded onto a truck and it and Brock were delivered to Carrozzeria Fantuzzi, a small shop on a back street of Modena. It was one of many that specialized in building one-off bodies for show and race cars. DeTomaso did not

accompany him and made it clear that Brock would be on his own and should not expect any assistance from him.

If there was animosity from DeTomaso, there was absolutely none from Medardo Fantuzzi. In broken English, he explained how his fabricators would build the body. They would not need blueprints, which Brock had supplied in quarter-scale, in inches. They worked in the metric system and could not convert each measurement from inches. Instead, they would work by eye. "Perocchio," as Fantuzzi said.

Rather than building an elaborate plywood buck over which the body would be formed – as American and British builders did - the Italians constructed a "maquette." Brock had no idea what that was but he would quickly find out. One of Fantuzzi's younger apprentices was sent on a bicycle to a local construction site to get a coil of spring steel wire. Construction companies used the wire to reinforce concrete but it was perfect for the fabricators to use in constructing a wire frame which would reveal the body concours. It only took them a couple of days to form it into a perfect representation of the body Brock had designed. "Perocchio."

Once the maquette was completed, the fabricators hand-formed pieces of aluminum into the body shapes using an old stump. They pounded the metal into a rough form,

leaving dimples the size of golf balls. Then, using flat hammers and hand anvils, they worked the dimples out and before long the panels fit exactly the contours of the maquette. Brock was amazed that such a crude process could yield such perfect results.

After a couple of weeks, as the was nearing completion, DeTomaso finally showed up to inspect "his" project. He was thrilled with what he saw. A short time later Brock received a late night phone call from Shelby, telling him the project had been terminated and to leave immediately for home. It turned out that DeTomaso had called Shelby to tell him that the new lightweight 427 engine he had been developing would not be ready on time. Shelby knew that without it the car would simply not be competitive. He quickly moved on. He would have his hands full with the new GT40 project and Brock would be busy designing a 427-powered Daytona "Super" Coupe.

Both Shelby and De Tomaso remained irritated at each other. Neither Shelby or Brock would ever get credit for the P70 from DeTomaso. The car was completed and shown at the 1965 Turin Auto Show as the "Ghia DeTomaso 5 Liter." DeTomaso had, by then, acquired Ghia, the Turin coachbuilder, and the car was touted as the product of a DeTomaso-Ghia collaboration. The fact that the body had been

designed in California by Peter Brock and built by Fantuzzi in Modena was never mentioned.

Two bodies had actually been built by Fantuzzi, based on Brock's design. Both the P70 and the Sport 5000 looked very similar and both had been painted blood red, so they were often confused with each other. In order to complete the P70, DeTomaso installed a 5-liter Ford V8 with Gurney-Weslake heads and Weber carburetors when it went to Turin because he had never completed the 7-liter small block. After the show it was placed in storage in DeTomaso's shop, where it remained until his death in 2004.

The Sport 5000 was modified by DeTomaso and, powered by a 475 horsepower small block Ford, was entered in the 1966 Mugello 500km race. It jumped ahead of a Ferrari 250LM at the start, due to its significantly lighter weight (1,760 lbs) and increased downforce due to the Brockdesigned adjustable rear However, after the opening lap an electrical short retired the car and it never raced again. In 1967 it was listed as an entry for the 12 Hours of Sebring and the 1,000km race in Monza but it did not appear at either event. It remained at DeTomaso's shop, occasionally being displayed in his museum. After 40 years the car resurfaced after DeTomaso's death when his estate sold it to a Belgian collector.



DeTomaso's backbone chassis was used for vet another of his projects, a coupe bodied two-seater designed by Giorgetto Giugiaro. This body, on one of the chassis DeTomaso had built for the Shelby project, was named the Mangusta. DeTomaso's feud with Shelby never abated and the car was so-named because the mongoose is the natural enemy of the Cobra and is often capable of dispatching the venomous reptile when they fought. DeTomaso stated at a press conference that he planned to build 50 examples of this car to comply with FIA requirements and compete against Shelby's Daytona Coupes in FIA endurance events.

In a move that nobody saw coming, the FIA cancelled all GT engines over 3.0 liters and DeTomaso's challenge amounted to nothing. The Mangusta continued as a street car, in limited production with Ford's involvement, powered by a small block Ford. It would later be redesigned by American designer Tom Tjaarda at Ghia and released as the Pantera, and sold through Lincoln dealers. Their importation ended in 1975 after 5,500 cars were made. Production continued until 1992, with about 1,500 additional cars made to non-US specifications.

For forty years, both the DeTomaso Sport 5000 and the P70 remained in storage in DeTomaso's warehouse. They were basically forgotten. In May of 2003, at the age of 73,









Part of Amelia's festivities was the opportunity for cars in the show to be driven on a thirty-mile loop on the morning before the show. Owner Mark Moshayedi jumped at the chance because it was first time he was able to actually drive the P70. He reported that it was much quicker that he expected. When he came to the first straight section of road he jumped on the gas and it literally snapped his head back. Doubtless that was a combination of the car's light weight and brute power. It was an unexpected pleasure seeing the blood-red P70 on the street.

Alessandro DeTomaso passed away in Modena of heart failure. It took about a year for his estate to liquidate everything, including the P70 and the Sport 5000. The cars moved through several owners in Europe and the U.S. and finally came to rest at an exotic car dealership in Southern California. They were purchased, as a pair, by collector Mark Moshayedi in Newport Beach, California. The P70 underwent meticulous restoration almost immediately and was shown at the Quail show in Monterey in August of 2015 and then displayed at the SEMA show in Las Vegas three months later. In March of 2016, the car was brought to the Amelia Island Concours where it was a real head-turner.

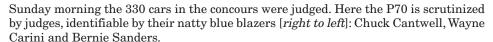
Peter Brock, one of the judges, recalled that of all the projects he ever worked on, the time he spent in Modena with Fantuzzi and his artisans was the most enjoyable in his career.

"They had so much real passion and loved doing the P70. It was such a different reaction from what I had experienced when a "new" project was undertaken in California."

Photos courtesy of Peter Brock, Jeff Burgy, Bill Fulk, Colleen Kopec and Harvey Sherman

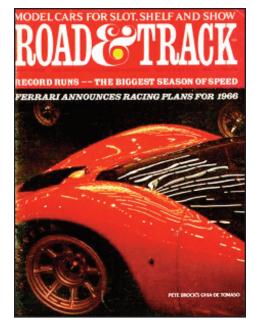












The first time I saw this car was on the cover of Road & Track's March, 1966 issue. I wasn't sure what it was, other than it was Italian, but it caught me. I don't know what it was about this car but every line just fit. In high school I spent a lot of time sketching cars (some of my teachers would probably say too much time) and when I saw detail photos of Brock's P70 a few months ago I suddenly realized this was one of the race cars I had been drawing back in high school. I always drew side views because I could never get perspectives right, and started



with two circles for the wheels, drawn using a quarter. The lines of my sports racing car were surprisingly similar to Brock's.

This is not to say that I am even remotely in the same league with Peter Brock as a designer. I'm not even in the same area code. But his flowing lines were as natural for him as they seemed for me. And one of the most surprising aspects of this whole thing is that this car is also one of his favorite designs. – RK



The completed P70 was shown at the 1965 Turin Auto Show and then, basically, never seen again. The design was never eclipsed by cars like the Lola T-70, Chaparral or McLaren and it remains timeless, today.



Heads Up! Peter Brock has just completed a new book about early sports car racing on the West Coast and it includes detailed information about the P70 as well as the Lang Cooper and Dave MacDonald. MacDonald's importance to the Shelby Team has been underrated, both because he was surrounded by drivers like Ken Miles. Bob Holbert, Bob Bondurant and Dan Gurney, and because his premature death in 1964 cut short his driving career just as it was picking up steam. Carroll Shelby said of MacDonald that, "he had more raw talent probably than any race driver I ever saw." The book will be available in August and you can order it from Brock's website. www.bre2.net

Ford GIS Swarm Day lona.

When a company like Ford debuts a new long-distance endurance racer they do not keep it a secret.

Text and Photos by Jeff Burgy

here's a long-standing tradition along the Eastern coast of Central Florida each year in January. That's the time that road racers from across the globe trek to Daytona to fire up the racing season at the "Rolex 24." This race would be the first event at the track following a three-year, four hundred million dollar renovation (they called it "Daytona Rising") of the facility.

Yes, Virginia, there *IS* a Santa Claus, and Ford *IS* going back to Le-Mans with the Ford GT! Daytona would be the very first race for the allnew 2017 Ford GT, and Ford GT owners and enthusiasts materialized from all over the world to watch the first outing of their new darling under real racing conditions. A few weeks before the "Rolex 24" is an event at Daytona they call the "Roar Before the 24" – a three day testing session where cars that plan to run the "Rolex 24" get time to do some serious on-track testing.

Chip Ganassi Racing brought two new Ford GTs for the GTLM class and two of their old Riley Daytona Prototype cars (Ford powered) for the Prototype class. The engine in these prototypes won the prototype class in the 2015 "Rolex 24" and it is essentially the same twin-turbo 3.5L V6 that powers Ford's swoopy new Ford GT.

Although conditions were wet and miserable for most of the "Roar's" test sessions, the new Ford GTs proved themselves to be incredibly fast and



looked to be pretty reliable. Although a number of Ford GT enthusiasts have complained about the new model sporting a turbo-charged V6 instead of a V8, many of them were impressed with the sound of the new cars in race trim at speed on the track. Not quite as thunderous as those plastic cars out of Bowling Green, but nowhere near as wimpy and annoying as the sewing machine whine of those tiny little V-12s from across the pond.

Ford Motor Company really rolled out the red carpet for Ford GT owners at Daytona. A special parking corral for Ford GTs was set up just outside the track, along with a huge hospitality tent where meals were served and tech talks were provided for registered participants. The package included race tickets, corral parking, pit access, and infield grandstand seating. At various times Ford execs and race-car drivers would give talks about the Ford GTs and their preparation for the

race in the hospitality tent. I only caught one of these sessions, where Dave Pericak (Director, Ford Performance) and Raj Nair (Executive Vice President, Global Product Development) talked about the cars and their dreams of going back to LeMans later in the year. Enthusiasts in the room kept trying to get them to reveal some secrets about the new car and other upcoming offerings from Ford. "What colors will the new GT be offered in?" or, "When will you make a new Lightning truck?" Ford execs stuck to the corporate playbook: "Sorry, we cannot discuss future product plans." You really couldn't really expect them to spill the beans, especially with Henry Ford III sitting in the audience, could you?

I thought it was quite prophetic when Raj Nair said, "You know, before this weekend is over, I'm SURE I'm going to hear at least one of my engineers say, 'Gee, it never did THAT in testing.'" Everyone laughed but, un-





fortunately, that comment would prove to come all too true on race day.

Another event of interest to Shelby fans was the "Heritage Exhibition" in the Goodyear Legends of Racing paddock. There were two "old" GTs ("old GTs" now referring to the 2005-6 vintage Ford GTs, no longer to GT40s of the sixties) and two Shelby cars on display and in the lineup for the exhibition event. SAAC members Darek Stennes from Jacksonville, Florida brought his GT350, 5S424, and Don Wells from Hyde Park, New York, brought his 1964 Daytona livery Shelby Daytona Coupe, CSX7072. The Shelby cars looked and sounded great. Unfortunately for Wells, after all that planning and expense to get his Coupe

from New York to Florida in the midst of one of this winter's worst snow storms, he managed to drown his plugs in fuel before the exhibition's track session and was unable to wake the beast up to make the starting grid.

The Heritage Exhibition "race" looked more like an early SAAC open track event to me, since most of these cars were privately owned retired race cars and there wasn't very much aggressive driving going on. I also noticed that several of the entrants had passengers along, so it really was more of an exhibition than an actual race. Not that it seemed to matter to anyone in the grandstands.

On Saturday morning, Ford brought a stunning white 2017 GT

and put it on display in the Ford Performance tent in the infield of the track. The car looks great in pictures, but it was absolutely spectacular inthe-flesh. It was my very first opportunity to see one up close. Pictures of the white GT on the internet just couldn't convey the sexy lines of this incredibly swoopy automobile. In my mind, there's little homage to the original GT40 besides the mid-engine platform and a couple radiator intake nostrils in the hood. There is no doubt, though, that this car is every bit as sexy and exotic as anything coming over from Italy or Germany. Well done, Ford!

After the exhibition session, and before the actual race started, Ford GT













owners who had signed up for the them (even the orange one pulling a finished at 2:40 PM on Sunday, Januevent got an opportunity to do a parade lap of the track. I counted lap. twenty-seven Ford GTs in the Ford

small trailer) went out for the parade

The Rolex 24 race started at 2:40 Car Corral and every single one of PM on Saturday, January 30th, and had put down some of the quickest lap

ary 31st. The Ganassi Racing Team fielded two new Ford GTs and the two Riley DP Prototypes. The Ford GTs























times in the "Roar Before the 24", and looked to be very competitive. The number 66 Ford GT, driven by Joey Hand, was actually in the lead for a few laps at the beginning of the race (lap #13 and #43). Twenty minutes later, though, the car pulled into the pits, stuck in sixth gear. Raj Nair's worst fear had come to light, as shifting problems with electro-hydraulic shift actuators that control the Getrag transaxle began to plague both Ford GTs. Hours of testing at Sebring and Daytona had failed to make this issue surface, so here they were at race time, with a transaxle that "...never did THAT before." Apparently some transducers were added to the cars for the race that had not been there in testing, and they were creating electrical havoc with the shift actuators on both cars. You really can't get the best performance out of the car on the track when it's stuck in sixth gear, or when it gets stuck in reverse coming out of the pit garage.

There were way too many pit stops to fix transaxle issues for the new Ford GTs to make up the time. When the transaxles were performing properly, their lap times were quite consistent with those of the race leaders. To my amazement and delight, both cars were still running on track after twenty-four hours, but they were just too far behind to catch the two

Corvettes leading the GTLM class.

So the Rolex 24 was not the resounding success that Ford GT fans had hoped for but, nonetheless, the event provided Ford and Ganassi Racing with valuable input on what needs to be done with the new cars to prepare them for Ford's return to LeMans this coming June. Since the Rolex, Ford has announced that they will field a four-car team at LeMans. The cars will be numbered 66, 67, 68, and 69...how cool is that? Hopefully, they will be able to perform like their grandfather GT40s did on the Sarthe course back in 1966, 1967, 1968, and 1969.







HITS KEED ON A COMIN'

In the publishing business, "over the transom" refers to the idea of a writer tossing an unsolicited manuscript through the open window over the door of a publisher's or editor's office. Doors in office buildings, especially those built prior to the 1960s, usually had a window as wide as the door over it. Typically hinged at the bottom, they were left open six inches or so, even at night, for cross ventilation (this, before the days of air conditioning). Freelance writers would often deliver their work, after hours, in hopes it would interest a publisher who would find a place for it in their publication. The key word is "unsolicited" and in the case of something which is interesting or especially well done, it comes as a pleasant surprise to the publisher or editor.

Just such a pleasant surprise came over our transom, figuratively speaking, back in January. It started when Wayne Hofer of Medford, Oregon sent a bunch of scanned photos from 1965 to SAAC's administration email address. He attached a note, so we'll let him tell it.

grew up in the Seattle. My first car was a '67 Mustang coupe that my father had purchased new. It was his daily driver until he gave it to me at the age of 15. I began restoring it so I'd have a nice car to drive when I got my license. I began to show the car at local events and that's when I saw my first real Shelby Mustangs. They were my dream car and have been ever since. After I sold the '67 when I went to college, and went through about a half dozen 5.0 Mus-

tangs. I had fun modifying and racing those. Then I got out of cars for a few vears, until a co-worker drove in his '65 Cobra roadster replica to work. I had to have one. Knowing I could never afford to own the real thing, I decided I would build a replica roadster myself. All the years of wrenching on the Mustangs did me well and I ended up with a beautiful replica.

One morning I was driving the roadster into work and when I got off the freeway I was followed to my office by an older gentleman. He pulled into my parking lot and introduced himself. This happened about ten years ago, so I can't recall his name. Let's call him "Dave."

Dave was smiling ear to ear and was excited to see the car. I showed it to him and he explained to me his connection with the Cobra roadster dates back to when he was 18 years-old and was a course worker at a racetrack in California. Dave told me the year and name of the track, however, I can't remember what they were. I know your club members will be able to place the date and racetrack where these photos were taken.

Dave said when the Cobra team pulled in, it was exciting. He was into photography, so he grabbed his camera and with his course worker credentials he was able to get up close to take these photos. They were originally slides and Dave still had them. I told him I would be very interested in seeing his pictures. He asked if I would drive my roadster over to his work at lunch time so his coworkers could see the car. I agreed and took it over that manufacturers race); #97 (CSX2458

so when he got the slides converted over to digital format he could send them to me.

About a month passed before Dave contacted me. He had the photos converted and sent them over. My jaw dropped when I saw them. I couldn't believe the quality of the pictures and how vivid they were. That was because they were originally in slide format. They say a picture is worth a thousand words and these are proof of that. There's so much going on and so much detail in these photos it's incredible. Dave said his intention was to make sure the Shelby club also got the pictures as he knew they would enjoy them. Dave and I never contacted each other after that, so I don't know if these photos were ever made public. I've been enjoying them for the past ten years and decided I better send them to SAAC to make sure they don't get lost forever.

I'm still a big fan of the Shelby cars and although I no longer own the roadster replica, I have a '68 GT500KR fastback tribute with a stroked FE engine. Again, it's not the real thing but it is the closest I will ever come to owning a vintage Shelby. Enjoy the images.

> Wayne Hofer Medford, OR

The pictures were taken at Laguna Seca Raceway during the USRRC weekend on May 9, 1965. The three team Cobra small block roadsters - #96 (CSX2494 driven by Ed Leslie, finished 2nd Over-All in the same day. I gave Dave my contact info driven by Bob Johnson, DNF); #98

(CSX2431, driven by Ken Miles, 1st O/A in the manufacturers race) were on Shelby American's race transporter with CSX3012 (#1 driven by Lothar Motschebacher who finished 7th Over-All in the USRRC feature race). Also on the transporter was a new Ford GT40 Spyder (GT/108), one of four; it was used for exhibition and demonstrations but was not raced.

We've seen factory black-andwhite photos from this event but seeing them in color adds another dimension. This is the first time they have been published in fifty years.











