

THE SHELBY AMERICAN



The SHELBY AMERICAN #104

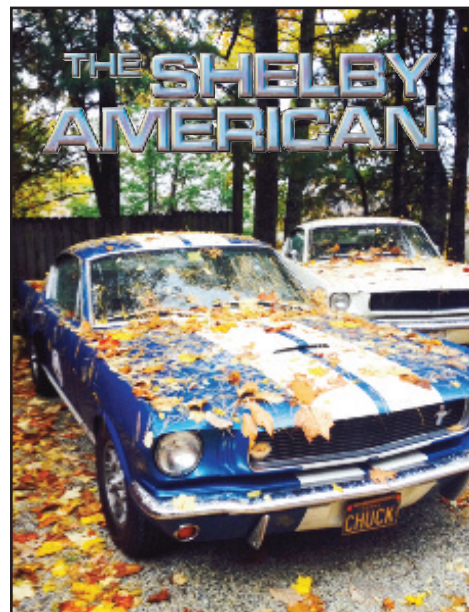
The magazine of the Shelby American Automobile Club



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Winter 2016

ON THE COVER. The first thing we thought when we saw this photo sent to us by Jim Sfetko was, "Whoa! Barn find?" Then we noticed the front license plate that said "CHUCK" and we knew it had to be Chuck Cantwell's 6S796. The photo was taken during last year's North Carolina-Tennessee-Georgia 50th Anniversary Tour. Cantwell's GT350 was one of the thirteen cars participating. As a rule, we don't normally use a picture of the same car on two different issues of *The Shelby American*, but this was just too good to pass up. And hey – we make the rules, so we can break them.



THE MAIL SAAC. 18 pages. How many passengers will a Cobra accommodate? News on the Pardee-Brock law suit – things are about to get nasty. LeMans-winning MK IV sent to Gurney for repairs. We dig up the history of the 427 Cobra's roll bar. Former SAAC member the King of Sweden's transformation from gear-head to greenie. Shelby's Venice facility being replicated in Dearborn. A 306 h.p. leaf blower. What's the deal on these "Gangsta Wheels"? And what about the nude model standing on the Hertz car's hood. We're not kidding.



SHELBY AMERICANA. 12 pages. We review the latest future additions to your book shelf. Master Eagle Eyes are still at it. What we thought was just a one-issue curiosity is still going strong a year later. None of them want to quit. The latest in Adirondack deck chairs. The Goodyear Wide Boots mystery solved. The latest in Cobra wrist watches that are as close to your price range as a real Cobra. 1969 Shelby makes the AACA Hershey poster: the times, they are definitely a-changin'. Latest Cobra/Shelby collectible: shopping bags. We kid you not.



RUNNING IN THE RAIN. And no cars melted. 6 pages. Tom Cotter planned a driving tour nine months in advance and what can you do if it rains the entire time? You drive, that's what you do. That's what windshield wipers are for. Earl Morris was one of the participants on the three-day GT350 50th Anniversary Tour through parts of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia. His report makes you wish you were there. And unless we miss our guess, there will be more of these tours in the future.



TWISTING THE DRAGON'S TAIL. 3 pages. Thirteen Shelbys participated on the GT350 50th Anniversary Tour and Chuck Cantwell was driving one of them. We twisted his arm to put his experience into an article and he was good enough to do so. One of the roads they drove was a twisty two-lane 11 miles long through the Great Smokey Mountains. It has 318 turns and has been described as America's number one road for sports cars and motorcycles. Once you drive The Dragon's Tail you will never forget it.



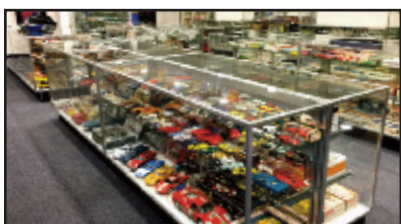
PEBBLE BEACH 2015. *8 pages.* Every year the Monterey weekend revolves around one particular marque. In 2015 it was the GT350 and the vaunted Pebble Beach Concours invited eight cars to participate. Old timers familiar with this country's most famous concours event never thought that a lowly Mustang would ever be allowed onto Pebble's 18th green among the Duesenbergs, Packards, Talbot Lagos and Rolls Royce Silver Wraiths. But they were. The Mustangs were GT350s and they attracted a lot of attention – as Shelby's so often do.



PEBBLE OR BUST. *5 pages.* 5S003 was one of the GT350s that was parked on the Pebble Beach green. Part of the Pebble experience was a 75-mile loop that was an option for all participants. Not all of the cars took part, but it was used to break any ties in judging. Mark Hovander invited Chuck Cantwell to handle the driving chores. His photos and story includes not only the tour but his perspective of the entire Monterey weekend, which included parade laps on the track and being included in the famous "tire photo." Read all about it.



OLD TIMER'S DAY. *6 pages.* The 2015 Shelby American employee reunion was held in November at The Cobra Experience in Martinez, California – east of San Francisco. Sixty-five former Shelby people were rounded up for the Friday/Saturday festivities. The gala was put together by Bob Shaw and Drew Serb and it was hard to believe they could have done a better job. As these people get older, there are fewer and fewer of them and it is important to recognize them and their contributions to the Shelby American legend.



ONE MAN'S OBSESSION. *8 pages.* We make a trip to the Seattle area to see the biggest and best collection of Shelby and Cobra memorabilia and literature in the country. Wait, in the world. We wouldn't have believed it if we had not seen it for ourself. Superlatives fail us. We also explain the intricacies of collecting and take a look at John Atzbach, the collector himself. And he doesn't only have dozens of glass display cases full of...stuff. He also has about a dozen meaningful cars. Including the first GT350 R-Model and half of all '66 GT350 convertibles..



EVERY CAR HAS A HISTORY. MEET 1412. *3 pages.* Shelybs are unique cars and within that pool, a case can be made that each one is unique because of it's individual history. And as such each has a story. It's just a matter of digging that story out. Long time SAAC member Hunt Palmer-Ball commissioned a photographer to shoot his car and put together a hard cover coffee table book that related its story – and it is an interesting one. How interesting? You'll have to read that for yourself.



IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES. *4 pages.* There are two major Mustang meets in the Northwest: the Mustang Roundup in Washington State and the International Mustang Meet in Montana (it bounces back and forth between Canada and the U.S. every year). SAAC member Mike Wright has been attending both of these events for years and he submitted a report of what went on this past year along with photos. Shelybs were, as usual, prominent at both meets.



NEWS FROM OZ. *3 pages.* The shortened version of a person from Australia is "Aussie" but it's often pronounced "Ozzie." Now you know where the "Oz" comes from. And Oz is a hotbed of Shelby enthusiasm. Even though there aren't a lot of cars that have found their way down under, the ones that have are excellent examples. SAAC Australian Rep Nez Demaj works hard at keeping us up to date on the happenings, covering the major events that take place and making sure we have plenty of pictures.



COBRA DAZE. *2 pages.* Our interview with Cobra Registrar Ned Scudder in the Fall 2015 issue included the fact that his first Cobra was CSX2306, and that got SAAC member Ed Maxwell to think about the car when he owned it (prior to selling it to Scudder). That's often how these stories are conjured up. You see something that jogs your memory and before you know it you are seeing the past very vividly in your mind. The next step is to put your thoughts on paper (or on the computer screen) and share them with the rest of us.



WE ♥ CHARLOTTE. *10 pages.* Return with us now to the thrilling days of SAAC-23. It was our third time at this North Carolina "cathedral of speed" and it was a pleasant convention location because we knew our way around. We stayed at different hotels, because more had been built since the last visit. The Charlotte area has more NASCAR teams setting up shops there that you can shake a stick at. SAAC member Butch Mock invited everyone to visit his place, the home base for his Remington Arms Taurus race cars.



CHRISTMAS 2015. *3 pages.* We save the car-related cards we receive so we can share them with you. There is a lot of inventiveness out there, and it's nice to see the kinds of cars that members have. That sometimes changes from year to year. Most interesting was the mystery card, sent anonymously, showing what we assume was a barn find Cobra. We have no idea who sent it or where it was sent from, much less where the picture was taken and what the serial number of the car is (if it, indeed, has one). Maybe it will be unveiled during the new year.



ULTIMATE TRACTION CONTROL

IF WE DIDN'T SEE IT WE WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT.

This gives a whole new meaning to putting power on the ground. Don't ask us to explain how it works because the concept is way beyond our technical expertise. Besides, exactly what is inside this black box is a tightly kept a secret. It has something to do with the continuous magnetic force fields created by the friction of the pistons moving up and down in the cylinders, which are harnessed and directed to the fly-wheel where the car's horsepower is quadrupled for brief periods of time – all controlled by an app on an Apple iPad. It's still being tested in Silicon Valley, right next to driverless cars. Once it is perfected it appears that the performance landscape will be changed forever. Look for a couple of specially-equipped Cobras and Shelys to be at the convention providing demonstrations. And listen to the whisper in your ear: don't buy any stock in automotive aftermarket performance parts companies. Think "buggy whips."



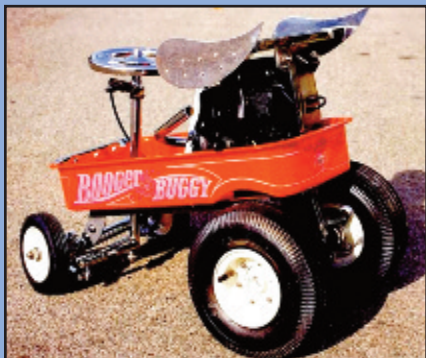
The MAIL SAAC

Idle Thoughts.

We've often said that someone has too much time on their hands when they have completed some kind of a project that has taken far more time and effort than it was really worth. We think it might have begun about twenty-five years ago, when toy wagons began popping up at swap meets outfitted with oversized wheels and tires, aluminum wings and tricked-out paint. When they first appeared they were crudely assembled, something obviously done for a kid.



Then adults began using them as showcases for their abilities. The next generation were not just slapped together one weekend from junk parts but were well thought-out and painstakingly executed. You walk by them and just have to shake your head.



BROCK R-MODEL APRON DO-OVER



In designing components for the initial GT350 R-Model, Peter Brock recalls, "We were so pressed for time to make that first race of the season at Green Valley in Texas that we just had to cut away the top of the existing front valence and go with it. It wasn't pretty or as aero-effective as it could have been but we won with it and that compromise became the accepted look." It was the old "if it ain't broke, don't fix it" maxim. Over the past fifty years, every time Brock saw an R-Model apron it bothered him that he had not been able to finish the job on the original car the way he thought it should have been.

Second chances in life don't come around often. But when some of the Shelby guys who originally worked at the Venice facility contacted him with their idea of "re-imagining" the R-Model, Brock was all-in. His first project was designing a new front valence that integrated the lines of the Mustang's original front bumper while improving the airflow to the radiator through a lower central air intake. The positioning of the brake ducts was also improved. They eliminate the 90-degree ducting on the first generation of R-Model aprons that snaked through the inner fender panels. The original second generation aprons (with elongated openings) used a pair of one-piece fiberglass ducts that ran outside of the inner fender panels, similar to the ones on the new apron.

The new Brock apron weighs only 16 lbs. and has built-in flanges, making it a simple bolt-on piece. Of course, it will have to be painted to match the car. These are solid, quality parts which are individually custom made so they take two to four weeks for delivery. If they weren't superior quality Brock would not have his name attached to them. Cost is \$985. www.bre2.net (go to "products" and then "Mustang parts") or call 702-558-3374



Wagons for hauling flea market parts are one thing, but we began seeing this kind of overreach on golf carts, before manufacturers began offering the custom \$15,000 models you see advertised today that resemble Cobras, Shelys, Corvettes or just about anything else.



Then, there's the leap-off-the-cliff. Anything worth doing is worth doing to excess. It's something that's so far off the clever scale it goes into just plain stupid. The Internet is full of this stuff, if you have the time to look for it.



What prompted this stream of consciousness was that someone (in England) built a running example of that dumb-looking red and yellow Cozy Car that almost all three or four year-old kids have cluttering up the driveway or sidewalk. Does this mean the end near?



REGISTRAR ON DUTY



This photo was for sale on eBay, described as 3 1/2" x 5" with a minor bend mark. The starting bid was \$24.99. It was found by SAAC member Jerry Stohler of Yucaipa, California, owner of 6S2152. He forwarded it to '65-'66 Registrar Howard Pardee with a note saying, *"I thought you would like to see it."* Never one to sit on his hands, Pardee was jolted into action and ran the eBay picture through Photoshop to enlarge it in order to check for details (there is no longer a need to employ the old-fashioned magnifying glass). He responded to Stohler, saying, *"I guess everyone thinks that a Shelby guy will pay anything for an early photo."* The opening bid of \$24.99 was testament to that. It was excessive, to say the least. *"Note there are no side stripes,"* Pardee went on, *"so it was probably repainted."* The license plate was impossible to decipher so Pardee contacted the eBay seller who confirmed the license plate was from Minnesota. The picture was likely taken when the car was within a few years of being brand new because it still has the original Goodyear Blue Dots. Scrolling through his 1966 GT350 database, Pardee was able to determine the car was 6S167. The car was originally sold through Herb Tousley Ford in White Bear Lake, Minnesota with Shelby/Cragar wheels and without LeMans stripes. The original owner is not known. 6S167's last known owner was Richard Spangler of Coon Valley, Minnesota.

NOT YOUR USUAL TROPHY

Frank Zizzo drove CSX2021 to a car show in the parking lot of the Loma Linda (CA) Veterans Administration Medical Center where all class winners were rewarded with unique trophies. A group has been hosting a car show there for the past twenty-five years, with all proceeds donated to veteran's services. They have purchased vans and other equipment for veterans. You don't have to be a veteran to enter your car in the show but it was just a coincidence that Sgt. Zizzo's resume includes some military history, including a 12-month visit to Vietnam back in the late 1960s.





We will admit to having a soft spot for Steve McQueen. He was an honest car guy and the “King of Cool” in the 1960s and 1970s, when there was a lot of cool going around. So when we saw that the Nomex driving suit he wore in “LeMans” was going on the block we were all ears. Not that we could afford the Bonham’s Auction estimated value of \$200,000-\$300,000. There were apparently three suits used during the filming and this is the only one known to still exist. The final sale price, after a bout of prolonged bidding, was an incredible \$425,000 (U.S.) Slightly out of reach for most of us mere mortals.

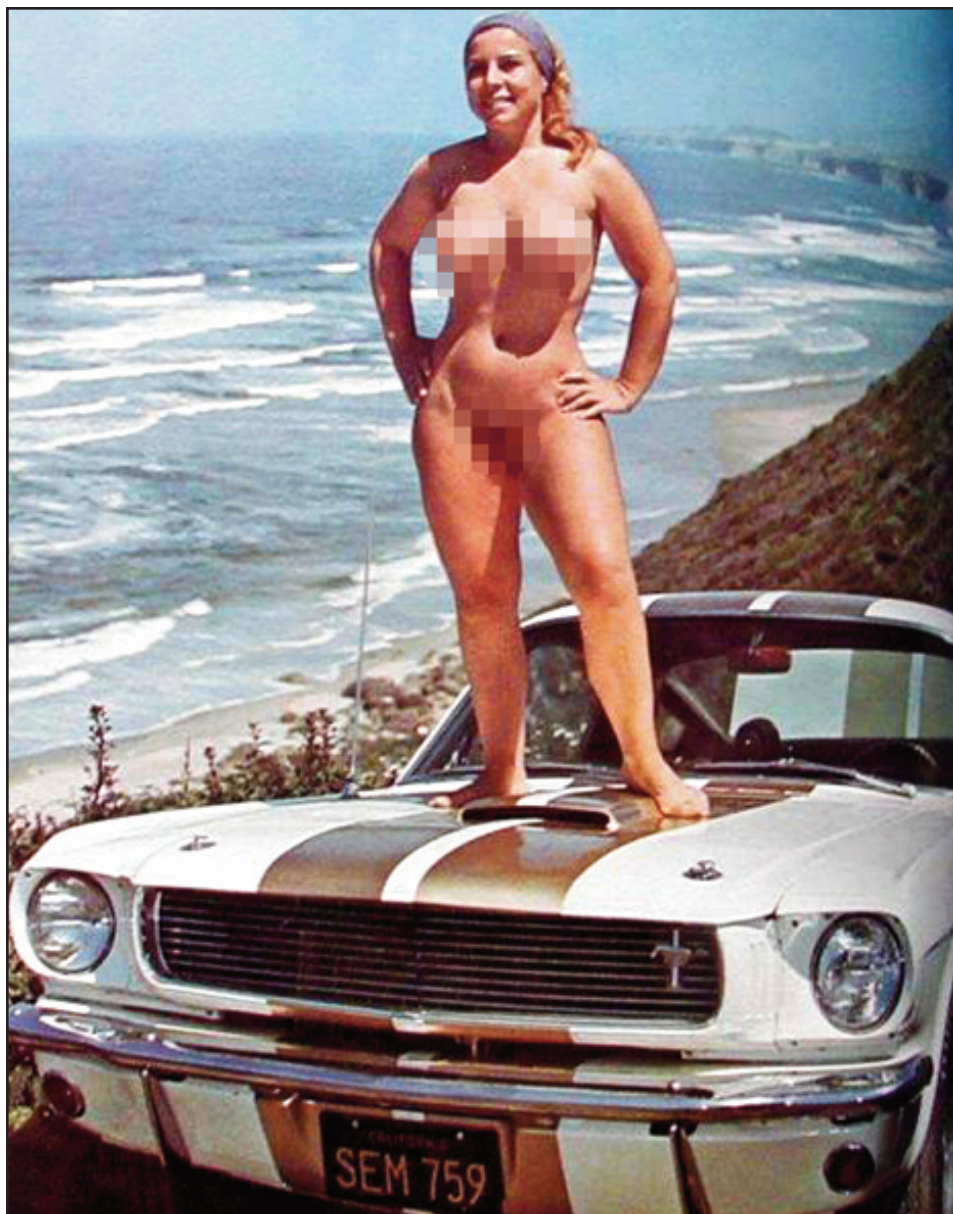


One of the most memorable scenes in the film takes place after the race is over. McQueen’s character, Michael Delaney, has been battling Ferrari driver Erich Stahl all season. Delaney’s Porsche finishes 2nd to the Ferrari’s 3rd. Delaney catches Stahl’s eye and gives him the English bowman’s salute to indicate he finished second.

When the English were fighting the French during the Hundred Years’ War, between 1337 and 1453, English archers were especially hated and when one was captured the French cut off his middle finger so he could not pull back a bow string again. The English bowmen would taunt the French by holding up both fingers to show they still had them. Some believe this was the origin of the middle finger salute.