One of the typical pranks the Cobra team was famous for took place at Laguna Seca when team jackets were presented to the three Cobra drivers, Ken Miles, Ed Leslie and Bob Johnson. On the back they said, "Old Folks Racing Team" to point out that the Cobra drivers were older than the other Cobra team members; they were all in their mid-40s. The names on the jackets' front were "Brittle Bones Miles," "Grand Pop Leslie" and "Over The Hill Johnson." The two photos at the left were taken by Shelby photographer Dave Friedman.































Jim Hall's innovative Chaparral 2C was the hot ticket in 1965. The United States Road Racing Championship, a professional series for unlimited Group 7 two-seat sports racers, was about to morph into the Can-Am in 1966. Hall, a Cal Tech-educated engineer funded by his family's Texas oil money, was secretly assisted by Chevrolet because the company was officially "out of racing." Hall's Midland, Texas facility was a de facto GM skunk works, experimenting with aerodynamics — especially spoilers and wings. Powered by a small block Chevy, the car also ran a unique two-speed automatic transmission which was shrouded in mystery. In the paddock the Chaparral Team covered the rear of the cars with a tarp, which only fueled speculation. Hall and team driver Hap Sharp were unbelievably successful in the 2C, winning 16 out of 21 races.



Our intrepid reporter finds himself wandering around Scottsdale during Auction Week with glazed eyes and a dry mouth. - Bill Fulk

"Gimme a ticket for an aeroplane, ain't got time to take a fast train..." -The Box Tops, 1967. My wife, Susan, is a wunderbar goddess when it comes to bank card rewards points, which means we get to fly round-trip between Sacramento and Phoenix for my favorite word – *free*! Not only that, but my cousin, Larry, a "rainbird" who has his family homebase on an island near Seattle also escapes the northwest winters to a home near Scottsdale. This means I get to stay in town for the full Scottsdale Auction Week for my second favorite word - free! Truth be known, "free" is my favorite word. period, end - no matter what the occasion.

Oh, did I forget to mention, I also got into what is arguably the most prestigious auction house and had dinner in one of Scottsdale's fanciest restaurants for – you guessed it – *free!* All because I'm the editor of the Nor Cal Shelby Newsletter, which I produce each month – for *free.* I love this job!

Wednesday, January 27th – RM/Sotheby's

"Sweet home, Arizona, where the skies are so blue..." my apologies to Lynyrd Skynyrd, 1974. I'm hummin' this little ditty because it's approximately 70 sunny degrees as I'm strolling ever so slowly down a long line of classic, exotic, and muscle cars strung around the grounds of the Arizona Biltmore Resort & Spa. Mind you, I could have been indulging my manly self by having a specialty massage, facial, stone therapy, manicure, and pedicure, but noooo, I instead de-

cide to tough it out by simply staring, slack jawed, at a beautimously bodacious 1937 Mercedes-Benz 540 K Special Roadster by Sindelfingen (Fahrvergnugen's cousin).

Frankly, the car's combination of power, light weight and sheer beauty made me think it had already received its version of the full spa treatment by having all shiny, sinuous fluids refreshed, exterior lacquer gently massaged with carnuba wax and interior leather given an oil of mink treatment. No matter the temperature, I was gettin' hot just thinkin' about the Germanic exotic!

I tend to overhear what people around me say, to the point of moving away because of the "too much information" theory, especially when it emanates from complete strangers. I mean, there is some personal shtuff that's just too... well, you know.

But this particular time I could hear a normal voice conversation between a fortyish couple, talking about how they buy middle 1970's two door hatchback VW Rabbits and two door coupe VW Scirocco's, fix'em up, then flip'em for a tidy little profit. They seemed very knowledgeable about the buyer and seller market for Rabbits and Sciroccos, and were supposedly realizing a hefty 30%-50% profit on each car. What struck with me was that they were having this collectible Volkswagen discussion while gazing, starstruck, at the Mercedes 540 K (which sold later in the week for \$9.9M). So. me being me, I couldn't help getting involved in their conversation.

As they explained to me in great detail about this little sideline moneymaker of theirs, I noticed they both had that glint in the eye, broad smile, sixteen year-old high schooler attitude



The bright red 1937 Mercedes-Benz 540K Special Roadster was the most expensive car ever sold during Arizona Auction Week, fetching \$9.9M.



toward gettin' 'em, fixin' 'em and sellin' 'em. I had seen this many times before, from car hobby people who dabble in Cobras, Corvettes, Ferraris, Alfas, Bentleys, Rolls and any "mucho expensivo" vehicle on four wheels that had even the slightest bit of collectability in its DNA. It's wonderful that car enthusiasts, with deep seven-figure pockets or shallow four-figure pockets, with a lot of mechanical ability or little or no mechanical ability, all seem to be the same sixteen year-old kid when talking about whatever year, make, or model is "special" to them. I've even met fanatical Yugo collectors, although they freely admit they're the ones who are actually a little, well let's just say, "special."

Okay, now I'm back to work because parked next to the 540 K is the 1963 Shelby 289 Cobra Dragonsnake, and my right index digit is snapping photo after photo of this SCREAMING is it so special to those of us in the Cobra world? Well, according to the RM/Sotheby catalogue, this slithering quarter-mile critter is one of only three Cobras independently prepared to Dragonsnake specs, has won multiple NHRA National Championships, and is a national record holder. Add to that, it is unquestionably the most successful drag-racing Cobra ever and you just know it has earned the reputation of being one of "the" Cobra icons.

Right now though, I do have a complaint about this car. The bright, flashy, super metallic finish, combined with the ultra-shiny reflecting sun, is wreaking havoc with my pics – black shadows, white glares, black shadows, white glares! Leave it to me to gripe about the weather being too good when photographing a Cobra.

After thickening the callous on the tip of my camera finger, I set out to fuchsia, fire-breathing beastoid. Why find the main reason for my attending CSX3010

the RM/Sotheby preview - a 1965 Shelby 427 Competition Cobra owned by gentleman, scholar and long time SAAC member Don Lee. Throughout this article I will be sickeningly gratuitous toward this fine individual because he has invited me to join his lovely wife, Amanda (a great writer), and a few others to sit with him Thursday evening at the RM/Sotheby auction. There, I will be honored and privileged to watch, in great appreciation, as Don's black on black, gold leafstriped, #19 road racer, CSX3010, crosses the block.

I am a little worried I may have only been invited to assist in carrying Don's supine form out of the auction hall after his beautiful Cobra goes on the block to pass on to another realm. Let's face it, this image is not unusual when you consider he will be losing a "loved one." A tad extreme perhaps, but hey, it could happen!

My Cobra quest is successful, because there finally sits the elegant, venomous ophidian, a sight for sore eyes, coiled dangerously in the warm sun, directly in front of the main entrance to the Arizona Biltmore. Photographers and onlookers are keeping a respectful distance, speaking in hushed tones, so as not to disturb this magnificent example of regal Cobradom, for one knows not to disturb a king on his throne. The bright sun is creating a fluid image of velvet black shadows flowing from the jet black paint, to meld an even more muscular image of the 427's already over-testosteroned body shape. Sometimes I get a little dramatic when confronting greatness.

Why is this particular 427 Cobra an example of automobile greatness? Well, once more consulting the R/M Sotheby catalogue, one finds this particular writhing skinned, aluminum sculpture is one of just 23 Competition 427 Cobras ever produced and the winner of both the 1968 U.S. SCCA A/Production Championship and the Eastern Canadian Endurance Championship in 1970, making it the only 427 Cobra to win championships in two countries. It is also the veteran of many historic racing events and 1,000mile tours, meaning its owners did not turn the healthy snake into a driveway dolly or trailer trolley.

The second I finish loadin' up the ol' memory chip with the fantastic 427 pics, right on cue, the third Cobra on the R/M Sotheby docket slowly rumbles right past me under the direction of an auction crew member. A blazerattired gentleman was literally walking in front of the little 289 to guide its driver to a designated parking space. I fully expected him to begin shouting, "Make way, make way for the royal carriage!" Well, that would have been a bit over the top, but it would have sounded really cool. Anyway, I simply fall in behind the elegant little whiteon-red snakelet, and begin to trip the light fantastic to where it finally rests its wheels in the protective shade of a long line of welcome trees.

Because of my brazen intrusion into the one auction employee, one great looking Cobra, one baggy-eyed, gray-haired, camera carrying interloper parade, I was easily able to squeeze in a lot of quality picture taking before the looky-loos assault occurred. I shouldn't talk negatively of my looky-loo brethren, but I have more photos of gorgeous Cobras with the elbow, nose, forehead, hip, or foot of some gawkin' fool pokin' into the picture. Trust me, I know some of my body parts have been inadvertently thrust into the frame of many a poor picture takers' lens, but it still ticks me off. Probably because, it's all about me.

This fine example of an aluminum beauty is a clean, lean, "meaner 'n a snake" 1964 Shelby 289 Cobra, but it is also special in its own right. Getting out the trusty ol' RM/Sotheby catalogue for the third time, it states this particular asp has a well-documented history in the SAAC World Registry, and was recently sorted (at the cost of \$38,000) in order to be driven successfully on the Copperstate 1000. It was originally a factory demonstrator with numerous correct accessories, including a C-4 automatic transmission, a feature reportedly fitted to fewer than 20 Cobras by the factory. It is currently equipped with a proper, all-alu-



minum Borg-Warner four-speed T-10 transmission; however, all of the parts for the automatic transmission come with the purchase of the car. Smart consignor, making sure all the original parts not on the car, are "in the box, in the car."

Wednesday, January 27th - Bonhams

Having cruised sloooowly through the RM/Sotheby preview, I have to beat feet (aka rental car) on over to The Westin Kierland Resort & Spa (maybe a facial—not!), where Bonhams' just happens to have a 2006 Ford GT with less than 300 miles on the odometer. I don't know about you guys, but there is absolutely, positively, no way in Hades I could have bought one of America's best examples of a true, modern day super car, only to let it sit in the garage. Can you imagine buying one of these brand, spankin' new bad boys equipped with a DOHC super-

charged 550hp engine, 6-speed manual transaxle, 4-wheel independent suspension, 4-wheel disc brakes, and then putting only 30 miles per year on the open road over a 10 year period? Not me baby, Pacific Coast Highway One, here I come!

Walking into the Bonham's entrance tent, I sort of become privy to the ol' TMI (Too Much Information) awkwardness, because it's just me, the young man collecting the preview fee, a cheap at twice the price \$20, and a rather irate potential previewer. The gentleman, although the language he was using wasn't exactly gentlemanly, was with a party of six, and could not possibly see the "who, why, what, where, when" behind the exorbitant fee being charged to gain entrance to the preview. The young man handled the situation perfectly (they couldn't pay me enough), and the gentleman "harrumphed" out, his embarrassed party in tow.



I approached the desk, gladly paid my \$20, commented to the kid, "There are plenty of free used car lots in town." His only response was a slight smile, a raise of the eyebrows and a courteous, "Please enjoy yourself, sir." The kid's a class act (they don't pay him enough). Upon entering the lush green lawn area loaded with the likes of first class Ferraris, Jaguars, and Porsches, I politely snub the "furrin' shtuff" to make a direct bee-line toward the highly optioned Ford GT, resplendent in midnight blue metallic with white Ford GT striping.

I noticed two very distinct things at Bonham, the first being the number of refined, very knowledgeable ladies and gentleman talking with prospective buyers standing right next to the appropriate cars, and the second being the soothing, elegant, just in the background, music. Bonhams provides a small, intimate, serious automotive auction environment, where the emphasis is on conducting business, but it's done in a relaxed, semi-formal manner.

Wednesday, January 27th - Brown's Classic Autos

I promised my wife I would be back at my cousin's for dinner promptly at 6 p.m. and I'm runnin' late, which is always my discourteous way. Even though Bonhams was a quiet place to view exotic, classic, and muscle cars in a pleasant venue, I had to hit the Phoenix freeways which were getting crowded with commuters. I wanted to pay a brief visit to Brown's Classic Autos. The reason for my going there should be obvious: on their showroom floor they have two 427 Cobras, one a 1965 Superformance MKIII 20th Anniversary and the other, I have no idea, but it looks ready to take on anything, be it at the





track or on the street. (I still don't know what it was, because as I'm writing this, I can't find the car in their online inventory).



When I drive up to a store front collectible car establishment. I sort of. "case the joint," like Edward G. Robinson or Humphrey Bogart (if you don't get the analogy I pity you) in many a gangster film before they sprayed the unsuspecting garage or speakeasy with their tommy guns. Anyway, I drove around Brown's in stealth mode for a look-see, and definitely liked what I saw. This is a "complete" collectible car company involved in the buying, selling, servicing, maintaining, repairing, and restoring of all makes and models of collectible cars. They provide anything and everything from engine oil changes to complete concours restorations.

When I walked in, there was a very nice young lady sitting at the reception desk. I simply told her I was in town for auction week and stopped by just to kick some tires. She invited me to feel free to walk around and enjoy the cars, while the salesman sitting behind her acknowledged my presence and, upon seeing my camera, probably knew right off I was an off-the-street "looky-loo".

It was really cool. I basically had the showroom to myself and it was

great to have all the time I wanted to take pics of neat cars and to look enviously through a huge glass wall into the restoration shop, where car "magic" was occurring. Out of the corner of my eye I was looking for Addison Brown, owner of Brown's Classic Autos. Gary Klutt of Legendary Motor Cars got to take a test drive with her when he and Peter were in Scottsdale taping one of their great programs. If you saw that episode, you definitely know why I was disappointed in not meeting Addison. Although I am older than her and very happily married, I am not blind.



Thursday, January 28th - Barrett-Jackson

You can always tell when a big car event is going to be super crowded, because on the freeway about a mile or so before the on-site parking lot you begin seeing signs urging you to exit the freeway to offsite parking. This means waiting out in the boonies for a shuttle bus. Arizona has rattlesnakes, tarantulas, scorpions and colonies of huge fire ants, all of which have been known to frequent the cactus, scrub brush, rock formations and sand near the bus pick-up and drop-off points. At

7:30 in the morning I'm darned sure the on-site lot ain't gonna' be full, so I keep on truckin' down AZ Loop 101, exit east on Bell, take a right on 94th, and — Voila! — I am parked about a hundred yards from the main entrance to Barrett-Jackson.

Exiting the car, I easily walk the hundred yards to the HUGE Barrett-Jackson facility known as West World. I have to pass through the "magic wand" security checkpoint, then I am "good to go" to purchase a \$30 ticket for, literally, the best car show in town. And when I say the best I am not kidding. Their well-laid out grounds make for an easy, albeit long, walk through the following areas:

- Sponsor Pavilion, where the first exotic car your eyeball lands on is a sparkling white 2017 Ford GT. It is accompanied by other Ford cars like Mustang GTs and Shelby Mustangs.
- Automobilia and petrobilia displays near the entrance to the auction block
- Salon collection pavilion with par excellence (high dollar) collectibles
- Salon bistro serving foods and beverages for all palate tastes
- Vendor market place pavilion for purchasing car shtuff of every description
- Auto vehicle display tents filled with cars heading to and from the auction block

Okay, that takes about three hours, including a potty break, a great lunch and another potty break, but you're not done yet, "*Truckin' like the doodah man*" - Jerry & the Boys, 1970. Because now it's time to traverse outside, where four more walking hours of fun await:

- Ford (Mustangs and Shelby's), Chevy (Camaros and Corvettes), and Dodge (Challengers and Vipers) ride 'n' drives, where you get to drive muscle cars as they should be driven
- More auto vehicle display tents with more cars heading to and from the auction block
- Cars for sale from Hillbank, Denbeste, Shelby-American, Roush, and other specialty dealers and suppliers, offering just about any car or automotive accessory you can imagine

Oh, almost forgot; while wearing

out a pair of ol' skool black 'n white Converse low tops, I ran into about a half dozen friends and acquaintances when snapping photos of all the Shelby inspired vehicles I could hunt down. This included Tom Dankel and Michael Maguire, two esteemed members of NorCal Shelby, at least I hope these two rapscallions paid their dues and are still in the club. Tom, as usual, yells out, "Billy!" - scaring the livin' bejesus outta' me. So of course, I have to reply in just as loud a voice, "Tommy!" - don't ask; it's high school stuff. We had someone take a picture of all three of us, and he basically "cut" our lower legs off, so now we're famous from only our knees up.



Realize, I went to Barrett-Jackson on a Wednesday, and there were bodies here, there, and everywhere buying, selling, or just looking at classic, exotic, and muscle cars of all years, makes, and models. Even though the number of people in attendance that day was not overwhelming, I can't even try to imagine what crowd control would look like on Saturday or Sunday - yikes! My advice is real simple, get there early in the week and get there early in the morning and you will definitely enhance the enjoyment of your Barrett-Jackson experience. Besides, you don't want to park in the desert boonies off site parking with the snakes and spiders!

Thursday, January 28th – RM/Sotheby's

As I was entering the main ballroom of the Arizona Biltmore to attend the RM/Sotheby auction with Don Lee's group, I am pondering a perplexing predicament of great propensity (I love doin' that), because I really can't remember what the man looks like. Oh sure, I've seen him once or twice at Shelby Cobra events, probably even said, "Hi, hello, how are ya"?" during a brief encounter with other people, chatting about everything from '65 Shelby GT350s to 2017 Ford GTs. However, that doesn't mean I can do a combined name/face recognition in Arizona, when I have only seen him a couple of times in California – Mr. Photographic Memory I am not!

Thank the deity for cell phones, because I just punch in Don's full name, and shazzam, there is his smiling, full face photo, staring right back at me from iphone whatever number it is this year. The problem is, I have absolutely no digital face recognition cells in my skullular brain matter, so time to wear out some more shoe canvas walking around the room filling up with people, to try and identify Don. I finally spot a rather good-looking, dignified gentleman sitting in the third row from the auction block, pretty much in the center of the room, and even I know from watching televised car auctions, this is where the major consignors and bidders have reserved seats.

However, the coiffed, white-haired gentleman is now kind of looking at me, most likely wondering why I keep sort of "eyeballin' him." I'm going to feel more than a little awkward if it comes down to me having to ask him if he is the "real" Don Lee, considering if it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be attending R/M Sotheby this evening. Saved by the bell. "Ring-a-ding-ding!" – who should walk up to him, but his wife, Amanda, whom I definitely recognize. Whew. Now I no longer feel like the Scottsdale village idiot.