THE NAKED TRUTH



It’s a difficult job, but somebody’s got to do it. We received this picture from SAAC member Colin Comer who claimed no knowledge of the details surrounding it. We forwarded it to ‘66 Registrar Howard Pardee, who immediately launched an investigation. Based on the plate, he determined the serial number was 6S1214. The car has had five owners since new. Pardee was able to locate the current owner, Richard Bolyard of Volcano, California. He bought the car in November of 1971 and after Pardee emailed him this picture he immediately disavowed any knowledge of the girl on the hood of his car. However, Bolyard’s wife is the person who runs the computer in their household, so who knows? Whoever owned the car when the picture was taken may not be too anxious to reveal any details. We sent the image to several SAAC members we consider particularly Photostop-savvy and after a close examination of the pixels, their opinions were that it was most likely a result of some Photoshop work but no consensus could be reached as to exactly what was modified and what was not. It could not be determined if the model was actually standing on the hood or was added to the picture at some point after it was taken. Pardee, indefatigable as ever, vowed to continue his investigation, “So help me, for as long as it takes.”

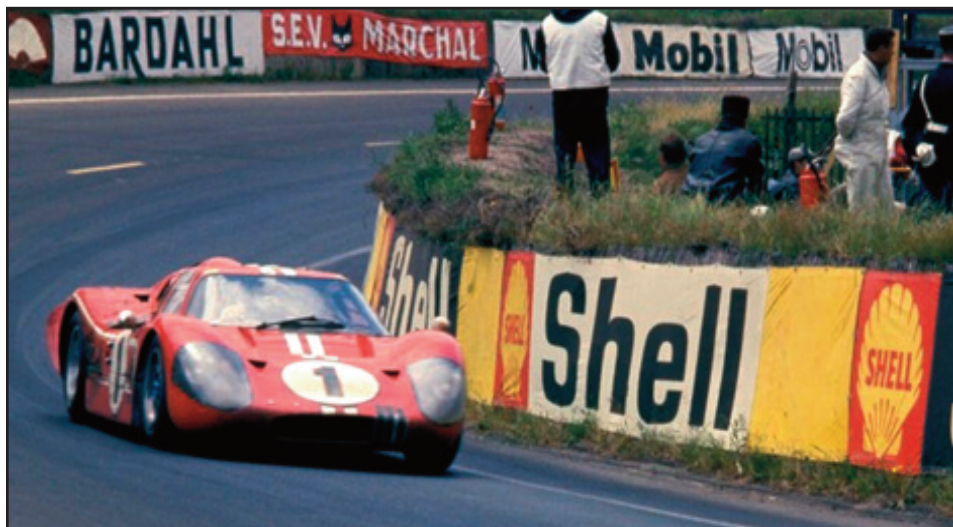
GURNEY/FOYT MK IV NOT BEING RESTORED

Ok, it's a trick headline, used to get you to read the text. Is that really necessary? Probably not, but you can only fit so many words in a headline. "Not being restored" is accurate because the car is actually undergoing "conservation." J-5 is owned by The Henry Ford. Following its 1967 victory at LeMans, the car was returned to Shelby American. The engine was removed and dyno-tested where it was observed to have actually gained 5 horsepower.

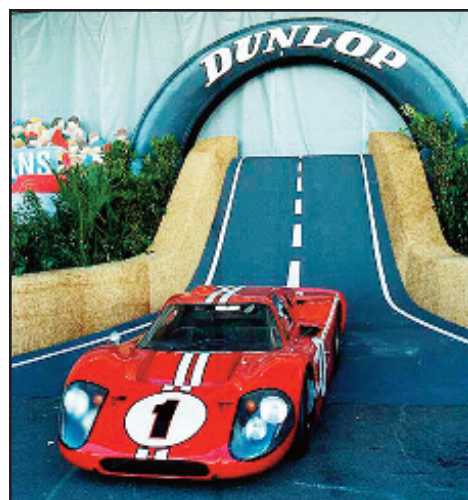
It was thought that the car then received a replacement 427 but Ford's legendary engine engineer, Mose Nowland, who was responsible for the LeMans engines, identified it as the original engine that was in the car when it won the 24-Hours. And he should know. Nowland, now 88 years-old, is still the sharpest tack in the box. He is a virtual encyclopedia of engine details and part numbers. He retired from Ford in 2005 after a mere 57 years with the company. He continues to be a living legend.

An on-line article about J-5's "conservation" was posted October 27, 2015 on *Hemmings' Daily Blog*, written by Kurt Ernst. The *Hemmings* blog gets our attention every day and often carries something like this, that points us towards an interesting topic we can weave into this magazine. Conservation, as opposed to restoration, is what you do to a survivor car. You can restore a car over and over again, but it is only original once.

Following the post-LeMans inspection at Shelby American in 1967, the car was displayed at the Auto Expo International in Los Angeles in September. After that it was returned to Dearborn because Ford recognized it as an important artifact of their racing history. The car was placed in storage before being donated to The Henry Ford in 1972. It was put on display in the museum, on and off, usually parked next to the original Mustang I. It was also occasionally displayed at concours and vintage events that the museum felt important enough to warrant its appearance.



Mose Nowland [left] in the fall of 2014, inspecting the rebuild of a 255 CID GT40 motor. He appears used to working with kibitizers looking over his shoulder.



The old girl cleans up pretty good. J-5 was brought to the Monterey vintage race weekend in 2003 when Ford was the Honored Marque for its 100th anniversary.



On display at the Henry Ford, J-5 looked great from ten feet away. However, polish and wax weren't enough to cover some of the normal storage wear and tear rough edges. They were not convinced a total restoration was the answer.



Once the car was spiffed up Ford was more easily persuaded to send it out for displays. Here it is at Amelia Island in Florida with Rob Walton's CSX2286 in the background. No matter what other cars surrounded it, J-5 was always the star.



J-5 was shipped to England for the 45th anniversary of its LeMans victory. It was displayed at the 2012 Goodwood Festival of Speed, and a couple of months later at the Goodwood Revival. Details remain sketchy, but at some point the container the car was shipped in was dropped, causing extensive damage to the car.

The damage had to be repaired, but the question was, how far to take it? A complete restoration was never considered due to the car's historical value. Instead, it would be repaired.

Mary Fahey, chief conservator at The Henry Ford, chose to send the car to All American Racers where original driver Dan Gurney could oversee the project. It was a shame that Phil Remington was no longer alive to be part of the project, since he had so much to do with just about every aspect of this car. He had said that, of all the cars he was involved with throughout his life, this was his all-time favorite.

The goal was to bring the car back to its as-raced-in-1967 condition, retaining the original materials while preserving evidence of original wear and tear. A full restoration would have eliminated that history. AAR would do only the work that The Henry Ford could not do in house. The car's frame and motor mounts had to be straightened after the accident. The left side sill had also been damaged and had to be replaced. During disassembly, it was found that last-minute revisions had been made to the car at Shelby American, straightening and lowering

the rocker panels using florist's foam and sheet aluminum, to improve aerodynamics.

Now back at The Henry Ford, the final stages of the conservation have begun. Cracks not present when the car left for England will be filled with carefully mixed and color-matched paint. Rivets replaced by AAR will also be painted, along with the left rocker panel.

Should the windshield, cracked during the 1967 LeMans event and now extensively spidered after almost fifty years, be replaced? It was decided no, but a replacement was ordered for possible future use.

Just when J-5 will be returned to the floor of The Henry Ford isn't known, but when it is, visitors who see it will know that absolutely everything that can be done to maintain the car's as-raced-in-1967-condition has been. A fitting tribute to the only American car raced by an American team to win the 24-Hours of LeMans.

A 306 HP ALTERNATIVE TO THE LEAF BLOWER

SAAC members Chuck and Lynne Olenyk of Rockford, Michigan put together a cute little two-and-a-half minute YouTube video featuring 6S098 as an alternative to the 1 hp leaf blower. Catch it at:

<https://youtu.be/tQtqUP2y4x0>

This video has been making the rounds of the underground matrix of 1966 GT350 "Carryover" owners, a close-knit and secretive clique of enthusiasts of 1966 GT350s with serial numbers below 6S253. The first 252 '66 GT350s were built using 1965 Mustangs because 1966 models were not yet available.



PARDEE PONDER'S SWING PETER BROCK OVER POSTER



At the end of November, 2015 Peter Brock's BRE Newsletter offered a poster of Brock at Goodwood with all six Daytona Coupes [above, left]. As quoted in the BRE newsletter, "Ever since the amazing Goodwood Revival of all six Daytona Cobra Coupes, we've been asked to offer something special from the event. It's taken a while to pull together what we wanted but we've now done it! First, let's start with this amazing work by photographer Neil Harniman. We had our own photos from Goodwood but when we saw Neil's nighttime masterpiece we knew nothing else would do. This image is captured by waiting until dusk and then putting a camera on a very slow exposure and then someone walks around each object with a light stick. Sound like black magic? Neil has perfected the technique and we thank him for allowing us to offer this image to you. We offer two formats. The first is a museum quality giclee print on archival high cloth content paper that I have selected personally. This piece is standard 20"x24" so it is easily framed and sports a title of "Together at Last" Designer Peter Brock and the six Daytona Cobra Coupes 50th Anniversary World FIA GT Championship 1965 Goodwood Revival 2015. Only 50 pieces are available here, each numbered and autographed by myself (\$165). The second offering is the image as a large 24"x 36" poster which sports the same wording as the art but on poster paper with no border and wording placed on the image itself. Not limited or signed (although that is an option) it is a great piece to hang in a less formal environment (\$35). info@bre2.net"

Howard Pardee was browsing the Internet on his computer when he happened to land on the BRE website and upon seeing Brock's Goodwood poster, he promptly spit the Jolt Cola he was drinking down the front of his undershirt and all over his keyboard. Only that morning he had received delivery of 5,000 24"x 36" posters created from an out-take of the cover photo shoot for the 1981 "Shelby Buyers Guide." Pardee's poster is titled, "Together at Last" Howard Pardee and the four Shelby GT350s 35th Anniversary of the Shelby Buyers Guide. When he was finally able to regain his composure and dry off his keyboard he immediately called his lawyer, Charles Flim, who he had on speed-dial. After describing Brock's poster to his legal counsel, he asked if the obvious theft of intellectual property was actionable. "We might have a good case here," his lawyer responded. Pardee was advised to send a \$5,000 retainer and he would immediately begin looking into the matter. He also admonished Pardee not to contact Peter Brock personally. "This guy is slicker than an eel in a 55-gallon drum of gear oil," lawyer Flim cautioned. "He will draw you into a verbal altercation which he will be recording and it will result in a countersuit for libel. That's the way he works. How do I know? His lawyer is my partner." Pardee could not be reached for comment but he was later overheard telling a bartender, "This guy has been a thorn in my side since 1965. I'm not going to let him get away with this, I'll tell you that. I am sick of being used as a patsy. If Peter Brock wants a poster war, then By God, he is going to get a poster war."



WAIT FOR IT: REVOLGY UNVEILS GT350 MODEL

When we first heard about Revology's "66 Mustang [see *Spring 2015's* "Mail SAAC"] our first thought was, "How long will it be before they come out with a GT350 model?" Turns out it took less than a year. You'll recall the project begins with a Dynacorn '66 Mustang unibody and adds a current driveline – 265 h.p. 302 V8 crate engine, five-speed transmission and 3.70 Traction-Lok nine-inch rear – along with power rack-and-pinion steering, four wheel disc brakes, power windows and seats, choice of 15", 16" or 17" "heritage" wheels and every other state-of-the-art geegaw they can load into the car. All for a sticker price of \$119,500 (add \$2,500 for a power convertible top).



We've not seen any mention of how many units Revology has sold to date, but if it was a lot we would have been peppered with press releases shouting that in all directions. So the actual number of buyers has likely been small. That's to be expected for a project such as this, which means it's time to turn up the wick and create a GT350 model. With Shelby American's blessing, of course ("blessing" meaning being licensed by Shelby American Licensing and covering their outstretched hand with a royalty).

A quick look at Revology's specification for their GT350 sheet shows the Dynacorn unibody will be powered by an aluminum 5-liter Ford "Coyote" DOHC V8, running through a Tremec T-56 close-ratio six-speed (electronically-controlled four-speed automatic optional) to a nine-inch, 31-spline, 4.11 Eaton "TrueTrac" limited slip rear. Four wheel discs with 12.19" rotors (six pistons up front and four in the rear), 3-link rear suspension with coil springs and Panhard rod, power rack-and-pinion steering and all the other whiz-bang stuff they can stir in top the mix brings the total to...ka-ching...\$136,500 FOB Orlando, Florida. Order now for July 2016 delivery.

WHERE DID THE 427 COMP ROLL BAR COME FROM?



The clean contour of the roll bar on the 427 competition Cobra didn't just pop out of some fabricator's head one day. Actually, the design was used on the Carroll Shelby School of High Performance Driving's Austin Healey Sprite school car in 1962, pictured [above right], with instructor Peter Brock.

The same type of roll bar, simple but functional single loop with rear brace, was constructed for the prototype Tiger race car built in 1963 at Shelby American. Pictured [lower right] during a test session at Riverside Raceway are [left to right] John Collins, John Morton and driver Lew Spencer.



We didn't believe it for a minute when Jeff Burgy sent these photos of a new Ford GT and said it was taken out in front of his house. We've seen enough James Bond movies to recognize Monte Carlo.



In more Ford GT news, SAAC member, ace lensman and noted automotive author Bob McClurg was at the 2015 SEMA show and he sent us some Ford GT shots he took. You don't create a lightning bolt like this and then keep it hidden away. The yellow one was used as part of a hands-on driving exhibit. The red-white-blue racer was on its way to LeMans in June with a stop, first, at the Daytona 24-Hours. We'll have a full story and pictures in the Spring 2016 issue. Ford's intention is not only to win LeMans but to dominate its FIA class.



KING OF SWEDEN CALLS FOR BAN ON BATHS TO SAVE ENVIRONMENT. NO WORD ON CAR WASHING.

A news item on the *Daily Mail's* Internet website caught our attention recently. King Carl XVI Gustaf, King of Sweden, was reported to have taken a bath on a trip when no shower was available and when he realized how much water and energy was wasted he had an epiphany. The King, now a staunch environmentalist, suggested banning all baths. The article also mentioned that he now drives an eco-friendly hybrid car, reversing his life-long reputation as a "petrolhead."

Back in the 1990s, also known as "the good old days," His Royal Highness was a SAAC member and owned a couple of high octane-swilling Mustangs as well as an extravagantly wasteful AC MK IV. Evidently the King has served time in some sort of Swedish environmental re-education camp and now has his mind right because the cars are gone. He is pictured, back in the 1990s, with Carroll Shelby [left] and his chief car confederate Bjorn Andersson [center]. Andersson was also a SAAC member and at one time lived in Las Vegas, working for Shelby in the 1990s when the CSX4000 project was in its infancy. We have not heard from him recently, leading us wonder if Sweden has undergone some sort of purge, rounding up motorheads and forcing them to work on giant windmill farms.



THE DAYTONA COUPE IS TRULY A TIMELESS DESIGN

"Not many racing car designs endure more than a season or two, but the Daytona Coupe (with a few modern aero updates to increase downforce) just keeps on winning," said Peter Brock in an email which accompanied this photo. "This short note from Richard really makes me smile."

Australian Richard Bendell of Motech fame, sent the picture to Brock with the note, "Your baby still rocks."

As a part-time hobby, Bendell builds and races Daytona Coupes. "As you might imagine," continued Brock, "they are far more sophisticated under the original shape than anything we raced back in the '60s, but the exterior



still seems to be working pretty well."

Bendell's current iteration is more successful than all of the modern supercoupes that this team races against

down under. "Needless to say," said Brock, "they aren't very happy to get smoked by a 50 year-old, front-engined dinosaur."

2016: THE YEAR OF THE GT40

We've heard that the 50th Anniversary of Ford's 1966 LeMans victory will be celebrated at Pebble Beach with a special class for GT40s. And we're also guessing that the Monterey Motorsports Reunion will also be a GT40 funfest. There will also be some-

thing special at LeMans – after all the whole thing started there. Like the Cobra 50th anniversary, we expect almost every car show and concours will take advantage of the anniversary to tout the GT40. Looks like it's going to be an interesting year.



WINCE UNTIL YOUR CHEEKS CRACK

Hard to believe a million-dollar Cobra would have been treated this way fifty years ago. Oh, wait – it wasn't a million dollar car back then. It was just a one of a handful of race cars that were built by the factory to race in a specific time frame. They were outdated quickly and were replaced by newer, updated models and sold as used cars to independent racers who continued to flog them.

Shelby entered three Cobras in the Road America 500 USRRC in September 1964. Ken Miles and Ronnie Bucknum drove #98, CSX2431. John Morton and Skip Scott drove #97, CSX2492. The third car (serial number not known) was driven by Ed Leslie and Bob Johnson. As the photos along the bottom show, when Miles was driving, a head gasket let go and he parked the car near Canada Corner. When he got back to the pits he was added to the leading team Cobra and by virtue of his superior skill and experience and was put behind the wheel of the #97 car. He was driving at the end of the race, finishing 2nd Overall and 1st in the GT class. The photos show the team riding on the car as Miles drove it to the Winner's Circle. Pictured [top, left to right] are Kerry Agapiou, Peyton Cramer, Cecil Bowman, drivers John Morton and Skip Scott, and Pat Rogers.

Cobras must have had thicker skins back then.





– Howard Pardee

I was working on my computer one afternoon, back in 2011, when my phone rang.

Me: Hello?

Voice with thick British accent: *Howard C. Pardee?*

Me: Yes.

Voice: *USCG Academy Band, New London, Connecticut 06320?*

Me: *Yes, that was my old work address.*

Voice: *When were you an employee at Shelby American?*

Me: *I was never an employee of Shelby American.*

Voice: *Then why do I have a check from Shelby American made out to you?*

The story of the check began in the late fall of 1966. I had purchased 5S357 from Larsen Ford in White Plains, New York in September 1965. I was driving the car down a street about a year later and tried to shift from 2nd to 3rd gear. The clutch pedal went right to the floor. I was lucky that Whaling City Ford in New London, Connecticut was only a few blocks away and I drove straight to their service department. When they had a free mechanic we pushed the car onto a lift and immediately noticed that the aluminum bellhousing had a jagged hole in it and the pivot for the clutch pedal was completely missing. The only fix was to replace the bellhousing and I gave them permission to do so.

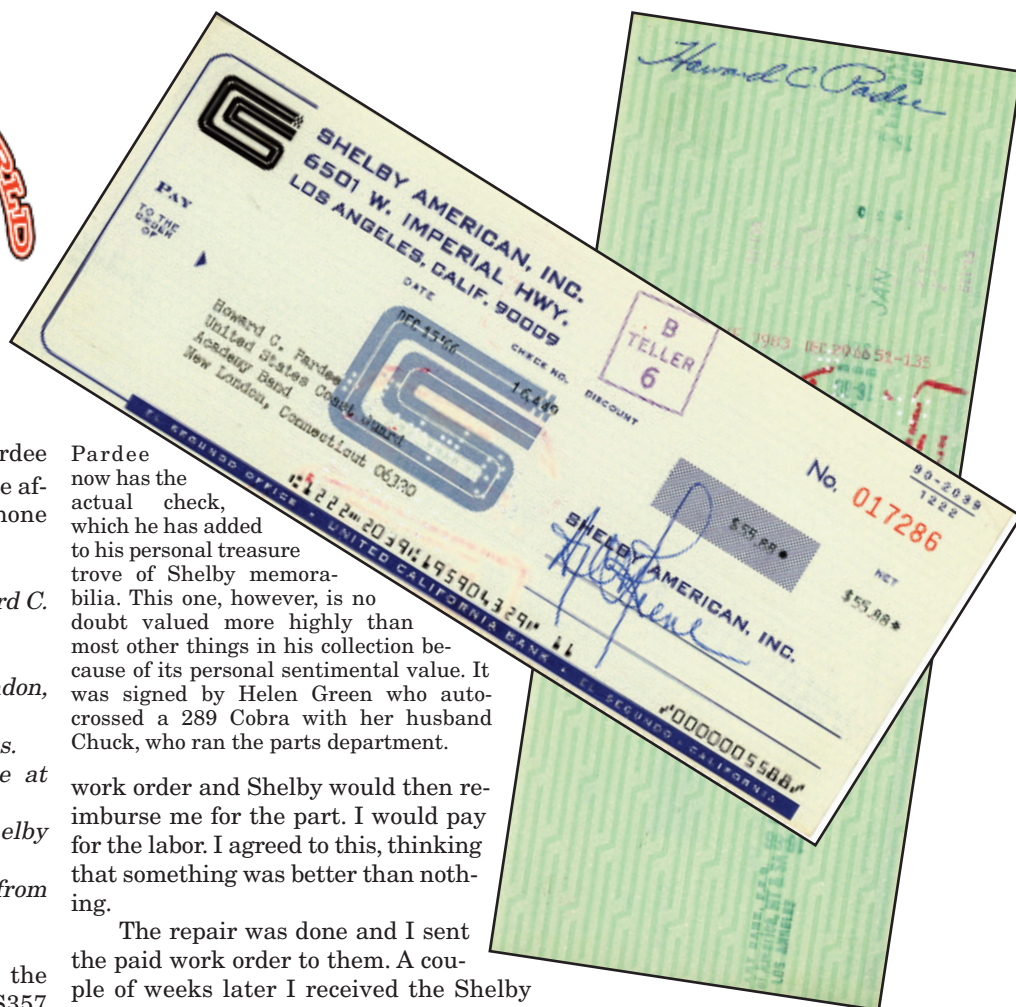
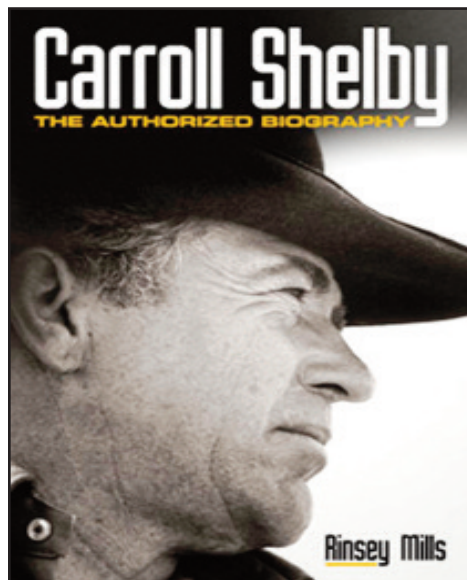
After the bellhousing was replaced and I got home, I was thinking that the hole had to result from a defect in the aluminum casting. I called Shelby American and got the Warranty Manager, Harry Neumann. He explained that the 90-day, 4,000-mile warranty had long expired as I had purchased the car more than a year earlier. I countered that this was obviously a manufacturing defect by Ford Motor Co. We went back and forth for a bit and he eventually suggested that I pay for the repair and send Shelby American the paid

Pardee now has the actual check, which he has added to his personal treasure trove of Shelby memorabilia. This one, however, is no doubt valued more highly than most other things in his collection because of its personal sentimental value. It was signed by Helen Green who auto-crossed a 289 Cobra with her husband Chuck, who ran the parts department.

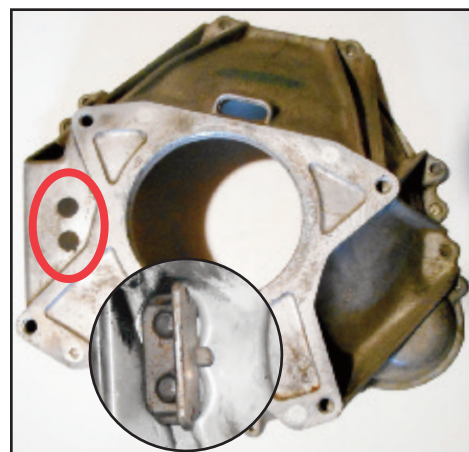
work order and Shelby would then reimburse me for the part. I would pay for the labor. I agreed to this, thinking that something was better than nothing.

The repair was done and I sent the paid work order to them. A couple of weeks later I received the Shelby American check for both the part and labor. I didn't look a gift horse in the mouth. It was almost Christmas and I was very glad to get the additional, unexpected money.

The phone call came about forty-five years later and it turned out to be from Rinsey Mills, the author of "Carroll Shelby—The Authorized Biography." It



turned out that Carroll had given Rinsey a number of old Shelby American cancelled checks. Rinsey and I worked out a friendly deal and the check was finally returned to the person who had cashed it decades before. Me.



The original bellhousing was replaced (that was before the days when an owner kept everything taken off his car). The circled area was where the clutch pivot attaches. It was probably a casting imperfection that caused the bolts and surrounding area to tear out. Pardee swore that a powershift was not involved and obviously Warranty Manager Harry Neumann bought it.

1042 PRINCETON DRIVE RECREATION PROJECT

You may have heard rumors of this project, and we're happy to report that they are true. An exact duplicate of Shelby American's Princeton Drive facility may be built at the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan.

SAAC member William Deary was looking into expanding The Carroll Collection, his Shelby museum in Jackson, Michigan [see *The Shelby American 2013 Annual*, ppg. 53-57]. The museum presently has sixteen, exceptionally high quality cars, each with a special story, and Deary was considering a 10,000 square-foot expansion. But he kept thinking, "There's got to be a better way to do this."

He became involved with the GT350R2 reinvention project in May of 2014 and that led him to visit 1042 Princeton Drive where he saw where it all began. The building had recently been sold and was gutted and totally revamped. As Peter Brock and the original Venice Team was recreating the GT350 R-Model, Deary was thinking about recreating the original Princeton Drive facility. If you're going to dream, dream big.

It was an uphill hike, but Deary eventually made contact with Ford executives, coordinators of other museums and ten "Shelby Leaders" including former employees and what he described as "ultra enthusiasts." By then his plans had been distilled and he could see them clearly. He wanted to construct an exact duplicate of Shelby American's facility on the grounds of the Henry Ford Museum in Greenfield Village in Dearborn. Deary's intention is to donate everything he has in his Carroll Collection and to self-fund the project, filling it with examples of the cars that were originally there in 1963-1964. Those would be donated or would be on loan.

The project is still on track and Henry Ford Museum executives appear to be onboard. We will be keeping SAAC members updated as the project takes shape. Once it is up and running, it would seem to be perfect timing to hold another convention in Dearborn. Stay tuned!



LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD FOR DAN GURNEY

The annual International Historic Motoring Awards presented Dan Gurney, 84, with its Lifetime Achievement Award on November 19, 2015. The award was accepted for Gurney by Sir-Stirling Moss in London. Gurney was not able to be there in person.

Dan Gurney has accumulated more accomplishments in just about all aspects of racing than anyone still living. Listing them all would take a dozen pages, but the most noteworthy is that he is the only American to race and win a Grand Prix in a car of his own making. He has also notched wins in Indy Car, NASCAR and sports car racing. He has 51 wins and 47 podium finishes out of 312 starts. He is an American racing icon.



SET THE WAYBACK MACHINE TO 1815, MR. PEABODY



There is almost too much going on at the Goodwood Revival to keep track of. If you are one of Lord March's Guests of Honor, you jump from one must-do activity to the next. Near the top of the list was Saturday evening's Gala, a recreation of the famous Dutchess of Richmond's Ball that was held in Brussels, Belgium on June 15, 1815. Everyone will remember this as the night before the Battle of Quatre Bras. The Dutchess's husband, Charles Lennox, the 4th Duke of Richmond, commanded troops in Brussels,

protecting the city in the event that Napoleon Bonaparte invaded. Three days later Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. The Dutchess' ball has been described as the "the most famous ball in history." Lord March's version is probably a close second. Everyone who is invited was expected to be in an appropriate costume. Peter and Gayle Brock were caught off guard by the dress requirement and did not bring costumes with them, so they dug deep into their suitcases and just hoped no one would notice.

MCCLURG FINDS WAY OFF ISLAND



One of our favorite automotive photo/journalists, Bob McClurg, made his annual pilgrimage to the SEMA Show in Las Vegas this past November. He looks none the worse for wear after escaping Southern California and moving to Hilo, Hawaii about five years ago. Once on the island he seemed to be marooned like Gilligan, but he does manage to find a way off once in a while. At the SEMA Show McClurg was interviewed by Rick Titus on his Drivers Talk Radio program. McClurg's latest book, "The History of AMC Motorsports: Trans-Am, Quarter Mile, NASCAR, Bonneville and More" won't be reviewed here, for obvious reasons. Titus' syndicated, award-winning show is moving into its fifteenth year. It is filled with interviews, discussions of controversial automotive topics, reviews of vehicles and products and consumer tips. Podcasts are available through Drivers Talk Radio's website: www.driverstalkradio.com

SEMA ACTION

There are always a few Cobra/Shelby cars at the annual SEMA show.



Walking up and down the aisles at a giant trade show for several days takes its toll. At SEMA they usually have something outside that's a little more hands-on. This Cobra replica was set up to drift, and rides were given in an attempt to wear the tires down to the threads.

Ford would not have missed a chance to show its new GT350R, this one done up in black with silver LeMans stripes. At one point, an original GT350 R-Model was planned to be displayed right next to the 2016 R-car. 5R096 was being prepped at Cobra Automotive in Wallingford, Connecticut but Ford decided to use a GT350 vintage racer that was already in the area instead. 5S034, owned by Craig Jackson of Scottsdale, Arizona, was a cheaper date.



VINTAGE RACE ADDED TO AMELIA ISLAND SCHEDULE

Word reaches us that the already fully-packed Amelia Island Concours weekend, beginning on March 10, will be adding vintage racing to their schedule. They won't be using Daytona, as the picture at the right might lead you to believe; we got this image from Darek Stennes, driving 5S424 on Daytona's banking, and we have to admit that we love that track so it doesn't take much to get us to use a picture of it.

The track that will be used at Amelia is the Fernandia Beach Municipal Airport (Shelbys raced there in 1966, 1967 and 1969) and the SVRA has the event scheduled four days after the Amelia concours wraps up. It will give some people who desire sounds to go with the sights. We also expect the race will prompt a fair number of vintage race cars to show up at Amelia. Credit Amelia's forward-thinking honcho Bill Warner for that.

Using an airport for a sports car race isn't a brand new idea. Back in the late 1950s and early 1960s, sports car racing was going through a major transition. Races had originally been held on public roads which were temporarily closed at places like Bridgehampton, Watkins Glen, Pebble Beach and Elkhart Lake. After a couple of accidents resulting in the deaths of spectators, the use of public roads was ended. Since single-purpose sports car race circuits took years to build, an agreement was reached with the Strategic Air Command's commanding general, Curtis LeMay (running mate of George Wallace in the 1968 presidential election). A sports car enthusiast himself, he invited the SCCA to organize weekend races on SAC air bases and rolled out the red carpet for them. Other smaller, regional airports were also used through the mid-1960s. Eventually, as the cars got faster the airport circuits were deemed less safe. However, by then there were enough purpose-built road race circuits to provide venues for racing. With big tracks getting increasingly expensive to rent maybe smaller airports are the answer to the continually growing costs of vintage racing.



"GANGSTA WHEELS"? WHEN DID THIS START?

Did you ever get the feeling you walked into a movie after it had started and you're not sure what you missed? We've noticed a growing number of Cobras showing up with black-painted mag wheels. No polished rim. This didn't happen overnight, but it seems that way. We feel like we've been caught napping. Trends like this usually have origins somewhere back in the 1960s: LeMans stripes, comp quick jack pads, diagonal fender stripes. But the wheels on Shelby American's cars always had polished outer rims. Are we seeing the effect of present day drifting rice rockets with black-painted mags and coffee can mufflers? And when did they start being called "Gangsta wheels"?



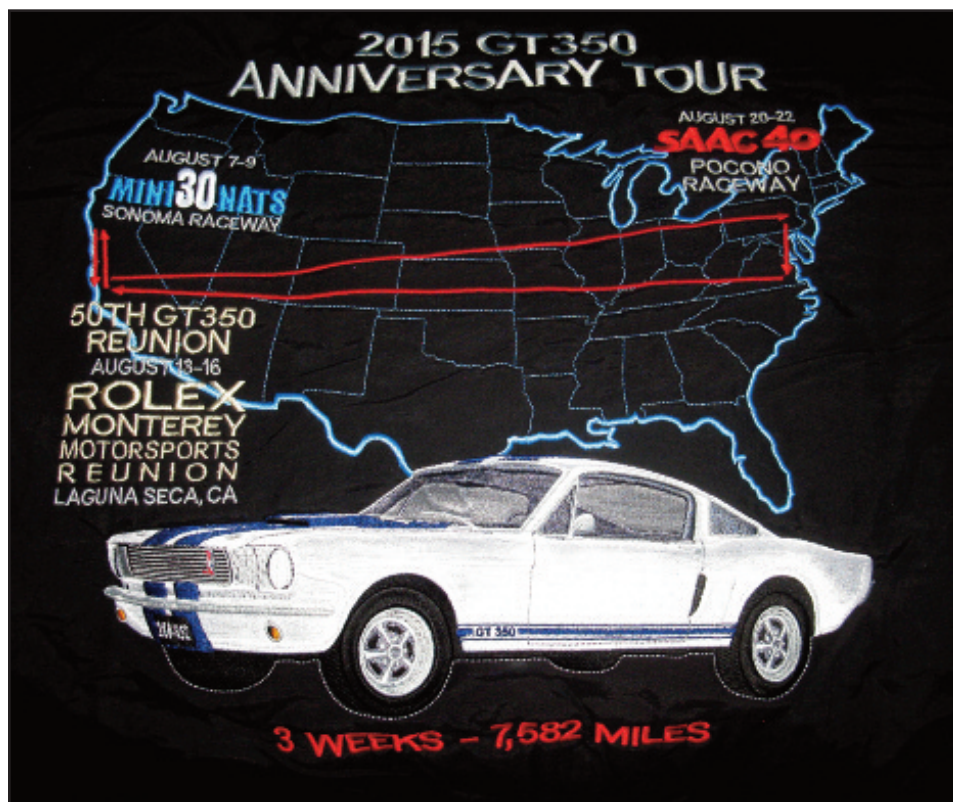


PROOF OF A PARALLEL UNIVERSE? POSSIBLY



The last issue of this esteemed magazine [Fall, 2015] carried an article about Ironman Tim Kilinski's adventures driving 6S336 from Virginia to California, back to Pennsylvania and then home to Virginia: 7,682 miles in three weeks. It was quite a feat, and if there was a Shelby Hall of Fame in a parallel universe, Kilinski would certainly rate a spot in it. 6S336 would probably be on display along with a large map of the U.S. with the route highlighted. That parallel universe's museum would likely have Kilinski/6S336 apparel such as hats, t-shirts and jackets as well as a poster and

maybe a diecast model of gool 'ole 336. The back of the jacket would look something like this. Hey – wait a minute. There IS a 50th anniversary tour jacket. Have we crossed over into that parallel universe? Maybe Kilinski did, and came back with a jacket to prove it. Or maybe he found a jacket manufacturer to create a few so he could give them to people who helped make his trip possible (notably his wife, Leslie, and his brother). They were made by Vincent Gallipani of Galli Sports & Shirts Apparel <www.gallishirts.com> The design is composed of over 150,000 stitches and the jackets were about \$200 a pop, should you find yourself with a desire to get one from the manufacturer. Or, you could always have a jacket made commemorating your own car, now that you know who to contact. And you won't have to drive it 7,682 miles to get a jacket made. But you could if you wanted to...



A CHRISTMAS STORY SENDUP

Hagerty Insurance created a six-minute You Tube spoof of Jean Shepherd's classic Christmas Story, which is shown non-stop during Christmas. Shepherd wrote and produced the story based (somewhat) on his childhood quest for a Red Ryder BB gun. Hagerty's video is very cleverly done. <https://youtu.be/GsVkrxTh2Fek>

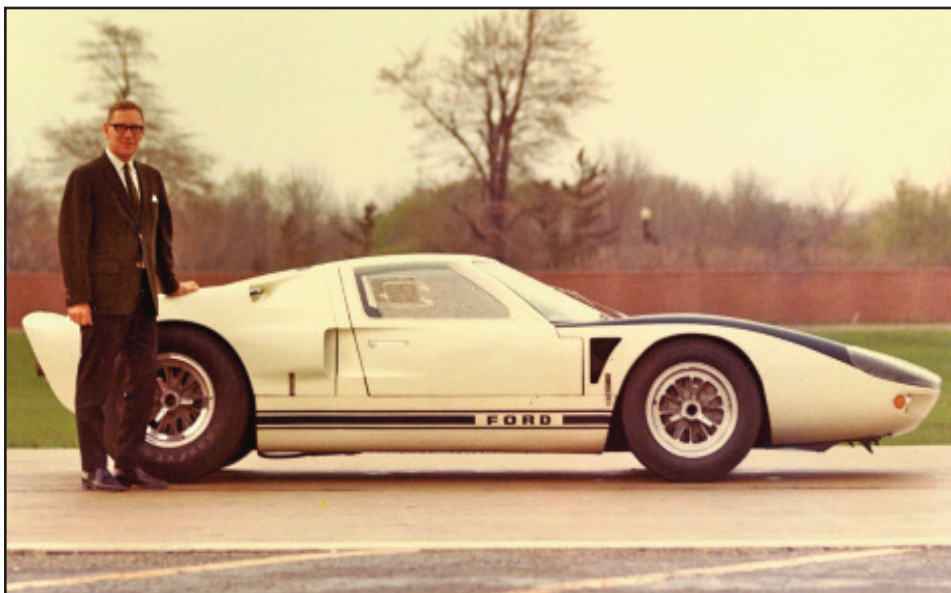


TRIBUTE TO THE GODFATHER OF THE GT40

Marty Schorr, author, photojournalist, automobile historian and SAAC member, organized a tribute to engineer and designer Roy Lunn, who is often described as the Godfather of the GT40. It was held on December 19, 2015 at the Lakewood Ranch Golf & Country Club in Sarasota, Florida.