Anyway, I wind up sitting with "the" group and I'm feelin' kind of good in the second row back, pretty much front and center in relation to the auction block itself, except for one minor possibility. I might get the boot, the old heave-ho, because I am a last minute addition and even though all of the reserved seats aren't filled, if push comes to shove, I'll get the old hasta la bye-bye. No matter, I've been bounced from dirt floor bars in foreign countries before, for reasons which I am not

willing to discuss here, but let's say it usually involved my Harley and a woman. Ah, the wonders of misspent youth!

All of a sudden, I realize two bidders I have watched on television auctions are sitting right in front of me, as in Don (Blackhawk Museum) Williams and to my left is Ross (3 Dog Garage) Myers. I am amongst a couple of heavy hitters and loving every second of this once-in-a-lifetime experience. Once again I am finding out all car guys are really just sixteen year-old kids when it comes to the "bigger boys, bigger toys" theory. This proves especially true when another front row gentleman from across the aisle sits in front of Ross and immediately becomes his bidding assistant, actually raising his own hand to place a bid for Ross – too funny!

Then, during a slight break in the action, I see standing in front of me, Mark Hyman, of the well-known, very reputable, St. Louis based collectible car business called - what else -Hyman Ltd. Classic Cars. Reaching out over the first row to shake his hand, I kiddingly tell him I'm really upset he lured away one of the best foreign and domestic auto mechanics on the West Coast, a great guy by the name of Steve Bonney. He laughed and just replied, "All you have to do is ship your cars to St. Louis!" As the auction fired up, I didn't have time to tell him I knew two guys who were doing just that very thing.

Well, Don sold his gorgeous 427 Cobra competition car, which had served as a dual purpose vintage racer and 1,000-mile grand tourer for many years. Someone sitting about ten feet from Don was the highest bidder, and after I congratulated Ross Myers on a fine purchase he stood up, saying, "I'm breaking out in a sweat, my heart is palpating, and I feel kind of woozy. I have to go home and figure out how to pay for the thing." A bunch of us started crackin' up, knowing full well that wouldn't be a problem...but there's always a slim chance...nah, no way!

Afterwards, Don invited me to dinner with the rest of his party, and I with black wings. It was scheduled for

gratefully accepted by muttering something like, "Yeah, that doesn't sound too bad." Are you kidding me! Talk about a stumble bum reply to a fantastic gentleman who basically made my trip to Scottsdale worthwhile. I never have been accused of having too much savoir faire.

Friday, January 29th - Russo and Steele

Russo and Steele's atmosphere is designed for everyone to simply have a lot of fun. Don't get me wrong, the ultimate goal of their auction is that of all auctions, to get the buyers and sellers together so deals are made and everyone goes home happy.

The second you drive up to pay for parking, the money takers are smilin' and funnin' with ya', and the parking lot guys use exaggerated, swooping waves to point you toward a parking spot. Then there was our shuttle bus driver, who literally missed her true calling as a standup comedian because she kept up a line of hilarious patter from the first person on to the last person off. Her quart jar for tips was squashed full of bills, and when exiting we all crammed in some more Washingtons, Jeffersons, Lincolns, and even a few Hamiltons.

There's also, what I guess you could call, a welcoming committee greeting you right after you get off the bus, enter the tent to pay a \$30 admittance fee, then proceed to step into the first of two cavernous preview tents. Again, everyone is super friendly, wishing you a good day, telling you to enjoy all the wonderful cars, and expressing hope that you find a car which you would really like to own. It was a great combination of "be sure and have a good time, but also feel free to spend a little money."

Accompanying me was a friend of mine, Richard Herman, a "pip-pip, cheerio, jolly good" fan of British classics, especially anything with "wings" (British slang for body panels arching over arched wheels). He fell deeply in lust (yes, ladies, men lust after cars) with a red body 1961 Morgan Plus 4 Drop Head, adorned on both sides with black wings. It was scheduled for



the block a little later in the day, and he came oh so close to registering to bid. He must have traipsed around the teeny tiny tin Brit (I kept looking for the wind up key in the back) a dozen times, talking to the car's representative and muttering over and over, "I just gotta' have this car." He finally force marched himself away from the car so he couldn't ogle and drool over it anymore, and never did register to bid. After he reads this article, he'll immediately suffer a my loss/someone else's gain moment, because the saucy little British crumpet hammered for \$36,850. "It was the deal of a lifetime, a fantastic opportunity, you won't believe what I passed up..." Admit it, you've said these exact same phrases, and many more.

Friday, January 29th - Gooding and Company

Why do I love the Gooding and Company auction house so much? Because of Charlie Ross, of course! If you don't recognize the name, you should not be reading this article. He is their infamous, oh so British, auctioneer who scolds bidders, "Oh, sir, you've already bid \$650,000. Are you going to let someone else drive away in your car for only \$25,000 more?" or, "Madam, I will treat you to a free cocktail at the rear of the room. That way your husband can bid with no interference." He is too hilarious when cajoling bidders to the point of comical harassment in order to increase the bid for a car. And this afternoon he is not disappointing his avid fans.

After photographing a silver on red 289 Cobra, which I could swear sold at the Rick Cole Auction last August in Monterey (a flip, perhaps?) I walk over to the java stand, not really paying attention to where I am going because, of course, I'm staring at some gorgeous wheeled sculptures. I come to



an abrupt halt after almost crashing into some caffeine addicted folks, then I simply blurt out, "Can I get some ice coffee?" The second the words leave my big mouth, I sense the presence of someone beside me, and sure enough, I had rudely cut in front of a beautiful woman who had been waiting to place her order - oops, my bad! I had to make a gentlemanly recovery, so I chivalrously offered up the following words, "I'll also pay for this beautiful woman's coffee because I so rudely cut in front of her." The rather formal coffee grinder server curtly offered up these Downton Abbey accent words, "Sir, the beverages are compliments of Gooding and Company." Ooohh, SMACK! She and I began to laugh, however, the barristoid adopted a regal glare, with only a hint of a smile.

Friday, January 29th - RM/Sotheby's

Entering RM/Sotheby this fine evening, I am on my own to once again (probably my only again) enjoy the "ladies and gentleman" atmosphere of one of the best auction houses in the classic, exotic, muscle car world. Don Lee's more than gracious hospitality in making me a member of his "crew" means I have the "purple" wristband to enjoy carte blanche access to the ballroom.

Strolling head held high past the eagle eye sentries with my wristband in full view, I don't see any of the others around, but walking through the double doors to the ballroom, I instantly find myself face to face with Barry Meguiar, the "Car Crazy" guy his mo' bad self! He doesn't recognize me, of course, but I introduce myself, tell him we've met a couple of times, including Concorso Italiano during

from Sacramento, California. We get to yakkin' carspeak, and when I explain to him I am now writing articles on auto events, focusing on Shelby cars, he invites me to the Benedict Castle Concours this April in Riverside California. He and his beautiful and gracious wife, Karen, assure me this event attracts a truly eclectic number of cars, ranging from garage built hot rods to ultra-high tech exotics, and everything in between. I'm there!



The auction begins and the bidding is spirited, but not quite as healthy as I expected. Even though the white on red '64 289 Cobra went for a respectable \$1,072,500 big ones, I thought the Fuchsia '63 289 Cobra Dragonsnake was a very good buy at \$990,000. After all, with its race cred as being the winningest drag race Cobra, plus the fact it's only one of three, a \$1,200,000 or so was my low ball guesstimate. But then what do I know; it's not my money!



Meeting new people, and reacquainting myself with folks I already know is one of the many benefits in attending as many classic, exotic, and muscle car events as possible each

Monterey Auto Week, and that I am year. While standing between two cars sitting to the left of the auction block, I struck up a conversation with a young gentleman named Patrick, and we were soon accompanied by his father, a car connoisseur who was getting his son involved in the hobby. They travel to auctions and concours, and have a couple of projects they are "wrenchin' on. Best of all, they are really big into "Blue Ovals" and "Bow Ties," both of which are my favorites. So we had a lot of Cobra and Corvette experiences to share. As a retired high school teacher, I always enjoy seeing fathers and sons together at car events and enjoying all aspects of car collecting.

Then, talk about a "coinkidink," later in the auction after both Cobras went to the highest bidder, I turn to walk out of the ballroom, only to see another great father and son dynamic duo, Peter and Gary Klutt of Legendary Motor Cars in Canada. I have met Peter at a couple of events, one a SAAC convention being held at Auto Club Speedway in Fontana a few years ago, so I nonchalantly mosey on over to say hello. I introduce myself to both he and Gary, and express to them how it's great to see a father and son team make such an important contribution to the collector car world by showing the cooperative teamwork required to pass the work ethic and skills from one generation to another. I seriously thought about asking Gary how it felt to be taking a test drive with Addison Brown, but I didn't think that would be too cool. I didn't want him to think I had her on my mind, which I guess I did.

Saturday, January 30th - Silver, Auction

The Silver Auction is located in Fort McDowell, about a forty-five minute drive east of Phoenix. It's held in the parking lot of the Fort McDowell Resort & Casino. I love this place! Silver just has that down home, howdy neighbor feel to it, like when you buy your ticket at the entrance the nice lady says, "You enjoy yourself, sweetheart!" with absolutely no fear of being sued for sexual harassment. When I ask the Opie look-alike kid (if you're under 30, look it up) where I can get a diet soda, he tells me in an outlandishly honest voice, "Well, sir, we have 'em for sale right over there, but if you go into the casino, they're cheaper and bigger." All righty now, his daddy raised him right!

I begin my aimless wandering around the good-sized preview area to find what one could best call a "mixed bag" of cars, ranging from a couple of real nice '63-'67 Corvettes, a Mondial Ferrari, a Jaguar XKE, a few really good-looking Mustangs, and, I kid you not, a huge red, western style wagon for promotional or parade use. This is the kind of auction where anyone who wants an entry level collectible classic, exotic, or muscle car can definitely find what they're looking for at a reasonable price. Almost all of the cars up for bid are great-looking drivers, not trailer trolley show cars, so what's cool about them is that you can buy one to cruise around in over the weekend, and still have the fun of doing some personal upgrade "wrenchin' on the weekdays.

Saturday, January 30th - Sports & Classic Motorcars

My next, and absolutely, positively, last stop is Scottsdale Sport & Classic Motorcars, because I am in the middle of my fourth straight day of pretty much sun-up-to-sun-down walking miles per day looking at cars, photographing cars, taking notes on cars, and doing meet 'n' greets with wonderful people. So, even though I have had way too much "fun in the sun," my Converse clad dogs are barkin'!

I have three reasons for making a little sojourn to this comfortably upscale collector car dealer – a '65 Shelby CSX 427 Cobra Continuation and two Superformance MKIII 427 Cobra



replicas. Pulling into their parking lot, I immediately see a sparkling dark silver Cobra catchin' some rays underneath the bright Arizona sun, just waiting to have its curvaceous body made famous in the next NorCal Shelby *DRIVEN* magazine.



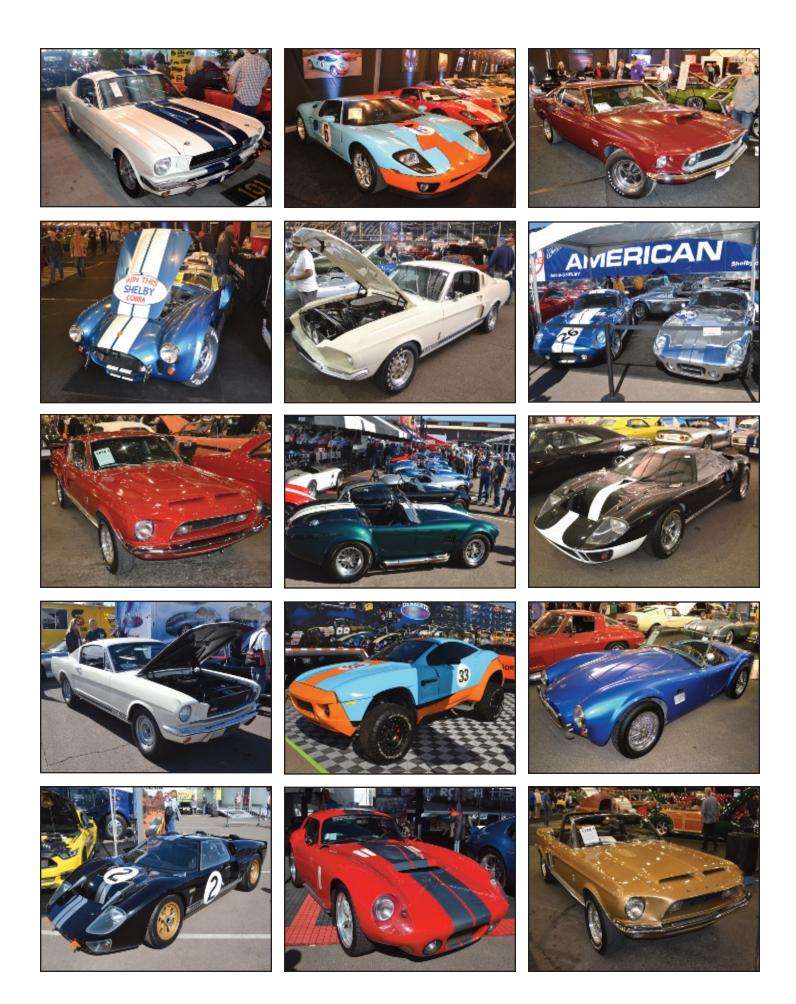
Walking into their large showroom, I walk by a knowledgeable gentleman talking to a couple of serious prospective buyers, who obviously have come to cut a check, not just take a picture. He gives me a quick look as I make my way toward two Cobras parked side-by-side. I take a couple of quick pictures and I get the same quick look, this time with a smile, when walking past him to make a hasty exit. This guy is a smart cookie, because he knows not to waste his time on a for-sure "looky-loo." Or maybe he sees my noticeable limp from my "barkin' dogs."

Back at my cousin's house I am kickin' back, drinkin' a nice tall, ice cold, adult beverage, complete with my tired butt on the couch and sore feet on the hassock, watchin' the Barrett-Jackson Saturday auction. My wife, hands on hips, leaning forward, says, "You're watching auctions on TV after watching auctions in person?" Eyes still glued to the tube, I respond, "Of course, what else would I be doing. It's Barrett-Jackson!" I swear, out of the corner of my eye, I could actually see her eyeballs rolling across the ceiling, and her jaw hitting the floor. Not a pretty sight. Truth be known, this is probably the "best seat in the house" for watching bidders outbid each other to become the next owner of a classic, exotic, or muscle car of their choice.

Feeling a tad drowsy, I begin to doze off, which is easy to do, because the wife, who can't stand the continual "Hubbita-Hubbita, Habita-Habita" of the auctioneer, insists I watch TV auctions with the sound "OFF." If you're married, you are definitely a master in the art of compromise and negotiation. It's better known as survival.

"Wait a minute, that SMILING face is PETER KLUTT! What the...ya' gotta' be kiddin' me! He just bought a Shelby 289 Cobra, CSX2495, beautifully restored with Webers, Halibrands, and owned by the same family for fifteen years" Even though she's behind me, I can see the much better half shaking her head as she walks out of the room. God, I love her!





G7A GUTAWAY

NOT EVERY J-CAR WAS A COUPE

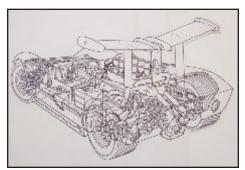
- Richard Soules & Rick Kopec

he arrival of the 2015 Shelby American Annual prompted SAAC member and noted automotive artist Richard Soules to look through his filing cabinet to see what he had on another one of his projects, the November, 1967 cover cutaway of Ford's G7-A dihedral-wing Can-Am car. He said he was actively following the development of the new Ford GT supercar and the upcoming anniversary of the LeMans victory in 1966. We'll let him pick up the story from here.

In August of 1967 I was commissioned to do cover art for Car and Driver's November 1967 issue. In those days the magazine had to be prepared two months prior to publication. The subject was the Ford G7-A Can-Am race car. At the time the vehicle was in

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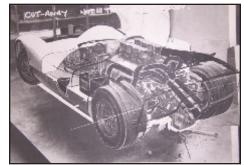
The evolution of a cutaway illustration.

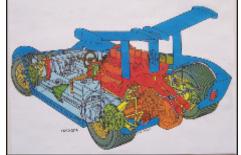


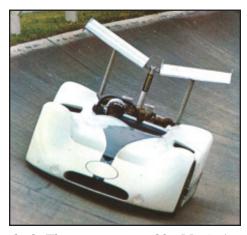
the process of being built. Ford had just won the 24 Hours of Lemans with Dan Gurney and A.J. Foyt driving an all-American designed and built car.

Shortly after, the governing body of international racing outlawed the large cubic-inch engines, which meant the Ford MK IVs were no longer qualified. Ford then decided to adopt the basic tub and setup of the MK IVs for the Can-Am race series. These were open cockpit race cars sometimes utilizing a large wing in the rear which provided extra downforce on the rear wheels and thereby increasing the gripping power of the tires.

Ford also had the novel idea of splitting the rear wing in the middle so that not only could the angle of the angle be adjusted in front to rear but also from level to an angle with dihe-

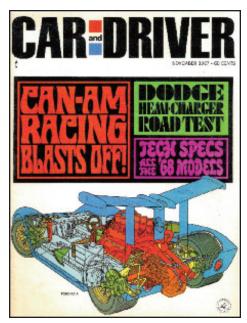






dral. The car was tested by Mario Andretti, who was also a driver in the series. The car did not develop as hoped and was sold to a race team. It was never raced.

I found my project to produce the art fascinating. To start with, I had to go to the shop that was building the car to shoot photographs and get any





Early photos taken at Kar Kraft in Dearborn: wire frame to show body contours [above]; Ford engineers huddle [center]; back in the shop [right].

reference I could to do the drawing for the art. It turned out the engineering company doing the design and construction was Kar Kraft. I was familiar with them from my following the initial debut of the first Ford GT in 1964. This was the beginning of Henry Ford IIs desire to win the World Championship of Manufacturers and beat Enzo Ferrari after he backed out of Ford's offer to buy Ferrari.

Kar Kraft was Ford's skunkworks, an inconspicuous building located in an offbeat area of Dearborn, about four or five miles from Ford's World Headquarters. I was greeted by Roy Lunn, the head of Ford's Advanced Vehicle operation and father of the first Ford GT. This, in itself, was very rewarding. He showed me the car and explained its elements. The car was in a basic build form and had no wing structure but I could photograph the chassis with the wheels on and off and with the fiberglass front section held in place.