The Ford GT40 MK IIs and MK IVs were designed, engineered and developed under Roy Lunn's direction at Ford's "skunk works," Kar Kraft. Lunn was the manager of the Advanced Concepts Group. Following Ford's LeMans victory, he received a letter from Ford vice president and general manager, Don Frey. It said, *"I want to congratulate you on your creative role in the historic Ford victory at LeMans and winning the World GT Championship."*

Attending the tribute was Ford engineer Neil Ressler. He was a retired vice president and the former head of Advanced Vehicle Technology. He later became chairman of Jaguar Racing. In 1999 he headed Cosworth Racing and was involved in the mid-engined GN34 Concept sports car which evolved into the 2005-2006 Ford GT, the spiritual successor to the original GT40. Ressler is a former SAAC member and has driven his 427 Cobra at several SAAC conventions. He retired



in 2001 after 34 years at Ford but returned to join the Ford GT Team. He drove his Ford GT to the event. *"I wasn't going to miss this wonderful opportunity to meet Mr. Lunn and relive some of those glory days of winning at LeMans,"* said Ressler.

Schorr's recent book, *"Ford Total Performance"* [reviewed in this issue] includes details of Roy Lunn's career at Ford and Kar Kraft as well as some history of the GT40. Nine Ford GTs were on hand, including a rare GTX1 and CP4 (Confirmation Prototype 4) along with nine Cobra roadsters.

"Not only do I feel appreciative and honored today to share this occasion with my wife Jeannie and my family," said Lunn, *"but also overwhelmed by the incredible display of power outside. Ford GTs and Cobras. It really is a Show of Force and I am so happy to be a part of it."*

Lunn will be 91 years old in April and has begun working on a fourth book, about the environment, sustainability and future cars. *"I'm looking forward to finishing my new book,"* said Lunn, *"and celebrating the 50th anniversary of the win at LeMans with my family and friends on June 19th next year."*



Ressler and Lunn, in the midst of a sea of horsepower. Photos by Gary Jean and Howard Mintz.



CONSIGN YOUR CAR TO A DEALER – OR MAYBE NOT

It started with a Flashing Yellow Light bulletin on the SAAC Forum on December 17, 2015. SAAC member Don Hinkle reported to 1968 Registrar Vincent Liska that he had consigned his '68 Shelby GT350 (8T02J149464-01467) to classic car dealer Blue Marlin Motors in Stuart, Florida. The owner of the business, Craig Danzig, was subsequently arrested by the local sheriff. Matters were made worse because the car was allegedly shipped to France. Hinkle was neither advised of the sale nor did he receive any payment. He retained the car's title and registration. The matter, at last report, has yet to be resolved and Hinkle is still without the car or payment for it.

The initial bulletin on the SAAC Forum launched a lively thread which highlighted the problem of consigning Shelbys to dealers for subsequent sale. There seemed to be no shortage of horror stories regarding questionable practices and/or disreputable individuals involved in consignments.

Not all dealers offering to assist owners by handling consignments are swashbuckling pirates who make Jack Sparrow look like an Eagle Scout. We asked '68 Shelby expert Pete Disher to collect his thoughts on the question of, to consign or not to consign?

Most people wouldn't consider selling their home without using an attorney. Yet, people routinely consign their classic cars to a dealer they hardly know without a second thought. With prices of classic Shelbys routinely reaching the price of a small home, entering into a legal consignment contract may not be in your best interests.

Certainly there are advantages to consigning your car with a dealer. These dealers offer a "no hassle" sale. They advertise the car, field calls, conduct negotiations, arrange transportation and may even provide financing to potential buyers. In most cases, the owner retains legal possession of the vehicle until the car is sold.

The dealer usually asks for the car to be present at their facility. The more cars they have, the more perceived legitimacy they have. Certainly, one red flag should be when the dealer asks for the title of your car. In many states possession of a vehicle with the intent to sell the car constitutes an implied contract, even if it's not written. If the dealer has your car and the legal title, you may be opening the proverbial can of worms. Some dealers ask for a monthly storage fee if the car is not sold. Others ask for monthly advertising fees. The consignment itself usually means the dealership will receive anywhere from 3% to 20% of the final sale price.

I recently spoke to one classic car dealer who noted that consignment can be a double-edged sword, and costly for the dealer. Many owners have unrealistic expectations of what their car is worth. When the sale prices of similar cars go up, it can become increasingly harder to sell these cars. The higher the prices climb, the more the number of available buyers decrease. Sometimes significantly. Some sellers have also been known to use the consignment process to store their cars for extended periods of time, knowing fully well the high price will mean their car is unlikely to sell.

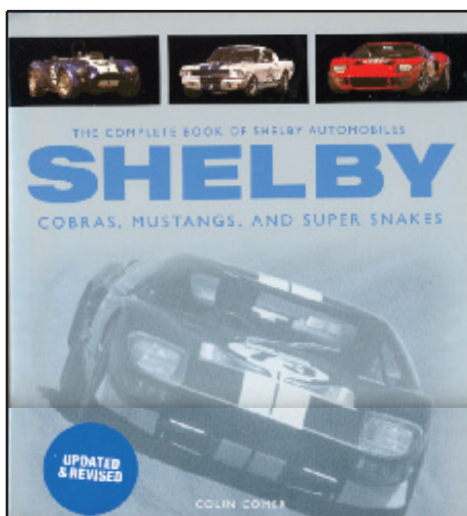
Buying a car from a consignment dealer can be equally challenging. Remember you are often dealing with someone that does not legally own the vehicle. You need to be clear on how and when the transfer of title will occur. Try to avoid the dealer having access to your payment and the title at the same time. Most dealers do not want to take legal ownership, even after a deal is made. Consignment is a way they can attract a number of cars with a minimal capital investment. Taking legal ownership of the vehicle can also have tax implications for them. You should make sure the person signing your new title is the legal owner who intends to sell the vehicle to you.

A quick internet search will yield many stories of unscrupulous classic

car dealers who have defrauded unsuspecting owners. The most common complaint is non-payment after the consigned car is sold. The owner is out both his car and his money. In many states these matters are treated as civil complaints with very little potential for redress. It can be even more complicated when cars are shipped across state lines or out of the country. Overseas buyers tend to be less informed on the variety of U.S. state and federal laws. Cars that are exported from the United States are required to have a clear title or document of ownership. They are also required to have a Vehicle Identification Number (VIN) inspection. If you have read the forums you understand how complex VIN questions can be, even on a Shelby with good numbers. It's unreasonable to believe the people inspecting the cars will be knowledgeable on the nuances of a fifty-year old Shelby.

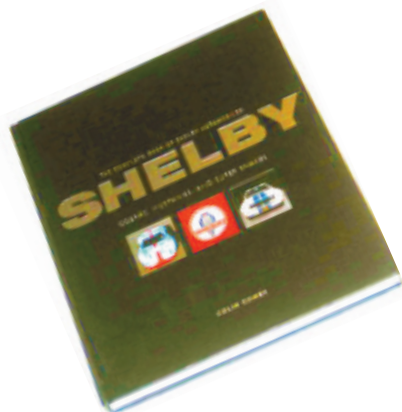
Twenty years ago, a classic car dealer in Wisconsin appeared to be very successful. Write-ups in the local newspapers and publications raved about the dozens of shiny, classic cars in his showroom. For a short time everything seemed to be going very well. Then the State of Wisconsin received several complaints about consignors not being paid and they opened an investigation. It was learned that several consigned cars had been "sold" to more than one buyer. Many people were left unpaid for cars or were unable to title the cars they had purchased. The dealer eventually went bankrupt. The courts actually ruled that cars in the possession of the dealership for the purposes of consignment were dealer assets and could be sold to discharge the bankruptcy. Owners were not only out their cars, but also any money owned to them. Over 125 individuals were affected by these fraudulent activities. The owner was eventually found guilty and sent to prison for 6 years. The total damages were between \$3.2 and \$3.6 million. Upon release from prison, the "rehabilitated" owner opened another classic car dealership.

SHELBY AMERICANA



SHELBY – The Complete Book of Shelby Automobiles – Cobras Mustangs and Super Snakes by Colin Comer. Hard-bound; 10" x 11 1/4", 256 pages; 139 b&w photos, 309 color. Published by MBI Publishing Co., Minneapolis, MN \$45.00.

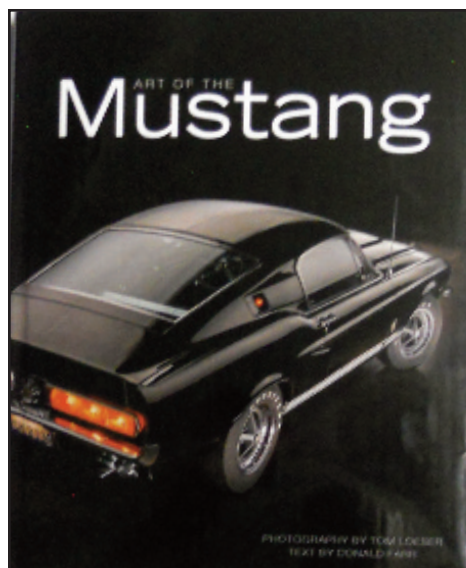
If you have a good memory, you'll recall that we reviewed this book in the Fall 2009 issue of this august publication. SAAC member Colin Comer has managed to keep himself busy writing books on Cobras and Shelybs and he does a masterful job. His books details are accurate because we have it on good authority that Comer relies heavily on SAAC's registries, and this is one of the reasons why we published



them. We believe in sharing the information we unearth, whether it is used by enthusiasts, owners or authors. So we had no problems with the accuracy of Comer's books.

He authored a Cobra book in time for that car's 50th anniversary and when the 50th for the GT350 rolled around two years later, Comer's publisher thought it would be the perfect time to update his 2009 book: a new cover, a quick rewrite of the portions that indicate Carroll Shelby and Phil Remington were still alive, and including details on the Shelby Mustangs produced between 2009 and 2015 in Las Vegas. The book was still selling well for Motorbooks International (including being printed in three languages).

So, it is truly a revised and updated edition, but not anything "new" which would necessitate it being purchased by someone who already has the 2009 edition – with the exception of the most seriously deranged Shelby literature collectors. And how about this: anyone in that deep will also have to have a copy of the book in the three other languages. Yikes!

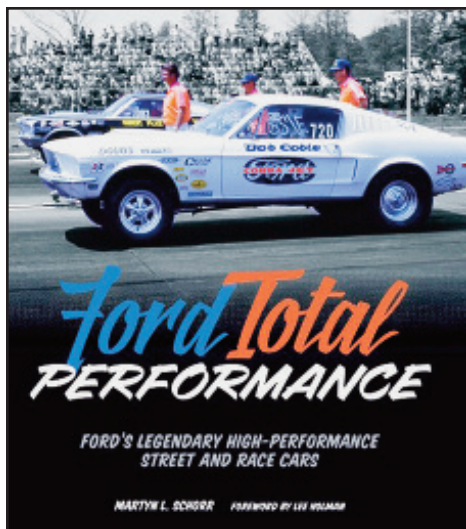


THE ART OF THE MUSTANG by Donald Farr, photography by Tom Loeser. Hard-bound; 10" x 12 1/4", 240 pages; 240 color. photographs. Published by MBI Publishing Co., Minneapolis, MN \$50.00.

This book is exceptionally well done. It is well written (as we have come to expect from Donald Farr) and the photographs are top shelf. Photographer Tom Loeser shot 29 cars for the book in a studio, demonstrating that he knows what he is doing behind the camera. The photos are spectacular.

There are between six and ten photos of each car, including several that are printed full-page or across two pages. Each one is in sharp focus and the lighting is perfect. The book is separated into four sections: early Mustangs (1964 1/2 - 1968); the Muscle Mustangs (1969-1976); Fox Body Mustangs (1984 - 2003); and Modern Mustangs (2005 - 2015). Rather than attempt to include every year and/or model, choice examples were selected to represent the more valuable or unusual Mustangs. For example, instead of a GT350 R-Model, which you might expect, one of the 1965 GT350 Shelby Driving school cars is included. The 1967 independent Trans-Am Mustang notchback owned and raced by J. Bittle, prepared for current historic racing, is restored to 1968 race specs. Bittle also supplied a '66 Mustang Super Pro bracket race drag car. The Bittle-fest continues with a 2014 Cobra Jet factory drag car and a 1989 JBA Dominator Fox-body, a tuner model Bittle's speed shop created, based on a Saleen.

This book represents the present and future of Mustangs. Only a third is dedicated to the early cars. The remainder of the book highlights cars made after 1969. The newest cars are becoming classics before our eyes.



FORD TOTAL PERFORMANCE - **Ford's Legendary High-Performance Street and Race Cars** by Martyn L. Schorr. Hard-bound; 9 1/2" x 11", 208 pages; 199 b&w photos, 136 color. Published by MBI Publishing Co., Minneapolis, MN \$45.00.

To understand the significance of this book a little background is in order. In the 1960s and 1970s, there were three basic groups of automobile magazines: the Big Boys (*Car and Driver*, *Road & Track*, *Motor Trend*, *Sports Car Graphic*, *Motorcade*) which tended to spotlight new cars, automotive trends and sports car racing; the west coast hot rodding magazines (*Hot Rod*, *Car Craft*, *Rod & Custom*, *Speed & Custom*, *Popular Hot Rodding*); and the east coast muscle car magazines (*Cars*, *Hi-Performance Cars*, *Speed & Supercar*, *Super Stock & FX*, *SS & Drag Illustrated*). There was, of course, some overlap but generally if you knew the magazine's title, you knew its editorial viewpoint and the content they provided.

The west coast hot rod magazines were on the upscale side: slick layout, sharp photos (initially printed in pale green ink because it was cheaper), good quality paper and first-rate writing for a bunch of "car guys." The east coast muscle car magazines were, maybe, a half-step behind. They were printed on rougher paper with a little more grain in the pictures (most were initially black-and-white) and the writing, while literate, was more straightforward.

Marty Schorr was always a car guy but instead of burying himself under the hood like his pals, he took a liking to the printed word. In 1955 he was the publicity director for a car club in Yonkers, New York called the Draggin' Wheels. This was back when hot rodders were trying to break out of the stigma of being considered outlaws and hooligans who raced at night on the streets. That was mainly because they raced at night on the streets.

Members of the Draggin' Wheels had a number of serious hot rods and dragsters...but nowhere to race them. The only place was on the streets. He had a small Brownie camera and took some pictures and sent them in with a short article to *Custom Rodder* magazine. They paid him \$25 (over \$200 in today's dollars) and that's where his writing career began. Soon he was hired as the magazine's editor for \$100 a week. He attended college at night studying English, writing, advertising and public relations and during a short stint in the army in 1959, he was assigned to a photography lab where his experience increased.

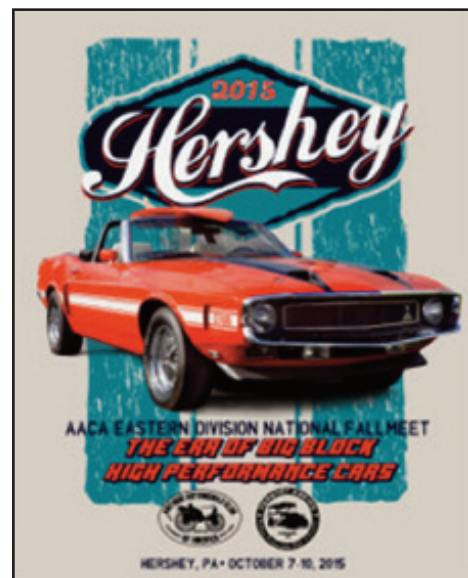
By 1961 Schorr was the editor of *Custom Rodder*, *Car*, and *Speed and Style* magazines. Instead of writing puff pieces to satisfy advertisers of the performance cars he was testing, he adopted a brash, "tell-it-like-it-is" style. Readership subsequently increased and he soon found himself editorial director and then vice president of the publishing company's automotive group. By the early 1960s Schorr had created additional magazines and eventually had titles aimed squarely at Ford, Corvette, Mopar and Chevy enthusiasts.

Marty Schorr has fifty years worth of experience with performance cars. He also has fifty years worth of photographs he took during that time. He shares them in this book – some which have been used before and others which have not. For detail freaks it is a treasure trove. The chapters are ordered by year, starting in 1961 and running through 1971.

The time frame of this book is basically a historical look at Ford's "Total Performance" program, using some of

the most well-known cars as examples. However, included are photos and details of some of the lesser-known cars from this era. This book is like a textbook of Ford's Total Performance campaign. The format allows a lot of the photos to be reproduced in large size making intricate period details more visible.

There have been a lot of books written about performance Fords. We know, because we have a wall full of book shelves filled with them. We are happy to add Marty Schorr's book to our shelf. If you're reading this review, you will be, too.



The Antique Automobile Club of America (AACA) has been holding their annual fall meet in Hershey, Pennsylvania since 1955. That first year they had 400 entries for judging and seven swap meet vendors – or "Parts Peddlers" as they were called. Today Hershey's Fall Meet attracts over judged 2,500 show cars and the swap meet includes over than 10,000 vendors. There was a time, back in the 1960s, when Hershey's cut-off was 1948. They didn't even allow parts in the swap meet newer than. As the cars of the 1950s and 1960s increased in popularity, Hershey's exclusivity spawned the Carlisle Swap Meet which welcomed all parts. Hershey blinked, and began allowing newer and newer parts. Today they are using a '70 Shelby on their 2015 event logo. Wonder what those old-timers would think?



Apparently it's taken Cobras reaching the \$1M mark to drag the Sunbeam Tiger into the spotlight as a Cobra alternative. It's only been—what—fifty years? The January 2016 issue of *Classic Motorsports* carries an extensive article on Tigers. It compares MK I and a MK II models and includes a little Tiger history, how to differentiate between the two models and driving impressions with sidebars on vintage racing, Tiger values and telling fake cars from real ones. All in all, it's a complete and well done article. If it can be said that the Tiger suffers from anything, it has to be the continual comparison with the Cobra, in which it will fall short in every category you can come up with. That's hardly fair because while the cars share some basic similarities, they really are apples and oranges.



BRINGING IT ALL BACK

Motoring Memories

JOE WAS A GENIUS WITH JUNKERS

THOMAS W. HAMILTON CORFU, NY

IN 1965, after I graduated from college, I took a job as an art teacher in Seneca Falls, New York. An avid bowler, I gravitated to the local bowling lanes, where I first met Joe Crispo. I learned he owned a small collision shop in nearby Waterloo, and because I also had an interest




"Steal anything you want with your eyes," Joe said. So I "stole" everything I witnessed from this crafty veteran.

in cars, I started making frequent visits to the old block building in which he performed magic on wrecks. It was by no means a white-glove operation. Cigarette butts littered the floor, and piles of unopened mail covered the hoods of vehicles waiting for repair. Still, everyone wanted Joe to do his or her collision work.

The shop was a magnet for a variety of characters. Most of them had nicknames that had stuck over time: Joe the Hook (Crispo himself), Tom the Bomb (me), Ray the Stray, Art the Dart, Smitty, Cooter, Honeydew, Smarty Marty—the list went on and on.

"Steal anything you want with your eyes," Joe told me. So I "stole" everything I witnessed, learning the tricks of the trade from this crafty veteran. He began letting me help with some of the work, and I eventually learned enough to bring in my own cars.

These days, I do body and paint work as a hobby. Joe is in his 90s, and I'm in my 70s, and we still keep in touch. Whenever we see each other, the subject inevitably turns to our memories of the old body shop.

(From top) Thomas Hamilton's bowling team on a trip to Wisconsin, the body shop circa 1970, and the one and only Joe the Hook applying some masking

REMINISCE.COM
48
AUG / SEP 2015

Reminisce magazine is a niche publication dedicated to memories of a simpler time. They describe themselves by inviting people to "Take a trip down memory lane as readers share heartwarming stories and photos from the '30s, '40s, '50s and '60s." Doug Cresanta of Haskell, New Jersey wasn't expecting to find a '66 GT350 in the August/September 2015 issue but that's the way this stuff works. When you least expect it, things jump out at you. We've enlarged the page so you can read it for yourself, and figure where the '66 Shelybs fits in.

We're sure there's some kind of synergy going on here that we can't explain. Kenzie Smith's grandma took her to the amusement park. Nothing special, there, right? But when Kenzie was released to run to get in a car, she went straight, like an arrow, to the blue car with "Cobra" on the side. Coincidence, you say? Then explain this: Kenzie's grandmother is Colleen Kopec's niece. There is some connection there, looming just below the surface.

Master Eagle Eyes Continue to Thrash It Out

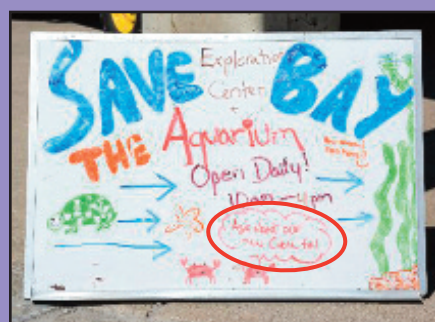
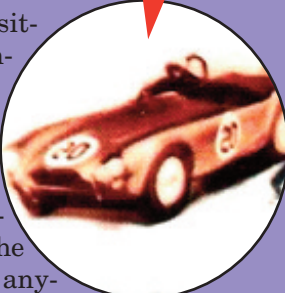
Ok, this thing has lasted far longer than we ever expected. It all started when we began getting multiple eagle eye sightings from Ken Young in Wisconsin and Jim Hutchinson in Massachusetts for each issue. We wondered, aloud, if it might just be a coincidence, or if it wasn't, how long they could keep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

We got the feeling that as Warren waded into the fray, it might be the eagle eye equivalent of the red-neck 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 get a few sightings from dark horses who look like they might have what it takes but fade in the stretch. Where will it end? We have no idea. We just sit back and watch the race.



In Seattle, visiting his daughter on the backside of an Alaska cruise, Warren was bemoaning that he hadn't seen anything Cobra-related, not even in Victoria, British Columbia. Then, while eating lunch in Dave's Diner which was filled with auto memorabilia, he spotted this poster for Elvis, movie "Viva Las Vegas." He thought he spied a Cobra, way down in the corner and had to get down on one knee to photograph it, causing the waitress to wonder about his sanity. No question there—it is long gone.



Jim Hutchinson was walking past this hand-lettered sign advertising the Boston Aquarium's Exploration Center. What caught his eye was the line, "Ask about our new Cobra Fish!" We'll admit that a new one on us. There probably is such a thing as a cobra fish but we've never heard of it. We have long maintained that there is one of everything in this club, so we'll sit back and wait for an ichthyologist to enlighten us.



With all of the automobile auctions going on all over the country during the entire year, the competition for getting people's attention is fierce. Every auction has one or more headliner cars that are expected to set sales records. Ken Young was quick to spot this clever double-header: a comp Cobra and a comp Corvette came up at the RM-Sotheby's in Ft. Worth, Texas. CSX2011 changed hands for \$1,980K. The '62 Gulf Oil-sponsored 'Vette went for \$1,650K. Those are powerful figures.

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Young spotted the GT350 in this ad for the Carcoon. Essentially a plastic box you park the car in and through the use of a fan, keeps the air circulating. There are several different models, priced between \$945 and \$1,195. Not including fan and carbon filter. Did Young buy one? With all the street rods he owns, his garage would look like the set of a science fiction movie.



You know Hot Wheels is running out of cars when they introduce a model of which only three actual cars were built. But the name “Shelby” is magic... Warren spotted this in a magazine ad.



Warren certainly didn't expect to see anything Cobra-related in a Lowes when he was looking for dry-wall nails. Who would have thought they were made by the Cobra company?



Hutchinson saw these “serpent shirts” in the genuinehotrod.com catalog.



Warren must be dreaming about spiffing up his garage. This tool chest is £860 (about \$1317) and comes with free graphics of your car (which you supply).

ANTIQUE ADS

Cult-Classical Cobra

This poster became a hit collectible with Cobra fans and kicked off a series



BY MIKE MCNESSOR • PHOTOGRAPHY BY BEN AUBREY

The average male human is not a terribly complex animal, so the formula for getting his attention with a print advertisement is very simple.

It goes like this: 1.) Find a comely female; 2.) Find an awe-some car; 3.) Position car and female in a way that's attractive to the male (doesn't really matter, any arrangement will do); 4.) Take photograph. This works for all types of promotion, and neither the female nor the car needs to have anything whatsoever to do with the product or company being pitched.

But what's interesting about the cult-classic poster featured here, is that the 427 Cobra pictured does have a close connection with Mr. Formal Wear, the company it's helping to promote. And the woman? Well, she is wearing at least a fraction of a tuxedo, so that must count

for something.

While the name of the leggy spokesperson has been, to the best of our knowledge, lost to history, the Cobra we know formerly belonged to brothers Bill and Bud Jones of Roanoke, Virginia, proprietors of Mr. Formal Wear. The car, CSX3102, recently came under new ownership at RW's Arizona sale in January, where it changed hands for \$999,000. Prior to that, the car sold at Mecum's Monterey sale in June for \$650,000.

But when the Cobra was under Bill and Bud's care for four decades — beginning in 1971 when they purchased it for \$7,500 — the car and its owners were fixtures at Shelby American Automobile Club events, earning them a rare six-page feature story in the 2008 World Registry of Cobras and GTs.

The Mr. Formal Wear Cobra posters that the car co-starred in, according to the World Registry of Cobras and GTs, were first sent to the company's wholesale customers, and then the image was used on the cover of a wholesale catalog. It proved very popular, so the brothers decided to make versions of the poster available to SAAC members who scooped up all Bill and Bud could print.

This became sort of a tradition with the brothers, and they went on to create a series of seven posters for SAAC members, a new one appearing each year, starring their car and most of the time, a beautiful woman in a different setting.

This beautiful woman, we learned from the Registry, was a student attending classes at Hollins College in Roanoke, Virginia. The photo shoot took place in 1978, at the corner of Kirk Avenue and Market Street in downtown Roanoke. At the time, Wertz's Country Store was located there, according to the Registry, but today, Google Maps Street View shows it to

be the Historic Roanoke City Market. The edge of the building on the right of the woman and Kirk Avenue, where the Cobra is parked, are still recognizable today. But alas, the old rotary pay phone has probably gone to the scrap heap along with the Chevrolet delivery truck in the background.

As the value of the former Mr. Formal Wear Cobra heads toward \$1 million, it's interesting to note that the car's early life was anything but easy. In 1965, Shelby was set to deliver CSX3102 to a Minnesota Ford dealer, with an invoice price of \$6,386. But the car's body was damaged and had to be repaired at Shelby American. After the repair work, the Cobra was then shipped to Minnesota, sold through the Ford dealer, then wrecked by its first owner who was killed in the crash. The Cobra was next sold to an Iowa man who bought a body for the wrecked Cobra from Shelby American in 1967 for \$1,400. The car's second owner turned around and sold the new body and chassis to a man in Louisiana who got the Cobra in running shape and sold it to yet another owner in 1970 for \$6,500. It was that guy, the car's fourth owner, who sold it to Bill and Bud Jones in 1971. Though the car is registered as CSX3102, its aluminum body came from CSX3005, which was sold to a buyer in Japan by Shelby American as a bare chassis sometime in the mid 1960s. ☐



68 HEMMINGS MOTOR NEWS



Warren was looking through a copy of the British magazine *Art & Automobiles* and saw a picture of a Daytona Coupe made from polished billet aluminum. It was made by artist Kevin Hicks. His website is: www.streamlinerdesign.co.uk



In his other life, Ted Warren is a doctor. One of his patients has a custom shop that specializes in paint and upholstery. This "GT500" golf cart is one of his latest projects.



Bob Barranger attending the Race of Gentlemen in Wildwood, New Jersey, back in October. It is an event featuring old hot rods on the beach in 1/8-mile heads-up racing. Not much Shelby or Cobra stuff to see there, right? Not quite, Bardahl breath. One of the spectators was wearing a CS logo shirt.

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Young received this postcard advertising wall-sized enlargements for garages, offices or speed shops. They can use any photo you supply, but look which one they chose for their ad. Can you say "1065 West Imperial Hwy"?



Hutchinson found a unique Cobra 1800 with a 12" steel "Snakebite" sign in the recent *Genuine Hot Rod* catalog. There seems to be no end to this stuff.



Hot Rod Magazine carried a blow-in subscription card that immediately fell out when Young opened the book. He spotted what looked like a '65 GT350 drag car. Actually the only GT350 cues are the hood and side stripes. With the current value of 1965 Shelys in the stratosphere, it's highly unlikely a real car was tubbed to carry 12-inch slicks and to get a full roll case. But Young still gets credit for an interesting sighting.



Cobras priced you out of the market? Hutchinson spotted these AC Cobra Juniors that may be in your price range. Front-mounted 110cc engine, 3-speed auto, chain drive, aluminum wheels. Top speed: 44 mph. Only \$19,500.



The same magazine had a page full of t-shirts and Warren homed right in on the '67 Shelby.



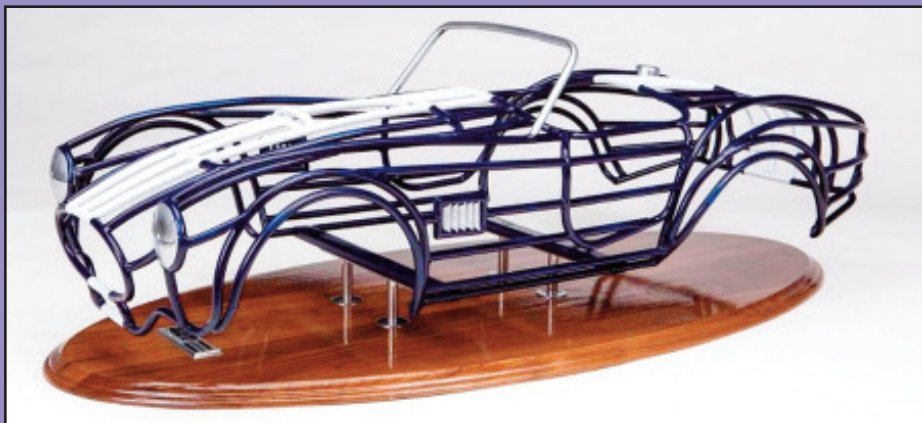
Young saw this photo of a GT350 Hertz car in *Hemmings Motor News*' October 2015 issue. The car was driven by Alberto and Silvia Bazan in the latest Great Race. The picture was taken in 117° heat near Lake Havasu City, Arizona



Warren was looking for speakers and found these Cobra Axial III units on eBay. \$24.99 plus \$9.95 for shipping. Think he bought them? How could he resist?



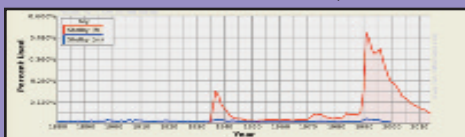
Autoweek used a response 3" x 5" post card to solicit subscription renewals. Barranger was quick to spot the Cobra on the cover of one of the issues they pictured.



Hutchinson spotted this story in the daily Hemmings Online News: it was an offer to sell "a home-operated 3/8" tubular steel 1:4 scale auto art sculpture manufacturing business. Reasonable welding and metal fabrication experience required. Retired artist/owner will train. Company can be operated anywhere in the USA." \$45K. We're left wondering how many of these you would have to sell to amortize the cost? Our guess: you should live so long, pal.



It may be difficult to determine from this photo but trust us – it's a cobra tattoo. The late replicant Zhora is pictured here in a screen grab from the movie "Blade Runner," captured by the ever alert Jim Hutchinson. We suspect this is his way of telling us there's not too much going on in his life right now, what with the winter weather keeping him from putting any road miles on his 427 Cobra, CSX3327.



Young sent a graph showing the popularity of the name Shelby in the U.S. (males in blue, females in red). He notes a spike in 1990 but could not explain it. He is a fount of useless trivia.



Bob Barranger saw this patch from the Civil Air Patrol's Shelby Composite Squadron.



Warren saw a magazine ad for something called a Car Capsule. It's airtight storage. Naturally, the car they chose to encapsulate was, what else? A Cobra. It's \$1,695.00.



So there you are, driving along and minding your own business and you start to pass an unobtrusive white van, when – WHOA! – you’re looking at a cobra. Not the automotive type, but it’s the name that matters. This snake represents the Cobra Concrete Cutting Services. It was spotted by Nick Guisto of Hinsdale, Illinois. We have to say that the current era of almost everyone carrying cell phone cameras is responsible for a noticeable uptick of Eagle Eye sightings. In the “old days” not many members had a camera with them at all times and while they might have spotted something like this, they would not have been able to capture it and share it by immediately emailing it to us.



1967 Shelby owners will be drooling down the front of their shirts when they see Craig Shefferly’s version of an Adirondack deck chair. As a resident of White Lake, Michigan, Shefferly’s “home track” is Road America so it’s no coincidence that the background on the chair shows an R-A corner with appropriate signage. As the owner of ‘67 GT500 #887, a dark blue car, it’s no coincidence that the chair is a reflection of his car.



“A parade of classic cars on display in Paris’s Grand Palais before this year’s Tour Auto Optic 2000 race” is how this picture was captioned in the September 2015 issue of *Conde Nast Traveler*. Picking out the Cobra in this crowd of sports cars is a feat that defines an eagle-eye. You might think that having spotted this gem, Greg Melnyk of Arroyo Grande, California would have closed the magazine and moved on. After all, what are the chances of seeing another Cobra in the same travel magazine? But you never can tell. An article on the Paris To Barritz Rally featured a picture of what we’re guessing was the same Cobra. It must have been a slow day because Melnyk continued reading the magazine and discovered a mention of a “cherry red Cobra” in an article about a Los Alamos, California winery tour.



We just can't used to seeing a 427 Cobra on an Internet site banner when it's the last thing we expect to see. You check out the news on the Drudge Report or Yahoo News and read a story. At the end, you're presented with a number of windows along with some banner ads: "16 Child Stars Who Grew Up To Be Super Attractive" or "Cameraman Captured More Than Expected" or "20 Celebrities Who Have Gone Broke." A Superformance banner pops up almost randomly and unexpectedly. It's like getting poked in the ribs when you're not looking.



Plastic shopping bags have recently been banned in most of California thanks to the Watermelons (green on the outside but red on the inside – think about it) so Greg Melnyk of Arroyo Grande, California discovered a new use for the canvas shopping bags he has collected during his visits to the various auto auctions. Barrett-Jackson and Hagerty give them out in order to get their brands seen during and after the event. Thanks to Melnyk, they are also seen in grocery stores, too. B-J sold Shelby's twin-Paxton 427 S/C, CSX3015, owned by noted Arizona collector Ron Pratte a few years ago, but they are still riding that wave. The Guardsman Blue roadster is instantly recognizable and a real attention-getter. It's hard to find a better car to use to advertise your company.

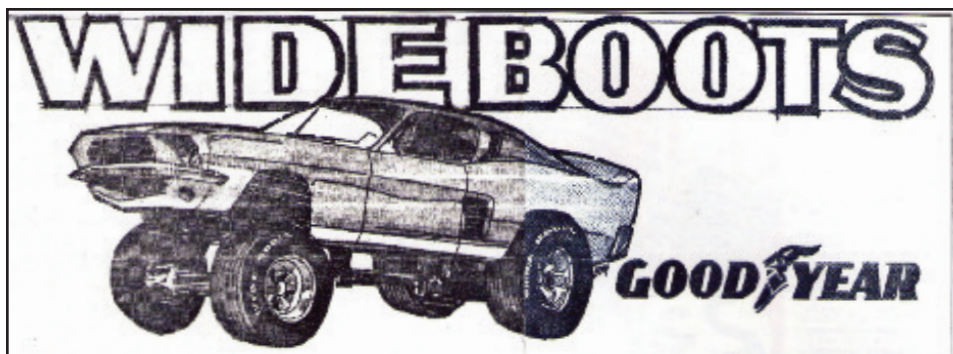


Believe it or not, there is a magazine titled *Chrono* which is for wristwatch enthusiasts what *Road & Track* is for car people. A recent issue, brought to our attention by Gary Fisk of Lomita, California had an article titled "Racing Colours" which was subtitled, "The 50th anniversary of Shelby's World Sportscar Championship inspires the Cobra Edition of a classic chronograph." Watch maker Baume & Mercier teamed up with Shelby American to create a pair of watches for the European market. The entry level model coats a "reasonable" £3,000 (\$4,539 US) or for £13,300 (\$20,122) you can have one of 98 special editions. Your move.