There was nothing available on the wing but with Roy's help I was able to make a crude sketch that gave me enough to draw a finished version for him to approve later. While I was there I also met Karl Ludvigsen, an outstanding auto journalist and author of many books. He was gathering references for his upcoming book, "The Inside Story of the Fastest Fords," which later joined my collection of automotive books.

My drawing was completed and approved to finish the art in ink-line and color elements highlighting the cars components such as brakes, suspension, engine, cooling, etc. in different colors. The project was completed

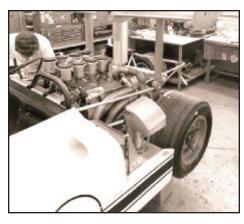


with the approval of Ford and Car and Driver.

Dick Soules' story ended there but we can add a little more detail to the J-9 narrative. After Ford won LeMans in 1966, Henry Ford II was disturbed that the winning GT40 MK II was an English-American hybrid. He wanted an all-American Ford to win, and to that end work began on a new car built at Dearborn's Kar Kraft. It was called the J-Car because it conformed to the FIA's "Appendix J" rules. The result was the "Breadvan" that was tested at LeMans in April of 1966. It was evident that more development was required and a second car was built (chassis # J-2). This, of course, was the car that Ken Miles was testing at Riverside when he was killed in a crash in August. That knocked the wind out of Ford's sails but resulted in rethinking of the car's basic silhouette. The flat-topped "Breadvan" roof was reshaped using Ford's wind tunnel. The roof gradually sloped down to the tail which ended in a spoiler.

An interim MK IV was built (J-3), tested, disassembled, inspected, reassembled and retested. A fourth car (J-4) was unveiled at Sebring. It had been built in four weeks and performed flawlessly, winning the race. It was then returned to Shelby American, inspected and sent to Daytona For testing. It then went back to Dearborn where it was put into storage.

Four MK IVs were constructed and went to LeMans: J-5, J-6, J-7 and J-8. Four more chassis were under construction by the end of LeMans when the rules were changed, outlawing engines over 305 cubic-inches. So



Ford shifted it sights to the most exciting professional racing series, the unlimited Can-Am. Chassis J-9 and J-10 were built at open-cockpit racers. J-9 had a large Chaparral-style dihedral wing mounted over the transaxle. The car was tested in Ford's wind tunnel and track tested by Mario Andretti but was never raced. The tenth tub, J-10, was not completed.

In February of 1969, both of these cars were sold to Charlie and Kerry Agapiou for \$1. In 1961 Charlie was working as a mechanic at Ken Miles' garage in West Hollywood. After Miles went to work for Shelby American in 1963 he invited Charlie to join him and his brother Kerry soon joined the company, too. Both were excellent mechanics and became crew chiefs for team Cobras and GT40s. In 1967 they left Shelby American to open a race shop of their own. They maintained their Ford contacts and when Ford was looking for a team to campaign their J-Car Can-Am race cars they went to the Agapiou Brothers.

The Agapious completed J-10 which was powered by Ford's new Boss 429 engine. By this time the car was heavier than the competing McLarens. The car was driven by a series of drivers in a dozen events in 1969 and 1970 with little success. A crash at Riverside in November 1970 ended the car's racing career. It was stripped of useable parts and the tub was scrapped. Twenty-five years later it had been rebuilt into a MK IV coupe.

The J-9 car sat in Agapiou's garage, still complete but disassembled, until around 2013 when he made the decision to sell it. He put it back

together and it was purchased by a European collector who had it shipped to Cobra Automotive in Wallingford, Connecticut where it was disassembled down to the bare tub and rebuilt as a full-specification MK IV coupe so it could be vintage raced in Europe.





Agapiou's garage, prior to the car's sale. In a sense, it's a shame that a historical one-of-one car like this was converted to something of which ten others already exist. But it's a matter of the golden rule: he who has the gold makes the rules. The engine was a 494 cubic-inch magnesium Boss 429. It would have been the basis of Ford's Can-Am effort if they had continued with a factory effort.





J-9 completed as a MK IV coupe.



Dana Mecum's Kissimmee, Florida auction is billed as the largest one in the country. At this year's extravaganza they ran 3,000 cars across the block in ten days. Our man in Florida, Jeff Burgy, was there to scope out the Shelbys.

In 1988 Dana Mecum held his first automobile auction at the Rockford, Illinois airport. In the intervening twenty-seven years the company has grown to be the largest auction company in the country, offering and selling more than 15,000 cars a year at locations all over the country. The largest one is held in January in Kissimmee, Florida at Osceola Heritage Park.

Jeff Burgy was one of the very first people to join SAAC. He worked for Ford for 33 years before retiring and eventually moving to Florida where the climate is a little more moderate than southern Michigan. He is a regular at places like Amelia Island, Daytona and Kissimmee where he took pictures of all the (real) Shelbys he could find. According to the catalog there were more but they were moving them around.

We always look for a trend: fewer cars, lower prices, early vs. late, etc. If there were any at Mecum they weren't apparent. Maybe something will emerge at Scottsdale this year. Or maybe not.















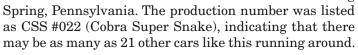








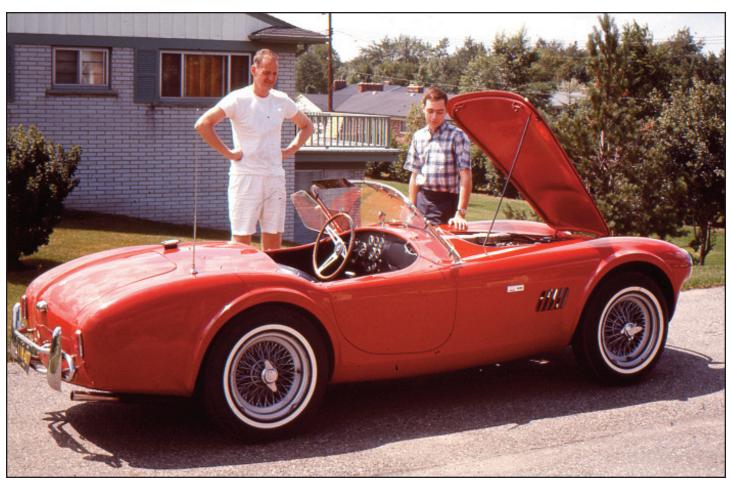
Not a real Shelby, this was something called a "CSS Supercharged Boss 302" according to the lettering inside the side stripe. It was "built under Shelby license by Legendary G.T. Continuation Cars" located in Roaring







WONDER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO CROW UP IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME?



- Harry Quackenboss

It's another one of those "out of the blue" submissions. This one arrived in Howard Pardee's email inbox and he immediately passed it on to us. As soon as we saw the photo of the red 289 Cobra we knew there was an article in there somewhere. Harry Quackenboss grew up in the Bloomfield Hills area of Michigan. It was an upscale area where a lot of auto company executives lived. In high school he was interested in cars, like a lot of us. This was the mid-sixties and it was not un-

common for somebody's father to come home with a company car. Harry recalls that one of his friend's father was the chief engineer at Ford's axle division and he showed up with a four-door Galaxie with a dual-quad 427 and a drag strip-ready rear axle ratio. Another friend had a '64 Falcon with the engine that had been in one of the Comet 100,000-mile durability run at Daytona. We'll let Harry pick it up from here.

ttached is a scan of a slide of a FoMoCo company car with some unusual options. I took the photo back in 1965 and it got saved away in a cardboard box. About two years ago my nephew was going through some old stuff my mother had. He scanned the picture and sent it to me, asking who the kid was by the fender.

As soon as I saw the picture I remembered taking it, and carefully framing the dual air cleaners and the automatic transmission lever because

I knew this was an unusual combination on a Cobra. But I didn't think it was out of the ordinary enough to burn up more than one frame of the Ektachrome Pro film in my Nikon. Seeing a car like this, after all, wasn't really that unusual of an event when I was in high school and college.

The tall guy is my dad. The kid was Larry Caldwell, Phillip Caldwell's son. Mr. Caldwell was, at that time, a Ford VP. Later he would be the first ever chairman of Ford who was not named Ford. The Cobra was a company car, and Larry (with his dad's blessing) was breaking the rules about company cars only being driven by employees.

On many weekends either my dad, who worked at General Motors, or a couple of other friends whose fathers were Ford engineering executives or Chrysler senior officials would bring home all kinds of high-performance cars for the weekend.

Other cars that I rode in during this time included an early Shelby GT350, one of the first production Mustangs, a Maserati Ghibli that was ordered for Henry Ford's wife, Charlotte, 427 and 429 SOHC Galaxies, and a lot of non-Ford cars, including GTOs, Corvettes, and various other top-of-the-line muscle cars.

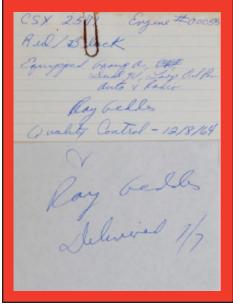
Sometime in the next year, the son of another Ford employee was out joyriding in a 427 Cobra company car on the streets of a Bloomfield Hills neighborhood. I don't know exactly where this happened but the particular neighborhood had winding streets, lots of trees, and no street lights. The way I heard the story, a police car started following him from a distance, and he tried to out run them. He finally stopped and shut off the lights and the engine. He could see the police car's lights reflecting off the trees as it slowly drove around looking for him. He decided to try to push the car behind the nearest dark house, at which point, he was caught.

The result, was a memo which Larry Caldwell showed me, to all Ford employees, reminding them that company cars were to be driven by employees only. That was also the end of Cobras being loaned out to employees. One of the guys I sent the Cobra picture to, who also rode in it, asked me if I remembered the green Mustang with independent rear suspension that Larry's dad brought home one day. I had forgotten about it until he reminded me about it. We both recalled that, at the time, according to Larry's father, the car was headed to Shelby American the next week. It was about a month after this conversation a couple of years ago that I watched an auction on TV which showed the "Green Hornet" GT500 crossing the auction block.

Keep in mind that the "Green Hornet," a 1968 GT500 prototype built by Shelby Automotive's chief engineer Fred Goodell, was powered by a number of engines while it was used as a prototype and also received an IRS unit. Once it was no longer of any use to Shelby the car was supposed to be sent to the crusher. This was standard procedure for Ford engineering cars which did not meet production standards; the company had no desire to let these cars get into the hands of the public lest they become involved in an accident and, hence, a law suit. Somehow the car escaped being crushed and found its way to a FoMoCo employee used car lot where it was subsequently purchased by a Ford employee for his son to use to drive back and forth to college.

CSX2571

We asked our resident Cobra expert, Ned Scudder, if he could identify the red Cobra in Harry's photo. He produced a handwritten note from his files showing the car as CSX2571. It was delivered to Ray Geddes, the Ford liaison at Shelby American, on January 7, 1965. Usually any car sent to Ford was invoiced to Geddes for accounting purposes. The car was red with a black interior and was equipped with Group A accessories, dual 4V carburetors, a large oil pan, C4 automatic transmission and a radio.





Are Wellaving FUNYER

Was this one of those "It seemed like a good idea at the time" thoughts?"

The "Anti-Football Run" has been going on for the past twenty-seven years in Northern California. The purpose is to provide owners of interesting 25+ year-old cars who refused to be glued to their televisions watching football on New Year's Day with an opportunity to hit the road and roll up some miles. This year it was the antidote to the Rose Bowl, The Outback Bowl and The Buffalo Wild Wings Citrus Bowl.

It started about 8 a.m. at a coffee stop in Corte Madiera and the first car rolled out at 9 a.m. The drive lasted about four and a half hours and more than 100 cars participated. It covered scenic roads around Marin County, the hot tub capital of the world. After a couple of coffee stops along the way it ended in Sausalito.

"Football is like life – it requires perseverance, self-denial, hard work, sacrifice, dedication and respect for authority." – Vince Lombardi.

"I'd rather go for a drive in a '57 Alfa Romeo Giulietta Sprint Veloce." – Martin Swig, Anti-Football Run founder.

SAAC members Gary Goeringer and Marty Beaulieu planned to participate in their Kirkham Cobras sometime in November so when the first of the year rolled around they were ready. When the temperatures dipped into the low thirties it would have the time for most enthusiasts to reconsider their decision. Beaulieu's big block did not have a heater (unless you consider the exhaust pipes running near the footboxes) and Goeringer's small block had one in name only. Cobras were never known for their heater/defrosters.



Their plan was to dress for the weather. Wives Nancy and Dawn were only slightly more realistic, deciding to drive a normal vehicle (with a normal heater) and meet up at the start, thus limiting their time in the high speed deep freeze as much as possible. Another one of those seemed-like-a-goodidea-at-the-time decisions.

No matter how you dress, it was cold. Standing around was bad enough but once you're cutting through the air at 50 mph or more, any heat your body may have generated is whisked away by the airflow around the open cockpit. There are only so many times you can ask yourself, "Are we there yet?"



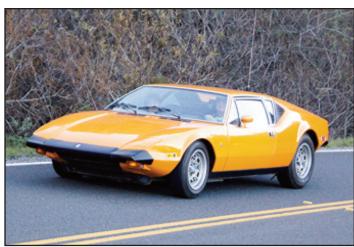


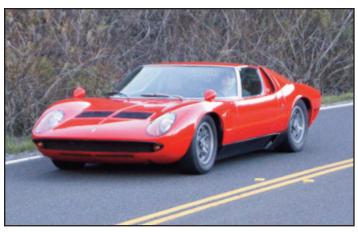
You can see the enthusiasm in Dawn Goeringer's face as her selfie shows her being buffeted in the Cobra cockpit's slipstream.

















- Rick Kopec

The Terlingua Racing Team emblem—a mean-looking rabbit, silhouetted in black on a chrome and yellow crest—is probably one of the more recognizable logos to become attached to the Shelby American legend. It was displayed prominently on the 1967 Shelby Trans-Am team car driven by Jerry Titus, which was ostensibly sponsored by the "Terlingua Racing Team." Titus' car was painted "Gawd-Awful Yellow" with a flat black hood and black center stripes. The Terlingua emblem was also displayed on the flanks of Shelby American's GT350 R-Model and 427 Cobra team cars, 5R002 and CSX3002 respectively. when they raced at Green Valley, Texas on February 14, 1965. Ken Miles drove the new R-Model to its first race victory that day.

The logo was designed by noted automotive artist Bill Neale, a long time friend of Carroll

1951, when Neale first saw Shelby was the fact that Neale's late wife, ing trophies.

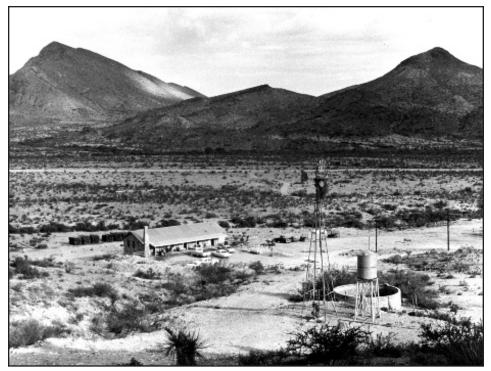


Shelby's and a fellow Texan. The race. They were friends ever since, coyote, wolf, rattlesnake and other Shelby-Neale connection goes back to Further cementing their relationship wild animals highly regarded as hunt-

Nelda, had a brother who went to high school with Shelby. She knew him before her husband ever met him.

In the early 1960s Shelby got involved in a real estate deal with another friend, Dallas lawyer David Witts. As Shelby told it, he and Witts wound up owning about 220,000 acres of rocks in southwest Texas, near the Mexican border. It was some of the most inhospitable land imaginable, virtually all desert wilderness and jagged mesa. Included was a ghost town named Terlingua. Shelby and Witts bought the land for practically nothing (which was a fair estimation of its worth) with the idea of subdividing it into 30acre parcels which would then be sold to hunters, who would own their parcel as well as hunting rights on the total acreage. The area abounded with mule deer.





The Chiricahua Ranch, circa 1965. Ranch house is in the foreground. The unimproved airstrip is visible in the background.

In earlier times, three Indian tribes—the Apache, the Comanche and the Kiowa—used the area to as-

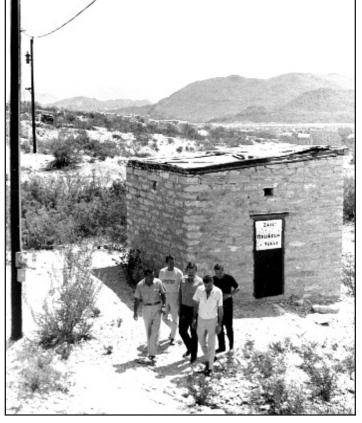
swept west, across the Rio Grande into Mexico. The Indians called the place Tres Linguas ("Three Tongues") and semble and form raiding parties that this was eventually Americanized to

"Terlingua" by the local cowboys. In the 1800s, Terlingua became a boom town when quicksilver was discovered in the area. Mines sprung up overnight and the population swelled to more than 5,000. When the mines began to run dry in the early 1940s the town shrunk accordingly. The official population is presently listed as nine, plus a few goats.

During one hunting trip and carousing expedition in 1963, the idea for the Terlingua Racing Team was hatched. By the time everyone else had gone home and unpacked, Neale had whipped up a suitable coat of arms and Terlingua acquired a persona. Owning a town had its advantages, even if it was a ghost town. Shelby and Witts lost no time dispensing political patronage positions in the non-existing municipal government. Witts installed himself as mayor. Shelby was, at times, named as the community's social director but on other paperwork he is listed as the dog catcher. Neale became director of the Museum of Modern Art and the positions of Director of Sanitation, Direc-



During a trip to Terlingua in 1965, several of the principals attempted to find some use for Shelby and Witts' real estate venture. Pictured [left to right] are Ford public relations man Tom Tierney, Car and Driver editor David E. Davis, Jr., Shelby, David Witts and Bill Neale.



A walking tour through the town brought the conspirators past, appropriately enough, the town jail.



Shelby and Witts pose at the ranch's entrance. Terlingua is truly one of the most desolate places in the country. It makes Afghanistan look like Maui.

tor of Parks and Recreation, Director of Urban Housing, Inspector of Hides and Commodore of the Terlingua Navy were quickly conferred upon other friends. Official looking business cards and letterhead soon followed. Sporadic meetings were held in some of the tonier watering holes and restaurants

in Dallas and were usually followed by a flurry of official sounding press releases. Neale even edited a newsletter. One issue carried a small blurb which stated, "Girls—don't forget to sign up now for the Terlingua Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service."

A meeting in May 1967 was attended by Tom Tierney, a friend of Shelbys who worked for Ford in public relations. When Witts asked him what, exactly, it was that a P.R. man did, Tierney responded with an example. "A good P.R. man could take a ghost town like the one you own and put it on the map." Someone else asked how that could be done and Tierney, without missing a breath, said, "Hold a chili cook-off there." And that was how the whole chili cook-off phenomena got its start.

A series of cleverly worded challenges made as part of a handful of newspaper articles resulted in nearly two hundred people turning up in Terlingua on October 21, 1967 to crown a chili champion. Among them were hard core chili aficionados, members of the Terlingua town council and dozens of reporters representing *Time*, *The* Wall Street Journal, The Dallas Morning News, The New York Times, Newsweek and Sports Illustrated (which eventually carried a six-page article reporting on the "event"). An uneven dirt airstrip on the edge of town (described as "Terlingua International Airport") allowed most of the participants to fly in, with Shelby

American's DC-3 bringing most of them. The World Championship Chili Cook-Off soon gathered momentum, mostly ginned-up by its own publicity. Within ten years, attendance would top 35,000. Several chili organizations were spawned, among them the International Chili Society which sprouted a hundred local regions and sponsored regional cook-offs. The World Finals eventually moved to California and became immersed in show business. complete with celebrity judges, scantily clad females and the accompanying glitz. Today, tens of thousands of dollars are funneled into various charities. And Terlingua is on the map.

One of the most entertaining Terlingua stories was related by Bill Neale. He and Shelby were attending the 1966 Indianapolis 500. Just prior to the race's start they walked the length of the grid, and when no one was looking they applied a Terlingua Racing Team decal to each race car. Virtually every flat surface on the cars were completely covered by sponsor decals, so it was virtually impossible for anyone to spot one which might not belong. By the time Shelby and Neale had covered the length of the pits they somehow managed to put a Terlingua decal on every car except one.... the car that eventually won the race!





SSSUSAN'S SSSHELBY

8T03S149492-01757 has had an interesting history and it's not over yet!

usan Stanley of Paoli, Pennsylvania sent along a couple of pictures of her '68 GT500 ragtop. It's a pretty cool car but the story behind it is even cooler. Her husband, Bill, purchased the car in August, 1969 from King Ford in Anniston, Alabama. He was in the Army, stationed at Ft. McClellan at the time. He bought the car using his reenlistment bonus. In 1970, he got orders for Frankfort, Germany and they took the Shelby with them for the year they were there. After they returned home they drove the car across the country several times during Bill's military career.

Susan said that she fell in love with the Shelby the first time she drove it. When Bill moved on to a new car, she begged him to keep it so she could use it as her car. It remained her daily driver until 2000 when her brother, Steve Capriola, owner of Steve's Service, completed a total restoration.

Presently, the car is not driven as much as it once was and that's under-





standable. Susan enjoys taking it to local shows. At the American Muscle Car Show in Media, Pennsylvania in 2013 the car was automobile designer and cable TV personality Chip Foose's top pick and part of the award was a sketch of the car he did at the event. This year *American Muscle* magazine chose the car to be on their calendar. It was photographed with a Lear Jet.





A FULK'S EYE VIEW OF THE PEBBLE BEACH OF THE EAST

— Bill Fulk

ell, let's see now, Drew, Janet, and Emily Serb are going, Gayle and Peter Brock are going, Rick and Colleen Kopec are going, a bunch of guys from Sacramento are going, soooo...ah, to Hades with it, I'll go, too! I don't have any buckaroonies left this month to go anywhere, but that's no big deal, because my credit card has plenty of red hot simoleons, just sittin' there, ready to be spent any time, on any thing.

I approach the much better half with my last minute decision to fly 3,000 miles across the good of US of A to make a first time appearance at Florida's Amelia Island Concours Week, where I've heard the classic, exotic, and muscle cars are plentiful and beautiful. She sarcastically says, "You, go to a car show all the way across the country? Noooo!" Then she sets down to begin the arduous task of using rewards points to get lil' ol' me to Florida and back for zippo, zero, nada. Well, the flight may be sort of a freebie, because after paying extra for more legroom and extra to check a bag, my sorry butt may be sitting in the seat for "free" but I'm still forking out scheckels for "a thissa' an' a thatta'." Both of those things used to be free not that long ago.

Considering I was born cheap, and have matured to become even cheaper, I am surprised to find my rental car, a full-size furrin' somethin' 'ur other, is more than reasonably priced, as in four complete days for under 200 George Washington greenbacks. Now, the hotel room was a different story altogether. Don't get me wrong, I under-

stand supply and demand, so in their eyes, hoteliers feel they have a perfect right to jack up the prices when there are going to be an unlimited number of warm bodies looking for a limited number of rooms, especially when those rooms are on a small island. My, shall we say, average room cost me over \$200 a night, while the weeks before and after Amelia Island Concours Week cost \$90 a night. I definitely felt I should have gotten a kiss each evening right before going to bed, because...well, you know.

Thursday, March 10th

Bonham Auction, Gooding Preview

"URR-URR-URR. Wakey-wakey time, as in a thoroughly obnoxious, bone-jarring cell phone ripping off your right ear to announce that, "Morning has broken, like the first morning..." Cat Stevens 1971. It's my very first time at a large event like Amelia Island Concours, so I arise as early as humanly possible so I can drive around the newly discovered highways and byways to get "the lay of the land." Cruising slowly along unfamiliar dawn-lit roads, turning "thissaway an' a thattaway" (that sounds so cool), it doesn't take long to figure out Amelia Island Parkway is literally the main artery of the whole concours week. Each and every event held day or night can be found either on the parkway, or on ancillary roads branching off the parkway to a nearby loca-

I always use my trusty GPS (Grandpa Positioning System), which consists of a series of Google map con-

figurations printed out before leaving my Sacramento front door, because I have been led astray too many times by Nav Sat systems to points unknown to most humankind. This is Florida 'gator country, and I have absolutely no intention of winding up on a dead end in some swamp, face to face with a long snouted, razor toothed critter that has not evolved beyond its dinosaur days. I watch those kind of "get lost" movies, and trust me, they never end well for the "lostee."

The first place I visit to see some serious chump change get double greased from one palm to another is Bonham's, a most respected auction house frequented by classy patrons to buy and sell classy automobiles of all shapes and sizes (and that also describes the patrons). The first gentleman I see of any notoriety is Wayne "Chasing Classic Cars" Carini. I record his program which I watch over and over again, because I actually learn valuable "car shtuff" from this guy. Not to mention, I absolutely love Roger the par excellence mechanic on the show, who consistently makes non-PC comments, which add so much real personality to the program.

Wayne's been a knowledgeable "mover 'n shaker" in the car biz for a few moons and definitely has the innate ability to "know when to hold'em, and know when to fold'em" – Kenny Rogers 1978, when it comes to bidding for exotic, classic, and muscle cars. I have introduced myself to him once at Scottsdale, and once at Monterey, always making sure I wasn't interrupting him when working or socializing.

Sometimes people forget guys in his line of work attend these events in order to make new money, not new friends.

Also, in this particular instance at Bonham's, he had a large, professional size, video camera lens not more than a few feet from him the whole time. I understand the TV producer's checks probably don't bounce (most of the time), but you know what? It's definitely not my idea of fun. To a guy like me, it's kind of convenient to be a nobody to most everybody.

Southern hospitality reigns supreme at Bonham's, because for \$20 not only do I get access to a great car show featuring fantastic automobiles for auction, I get a great tasting, artery-clogging breakfast, plus coffee that is guaranteed to wake the dead. After gorging cholesterol calories and knockin' back the mud-like caffeine, I seek out the main reason I am at Bonham's: namely an '06 Ford GT (estimated to sell for \$325,000 - \$375,000), red with the white stripe package. It turns out to be within dripping grease distance from where I had just finished my morning food fest, so up comes the camera to eye level and an index finger still slick with butter from handling two pieces of toast, and I begin pressing the silver button click, click, click – because, well, that's what I am here for.





I wander into the tent where the "hubbitta hubbitta, habbitta habbitta" auction is now in full swing and who should saunter on by with some good eats to sit in the front row, why none other than Mark Hyman and Peter Klutt. We all know both of these two guys from their television programs, but when you watch them in action during this "live" buying and selling process, it doesn't take long to realize they are workin' the floor. Both of these gentlemen are experts at the one-on-one, meet 'n greets with prospective clients, meaning practically everyone under the tent. Someday they are both going to pay dearly for all that hand shaking by getting the severest cases of carpel tunnel known to modern medicine.

Sometimes they've got a cellphone glued to one ear, chatting away with one hand cupped over the other ear, with now and then a raised eyebrow to acknowledge acquaintances who stroll past. This auction tent is one of their many offices around the nation, most likely the world, where they conduct the very important business of buying and selling exotic, classic, and muscle cars for themselves or, more importantly, for clients.

Realize, Mark Hyman was working hard to develop Hyman Limited Classic Cars into the well-respected collector car operation it is today, long before some producer came along and whispered in his ear, "Ya' wanna' be on TV?" Peter Klutt was bustin' his derriere to build Legendary Motorcar Company into the well thought of collector car powerhouse it has become long before some other producer sneaked up on him to quietly ask, "Hey, kid, ya' wanna be a star?"

Successful entrepreneurs do not just "pop out of the box," they work long and hard to create and maintain a business that will provide for the well-being of their own families, and the families of their employees. While I and others are at the auctions to just enjoy the robust environment of the auctioneers interacting with bidders, or buy a car or two, Hyman and Klutt are workin'!

That being said, I'm still ticked

that Mark lured Steve Bonney, arguably one of the best domestic and foreign car experts around, to work for him in St. Louis. Steve used to have a shop in Northern California and worked on pert' near every collector car I've owned. Dagnabbit! I'll never, ever mention it again. Maybe.

Why am I pressing into the stranger's palm stretched out before me three greenback Hamiltons to gain entrance to the prestigious white tents of Gooding & Company? Because I am DNA pre-destined to pass through yon magic portal to cast mine weary eyes upon the beastly royalty so forsoothly contained within (I took Shakespeare in college), otherwise known as a '64 Shelby 289 Cobra, gaveling at \$1,320,000, and a '66 Ford GT40 Mk 1, crossing the block at \$3,300,000.



Meandering through the couple of larger tents protecting the curvaceous, enticing merchandise on wheels, connected by what can best be called hallway tents, you can see the Gooding folks have tastefully incorporated Florida's flora and fauna into their auction house ambience. The food and beverage court, as well as the huge open ends of the tents housing the cars, actually have beautiful plants and trees shimmering in the slight breeze, lowering the humid temperatures to a humanly tolerable level. And then, there they are, the royal beasts basking in the bright sunlight, shining brightly: the Ford GT gracefully adorned in a silvery blue color, and the 289 Cobra brutally covered in



the blackest black hue. It was enough to make you...well, let's just say I haven't felt that way in years.

I take my photographs, all the while noticing that nearby a very born to the manor, sophisticated, grayhaired, southern gentleman was ever so politely dining on a light lunch with a beautiful, obviously very gracious woman of the same age. But something didn't seem quite right, although her melt in your mouth, silky smooth southern accent was very gentle on the acoustic meatus. Then I figured it out, for even though this very adroit man of the south was wearing tailored slacks. I could see he wasn't wearing any socks. I know that's oversharing, but really? Come on, if you can afford to have a bite to eat at Gooding before bidding six to seven figures on a collector car, you can afford to wear a decent pair of socks in your obviously very expensive Italian loafers.

I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts Charlie Ross, Gooding's more than proper British auctioneer, always wears socks, no matter what the occasion or part of the world where he happens to be auctioneering. Maybe I should be saying, "pounds to crumpets." No matter, you get the idea.

Friday March 11th

RM/Sotheby Auction Preview Motostalgia Auction Preview

After literally being jolted out of a deep slumber by the trusty old iphone assaulting my unsuspecting brain cells, I now find myself, "puttin' on the Ritz" - Taco 1983, while struttin' my mo' bad shtuff across a beautifully manicured lawn bordering the Atlantic Ocean. The reason I am doing this casual "stroll is how I roll" on this plush greenery is to take photos of classic, exotic, and muscle cars strategically placed throughout the beautifully landscaped grounds of The Ritz-Carlton, as in "la-tee-da, dahling," on Amelia Island. As I'm snapping away at all the metallic sculptures resplendent in shinier than shiny paint, and adorned with brighter than bright chrome, all to the sound of crashing waves on a nearby sandy beach, I can't help but think, "Life is good."

back down to earthly reality by taking photos of the following two Shelby AC cousins going to the highest bidder at the RM/Sotheby auction being held at the Ritz-Carlton. The 1960 AC Ace-Bristol went for \$495,000, and the 1963 Shelby 289 Cobra hammered at \$1,155,000.





Taking a little time out from the overwhelming awe of being surrounded by so much auto beauty, I enter the ritzy Ritz to visit the lobby floor vendors exhibit area. This is basically every nook and cranny of all the rooms and even the hallways, to see some really neato-frito petrobilia, automobilia, memorabilia, and in fact, just about any type of "bilia" you can imagine.

The first gentleman I encounter is Chuck of Chuck Harders Restorations, whose specialty is gas pump barn finds, gas pump restorations, gas station signs, and generally any type of vintage petroliana available on planet earth. He must be doing something right, because I saw a big ol' SOLD sign hanging on an absolutely fantastic looking, unrestored, White Eagle gas pump from way back in the day. And I'll bet Chuck was one happy petroliana camper, because that bad boy went for \$9,500 "greenback, a dollars" - Kingston Trio 1963.

The next objet d'auto art, is something my protruding eyeballs do a cartoon like popping towards, an OMG 1/10th GT 40, the likes of which my

However, I had to bring myself sore eyes have never seen before. Since my cornea were now literally glued to this mixed metals sculpture, I was forced to follow them to the art piece, where I gently pried them from the delicate, but very solidly built GT40. After this somewhat crude display of ophthalmological expertise, I introduce myself to Jamie of Jamie Schena Design + Sculpture, who is an industrial designer and artist, a great career combination for creating what is obviously a great rendition of a GT40. After discussing his independent, intelligent thoughts on auto art, him doing most of the talking and me doing most of the listening (a rare occurrence, to say the least), I explore his website to find more insight into his art:



"I use scrap steel to create sculptures, giving the material new life through industrial art. I have a very kinaesthetic approach to my work as I manipulate steel through welding, grinding and sanding until I am satisfied with the result." In other words, the kid's good, real good!



Stepping outside onto the Ritzy Carlton's large, covered veranda straight out of "Gone With the Wind," I see a sight for sore eyes (caused by peeling them off the GT40 sculpture): another great rendition of a GT40, only this time it is a life-size model being made by FoMoCo. And if "that don't beat all", standing nearby is a very nice, life size young lady representing Ford, who accepts my request



to have her photo taken next to this truly American supercar. I'm wearing my Nor Cal Shelby Editor media badge, pinned to my Nor Cal Shelby shirt so I look kind of, sort of, officious, and that's probably why she let me take her photo. I love my job!

Afterwards, I wander on over to the three "ride 'n drive" experiences. one offered by Ferrari, another by Lamborghini and a third by Alfa Romeo. Them eyetalians are here in force, ready to conquer America's sports car market by letting you step right up, set your sorry derriere in some rich smelling leather, then bang through them thar Stallion, Bull, and Dragon gears to your little heart's delight around Amelia Island!

Well, come to find out, it's not quite that easy, because after nosing around a little bit (sniff-sniff-sniff) I discover one has to be on an already developed "appointment list," which you had to be placed on after inquiring about purchasing one of their wee beasties at one of their dealerships. In other words, you had to be somewhat pre-approved before being placed on the "ride 'n drive" list, which makes total sense, because if some flea infested, odoriferous yahoo rolls up to ask for the keys, they can simply reply, "You're not on the list." Fleas and leather don't go together!

However, I did something I always do at ride 'n drives! No, not ask for the keys — mainly because I was more than a bit pooh-tinky from wearing the same shirt two days in a row in the Florida humidity, not to mention I probably had a flea or two from my rental car and hotel room. Instead, I asked the absolutely too cutesie Alfa Romeo girls, both with wonderful "la jewelry in one place, and one place

dolce vita" accents, if I could have my picture taken with one of them. They agreed, one posing and the other photographing, as I told them I send my wife an email picture of me with a gorgeous woman whenever I am away at a car event, telling her I am having a "good" time with one of the locals. She always replies, "What do you talk about?" My wife's cutesie, but she can also be so mean.



While leaving, I thought it would be easiest to just cut through the main floor of the Ritz-Carlton. Well, wrongo again, Natty Bumppo; all of a sudden I realized, too late, I had made a couple of righty-tighties when they should have been lefty-loosies. Anyway, in an alcove just off the hallway maze, I spot a table occupied by a very beautiful lady wearing a name tag saying "Volunteer." Her name is actually Gara, she lives on "the island," and proudly serves as a volunteer during Amelia Island Concours Auto Week (one of a cadre of about 700 volunteers). Anyway, when she sees my NorCal Shelby white collar shirt, this wonderful woman proceeds to tell me a great Cobra story about her Cobra earrings. You read that right, the dangling baubles that hang from the lobules auriculae.

Gara's husband is a verified, certified, Cobra fanatic from way back, and currently drives a 427 Cobra replica (I think she said an Everett-Morrison), in which they both enjoy cruising around coastal Florida for no other reason than they just like gettin' "bugs in their teeth and wind in their hair." One fine day she goes to put on her Cobra earrings and finds she is missing one, and that just couldn't be. Like most women, she keeps all her

only. She complains to her husband, and he starts doing the old Jimmy Stewart, "Ah, shucks," routine, sheepishly staring at the ground, shuffling his feet, and doing the old, "Well, uh, I uh..."

Come to find out, Mr. Amelia Island Cobra guy took one of her earrings apart, then used the Cobra emblem logo as a good looking addition to the top of his dipstick. I'm guessing he told her he couldn't change his oil without it because it was a quick and sure way to find the dipstick. The whole time Gara is telling me this story she is laughing like crazy, but I'm also guessing she may have called him a "dipstick" as she went online to purchase the most expensive pair of Cobra earrings she could find. Ya' gotta' love it!