Tom Dankel of Hollister, California was recently visiting Las Vegas and happened to see this indoor billboard in the Mandalay Bay Hotel. Maceoo shirts are about a hundred bucks a crack or more and they are available at Misura, an upscale men's clothing store in Las Vegas.



Back in the Winter 2013 issue we ran this illustration of a proposed Goodyear billboard ad for a new model of tire they were going to call "Wide Boots." That apparently never happened but the illustration we discovered in Shelby records was attached to a hand-written note that said, "*This is a rough layout of the '????? Billboard' to be used in California.*" As we said, it was a hand-written note and the missing word was illegible. All we could tell was that it started with an "R." Three years later Greg Melnyk rides to the rescue. He determined that the missing word was "Revolving" which designated a revolving billboard. That was the leading billboard technology in 1968 (the memo was date-stamped October 19, 1968). Melnyk also sent us a picture of a Goodyear Wild Boots decal/sticker that was available during that time. Goodyear never released their "Wide Boots" tire but Firestone marketed "Wide Ovals" which were used on performance cars in the late 1980s/early 1990s. Goodyear chose "Polyglas GT" as a competitor to Firestone's "Wide Ovals."



Dankel was also pleasantly surprised to see this picture of a '66 GT350 in his local newspaper, the *San Jose Mercury News*. The article, printed in their Saturday "Drive" section, concerned car insurance and the picture had no real significance to the article.



Craig Shefferly is at it again. This time it's an early GT350 lawn chair. Now we're waiting to see the 1968 and 1969 models. Let's go, Craig – it's going to be a long, cold winter in Michigan. You need something to occupy your time!



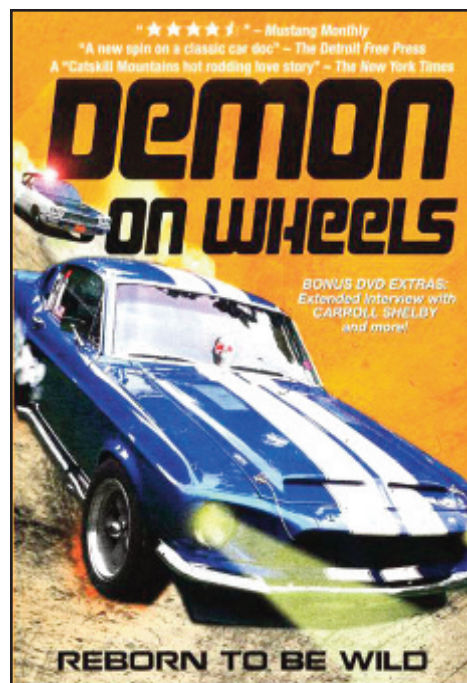
Brian Card of Seattle, Washington came across a very interesting video of a piece of machinery that can move in any direction. It was called the "Cobra" and the name on the sides uses the proper type style.



Don Johnston of Honolulu, Hawaii spotted this kid's arcade game set-up in a Hammacher Schlemmer catalog. It says it's for ages 4-14 so unless you're Bob Shaw, forget about getting your licks in. And, oh yeah — it's \$6,900. In case you don't know, Hammacher Schlemmer is a store in New York City that has a huge catalog full of, as they advertise, "things you never knew existed." And, we should add, things you probably don't need in the first place. It's like one of those gadget catalogs you find in the seat pocket of an airliner – times 100. We should also add that their stuff is extravagantly priced. It's surprising that a pinchpenny like Johnston would waste his time looking at a catalog like this.



Certainly one of the neatest things to come to our attention a long time is this wedding cake topper that Deborah Hitchcock of Granite Falls, Washington found. It depicts a groom being pulled away from his Shelby by the bride. It actually popped up on her Facebook site. Go to http://ebay.com/themecaketoppers/_i.html?_nkw=%2CGT500%2CGT350%2csnake&2Cmustang%29&submit=search&_sid=8255451 They have several different ones including Boss 302s and a 2014 Mustang GT. Cost is about \$140. We note there are no Cobras and it's obvious why: If you're having a big wedding with a cake topped by a cartoon sculpture like this you're likely younger and could not possibly afford to own a Cobra. If that's coming it would be later in life.



Several SAAC members sent us info on this DVD, *Demon on Wheels*. We haven't seen the 88-minute film (yet) but the description on the box sums it up pretty well. "*Demon on Wheels captures a former speed demon, and moonshiner, now an aging mechanic in a sleepy Catskill Mountains town, who risks it all – his health, his security, even the love of his life – to restore and race the prized car of his wild youth, a 1968 Ford Mustang that's been hidden away untouched for three decades. Mike Ondish decides to chase racing glory one last time, hoping to rekindle the spark in his relationship, and rediscover the thrill of a fast car and the wide-open road. But will his quest to restore the car, bolt by bolt, as a tribute to muscle car legend Carroll Shelby restore him? Or will the love triangle between Mike, and Martha, his girlfriend of 30 years, and the Demon lead him to crash and burn? What happens when a car becomes the other woman?*"

While the movie may not exactly be Academy Award material, the description does make it sound like a worthwhile way to blow an hour and a half. The picture looks like a Shelby but they say "Mustang" in the write up, so who knows? If anyone got this DVD for Christmas let us know. You can become a movie reviewer.



CNN's "Style" section of their online website carried an essay on automobiles written by Michael Kockritz, the editor of the German car magazine *Ramp*. Included were a dozen photos which were taken from the hardcover book, "A Passion for Cars – The Best of Ramp." The magazine has been in print for seven years – 30 issues – proclaimed as if it were some sort of a milestone. Heck, after seven years *The Shelby American* was just getting warmed up. This book has chosen the best of their photos. Two of the twelve included on the CNN site caught the eye of Yvonne Kirk of Baltimore, Maryland. Daytona Coupes have a way of doing that.



Car Guy Garage is a website that offers all manner of garage cabinets, benches and organizers, storage racks, lifts and just anything else you can think of to make your garage furnishings look better than your kitchen's. Yes, your wife will love that! Their hook is that they post photos customers send them of their own garages. If you are a "car guy" you never tire of looking at someone else's garage. Once in a while someone sends in a picture of a Shelby or Cobra. www.carguygarage.com



Greg Melnyk was looking through a British automotive magazine and spotted this solid aluminum sculpture of a Daytona Coupe, polished to achieve a dazzling finish. It's almost a foot long and only 100 examples will be made. Cost? £1200. That's about \$1,800 US. A bit pricey? You judge. www.streamlinerdesigns.co.uk



This embroidered patch, about 3" wide, was given to Shelby salesmen who met their quota of selling 1968 models. It has to be one of the rarer items in anyone's collection.



While driving through central Oregon to Idaho we spotted white canopies with blue LeMans stripes everywhere. They were used to store bales of hay but we couldn't help thinking that there must be some reason why they were white and blue. It was not obvious to us. And was Shelby getting a royalty on each one?





RUNNING IN THE RAIN

AND NO CARS MELTED

October 26-27-28, 2015

– EARL MORRIS

It is a rare occasion to leave everyday life behind. Making that break even sweeter is when you can take your life companion – in my case, my wife Mollie – on a great adventure. In a GT350. We drove over the river and through the woods last mid-October for three full days of excursions expertly planned by Tom Cotter, noted automotive author (“Cobra in the Barn”) and car collector, who is also known for his Cobra driving tours. The purpose was to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the GT350. After ten years of Cobra tours, Tom has the whole process down to a science, including every last detail – except for

the weather. I’ll get to that later.

Tom and his wife, Pat, the gracious hosts of the driving tour, went out weeks in advance and drove all of the routes, making very exact and detailed driving directions. Tom made very professional tour guide books for each participant. Each book not only contained the route directions but also contained past and present photos of participants and their cars, which Tom had requested in advance.

The home base for the GT350 tour was the historic Snowbird Mountain Lodge, owned by Robert Rankin. It is located on the mile-high scenic Cherokee Skyway in the Nantahala National

Forest, about fifteen minutes west of Robbinsville, North Carolina. The lodge was built in 1940 and sits high up on a mountain top with amazing views of the surrounding mountains. The driveway leading up to the lodge was steep enough to challenge the strongest mountain goat and it sure sounded good to hear the GT350s working their way to the top.

We all met at the Snowbird on Sunday afternoon to settle in, get the cars lined up and relax before the tour started on Monday. It was a good time to catch up with old friends and meet new ones. The parking area of the lodge was packed with thirteen



6S2301



GT350s: four '65s, seven '66s and two '67s. It was an awesome display and there was a good variety of colors as well: white, blue, red, green, even Tom's rare white '66 with gold Hertz stripes. Tom also had impressive decal clingons made with each participants' serial number to place on our doors.

The Snowbird fed us well, as three meals a day were included in our stay, including a delicious four-course meal every night. Prior to the evening meal we would gather around the fire pit to share a cocktail and a few car stories. Each night for dinner Tom made sure that different participants would pair up with someone they had not yet met to ensure we all knew each other before the end of the trip. Tom also addressed the group about the agenda for the following day and then opened the floor for anyone who wished to relay their Shelby story. Chuck Cantwell was also present and one evening he enlightened us with a few of his historical tidbits.

Day 1 - a Wet Ride to Highlands

Rain, rain, rain. Remember earlier, I mentioned that Tom had every last detail planned? The tour was planned nine months in advance and there was no way he could anticipate inclement weather. The remnants from a hurricane that came into Texas and was moving northeast made sure we were wet for all three days of the tour. While it was not a complete washout with torrents of heavy rain, it was steady. My wife packed her rain boots and several people remarked on her smart wardrobe choice.

Most of these cars probably have

not seen any rain in over twenty years, but it was what it was. Everyone that owns one of these cars knows how well the wipers and defrosters work, right? A couple of times we were in such high elevation that we were in the clouds and visibility was about nil. This was not ideal for modern, everyday transportation; much less for a fifty-year old GT350. In a strange way, because we were using these cars in whatever conditions nature could throw at us, it made the tour more interesting.

A special surprise guest joined us on Monday for the start of the tour, automotive journalist Steven Cole Smith, who was writing an article for *Automobile Magazine*. He arrived driving a brand new 2016 GT350 that he had just taken delivery of from Ford's public relations department. The manufacturer's tags still attached. Smith was doing a road test on the new GT350 and how much more fitting could it be than to join a baker's

dozen vintage GT350s on some of the best driving roads in America. This immediately elevated the tour's "cool" factor. Smith and the new GT350 stayed with us for all three days of the tour and each night he shared some interesting automotive stories.

Tom Cotter is very disciplined about having all participants lined up and ready to go promptly at 9:00 a.m. It was quite a sight to see all the cars lined up and snaking down the steep and curvy driveway of the Snowbird as we headed out on Day 1.

As we headed up into the mountains, the roads became very tight and curvy with plenty of switchbacks and S-curves. With no power steering (on the '65-'66s, anyway), it was quite a workout and we joked that our forearms had grown by the end of the day. We passed by several waterfalls and stopped a couple of times for scenic photos. It was the peak of the fall colors in this part of the country and it



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made the drive even more memorable. Some of these roads were so tight that I met a box truck at one point and I didn't think he and I could fit through at the same time.

We arrived in Highlands, North Carolina, a very posh town with many eclectic shops and restaurants on the main street. I held on tightly to my wallet, as this was an unforeseen bonus for my wife. Highlands is a unique town, often described as "the Aspen of the East." We spent several hours in town for lunch and exploring (shopping) and then headed out for the rest of the drive back to the Snowbird.

On Monday night we were joined for dinner by special guests Ron and Nancy Johnson. Ron is the unofficial mayor of the Tail of the Dragon. Since we would be driving the route on Tuesday, Tom invited Ron and Nancy to join us and they shared a few stories about the circuitous road. Ron and Nancy operate the Tail of the Dragon T-Shirt Shack at Deals Gap, located at the beginning of the drive, as well as the website dedicated to the famous road: Tail of the Dragon.com They are responsible for the large dragon sculpture which is the Tail of the Dragon's



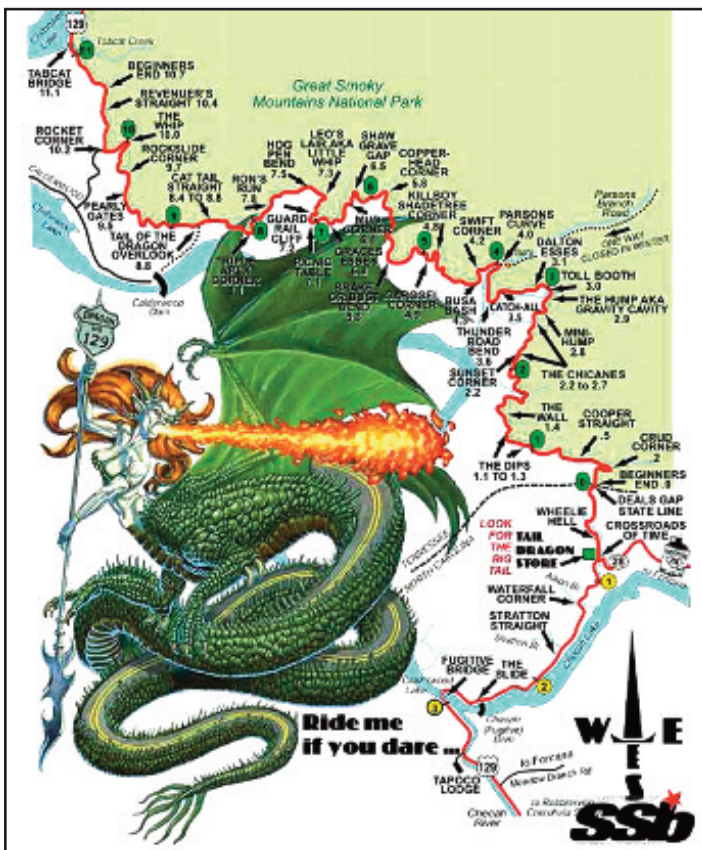
trademark. The drive is known for its 318 turns in 11 miles.

Day 2 - Taming the Dragon

We left the Snowbird Tuesday morning and headed to Deals Gap, North Carolina, located at the North Carolina/Tennessee border. We explored Ron and Nancy's Tail of the Dragon store and bought t-shirts and decals before heading out on the drive.

The Tail of the Dragon is a section of US129 that runs through the Great Smoky Mountains and Cherokee National Forest. The scenery was fantastic but the curves were even better. With no intersections or driveways as hazards along its eleven miles, it made for an exhilarating drive in a classic GT350. It did not disappoint.

At the end of the Dragon we all pulled into a lot next to Chilhowee Lake. This was an ideal spot to line all





the cars up for a photo op. Steven Smith had a photographer who had joined us for the day. He was there to do a photoshoot for Smith's magazine article. After the shoot we headed back up into the mountains, stopping for lunch at a scenic area and eventually climbing 5,400 feet in the clouds before heading back to the Snowbird for cocktails and another fine meal.

We headed out on Wednesday for

Hayesville and he personally invited us to park our cars around the town square and enjoy lunch in their gazebo.

After lunch, Lee Cross invited the mayor to drive his 1965 GT350 around the block. The local police chief, who had also joined us for lunch, took particular delight in ribbing the mayor for all the noise he was making with the '65's side exhaust. We headed out of

town attracting plenty of attention with all fourteen cars lined up, sounding like the starting line at Riverside in 1965.

Along the scenic route we made a stop at the Hiwassee Dam and Lake. Like a miracle, the sun popped out briefly and we were able to get some good group shots of the cars. Driving the Cherohala Skyway back to the Snowbird was like a wonderful journey, stripes and pipes winding through sweeping turns with breathtaking views around every corner.

The last evening's dinner was a great way to wind down and relax with all the new friends we made during the week. Even with all of the great cars and driving, the best part of the event was the group of participants that Tom had assembled for this special event. Mollie and I left feeling like we had known everyone for years, not just a few days.



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Day 3 - A Thrill Fit for the Mayor

the last day of the tour. Our first stop was a visit to a private car collection that Tom had made prior arrangements to see. The host of the car collection was very gracious and had plenty of good stories behind each of the cars in his collection. We stayed for about an hour and a half, but could have easily spent the entire day and still would not have seen everything.

Next, we headed for a small town in southwestern North Carolina called Hayesville. Tom had met the mayor of





As more and more of these cars are finding their way into collections, museums or just being trailer queens, it is refreshing to get the cars out and drive them as they were meant to be. Not just drive them down the street or around the neighborhood, but to really stretch their legs on some of the most scenic and twisty roads in America. That is just what we did in the far western mountains of North Carolina and parts of Georgia and Tennessee.



GT350 50th Anniversary Tour

5S198	Shaun & Suzanne Lowry
5S545	Deb Bigelow/Phil Murphy
5S547	Lee & Felicia Cross
5S549	Roger & Sissy Morrison
6S490	Tom & Pat Cotter
6S796	Chuck & Joanne Cantwell
6S1342	Dave Redman & Sammy Earl
6S1541	Jim Sfetko & Penny Sharp
6S1732	Brant Halterman & Laura Hall
6S1995	Roy & Linda Crowninshield
6S2301	Earl & Mollie Morris
67 #145	Woody Woodruff & Janet Barber
67 #1413	John Callis
'16 GT350	Steven Cole Smith



Photos: Darryl Cannon, Brant Halterman, Earl Morris, Dave Redman and Jim Sfetko.



Twisting the Dragon's Tail

A GT350 Tour through parts of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia

– **Chuck Cantwell**

In the spring of 2015, Tom Cotter of “Cobra in the Barn” fame, approached with the question of whether I thought a GT350 Tour similar to his Cobra Tours would be of interest to folks and would I consider participating. My response was positive, and soon invitations were in the mail. Participants from nine states responded.

Tom had used the Snowbird Mountain Lodge in Robbinsville, North Carolina previously as a starting point for Cobra tours and selected this location as the headquarters for the GT350 50th Anniversary Tour. There is a western point of North Carolina that projects under the slant of eastern Tennessee, above the South Carolina and Georgia borders. This point lies just below the Great Smoky Mountain National Park in the mountain range and contains mile-high peaks and some very curvy, rolling roads; just what GT350s and Cobras love. It was a perfect tour location. The Snowbird Mountain Lodge provided a beautiful rustic setting with lots of wood and stone as well as an outstanding view of the Smoky Mountains.

I usually plan to drive my ‘66 GT350 to events, but once I discovered it would be a 700-mile drive just to get there, and with other considerations, I decided to ship my car to a friend’s house in Loudon, Tennessee. It was southwest of Knoxville where Joanne and I would fly into. This ended up being a bit of a logistics problem, because auto shippers don’t run on a schedule like a bus, and they can’t load and unload just anywhere. By giving them a large pickup window, the car

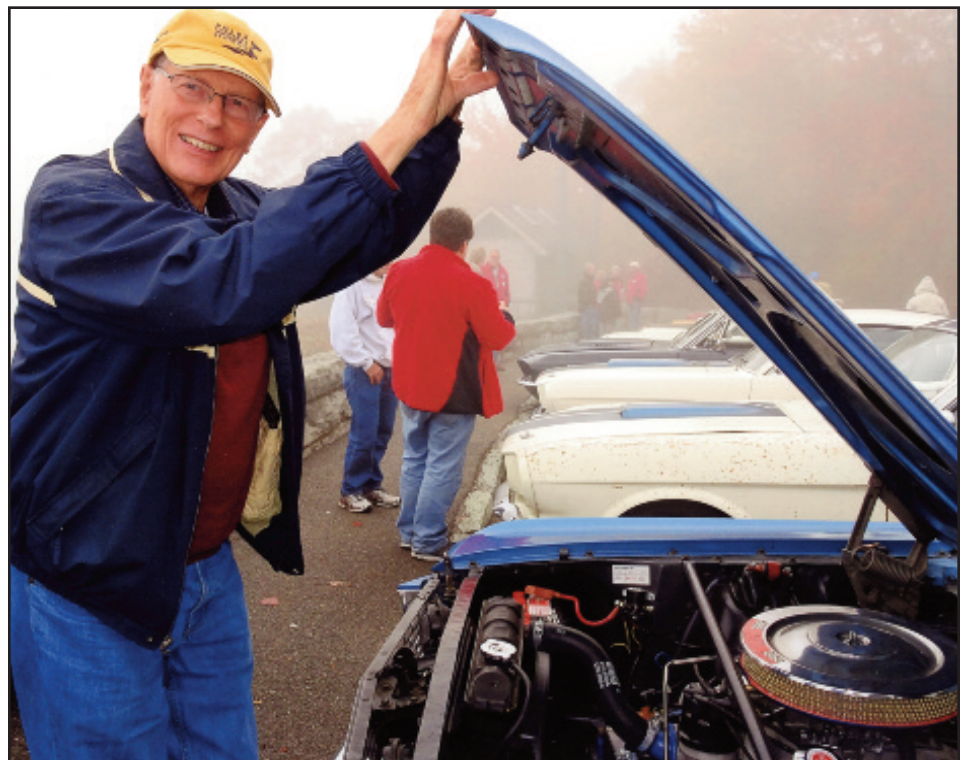
got there in time for us to head for the Snowbird and get ready to tour.

While picking the car up, I met up with a fraternity brother in the area who I had not seen for sixty years. I found that, for a period of time, he had lived next door to the famous Don Sullivan (Sully), a good friend of Henry Ford, who designed the GT350 Hi-Riser intake manifold. He had a few good Sully stories.

Sunday we pulled out of Loudon and drove the 75 miles to the Snowbird over the Cherohala Skyway, which rises to 5,400 ft. and were rewarded with a preview of the area’s stunning fall colors. Upon arriving, we met the Tour participants, received our “goody” bag with jacket, souvenirs

and Tour roundels for the side of our car with our Shelby serial number on it. Everyone found a gas station then we enjoyed a wonderful dinner at the Lodge, where breakfast times and starting directions for Monday’s drive were provided.

Fourteen cars and crews were assembled for the Tour, including 1965, 1966 and 1967 GT350s, as well as writer Steven Cole Smith with a Ford-supplied 2016 GT350. He was preparing a story for *Automobile magazine*. One of the 1967s was Woody Woodruff’s very early car which had the auxiliary brake and turn signal lights on the upper quarter vents. That was a good idea before its time but the California DOT vetoed its use.





It was always one of my favorite features and it was a pleasure to see them in action.

After an early breakfast on Monday, the Tour was off at 9:00 sharp following Tom's lead. The Monday portion covered a lot of territory. There's not much flat land on the back roads of far western North Carolina and we did numerous ups and downs on the curvy, damp roads offered that day. We kept moving at a good clip and the morning drive took us through Franklin to Highlands, North Carolina for lunch, partially along "Moonshiners 28" – a very twisty two-lane with lots of scenic attractions. At Highlands, lunch was at a choice of several restaurants in town. We chose, with a few other Tour participants, the old Edward Inn and Spa, a nice hotel, dating from a beginning in 1883 with modern construction in 1935. We left Highlands at the back end of the group and had to play "catch-up" on our way into Georgia, to Dillard, and back into North Carolina where we followed the roads back to Rob-

binsville, noting roadside attractions and scenery. We returned to the Lodge in mid-afternoon.

Dinner was terrific with many choices and afterwards Tom briefed us on Tuesday's run to include the famous "Tail of the Dragon." Guests for the evening were Ron Johnson and his wife who ran the souvenir shop at the Deals Gap (population: 6) where the run would begin. He told how, after retirement, he had decided to promote

the Dragon route and let people know how special it was with its advertised 318 turns in eleven miles of ups and downs. He mentioned that Michael Schumacher had brought his motorcycle over from Germany to run the route. The Dragon is a favorite challenge for motorcycle riders. Johnson's shop hosts the Killboy group who photograph all the vehicles that run the Dragon every day and post the images on their website for purchase.

The next morning we awoke to see the results of a night time windstorm and found all of the cars covered with wet pine needles and leaves. After a hand-squeegee cleanup, we were off at 9:00 a.m. to the beginning of the Dragon, following a good warm-up route on some windy back roads. We stopped at the souvenir store at Deal's Gap where the "Tail of the Dragon" run begins. Lots of hats, shirts, souvenirs and decals were available and many purchases were made. We left as a group to take on the "Dragon" and it was an exciting 11 miles, especially with the wet surface and the multi-



tude of leaves on the curves.

We arrived at the end of the Dragon, intact and exhilarated at a parking lot by a lake which had been drained because of a dam leak, revealing a really low water level. A couple of uniformed fellows explained that they were “Security,” to keep scavengers from coming into the exposed lake bed with their shovels and metal detectors looking for Cherokee Indian relics and previously covered homestead items. Remember that the TVA project in the 1930s built numerous dams which backed up water into lakes and reservoirs and buried houses, settlements and small towns as the lakes filled.

After some cross country touring over a bit of more rolling terrain we returned to the Lodge via the Cherohala Skyway, enjoying a lunch stop (food prepared by the Lodge) at an overview on the 5,400 ft.-high route that brought us back to the Lodge entrance. That evening after supper I gave a short version of the early Shelby 350 program history.

On Wednesday we started what would be our longest day and encountered a bit of rain. Heading toward Hayesville, we crossed the Appalachian Trail in the process. We stopped at the Jackie Jones Mustang Collection behind his Dodge-Jeep dealership, a private but highly regarded collection of cars, parts, signs and lit-

erature that absorbed everyone’s attention for the entire time we had there. After we left the museum we headed for the Hayesville town square, parked, and had lunch in the Gazebo in the center of town. The mayor stopped by with the police chief and pointed out some of the historic features of the town. While Lee Cross allowed the mayor to drive his car around the Square (quite briskly I might add), we had the police chief engaged. Some of us also enjoyed the hospitality of an old-time ice cream shop on the town square.

We reluctantly had to move on to stay on schedule, and stopped for a group picture at the Hiwasee Dam rest stop where we could view the huge water turbine on display. From there we were tooling up curvy route 68 in Tennessee when Woody Woodruff’s ‘67 made a spin to the right and backed down a 10-ft. bank to a creek bed. Fortunately, he only mowed down some underbrush and did some minor damage to the underside of the car. No one was hurt and one of the Tour cars traveled to the next town to send a wrecker. Cell service was nonexistent at that spot.

We all eventually arrived at the Snowbird over the Cherohala Skyway in late afternoon. Tom Cotter volunteered to let Woody drive his car back home to the Charlotte area while he towed Woody’s car in his trailer, since

their destinations were close to each other and Woody had driven his car to the Tour.

After another nice dinner, Steven Smith gave an interesting talk about some of his adventures testing various cars over the years. Then everyone gathered for the last time in the Lodge screen house to watch Roger Morrison’s videos of prior Cotter and Drew Serb Tours. This had been a favorite gathering place before and after dinner during the Tour and had a wonderfully warm gas fire pit in the center surrounded by comfortable seating.

After breakfast in the morning there was lots of trailer loading activity and goodbyes. We headed back to the Knoxville area to leave our car for pickup.

The Tour contained some really well planned and challenging roads which we all enjoyed even though they were damp much of the time and, importantly, there were sufficient rest and gas stops spaced along the route. The wet weather probably was to our advantage as it limited traffic on the curvy roads and allowed us to keep up a brisk pace. The scenery was spectacular with brilliant fall colors in every direction and the many natural attractions like waterfalls and overlooks added to everyone’s enjoyment. Overall, it was a grand time with good people who appreciate the Shelby legend as well as each other.



Dinners every night were just an enjoyable extension of the tour’s vehicular camaraderie. Tom Cotter [right] employed his experience gained in planning Cobra tours over the years to make it an enjoyable time for everyone.



An especially nice touch were event door emblems that every participant received carrying their car’s serial number. The magnetic American flag/name/CS logo was something Mark Hovander created for the Pebble Beach Concours 75-mile drive when he shared 5S003.



They said it would never happen.

– Story and Photos by Harvey Sherman

In 1991, I attended the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance for the first time and brought the show's poster home with me. Writing about the 2015 event reminded me of it. Did I still have it? I did, framed and hanging in a hallway. It's a nice one, a print of a painting of a Rolls-Royce facing a Pierce-Arrow, parked in the evening in front of a mansion, their bright work and fender lines illuminated by house lights beneath the branches of a tree. Chauffeurs stand at attention beside them. Between the limousines, a man and a woman in formal evening attire, embrace inside the house behind two stories of windows. Tall chauffeurs stand like statues, a scene right out of "The Great Gatsby." I could imagine Edward Hermann, long time fixture in the automobile concours world before his passing, playing piano, hidden behind a mansion wall as he did in the 1974 film.

During the Amelia Island Concours in March 2014, I first heard what I considered to be a rumor that Ford Mustangs might be accepted in the Pebble Beach Concours in 2015. Couldn't happen, I thought. It's a Concours d'Elegance. As much as many people love Mustangs, I'm not sure anyone ever called them "elegant." What would the Ferrari and Packard crowd say? Hadn't one of the Pebble bigwigs said something like, "There will never be a Mustang at Pebble Beach," when the subject was brought up during the 2013 Cobra weekend? The thought lingered. How could a rumor this nutty be completely without some truth, some possibility of it? It couldn't be. I brushed it off like an urban legend.

Sometime in the summer, or maybe it was the fall, I heard it again. I did a little investigation and discovered it was true. But it sounded like the cars would be on

display only, not part of the judged competition. The "Mustangs" would probably be relegated to the putting green, between the buildings for a few hours the day before the show, I thought. The space that was reserved for concept cars on Sunday.

One of my friends asked if I planned on going. He said he was going to take his car to the Rolex Monterey Reunion at the Mazda Raceway Laguna Seca track where early GT350s were the featured race cars. No, I said, too much trouble, too expensive. Then it happened. Sometime after Laguna Seca announced the GT350 would be the honored race car in its 50th anniversary, I learned the Pebble Beach Concours decided to include a GT350 Class in the judged competition. I knew two owners with cars that were accepted into the group. When would THAT happen again? It didn't take long to rethink my decision. I had to be there.



The week of the Monterey Historics is a series of vintage automotive events like no other, in a place like no other. Anyone who calls themselves car persons and has a chance to go and doesn't, at least once, should be taken behind the barn and shot. If someone they know owns a car that is accepted into the Pebble Beach Concours or featured in the Monterey Historics and doesn't go, they should be shot twice. I might be willing to be shot once, for my country maybe, but not twice.

If you never had the chance to attend, everything you've heard about the week-end is true. It's crowded. It's expensive. It's hard to get the room you want without booking months in advance and paying double the rate or more that is required any other time of year. You may have to book the room for a three or four night minimum. Some people begin looking for lodging for the next year on the day after the event ends. Or they leave a deposit with the place they stayed the current year as they checkout.

It's hard to get a reservation at a restaurant and it might take a while to get served after being seated. The roads are jammed and it takes forever to get around. It can be sunny and foggy, hot and cold on the same day. It can rain. It's nearly a week long, sixteen-hour-a-day hassle. And it's worth it.

The Monterey Bay is the only place I found in North America where the color of the sky and the water and the land between them resembles the northern coast of the Mediterranean. It's stunningly beautiful. The town of Carmel is adorable, Pacific Grove is wonderfully eclectic and Pebble Beach is simply magnificent. All of the coastline and the drive along it is wonderful, from San Francisco south to San Simeon as well as portions north and south of them.

Once Pebble Beach was a simple show featuring a few dozen cars viewed by a small group of enthusiasts. The current schedule of events, the number of cars participating and number of people attending is bewildering. It was free to the public when it began, along with the Pebble Beach Road Races in 1950. The Concours began asking for a \$1 donation in 1961. Since then, it has become "more expensive." Today's ticket is \$300 per person in advance and \$350 on the day of the event.

As of this writing, you can still view the 2015 Concours calendar page on the internet if you like to set your head spinning. It's a veritable week long automotive Disneyland, an amusement park of overlapping shows, tours, auctions and exhibits spread across Pebble Beach, Carmel, Pacific Grove and Monterey. Did I mention the Rolex Motorsports Reunion at Mazda

Raceway (formerly Laguna Seca Raceway). A week of sixteen-hour days are insufficient, even if you try to experience it a mile wide and an inch deep.

You can choose between a half dozen auctions, four days of vintage racing, arrival of the tour from Seattle at the Pebble Beach Lodge, the Pebble Beach Tour, the RetroAuto display and the Automotive Fine Arts Society display; the towns of Pacific Grove, Carmel and the Carmel Mission each have their own concours; there is a Classic Car Forum, Auto film and Arts presentation, Concours d'LeMans, the Little Car Show, Exotics at Cannery Row, the Concours Italiano, the Pebble Beach Concours d'LeMons, the Quail Gathering, various presentations and lectures and more, culminating with the Pebble Beach Concours on Sunday.

This year, seven Ferraris of the era retraced the Del Monte Forest Road Races, run at Pebble Beach from early to middle 1950s. Held on Friday, they lined up for display at the Pebble Beach Concours on Sunday. Even if you hate "red" cars, that was a special event. Shelby drove one when he won the last Del Monte Forest Road Race in 1957 in a 750 Monza Ferrari. *Sports Car Illustrated* named him "Driver of the Year." If there were no Ferraris, there would have been no Cobra - Ferrari Wars.



Something pleasant always happens when I attend one of these events. In 2013 I drove my Aurora, a slab side Cobra replica, from Seattle to Monterey for the Rolex Motorsports Reunion. While waiting in the ticket line outside the track, a teenager approached the driver's side of my car and offered a \$95 entry ticket. I accepted the ticket, got out of my car as he walked back to his father's car and offered to pay him for it. The father refused, saying, "I work at a car dealership. They gave me a few."

"No matter to me," I answered, "I'll pay you for it." "No, no," he said, as he waved me off. "We like your car."

"Then let me buy lunch for the two of you." He wouldn't have it. Nice things happen to you when you drive a car people enjoy seeing on the road.

I went to a Cobra owner's reunion at the Ritz Carlton Amelia Island bar in 2014. On the way out, one of the car owners handed me a ticket to the Concours. "Where did you get this?" I asked. "I found it on the floor." I was disappointed at having to buy a ticket in 2015. I lucked-out in 2013 and 2014. It was disappointing to have to buy a ticket in 2015.

In 2015, one of my friends added me to his crew list for the Rolex Monterey Motorsports Reunion and gave me a parking pass to a convenient lot. The editor of an on-line auto magazine convinced the marketing department of the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance to provide me with media credentials for the show. I was good to go.

During the week and Saturday, I attended the Monterey Motorsports Reunion, including the famous Tire Bridge photo shoot, where I was able to schmooze a place in the man-lift basket to take the famous "Tire Bridge" photo. I watched the races, had a great time, took plenty of photos. I'll leave the details for others and share my impressions and experiences of the other events.

The Del Monte Forrest race reenactment was really terrific. I felt lucky to attend the first time it featured Ferrari. Pebble Beach last opened the road for this event in 1990 for Allard. It is not a race. The cars traced three hot laps of the original course with driver and passengers in all but one of them, something really exciting to watch and to hear them run. One of the owners brought the 166 Mille Miglia Touring Barchetta Jim Kimberly overturned in 1951 trying to win the event for a second consecutive year. Kimberly's date for the weekend, Ginger Rogers, ran to the car and kissed him when he exited from beneath it in a genuine Hollywood ending. No such thing happened this year, but it was fun anyway. No one brought a 750 Monza like the one Shelby drove in the 1956 race, but a 1955 Ferrari 857S participated, essentially a 750 Monza chassis with the engine enlarged to 3.4 liters. Looking very much like the car Shelby won the race in, it was easy to imagine him behind the wheel.

The Pebble Beach Tour was open only to cars accepted in the Sunday Concours. As much as I like viewing the cars on the

fairway, watching them rolling down the road is even more thrilling. This 75-mile drive begins in the early morning from Pebble Beach Equestrian Center, passes through Carmel Valley, stops at a winery for a morning non-alcoholic snack, turns south to cruise down the coastal highway to Big Sur, and then returns for lunch in Carmel where it becomes a free public display of the cars which are entered in the Sunday Concours.

Chuck Cantwell drove the GT350 prototype for car owner, Mark Hovander. Peter Brock came to the start for greetings, well wishing, and photo-ops. Mr. Brock has a great smile and a warm temperament, very understated and appreciated in light of his accomplishments in motorsports and in the presence of the prototype GT350 he designed. The tour made a mess of the cars, but a local Ford dealer was kind enough to offer his shop to Mark Hovander so he and his crew could clean it up for the Sunday Concours.

After photographing the cars leaving the Equestrian Center, I walked to the media building to try to determine where to position myself along the tour. In 2013 I went to the lunch gathering on Ocean Avenue in Carmel, but it was so crowded that it was impossible to get good photos. I didn't want to repeat that. Selecting a location from the tour map turned out to be impossible. If you ever want to try this, I suggest you drive the route the day before.