Motostalgia Auctions d' Elegance is pretty much the new game in town when it comes to Amelia Island auctions, but they chose a great location to "see and be seen," right off Amelia Island Parkway and directly between Bonham's and RM/Sotheby. If you're traveling to Bonham's or RM/Sotheby you'll see a great big Motostalgia auction banner, so why not drive right on in and take a looky-loo or two, which is exactly what got me to make a last minute turn into their parking lot.

Walking around, taking a gander at what the new guy has to offer, I'm really kind of impressed, because their initial Amelia Island auction includes such first class vehicles as a '66 Ferrari 330 GT 2+2, '06 Mercedes McLaren SLR, '67 Ferrari 330 GTC, and their main attraction, a '35 Mercedes-Benz 500K Special Roadster. Of course, I'm there to see the Shelby inspired automobiles, a '67 Shelby GT500, a 427 Cobra replica and a '65 Sunbeam Tiger.



All of a sudden, I hear a loud. "They'll let anybody in this place!" and shoot, sugar, sonofagun, it's Mike and Susie from Cars 'n Coffee in Folsom. California, a couple of my fellow Saturday morning java and doughnuts gang. Mike is on the island to sell one of his many collector automobiles and said, "I was just driving down the parkway, happened to see their banner, so I pulled in for a looksee." Proof to the fact that Motostalgia chose a great location to enter the auction competition during Amelia Island Concours Week. We promise to see each other at C & C Folsom in a week or so (we did). They had to quickly look around before checking on the car they brought to Amelia.

One of Motostalgia's team members approached me when I was inspecting a neat looking little Devin SS, powered by a 4V Rover V8 from across the Atlantic pond. He commented that they really had to spend some serious research time determining that all of the little car's provenance history was straight and true. He told me owners are supposed to provide the necessary paperwork to substantiate each and every statement concerning their car, "but...," and the "but" was his main concern. He also said some owners always want to attach some little obscure factoid that will make their collector car that much more valuable; however, there's no paperwork to back it up, "so...," which is also a concern. You could tell his number one priority was to make sure each and every car at auction was represented honestly, but the bottom line was that all prospective bidders have the ultimate responsibility to do their homework to make sure they "get what they pay for." Caveat emptor.



I kid you not, in this high humidity, high 70's – low 80's heat, my feet are absolutely on fire and sweatin' at the same time! What's up with this nonsense? I think it's about time I quit being a socks snob, and go "Barefootin" – Robert Parker 1966. Tomorrow, shoes only, no socks!

Saturday March 12th

Cars 'N Coffee Concours Amelia Select Auction Preview

Okay, in Folsom, California, we have a great Cars 'N Coffee, started two years ago by a couple of car enthusiasts in a small parking lot (the very first C&C had 11 cars; the latest one, in a larger lot, had 142 cars). The Amelia Island Concours Week Cars 'N Coffee is slightly different than the one run by our local boys, both in terms of quantity and quality.

Now, I am in no way, shape, or form denigrating the efforts of the boys on the home front when it comes to putting on a mo' fine C&C, but the Amelia Island crowd actually requires you to pre-register and then you must be "accepted." And the number of cars is limited to the first 350 accepted. I'm sure this is to keep just anyone from driving right on in behind the wheel of their hoopty mobile. I know each and every one of you has a personal definition of a hoopty, but let's be honest some wheels are highly prized by their owners but should be viewed in the garage by just their owners. No disrespect, boys 'n' girls, I'm just sayin'...

As for the venue, well, parking lot be darned, the Amelia gang has their Saturday C&C on the exact same fairways of the exact same golf course where the Amelia Island Concours is held the next day, on Sunday. We're talkin' a pastoral setting consisting of long stretches of perfectly manicured green grass, surrounded by beautiful trees and flowered bushes, blossoming every color in the rainbow. No blacktop or concrete for these finer than fine exotic, classic, and muscle cars, no sirreee. Only the finest southern Bermuda grass will be allowed to accommodate their royal presence when "here comes the judge" — Pigmeat Markham 1968, to do some serious judgin'.

The very minute I walk through the drive-on fairway entrance, I am walking up a small hill to find a good vantage point from which to ogle and drool over the fine mobiles as their owners slowly drive them down the fairway to assigned group parking (Ferraris, Lamborghinis, Corvettes, Hot Rods, etc.). How do I know about this "vantage point" you ask? Easy, motor sports fans and inflamed tissue sufferers, I learned it from none other than Wayne Carini. Every year he tapes a "Chasing Classic Cars" episode at Amelia Island Concours Week. He once said get to the Saturday C&C early, stand on the little hill near the drive-on fairway entrance, and enjoy the sights and sounds of the cars as they are driven onto the fairway. Who says you can't learn anything from watching television?

I find out quickly the best place to view from the small hill is already taken by Statler and Waldorf from "The Muppet Show." No kiddin' — I always wondered what happened after they retired, but here they were in their folding chairs, alive and well, criticizing, trashing, sometimes almost heckling the poor drivers of some of the cars. Not loudly, of course, but just loud enough for surrounding people to kind of do an "OMG" now and then, while at the same time chuckling, because these two guys were standup comedy hilarious. They could have literally taken their "show on the road".

Then I and everybody around me got really, really quiet, because crossing majestically from left to right, was a Ferrari Series One 250 GTO, with that rich, gutteral sounding, almost race-tuned V12, rumbling slowly but steadfastly to its assigned parking spot. Even Statler and Waldorf sat in

stunned silence as we all stared at its curvaceous redness with a "we are not worthy" gaze upon all our faces.



Enough of furrin' cars: I want to see the supercars that are really important; namely, the GT40s that have been going to Le Mans! It doesn't take long to find them, because there is a crowd of folks standing in a semicircle in front of all four of the gorgeous beasts and you could hear their laughter from a 100 feet away. I walk up to take a peek at the cause of the commotion and — surprise, surprise — it's faux celebrity "GT Joey," who authored a book, "Around the World in a Ford GT," which tells how he and a buddy "planned, prepared, and executed a very unique adventure, stopping along the way to invite friends and fans to take part in the celebration of our journey." Today Joey is sitting, kind of, on Jeff Burgy's motorized cart, yakkin' on his cellphone and obviously enjoyin' life!







The rest of this sunny, mid-70s, splendiferous Cars 'N Coffee event I spent looking at cars, photographing cars, looking at more cars, photographing more cars, but then, the real fun began, the fun of meets 'n' greets with new friends, old friends, and just plain folks. It was a classic case of turning" thisaway" to see Drew, Janet, and Emily from Northern California, and "thataway" to see Joe and Gayle from Sacramento. I also ran into Lee from Maryland, who was on the island to put an '88 Ferrari 328 GTS and a '60 Austin Healey 3000 MKI BN7 up for auction with RM/Sotheby.

However, the gentleman who was really interesting to chat with was North Carolina Ron, who introduced himself to me because I was wearing my NorCal Shelby white collared shirt. He proceeded to tell me he had built a couple of Cobra kits. It turns out this gentleman is a master craftsman of all trades when constructing a car, including being quite the fabricator, and is currently building from scratch a Lance Reventlow 1958 Scarab sports-racer. The reason I was impressed is that he mentioned having to purchase a rolling wheel in order to create the body panels. Considering the only mechanical talent I have is clicking my ballpoint pen in order to write a check for work done on my cars, I was more than just a little impressed.

Amelia Island Select, along with Festivals of Speed, is located on the grounds of the Omni Amelia Island Plantation Resort and while just standing in the midst of all this classic Florida ambience, I am surprised at how some car events can offer up some pretty cool "surprises." This moment, for instance. I am taking a few deep breaths of wonderful fresh air being supplied from a slight breeze coming off a picturesque inland waterway full of sailboats. The immediate surprise to my senses, however, is the young, full figured model with the long blonde hair, wearing a 1950s Bettie Pagestyle leopard bikini, draped right before me over a classic car which I couldn't begin to describe. Do I really have to tell you why I can't remember the car? It turns out she and a professional photographer were doing a photo shoot for a calendar and they were given permission by certain owners to use their cars as backdrops. At least, I think they were cars.

This wouldn't be all that big a deal, except it immediately followed another "surprise," namely a half dozen or so beautiful women in formal ball gowns strolling around the grounds, posing for photos in singles or pairs alongside the cars for us rank amateurs. I questioned one of the Amelia Select officials and she said it was all part of what was being done to benefit the charity receiving the majority of the proceeds being generated on this day. She said it was a takeoff on the well-known idea beautiful cars are usually associated with beautiful women. I told her I couldn't agree more, and no, none of them will appear in this article.

The last surprise was a meet 'n greet with Larry Beach (what a name for a Floridian!), who just happens to be Team Shelby's Florida State Director, part of their South Atlantic Region. I was snapping photos of all these new Shelbys lined up LeMans start-style, when I happened to notice their club flag flappin' in the breeze above their tent, in the middle of their club cars. I walked in said, "Finally, I find my brethren!" About a dozen guys give me the, "Who the Hades are vou?" look, until I point to the logo on my shirt. Then they replied, "A NorCal guy!" so all was well. To Michael McGuirk of Northern California, Team Shelby Larry says, "Hello!"

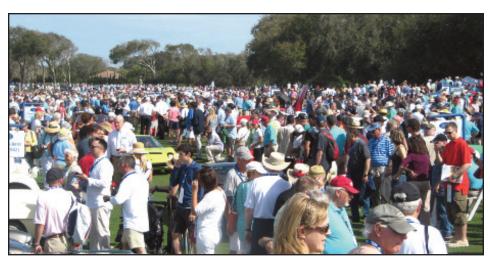


Driving exhausted back to my hotel, I'm moanin' and a groanin', because both of my pedibus are hot and sore even without socks, albeit not in as bad shape as a couple of days ago with socks. Then it hits me: I told the Kopecs that I'd have dinner with them at Amelia, and tonight is the last opportunity! Rick got me started in the writing game, and Colleen did me a super favor, so I owe them big time. I gave them a call and we're on for dinner. I'm sure they won't notice I'm not wearing any socks. It was a great dinner and they even let me pick up the tab. Gosh.

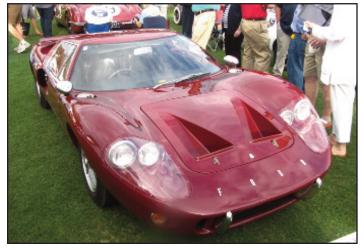
Sunday March 13th

Amelia Island Concours

I could tell you in great detail how I went to the Amelia Island Concours, where I saw dozens of people who were with and without their cars. Instead, I am going to simply include photos. There were 330 cars invited to the concours and each one was a jewel in its own right. I'm not sure what the criteria was for the selection process but there was only one GT350 (5R534), one Cobra (CSX2512), two GT40s (the reconstructed GT/101 and one of only seven MK IIIs) and the newly restored Shelby DeTomaso P70.













Because of the threat of, "thunder, lightning" – Eddie Floyd 1966, the powers that be at the Amelia Island Concours made a judgment call by moving the awards ceremony up a couple of hours. Smart move, because I left the concours around 1 p.m. and on the way to Jacksonville Airport the threat of rain was appearing on the near horizon. Will I start checking the weather channel in February of 2017 to get an idea of what the weather will be like in the middle of March 2017 in northern Florida? You bet, and anything less than a hurricane, I'm there!



































Fernandina Beach Airport was a sports car racing venue in 1963. The SVRA has revived the event and attached it to the Amelia Island Concours.

If you know anything about the history of sports car racing in America you know that it started in the early 1950s on public roads which were temporarily closed off. It began as the sport of wealthy amateur sportsmen, the same country club types who played polo. They competed for silver cups and trays and pewter mugs.

Weekend sports cars racing on public roads drew spectators who lined the edge of the road as the cars blasted by, inches away. A couple of fatal accidents where spectators were killed quickly put an end to that and racers had to get serious about buying property and constructing purposebuilt road race circuits near some of the larger population centers.

Tracks were expensive to build and required some racers to travel a long way to get to them. So, event organizers began looking for alternatives. Small, regional airports which could be shut down on weekends fit the bill. It also helped that Curtis LeMay, the Air Force general in charge of the Strategic Air Command, was a rabid sports car enthusiast. He made seemed to be plenty of racing venues

some U.S. air bases available on weekends for sports car competition.

The most famous airport racing circuit was in Sebring, Florida. The first race there was held in 1950. The next running was 12 hours or "once around the clock," starting during the day and finishing at night. The organizers succeeded in getting FIA approval and the event became part of the World Sportscar Championship and the International Championship for Makes. It was part of the prestigious FIA series that included Le-Mans, Spa and Monza.

Airport circuits remained popular for sports car racing through the 1960s but as safety standards became more stringent, orange cones and hay bales were no longer enough, and airport usage began to diminish. Unlike asphalt, which was smooth and even, the concrete runways were coarse and uneven. They lacked elevation changes and were billiard table flat. They were also notoriously tough on suspensions, tires and brakes.

By the 1970s and 1980s there

for sports cars as major NASCAR circuits created infield road courses which were connected to portions of the ovals. Also, the concept of private country club-type tracks began to gain popularity. Vintage racing became a very popular form of sports car racing. However, all this came at a price and the cost of renting these racing facilities was constantly increasing. We just may be witnessing the resurgence of sports car racing on airport circuits as a solution to the problem of high costs.

The Amelia Island Grand Prix was scheduled for the weekend after the concours. The 2.1-mile course set up on the Fernandina Beach municipal airport which had been used for sports car racing between 1963 to 1974. SVRA attracted 125 cars and also opened the event to motorcycles. Despite a threatening weather report for the weekend, attendance was still high and the only rain they saw was a little in the morning. By the end of the weekend the event was considered a success and there was talk of doing it again next year.



Photos courtesy of David Ferguson/Sports Car Digest, Darek Stennes.





















Ever since Cobra replicas have become plentiful, some of their owners have been desirous of competing in vintage races. The sanctioning bodies, however, mindful of opening a Pandora's Box for all manner of cars from exact duplicates to crude junkyard specials, have resisted. Until recently. As starting grids diminished some have begun allowing replicas. The thinking is that a few Cobra-looking vehicles in the mix is better than none as far as spectators are concerned. The unintended consequence will likely be that fewer owners of original Cobras will be willing to put their cars at risk racing against replicas. Wait and see.

Lest anyone think that clobbering a hay bale is about as damaging as hitting a huge cotton ball, examine Exhibit "A." If you're going fast enough, even a plastic cone can do some damage.

SAAC - 24

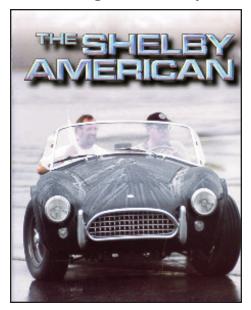
MICHIGAN INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY • JUNE 25-26-27, 1999

The Graybeard Chronicles

- Rick Kopec

t was nine years since we visited Michigan, so it seemed like a good time to give it a close look for SAAC-24. The last time we were there was SAAC-15 and it had been our fourth convention at Dearborn's Hyatt Regency. If anybody didn't like that hotel they kept their opinion to themselves...or they stayed at a local Motel 6. At previous Dearborn conventions we used Mid-Ohio as a track, and the three-hour plus driving distance eliminated the possibility of using it for more than one day.

Michigan International Speedway was not renting to clubs or smaller organizations, and that's exactly what they told us when we called them. End of conversation. At SAAC-23 in Charlotte we spoke with Butch Mock, a SAAC member who also happened to own a NASCAR Winston Cup team. We mentioned that we were thinking of holding the following year's convention in Michigan but the only track



MICHIGAN MADNESS

e'll admit we have mixed emotions about holding a convention at a track we've never been to before. On one hand, it's always exciting to get out on a new race circuit - especially when it's a super speedway we've seen on television hosting a 500-mile CART race or NASCAR Winston Cup event. But there's also a downside. A new track means a lot of extra work because we have to reinvent the wheel. Traffic flow, mans to and from the track and hotels, and new and unique considerations all combine to produce several huge Excederin headaches before we even roll into town.

When we began to scout around for a location for SAAC-24 we started by eyeing the Michigan area. We hadn't been to that part of the country in nine years and past experiences told us that a lot of Shelby and Ford enthusiasts call Michigan their home. The surrounding states also have large concentrations of SAAC members. And Michigan Speedway doesn't usually rent their facility out to clube, so a convention there would be pretty

This was as far as we got, however. The folks at Michigan Speedway said they weren't interested in renting their facility to clubs, and the phone conversation ended right there. We began looking for another site. Putnam Park was considered, because a date was available. Larger tracks like Mid-Ohio have almost no open dates. We try very hard to be in a position to announce the next convention's location at the present convention, but as SAAC-33 rolled around we still did not have a site.

We happened to mention this unfortunate situation to SAAC member Butch Mock during SAAC-23 at Charlotte. For those who may not be familiar with that name, Mock owns a NASCAR Winston Cup team, the #75 Taurus sponsored by Remington Arms, and has a dream facility outside of Charlotte. He was eager to help us. *Roger Penske come Michigan Speedway and he's a good friend of nine," said Mock. "Let me give him a cult."

Things started to happen pretty quickly after that. For starters, Michigan Speedway called US!. We outlined what we had in mind and they were receptive (although not what you'd describe as exatatic) thanks to Butch Muck's gresse. The track's general manager explained that the their decision not to rent to clubs was the result.



JUNE 25-26-27, 1999

of some particularly wretched behavior by an unnamed Corvette club. Details seemed painful to extract, so we didn't press for specifics, but they evidently had a number of crashes one weekend, damaging cars, damaging the track property and damaging some of their participants. This caused the track to immediately rethink their policy, starting with a who-needs-this?" premise, and the no club policy was soon born. According to them, it greatly simplified their lives. But the boss had passed word down to reverse this policy for SAAC. They would give us a try.

Naturally, this made us very happy. Not only would we be having a convention smack in the center of an area of the country we wanted, but it would be at one of the most prestigious tracks in the country. Plans quickly fell into place, details were included in the next available Snakebite Bulletin, and pre-registrations soon began rolling in.

Lining up convention hotels proved to be another hat trick. Ann Arbar, the docest population center to the track, is a college town and the end of June is a busy time there. After a few rounds of back-and-forth, we succeeded in getting our event banked at the Ypsilanti Marriott, the only hotel able to accommodate a sit-down dinner for

800. It turned out to be an exceptionally nice facility to boot. Four other hotels, all in Ann Arbor, were needed to provide the block of rooms we would require. They were all about a 45-minute drive from the track.

There was one rub, however. The Marriott had scheduled a large wedding for Saturday afternoon, requiring us to reshuffle our schedule and move our dinner and evening program up to Friday night. Oh, well... it could have been worse.

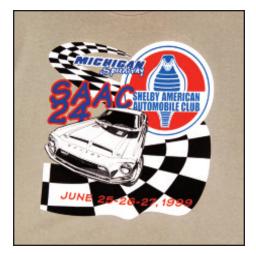
As usual, there was a long line of eager participants

waiting at the track's gate when we arrived at 6:30 a.m. Friday morning to begin setting up. The first hour or so of the first morning of every convenion is electric. After a half-year of trying to visualize how everything will work and how all of the various pieces of the convention puzzle will dovetail into each other, this is the time when things either meld together or heads butt.

This pre-convention excitement was best personified by Howard Pardee. At the wheel of a moderately-sized Ryder rental box-truck — made necessary by the volume of SAAC t-shirts, merchandise and convention registration flotsam and jetsam an event of this magnitude requires — Pardee was speeding towards the tunnel entrance

The SHELBY AMERICAN #69

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that fit our requirements was MIS, and their policy was not to rent to clubs. Roger Penske owned the track and Mock said he was a good friend. "Let me make a call..." You can imagine our surprise when MIS called us, and told us that the track would be available to SAAC. Suddenly our focus on SAAC-24 became a lot sharper.

MIS is located in the small village of Brooklyn, just the kind of a place you'd expect to find a large speedway. Meaning, not very near an urban or suburban area. As a result, there were no large 400-room hotels close by. Or even two 200-room facilities. This meant we would have to drive to the track every day. The Hyatt Regency in Dearborn was just too far away. But Ann Arbor was only a 45-minute trip. As a college town, there was a lot going on at the end of June but we managed to find a weekend that would work with the track and we settled on the Yipsilanti Marriott as the HQ











The evening program proved to be a great way to start off the measuration because everyone was still fively. Cockwise from the top Bob Johnson benight a Colora in 1963 and promptly went out and bent the factory team. Shally figured it was better having semional like that on his side than running against him. Johnson didn't waste a hearthest ampaing. He drave readers and coupse as well as an R-Model. He rarely misses a SAAC convention, Bernie Kretrashmar worked for Churk Cantwell, building R-Models and Mustang ratchiack resers. Today he's got an R-Model specification Mustang that he drives at open track avants and vintage races. He brought it to SAAC 2t all the way from Colifornas. SAAC Director form Eter provided a few amosaines from the experience amoning SAAC's tothine helping members who step into automatics quickannel SAAC's Upper Midwest Region raffect off a Shalby and was able to present a thack for \$10,000 to Herita Natividad of the Carrell Shelby Colifornas. SAAC's upper Midwest Region raffect off a Shalby and was able to present a thack for \$10,000 to Herita Natividad of the Carrell Shelby Colifornas Foundation. And finally, Carrell was hit good to tractible self. He's got so much going on that no one can beep track. He's busier than a former with one has and three rattlessnetses.

under the truck in an effort to get the truck parked in the correct location adjacent to where the registration tent would be erected. The line of participants, already backed up onto the road and just minutes away from surging through the gate towards registration, provided just enough pressure to push Parcies into his version of fast-forward. In his baste, however, he failed to take one minur detail into consideration. The tunnel beight was 11°9° and the Ryder truck was 12 feat tail.

There were no actual witnesses to the small explosion which reduced the leading corner of the truck's box to jugged shards of fiberglass and pieces of mangled adminism. A hearbest soo late, Pardee, his sysballs prohably like sourcers, jummed on the brakes and was saved from the further embarrasament of wedging the truck into the tunnel and having to have it towed out. He sheepishly backed out, praying no one had seen him, and drove achately around to the back of the track where guards were directing the big rigs to cross into the infield. Without talking to anyone, he busied himself with a roll of silver duct tape, altempting to cover his mistake before anyone happened on the scene. Suffice it to say he was not successful in his attempted cover up.

Once registration sat up was under way, the clock started ticking on the countdown to the driver's meating. We field it is very important that the driver's meeting begin exactly on time because if it is late getting started, it causes a ripple effect that throws off the rest of the apen track schedule. So the track must be set up, cone placed properly and everything given one final inspection. All this is usually completed by 7:55 am. There is no time to space on the first morning.

After the driver's meeting and the first-timers talk that follows it, unmuffled engines begin to shatter the silence. This always causes the tempo to pick up to the point where the "A" group - the fastest cars and most experienced drivers - sit on the pre-grid like a pack of tightly coiled springs waiting to be released. The combination of 108-octane race gas, 12 1/2-to-one compression and undiluted testosterone croates a tension that can be felt by everyone. The first session is always like this. And when 30 of these cars bark to life and roll out onto the track it's like the first lap of a race under green. Even though these cars are not racing, there is that same feeling of intensity in the air. Between the track and the garages, there is a constant hum of activity all day long.

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hotel because it could seat 800 for dinner. We scooped up four other nearby hotels for the overflow. SAAC-24 plans were beginning to come together nicely.

We started to put together a schedule, made up of events that had proven popular at past conventions. At first it looked like we might be able to include a NASCAR driving school on Friday as the Richard Petty School used MIS and we dutifully announced this in a Snakebite Bulletin in November. Plans fell through, however, and it was probably a good thing as they required a minimum number of students and wanted us to commit to and there was no way we could tell in advance if we could meet that number. Not having the Petty School presented no problem in the scheduling department because we used the time for open track sessions.

Tom Honegger of Lima, Ohio brought his daughter, Joanne, 18, with him to the convention. She had always wondered what her dad's attraction was to these events. She convinced him to let her drive his '67 GT350 on the track and he signed her up for one of the Ladies' Sessions. After her time in the car on MIS she got it. She finally knew why the car that had occupied one of their garages all these years had captivated her old man. When the day was over she told him, "Dad, I think we bonded today." For a father, it doesn't get much better than that. He put "Ohio State Buckeyes" across the top of the windshield as a thumb-in-the-eye for any University of Michigan fans who where there; the two schools have an ongoing football rivalry.





Turn Honogger of Lima, OH gave new meaning to the concept of spending quality time with his teersque daughter Joanne when she took the wheel of what has suddenly become the family 67 GT856 before left. Two of the "Incomen" of Sanday's drenched open leads were the driver of this '86 GT856 before right) and the bright red Cohra replace behalve left, Both cars should not be tracked all day, stopping only by take on more facel. Mark LaMackin of Richmond, VA brought his late model Florida Highway Patrol Mustang Gauss right). On the upon track be ran with whosp-whosp since and behalving guarded mathinat, much to the constraints of other drivers whose worst nightnaire materialized in their reast view mirrors — a highway patrol crimes in bot pursuit and yearle doing 130 MPH.





Michigan Speadway is a marvelous track. It is known for its width, which makes the banking look a lot less severe than Charlotte or Daytona, but that's mostly an optical illusion. The LS-mile road course begins when you exil the eval at the end of the hot pits, making a tight, 180° turn which is both unbanked and narrow. It lures you in and thee pinches you off and more than a few drivers found their hearts in their mouths the first time they entered it carrying too much speed.

A gentle right hander, followed by a left hander brings you to a first-gear 80° left and then feeds you onto the infield straight. It is long enough for most care to reach redline in third gear but ends in a decaving 90° right-hander with very few closs or reference points that it is coming up. This was another agot on the track which caused bitten lips. After the right a short chute leads you to another left and back onto the eval at Turn 2. The transition from flat infield to steep

banking is abrupt. Once on the avalyou can reach top gear redding and hold it as long as you want before crossing the start/finish and backing off for the infield section again. All in all, a very challenging curse. The day anded without a serious on-track incident (which always makes us happy).

There was barely time to get back to the botel and clean up before dinner. The Ypelianti Marriott put out an excellent buflet (in both quality and quantity) and as soon as the plates were cleared the evening program begun.

Herlita Natividad's title is Carroll Shalby's administrative assistant, but she is really much more than that. Aside from handling the day to day responsibilities of running his office, she also handles most of the beltinder-canes work for the Carroll Shelby Children's Foundation, Conventions wouldn't be the same without her perpetual smile and endless supply of cheer and she spoke shout the foundation's goals and the progress it is multiple of the same without her particles and and the progress it is multiple of the spoke shout the foundation's goals and the progress it is multiple of the spoke shout the spoke should be spoke should be spoked to spoked the spoked to spoke should be spoked to spoke should be spoked to spoke should be spoked to spoked the spoked the spoked to spoked the s

ing towards meeting them.

Tom Conley, Shelby American's National Sales Director, spoke briefly about the companies projects - both present and future. He is the perfect person for that jon in that he owner an original 427 Cobra at one time. Cobra team driver Boh Johnson is another convention regular. When he best the factory team, driving his independent Cubra, Shelly astutely invited him to join up with them. He was soon dri-ving a Daytona Coupe and later a GT850 competition car. He seems to have an endless supply of stories about his racing exploits. Our favorite is when he installed a windshield washer sprayer on his Cobra, activated by a push button. He filled it with oil and directed the spray to one of his exhaust pipes. When he got the jump on the field (as he sometimes did) at the start, he was pursued by a couple of other cars. When they got close he gave the button a couple of pumps and his car started smoking heavily challengers backed off, knowing John-

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More scheduling juggling was required when we discovered that the Marriott Hotel had scheduled a wedding for Saturday evening – when we had planned our dinner and evening program. Rather than ruin someone's wedding, we just switched our dinner over to Friday night. It's nice when you can be flexible.

It was not possible to have an early set-up at the track on Thursday afternoon, so SAAC-24 actually was a three-day convention. Friday morning was a zoo, with people lined up before 6 a.m. and anxious to get through registration outside of the track and then get inside through a tunnel so they could find a paddock space, set up for the swap meet or get to the 8 a.m. driver's meeting.

The driver's meeting began on time, as did the First-Timer's Class. Open track run groups got sorted out and the swap meet took shape. Before anyone knew it, it was time to hightail it back to the hotel because the evening program started at 7 p.m. Carroll Shelby was on hand at SAAC-24. He seemed intent on making it to every convention following his heart transplant. His comments seem to have adopted a "wise old man" facade. Shelby was joined by Cobra Team driver Bob Johnson, a fixture at SAAC conventions whose comments are al-Bernie Kretways entertaining; zschmar, who was one of the fabricators who built R-Models and Trans-Am notchbacks; Shelby American sales manager Tom Conley; and Herlita Natividad, Carroll Shelby's





son's Cobes was in trouble and wasn't likely to be around very much longer.

Bernie Kratzschmar was hired at Shelby American in 1964 to work on the GT350 competition cars. He and a couple of other guys built every car as well as bringing them out to Willow Springs so Chuck Cantwell or Ken Miles could test them before delivery. Of course, he got there with the cars long before they did and needed to take a few laps to warm the cars up and check for oil laaks. That excuse sounds as transparent today as it probably did back in 1965. But once bitten by Shelby's bug there is no known cure. It lay deemant for about 30 years but then reawake. Today he is driving a '65 Mustang that he has brought up to R-Model space... and if The evening Art. & Literature Show has mean to be a very popular part of the reservention. Literature, art, andels and collectities are best examined inside, where the air conditional, clean and you can wender around with a cool drink in your band without being distracted by cars on the track or in the partial pit. You can beam a lot by looking at the stuff or display and prime always help give you some perspective of the value of the things, you directly have, as well as what it's likely to tree you an't live without.

anyone knows what they should be, it's him. He had his our transported from southern Californis to Michigan for SAAC-24. It ran like the hammers of hell until a mechanical gramlin sidelined it at the end of the day on Saturday.

Carroll Shelby new makes it a habit to attend every SAAC convention and seems to be enjoying each one more than the last one. It remains a mystery where he gets his energy but he seems to have no end of fresh ideas and new projects in the works. It is also obvious that he thoroughly enjoys meeting SAAC members at conventions. On Saturday evening's Art and Literature Show he sat around in the hotel's lobby leisurely talking to peopla. If you didn't know who he was you would have thought he was just another member. More than one peron walked past him and did the old double-take.

The overnight weather report was not favorable. When everyone woke up foome of us at about 5 a.m.) the rain was pouring down. Same decided their convention was over right there and packed up to head home. The optimists went out to the track but there



vasn't much to be optimistic about. Rain came down in buckets and although everyone at the 8 a.m. driver's meeting had their fingers crossed, the downpoor had lightened to a steady rain. That being the case, only about 25% of these signed up to run found their way to the pre-grid. They were all sent out in one large run group which lasted from 9 a.m. until about acon, when the skies began to clear. A handful of hard core drivers stayed on the track for the entire 3 hour session. When one Cobra replica driver finally came in, we expected fish to flop out when he opened his door.

The rain had a disastrous affect on the popular vate car show, keeping both entries and voting spectators away. And it's tough to blame them. The swap meet was quickly becoming a ghost fown, and there was a steady stream of rays and trailers out of the track as the marning progressed.

By late marning the rain turned to drivate, and then mist. Finally around moon it atopped. And by I p.m. the track was bone dry. The small number of cars that had stuck it out were rewarded with faur hours of uninterrupted track time. By 4 p.m. there were only a muph of cars still circulating so the black flag was put out and SAAC-24 came to an end.

SAAC-31 photos provided by Angele Barnes, John Guyer, Biohard Kattle, Howard Parise and John Opits,

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personal assistant and the manager of the Shelby Heart Fund.

And speaking of the Shelby Hearet Fund, SAAC's Upper Miswest Region was able to present Shelby's charity with a check for \$10,000 after raffling off a Shelby.

Saturday was a full day with the open track, parts swap and concours all vying for attention. Saturday night, back at the hotel, there was a literature and memorabilia show and a model car contest.

When everyone woke up on Sunday morning rain was coming down literally in sheets. Most of the people put on a brave face and went out to the track where things weren't much better. Only a handful of brave souls went out on the track. In fact, we grouped all run groups together and had 3hour sessions. By the afternoon all but a few diehards had packed it in.

The rain began to let up in late morning and turned to drizzle. By noon it had mostly stopped and an hour later the track was drying. But it was too late; most participants had







Bernie Kretzschmar caught up with Kopee on pit row on Sunday afternoon and informed him that through some inexplicable administrative foul up, 50098 had never artually been track testshipped in May of 1985, and he would be shipped in May of 1985, and he would be only too happy to make up for this over-sight by esting it there at Michigan. The gullible Kopec agreed and Krekzschmar disappeared out onto the track in a cloud. of tire amoise. Later he signalled his approval (often right) by signing off on the undecode of the ear's docklid.

SAAC-24 POPULAR VOTE WINNERS

Best Cohra John McKenna. Best Shelby Ray & Peggy Koetter 260/289 Cobra 1st - John McKenna

427 Comp Cobra 1st - John McKenna GT350-R 1st - John McKenna

1965 GT350 1st - Slove & Pam Hynes 1966 GT350

1st - Pay Koother 2nd - Richard Klein 1966 GT350-H 1st - Lynne Sweet

2nd - Tom Krakowiak 3rd - Tom Johnson 1967 GT350 1st - Dan Celencki

1967 GT500 1st - Dan A. Jones 2nd - Graig Shefferly 3rd - Gary E. Myers

1988 GT350 1st - John Barries

2nd - Lorenzo & Debbie Sandlin 3rd - Fandal Sayles

1968 GT500 1st - Jim Malona 1988 GT500 KR tat - Dan Mattila 2nd Lance Tamutzer 3rd - Pat Flaherty 1969 GT350 1st - Dave Doubet

1970 GT500 1st - Charles Burnett Shelby Competition 1st - Wayne Bue 2nd - Phil Jacobs

Tiger 1st - Dan Leakey 2nd - Kurt Fredrickson Boss 302 1st - Curt Myers 2nd - Rick W. Lewis Srd - Robert Halm

Boss 429 1st - David D. Quinn 1965-1968 Mustang/Stock 1st - Tony Witte 1965-1968 Mustano/Modified

1st - BITWels 2nd - Don Kent 3rd - Jeremy Bevington

1969-1973 Mustang/Stock 1st - Regina Rebei 1969-1973 Mustang/Modified 1st - Water Best 2nd - John & Med Yanglumes 1974-1985 Mustang/Stock

1st - John Beyngton 1974-1985 Mustang/Stock 1st - Kenneth Youngblood

2nd - Peter Larkin 1988-1999 Mustang/Modified 1st - Rich Rammer 2nd - James White

3rd - Jon Ellenhorst Special Edition Mustang/Ford Built 1st - Dan Matilla.

2nd - Susan 8. Wike laylor 3rd - Ted Krakowlak Special Edition Mustang/Non-Ford tst - Lisa Damiani

2nd - Rod Linn Special Interest 1st - Cindy Lawis

2nd - James W. Hahri Special Interest Competition 1st - Mark Gather 2nd - Kim & Lisa McCartney

Cobra Kit Car 1st - Jeff Buroy

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21



Your worst nightmare? Not at SAAC-24. Fox-body Mustangs were popular state police cruisers for interstate highway use. They were fast, had heavy duty suspensions and brakes and were relatively inexpensive. When they went out of service Mustang enthusiasts were eager to grab them up. They tended to be high mileage but were otherwise in excellent condition. And the law enforcement options like lights, siren and shotgun rack made them unique. When you see one in your mirror during an open track it will increase your heartbeat for a few seconds.

packed up and headed home – except for a handful of open track refusniks who would not quit until they saw a black flag. By 4 p.m. the track was a ghost town.









SAAC-24 MODEL CAR SHOW

Group 1

1st - Bobby Barringer 2nd - Bobby Barringer

Srd - Willy Holiday

Group 2 1st - Joe C/Nell 2nd - Shelby Holiday 3rd - Brooke Holday Group 3 1st - Randy Ream and - Bob Barranger 3rd - Jerry O'Nell

SAAC-24 CONCOURS W





Al Friedol, OH 7F03H483283



Division I Premiers Award



J.D. Dudley, IN 9F09B482667





Lance Cowles, MI 170 Boss 429 #0656











Edward Hunt, NY 9F02F481801

Division III Judges' Award



Larry Meyer, MN 8Tc2Fs18039-04270

22



Division II



Frank Allor, OH 67200F9A02384



Division II Bronze Award



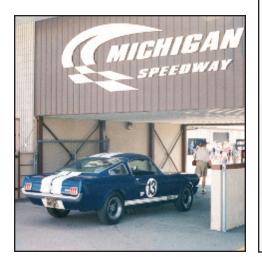
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67402F4A00923









SAAC-24 CONCOURS COMMENTS

he SAAC-24 Concours Judging was a great success. The people, cars, lorstion and weather counter have been batter. We had a great turnout of partici-pants, judges and apectators. Even though the Shelly and Bass Mustangs were the center of attention, I want in first thanks the people who set the stage and made the entire event run as amouthly As always, the engine (and some say the brains) behind the concours is Joyes Yatas. She is a veteran at organizing everything and attending to the details that make the event run like a finely tuned ougline. She has the insight and know-how to things done - and does so superbly. This ear was no exception.

A truly enjoyable aspect of the concours

was the annual re-formation of the "Concours A Team." John Guyer and Trish Judson are, indeed, "plank" members of the A Team. John took care of the smallest details and even managed to find time to photograph the event. Trish provided a ready smile and coordinated things as the event unfolded. Both are unsume herea who make the concours run smoothly and efficiently.

Another multi-talented and task-oriented individual whose help is indispensible is Trun Mike Shally. He is an unper-table authority who thinks things through and usually has the simple (and right) answers in the multitude of questions and concerns that come up before, during and after the concerns activities.

At the center of the concours, of course, are the care. This your saw the blossoming of Division II as well as multiple entrants in Division I and the Survivers Class. Each car reflected dedication, determination, and a burning desirate represent the marque in its best light by its namer. In some cases, years of restoration and untold amounts of research and money went into the care along with concours updates as new information was uncovered. These owners represent true dedication to preserving their cars as they were — literally — the day they left the factory.

The cars are center stage in a communi-event, but the judges provide the proceed-ings with respectability, recognition and national menning. Our judges come from across the mostry and are, without a doubt, among the most crudite Shelby experts. They have studied these cars for years, are knowledgeable about the minutest detail, and are in their element as a team exchanging varying views about such specific point.

Our judges are also some of the most friendly, down-to-sorth people I have ever had the pleasure to work with. They all willingly and engerly volunteer their knowledge and time and have an unselfish desire to share what they know and help spread information in a personable manner. They are all approachable guys who truly enjoy what they do and anjoy the people who share the mineours

This year's successful event was enhanced by its location at the convention. The concours area was situated in the conthe characters are now between the swap meet and the garage area and adapteen to both Carroll Shelby's display and Foot SVTs display. This location significantly increased the flow of spectators during the concours judging and lent an air of excitement to the event.

- Paul Zimmons

One unique aspect of this year's event was that judge John Brown left a business seminar presented by his company in New York City, flew to the convention to help judge, and then flew back to New York City the same day. Is that dedication or

Ed Meyer gave untiringly of his time and talents although he also had responsibilities elsewhere at the convention. Bob Gains and Rick Olson both had families at the convention, but gave freely of their time to judge. Dirk Gasterland, only sev-eral days after surgery, was his usual energetic and personable self. Miss Swelly, Red Harreld and Gury Campbell made up the 1968 judging team and they had to be seen to be appreciated. Finally, three new judges, Frank Ailor, Paul Andrews and Joe Angelori proved that they will be definite assets at future events.

To the participants: on behalf of SAAC, I would like to thank you for entering your cars (some for the first time) with all the associated apprehensions and uncertainties (I've been there). We look forward to seeing you at SAAC-26.

Finally, in the true spirit of our concours judging, every head judge took the time to go over each car with its owner, to point out both its strong points and, in only a few cases, its not so strong points. Of spetial contern was the apprehension about entering the tenesure by several people. Don't be afruid. It is by directive a friendly, educational, fun event. If your car is are not 100%, so be it. The Judges will be happy to guide you along. They know their stuff. I even learned something this year. the original upholstery statching in '85 GF350s has a slightly blue tint!

422.8

408.4

SAAC-24 MI

SAVO-28 NO SMO-22 WI SMO-21 OT

SAAC-20 GA

SAAC-7 NJ

SAAC-24 CONCOURS STATISTICS

SAAC-24 - AVERAGES BY CLASS

Class	Aumenticity	Workmanship	707AL	HIGH	TOM
Cobra	283.0	148.0	4290	429.0	428.0
1965 Shell	288.5	138.6	427.0	427.0	427,0
1967 Shell	270.0	123.8	383.8	397.7	389.0
1068 Shell	276.2	117.4	382.6	430.5	370.3
1969-70	200.0	145.1	445.0	445/0	446.0
Boss	287.5	148.0	433.5	433.5	438.5
Averages	282.4	132.8	414.5		



Hank Williams, CA Division, III G5X2227 Judges' Award

23

450 253.3 125.0

1999 450

1998

996 450

996 SAAC-19 IN SAAC-18 NY SAAC-17 OR 303.0 1993 450 260.4 140.2 378.8 307.6 306.8 SAAC-16 NO 8440-15 M 8440-14 PA 1990 450 266.1 130.1 1989 450 271.9 127.8 400.4 258.9 276.2 386.6 411.5 84AC-13 C4 SAAC-12 NO SAAC-11 MI 1987 450 300 300 1089 180.0 BOLD 250.4 SAACHE NJ SAACHE CA SAACHE WI 174.0 167.6 254.3 244.7 1985 1984 300 1963 1962 162.8 74.0 236.8

SAAC-24 OVERALL POINT AVERAGES Max. Pts: Authoridaty Avg., Workmenship Avg., Total

282.4

283.7

273.6

269.1

132.1

139.3

120.5

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enthusiasts especially, but even for general automotive historians, no automotive library would be complete without it. By Grea Kolasa

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65 GT350 Fender Logos	
66-68 GT350 in blue, white or black	\$84.95 set
66 GT350H Hertz in gold	
67-68 GT500 & KR in white blue black	\$84.95 set
69-70 GT350 or 500 in white black gold	\$239.95 set

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Exact hang	ger kit	\$96.95 k	tit
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The CARROLL COLLECTION

The Carroll Collection opened its doors in 2010. The museum contains Shelby automobiles, each with a special story; Shelby memorabilia dating back to 1958; over 300 die-cast and model cars; various original Shelby logo collectible and memorabilia items; more than 100 Shelby-related posters; Shelby clothing including t-shirts, jackets, hats and shirts.

The Collection maintains an expansive automotive library which includes a complete collection of Shelby Owners Association newsletters, Shelby American Automobile Club Marque and The Shelby American magazines, the MCA's Mustang Times, Mustang Monthly and Mustang Magazine.



We would like to give special thanks to the hundreds of Shelby enthusiasts who have taught, encouraged, supported and assisted us in the development of The Carroll Collection.

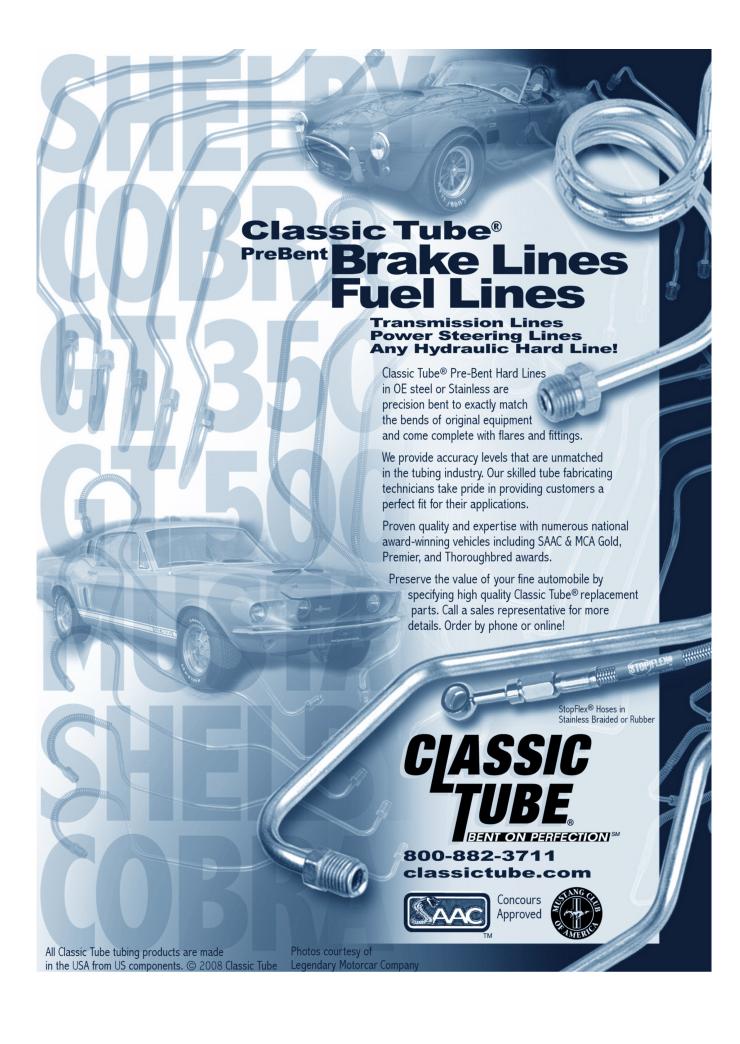






The Carroll Collection acquires individual Shelby-related items and collections to add to the Museum's presentation. Special collections from various Shelby employees have been entrusted to us for the care, preservation and proliferation of the traditions of Carroll Shelby and the employees who created the legacy of these cars. The items in the collection are part of a special protected Estate Trust can never be sold following William Deary's becoming a member of the Checkered Flag Club. Please contact us if you would like to allow us the honor of acquiring your Shelby-related item(s) to add to the preservation and presentation of the Carroll Collection. William Deary

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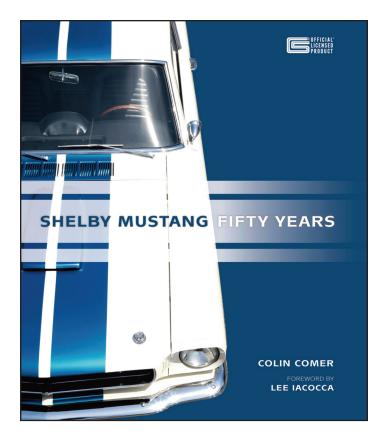
Shelby Mustang Fifty Years is a celebration of the Shelby Mustang and covers every iteration from the raw 1965 GT350s to today's 1000-horsepower monster Shelbys. More importantly, it profiles the men who made it all happen like "Mr. GT350" Chuck Cantwell, Peter Brock, and those men that keep the dream alive today at the Ford Motor Company like Jim Farley. Created in cooperation with the Carroll Hall Shelby Trust and officially licensed by Carroll Shelby Licensing, Inc. The book is lavishly illustrated with rare, historical photography and modern color images that chronicle the story of these amazing cars, from the initial collaboration with Ford to today's record-setting high-tech muscle cars. Foreword and tribute to Carroll Shelby by the "Father of the Mustang," Lee Iacocca.

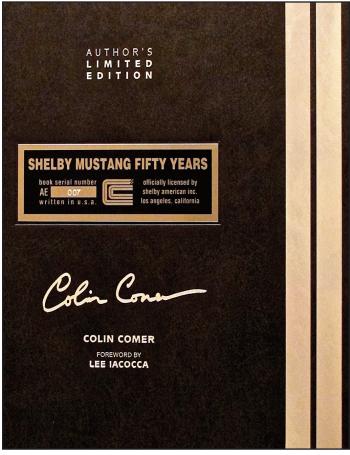
Peter Brock says: "Colin Comer has done it again! What his last spectacular book, "Shelby Cobra Fifty Years," was to the Texan's snakes, his new "Shelby Mustang Fifty Years" is to Shelby's Mustang. It is the perfect addition to any Shelby or Mustang enthusiast's library. Somehow Colin seems to come up with new, unseen historic photography as well as the latest images of fantastic, perfect restorations, like those of the first production and racing versions of the GT350s, 5R002 and 5S003. This book also provides great insight into the background and development of the whole Mustang project at Shelby American provided by the project's leader, Chuck Cantwell, as well as commentary from those who assisted in making these great cars. It's all here: history, passion, racing and absolute perfection in the form of concours-level photography. An exceptional and highly recommended book!"

AVAILABLE IN TWO VERSIONS.

Regular Edition: published by Motorbooks International, it consists of 240 pages and almost 500 photographs. It is available for \$50 from www.colincomerbooks.com and they can be personalized by the author if desired.

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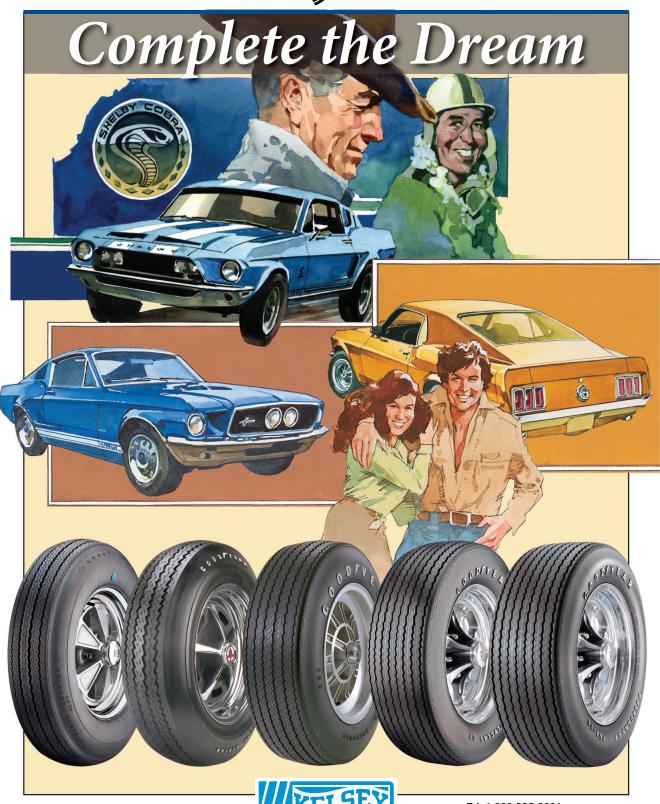




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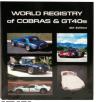
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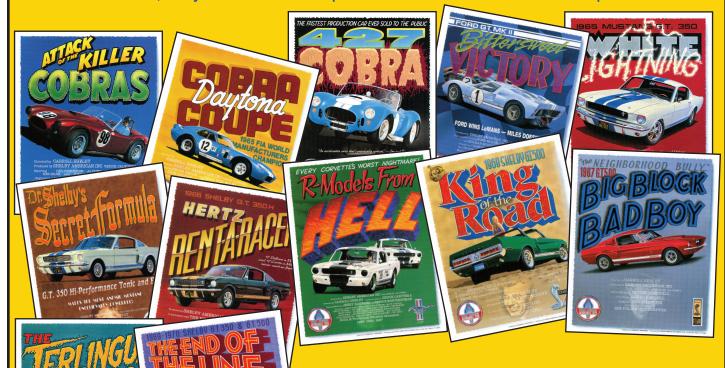
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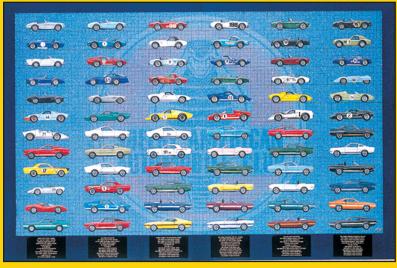
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They're still available, but not from us. We began this project in 1995 when we contacted artist Larry Gardinier with the idea to do a series of posters that resembled Hollywood B movie posters. Gardinier is a master with the airbrush and he would eventually create a dozen different posters. We felt it then and we still feel today that these are the nicest Shelby related posters ever made. We had them made in a 16" x 20" size for two reasons: first, this was a common picture frame size and second, they wouldn't take up as much room as a three-foot poster.

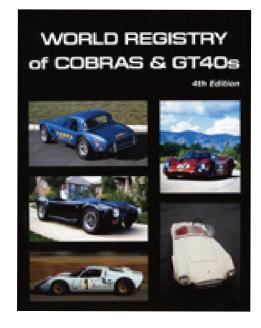


The large 24" x 36" "Shelby Decade" poster is also a Larry Gardinier creation. All of these posters are now available from him directly. For ordering details and prices go to:

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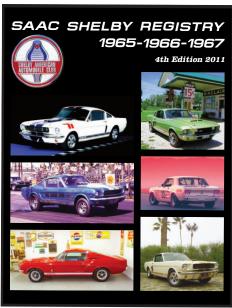


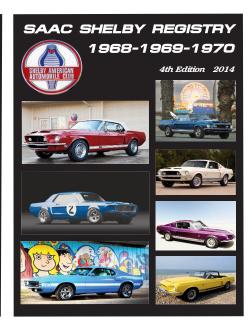
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SAAC MEMBER.

Is there something about that that sounds good? Does it make you feel just a little superior in the Shelby or Cobra world? It should. When it comes to these cars, being a SAAC member brands you as an "insider." A goto guy. In fact, the positive feelings toward the club held by its members are so strong that once some owners or enthusiasts become members, they continue to think of themselves as members even after their membership expires. Sometimes for years. Or forever.

Member for life? Not really. Think of the club as a bus ride. You pay for your ticket (annual dues) and you take a seat on the bus. The ride only lasts so long. Then you have to get off and if you want to keep going you have to buy another ticket. You can't keep riding on your original ticket forever. That's how the club works. It's a pay-as-you-go deal. And we hate to leave you standing on the side of the road as the bus takes off, leaving you in a swirl of exhaust and road dust.



A lot of this surprises us, even after forty years. How do you explain former members (yeswe're sorry to say, that's the way we describe them) continuing to display SAAC stickers on the windshield of their car? Why do some former members still order these stickers? We don't get it. We check the name of everyone who orders stuff from SAAC, just out of curiosity, to see if they are on the membership list. But we can't explain why a non-member would want a SAAC sticker, unless he or she doesn't consider themselves a non-member. If we discover the answer to this, we'll tell you.

The club is now forty years old. In car years that's almost 500,000 miles. What fuels our enthusiasm is your enthusiasm. Over the last forty years SAAC has probably had 20,000 members. That's just a guess because we don't keep information like that. We wish we did, but back when the club began we were just happy it was successful. We weren't thinking that far down the road. We also wish we could identify everyone who has been a member since 1975 and never let their member slip. But we don't have that information, either. There can't be many.

The bottom line is that each membership matters. Membership dues pay the freight and enable SAAC to continue our goals: the preservation, care, history and enjoyment of these cars. That has not changed in forty years.

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