When you need help, Pebble Beach volunteers are great. Unfortunately, I wasted too much time to get to Big Sur be-





fore the tour headed back, so they sent me to Highway One to watch them turn into the south end of Carmel. More than enough time remained to return to the Equestrian Center for the finish, where I couldn't help thinking the drivers and passengers looked like the happiest people on earth.

Incredible cars participated. Cunningham street cars impressed me the most. Maybe because I had never seen them in

person, let alone driving down a road. Bodied by European coachbuilder, Vignale, they are so rare and so beautiful. They look so advanced for an early 1950s American car. I can't help but wonder why, if he was serious about it, Mr. Cunningham couldn't have sold 10,000 of them and made a go at it. The 1952 C3 Vignale Coupe could pass for a 1960 design. I know, I know...this is a Shelby Club. Come on guys, there were no Cobras or Mustangs in the 1950s. Cun-

ningham is an American car, with an impressive racing record, even if most were Chrysler Hemi powered. The street cars were small coupes and cabriolets. Had they stayed in production, by 1962 they may have been Ford powered. I went to Monterey to see the Shelby's, but this was part of the experience and I'm glad of it.

During the week, I had access to the media building, a pre-fab event structure with greeting desk, WiFi, power, and long





tables for writing, photography editing and uploading. Food and drink materialized in the morning and continued nonstop through the evening until it closed. The official photography vendor posted photos to the website for professional use. They're still on Pebble's website as of this writing, and they are worth viewing. Temporary parking was available at the building and day parking at the Equestrian Center a half mile up the hill. I shared cart rides up the steep hill with golfers, some of whom

may have wondered what all the car stuff was about. Not even the annual concours will abbreviate a round at Pebble Beach.

The Pebble Beach Company and event organizers treat members of the media well. I couldn't help being amazed that I was sharing the press building with some of the best automotive writers and photo journalists in the world. Many languages were spoken, many articles written, and photos were transmitted to Europe, Japan, Central and South America. I peeked at

images on laptops that put my poor effort to shame, but I learned what is possible, and it provided goals.

One memorable evening I dined with an old friend, at "Fishwife" in Pacific Grove. The place was his recommendation and it proved to be a good one. Casual, reasonable prices, great food; a great place. Without a reservation be prepared to eat at the bar.

In the 1990s, manufacturers placed displays on the fairways above the Lodge.



Not having been there in years, the absence of many surprised me. Bentley, Ferrari, BMW, Porsche, Lamborghini and others now rent incredible villas at Pebble Beach for the week. These are palatially gated properties large enough to display the newest models in a courtyard or circular drive in front of a main house large enough for a “Gatsby Style” party. I saw no map of their locations, so assumed attendance to these functions were by invitation only, but if you stumbled in with a media pass you were welcomed. The general public could walk past the gates to see the cars, but may not be able to attend the private parties within. A visit to all of them would make a fine coffee table book of captioned photos and comments. A 2016 project, perhaps.

Somewhere along the way I ran into someone I had met at Amelia Island in 2014. He had described himself as a go-fer on the Newman-Haas race team back in the day, active now in the restoration business. He told me about six show cars he worked on, now resting in a rented garage he pointed to across the bay. They were brought in from LA for Sunday’s Concours. The home owner cleared his garage each year to rent it for a week of event storage and prepping. Guests are invited to the house to view “his collection.”

Sunday morning I strode into the Peb-

ble Beach Concours at 7:15 a.m., just early enough to watch some of the cars being driven onto the show field. The sun brightened the sky behind the coastal mountains, but had not yet risen above them. In light fog penetrated by early morning light, the property looked serene. Even at that hour, before the field officially opened to the public, there were enough volunteers, owners with entourages of relatives, well-wishers, car dusters, detailers, restorers, and photographers – known as the “Dawn Patrol” – trying to take photos before the deluge of humanity surrounds the cars to make it impossible to exclude people from the images. No matter. Automobiles look abandoned without us. No story emerges. What are they doing there? Why are they alone? Automobiles are machines born of purpose; more interesting in use than in resting.

I walked the show field, trying to take it in while it was still relatively uncrowded, but that proved impossible; not because there are too many cars, but because their quality and variety is so great it begs you to linger. Pick out a few, speak to the owners, and time has disappeared. You can never see all of them in any depth, but you can return to next year’s selection.

One of the displays I enjoy the most, are the unrestored cars. The rougher the better. There were only a few and I wish

there were more of them. Not that quality restorations aren’t enjoyable, there is something special about an owner willing to display a great car in deteriorated condition. Some people find it sad. I find it beautiful, like an aged portrait with all of its history. This is one of the reasons I love the Simone Museum in Philadelphia. It’s filled with great, unrestored race cars. I wince at the condition of the Daytona Coupe, but I like it the way it is.

It takes a year or two to restore a car to a higher quality than original manufacture. It takes decades to make a great preservation car. You can’t add patina to a cosmetically nice or restored automobile. Maybe an artist can, but would anyone do it? A car can age well like a fine wine for decades, in the opinion of some people, improving it. I believe in property rights. If you own it, do what you wish with it. Thank you to owners of preservation cars for leaving them as they are; for having the courage to display them unrestored. Save the restoration cost and buy two. Simone did OK.

I toured the Automotive Fine Arts Society pavilion. Sometimes I think I like the paintings more than the automobiles and this year was no exception. I love the scenes artists place the cars in with the significance of the automobile within. A sports car parked in a narrow street in an



Italian village, race cars screaming by a grandstand, muscle cars in the parking lot of a burger joint or a diner in Los Angeles, an assortment of Shelbys outside the airport facility, a Duesenberg or a Packard in the driveway of a fine mansion, a cabriolet or a woody at a picnic in the country, and always the people in the painting describe the activity. The string-back gloved suitor with the bundle of flowers for the girl looking down from the second story window, the drivers and crews, the fans and the journalists at the track, teenagers and their hot rods, dinner guests in formal attire, the family on a picnic complete the image, telling a story. The paintings drew me in, shook out the memories and made me daydream of being in them.

No visit to the Pebble Beach Concours is without celebrity sightings. Jay Leno is probably the best known of them. 2015 photos made me hunt for the one I took of him at the 1991 Concours. He doesn't look that much different. I found photos of Mr. Leno in the 2013 SAAC annual on pages 73 and 74, standing by his aluminum body 427 S/C Cobra replica at SAAC-11 in 1986. The associated article written by Rick Kopec, states Leno bought the first Gerisch replica for half the cost of an original 427 Cobra at the time. Pretty good deal in 2015 dollars. You can't buy an unpainted aluminum body for what Leno paid for his entire car. It must have been one of the first of his now extensive and eclectic collection. He still owns it. Leno looked like a tall, skinny guy in the 1986 image. I guess as he became famous between 1986 and 1991, his food budget grew with his income. Now he's, well, a little...bigger.

One of the remarkable things about Leno is the humility with which he interviews car owners, when his encyclopedic knowledge and experience with a make and model he owns himself, is such that he

may be as knowledgeable about the car as the car owner is. This is an impression formed from eavesdropping on his interview with John Atzbach on the concours field. Leno interviews respectfully, as if he genuinely wants to learn about the car, placing the owner in a position of greater knowledge. He makes it all about the car and the car owner, not about Jay Leno. It's easy to see why he was such a successful Tonight Show host. I doubt anyone does it better.

I listened to the leader of the three GT350 class judges describe how he felt about choosing the best of the cars in this class. He said something to the effect of, *"I do not feel fortunate to have to choose between these great cars that are all so well presented."*

During the judging, one of the owners left the hood down but unlatched. I noticed through the opening between hood and fender, the upper radiator hose leaking down the side of the radiator at the fitting. YIKES! I whispered to one of the people who restored the car. He quickly shut the hood before the judges noticed. One of the three award winning cars, the under-hood inspection had already been performed. It might have caused a conundrum.

One of the judges reported a license plate light was out, a point-losing offense. It only required the inspector to place his head under the bumper were he could see it was, in fact, shining. I've heard similar tales like the one when a judge listened to the exhaust note of a 12-cylinder Ferrari with the hood down, and chastised the owner for bringing the car on the field with a loose timing chain. That judge might have had the best ear in the history, but I doubt it.

Please shoot me if I ever enter a car in a judged concours competition. People's Choice, I love. Judge's Choice, not as much.

I admit though, competition makes for a quality presentation.

By now, you probably know John Atzbach's 1965 "R" Model, 5R002, the first Shelby team GT350 race car, was judged best in class. Mark Hovander's car, the GT350 prototype street car, 5S003, that started it all, followed. Bobby Rahal's GT350 street car, 5S558, was judged third best. The car was sold before most spectators had arrived home. Additionally – and significantly – Atzbach's car received the *Road & Track* Trophy for the car the editors of the magazine would most like to drive.

I wonder, of these earliest GT350s created by hand, thinly documented and modified during their 49 or 50 year life, if anyone knows what a perfect example actually is. I don't know how the judges identified and counted "defects" if any, or what criteria they used, but I feel that, in this case, their choices were good ones.

It would be inappropriate for me to render an opinion on the relative merits of any of these individual cars. For general observation, I can say this: the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance is a time and place reserved for the world's greatest automobiles. Some collectors spend fortunes acquiring significant cars, restoring them for acceptance, and never succeed. They can only dream.

By the time the awards were distributed in the late afternoon, and the winning cars rolled across the ramp to be celebrated by the crowd, I was exhausted from a nearly week-long car-fest; hot, dusty, probably dehydrated, tired from lugging around an overstuffed camera kit and laptop, and feeling ready for the 24-hour Concours d'Sleep.

From the water side of the ramp, you are not permitted to stand up to photograph the award presentation, so the view





of people seated on the fairway below remains unblocked by any would-be photographers. I did not want to be one of the jackasses who disrespected this. I might have taken photos from the Lodge, but in 2015 I declined the walk down the hill from the Equestrian Center, where I sat overlooking the Lodge and the bay before the ceremony began. I preferred not to walk back up the hill where my Jeep was parked, or wait in line for a golf cart ride at the end. I didn't think the world needed photos from my camera. I knew they would be available from other sources. Maybe next year.

This year, on the 50th anniversary of the GT350, one of the most important things happened in the history of these cars, for their current and past owners, for the Shelby American Company and the people who worked there. In 2015, the owners of eight 1965 or 1966 GT350s placed their cars on the 18th fairway behind the Lodge at Pebble Beach, and that was a great thing. They were accepted into the 65th Pebble Beach Concours d' Elegance, to be displayed and judged for the first time alongside Ferraris and Bugattis, Rolls-Royces and Bentleys, Duesenbergs and Packards; all the great automobiles that graced the field since the inaugural

event in 1950. One of the most selective automotive shows in the world, this places the GT350 as one of the great automobiles of the 125 or so years, so far, of the automobile age.

I'm not a reporter, a historian, an expert on any GT350 of any year. I'm a general purpose car guy who happens to like Shelybs and the people who own, show, race, restore, tour with, and maintain them. I am unqualified to address the specifics or significance of the cars which were accepted, and competed, in the class reserved for 1965 and 1966 GT350s at the 2015 Pebble Beach Concours d' Elegance. Any genuine Shelby guy who is reading this knows much, much more than I ever will, about any Shelby. The best I can do is describe the experience of attending.

A Shelby owner with a car in the show put it this way: "Having a car accepted by the Pebble Beach Concours is like reaching the Olympics." The best way of explaining what an owner with an unlimited budget is willing to do to get his car on the fairway, is to tell the story of the man who discovers his car isn't running before the day of the show, dispatches a failed component with a mechanic in a private jet, to a small town in a different state, where an expert on this particular component lives, so the re-

pair can be made and the device returned for installation before Sunday morning.

What of the owner of modest means, who performs himself as much of the restoration as possible, on a limited budget, working nights and weekends in his garage with his own hands – and wins? Not enough can be said in honor of his labor. If only an award can be given to the owner whose car is accepted by pennies pinched, knuckles scuffed and dirt under his fingernails.

A car may be great or humble. It may be preserved, restored, or abandoned and left to return to dust. The aspirations of humans are even more fleeting, impossible to preserve except in memory, in photographs, in video, in print. For some of the owners of the cars on display this year, placing them on the fairway was the achievement of a half a lifetime or more, of owning, preserving, and restoring automobiles, the fulfillment of a lifetime dream. There is no suspense in telling contemporaries about something that recently happened, but maybe someday, twenty years from now, someone will hand this issue of *The Shelby American Annual* to his son, or his nephew, or his grandson, and say, "Here kid – I was there. Read about it."

2015 Pebble Beach Concours

Class S: Shelby GT350 50th Anniversary Results

S-01	John Atzback, Redmond, WA	1965 GT350 Competition Prototype	5R002	1st
S-02	Mark Hovander, Seattle, WA	1965 GT350 Street Prototype	5S003	2nd
S-03	Dale Spahr, York, PA	1965 GT350 Production Prototype	5010	
S-04	Brent Galloway, Chesnee, SC	1965 GT350	5S246	
S-05	Bobby Rahal, Chicago, IL	1965 GT350	5S558	3rd
S-06	Len and Linda Perham, Carmel Valley, CA	1966 GT350 Prototype	6S001	
S-07	Michael & Barbara Malamut, Thousand Oaks, CA	1966 GT350 Hertz	6S698	
S-08	Neal & Vicky Hasheider, Santa Clara, CA	1966 GT350	6S1749	



PEBBLE or BUST

– Story and Photos by Mark Hovander

I have no idea how many people submitted entries for the GT350 class of the 2015 Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance. The class for these cars wasn't widely publicized. In fact, information was mostly spread via word of mouth. If more people had known about the GT350 class there would probably have been a lot more entries to choose from for the eight cars needed. I've been involved in a few concours events over the years and have been to Pebble three different times. Pebble Beach is in its own league. It is the top car show in the U.S. It's dead serious, old school and old money.

There was no set fee to enter the concours, but it was understood that participants make a charitable donation to the Pebble Beach Company foundation. At the top of the entry form was a list of suggested donations, starting with a check box for \$149,000 and above. I told John Atzbach I sent in a check for \$151,000, figuring I just bought myself the trophy. In reality,

my check was for \$1,500. The form also contained a section for the history of the car (300 words or less), prior awards and six photos. All of this was to help the acceptance committee determine who would get in and who would not. Pebble raised \$1.9 million this year. That's one of the things that makes it, truly, the big time.

Last year I entered 5S003 at Amelia Island and despite the effort it

took to prepare the car and get it nearly 3,000 miles to northern Florida, it was a lot of fun. I'm not sure the average Shelby owner knows that Pebble Beach is different from every other concours shows – even SAAC concours events. It is a U.S. version of the European tradition of automotive show competition in the area of elegance that began in the 1920s. Women in stylish dresses and hats were very



much a part of the cars' display and this can still be seen with some of the cars at Pebble. They are judged as flowing designs and hoods are closed so those lines are not disrupted. Fine details like grass in the tire treads are viewed as a fault in a car's overall presentation and appearance. Minute defects in the finish on the smallest part or an inconsistency in paint or chrome in an area difficult to see can easily prevent a car from finishing near the top.

For starters, it was a \$10K week for me. Everything was expensive, but the way I looked at it, after finally restoring the car and criss-crossing the country to bring it to more than a dozen different events, this was the last, tallest mountain to climb. If you get to Pebble Beach, you can go no higher. There is, maybe, one other show which might top it – Lake Como in Italy – but I doubt an modern American car would ever be accepted. Especially a Mustang.

I knew I was going to retire 003 at the end of 2015. There are some really nice '65s going through the restoration

process now. Let them get their shot at some gold. Some people restore cars throughout their lives with the goal of being accepted at Pebble Beach and never are. Others may think it is a wasted effort, but only a handful of owners have the persistence, stamina and budget to climb that mountain. I like the way Pebble entrant Brent Galloway put it: *"Just to be accepted is an honor. We're all winners, so let's be supportive of whoever wins. It's all about having fun."*

This year, in recognition of the GT350's 50th anniversary, Pebble Beach created a special class for them. It was something that probably won't happen again for a long time. At least until they run out of Duesenbergs, Packards, Cords and Stutz Bearcats.

In the event that GT350s are ever invited back to Pebble, my question is, how many GT350s are truly *"Pebble Quality?"* Another question is, how can a '65 Shelby, restored with overspray and drips on the floorpan the way it came from the factory, stack up to all of the over-restored cars at Pebble? The people who built the Packards,

Cords and pre-war French and British cars are no longer alive. None of the cars on the field at Pebble ever looked that nice when they were new. How could anyone look at a properly restored GT350 and still think it was restored to the same level as the other classics on display? There were over a million Mustangs built and there are still enough original cars left to show us how they looked when they were new. Do they even come close to Pebble's standards?

Pebble demands the best of the best. 5R002 and 5S003 came off of the prior year with top awards from the three leading Mustang/Shelby organizations, which demonstrated a high level of workmanship and historical accuracy. The organizers selected a small group of people to determine which GT350s should be accepted. The group was headed by Ken Gross. Along with Bruce Meyer, they were the ones who spearheaded getting a hot rod class accepted at Pebble Beach a few years ago. This is something that Pebble's original founders are, no doubt, still spinning in their graves over.





The Pebble Beach Tour led out of Carmel, onto Highway 1 and then south to Big Sur. Then back again. It would have been difficult to find more picturesque scenery. Thursday's road grime was cleaned off on Friday. Cypress Ford, in nearby Seaside, generously offered the use of a bay and a lift which made the job a lot easier. There was still a lot polishing and primping once the car got on the show field, but a lot of this may have been just busy work to make the wait for judging to begin less stressful. The subtext of a concours seems to be that a car can never be clean enough.



One of the most often asked questions was, why does the car have different wheels on each side? Pretty simple answer: when the car was first completed and publicity photos were taken at Shelby American, to illustrate that there was an optional mag wheel, photos were needed of the car with stock steel wheels and the five-spoke Shelby/Cragar wheels. Rather than swap four wheels halfway through the shoot, the mags were put on the passenger side. The result was that all early photos of the car with mags were passenger side shots and steel wheels were driver side shots.

I knew going in that the chance of winning First Place was slim because there was just no way that 5S003 was going to beat 5R002. John Atzbach put in a massive amount of effort prepping his car for Pebble. After I got accepted I spent about \$500, focusing my efforts instead on The Pebble Drive – a 75-mile circuit that entrants were requested to drive on Thursday. Not all accepted the challenge, but participation would be used to break any ties between cars.

I knew Chuck Cantwell would be in Monterey and asked him if he

would like to drive 003 in the tour. He quickly said yes. At that point I knew this would be 003's final event. Up to this time there were only 1.7 miles on the odometer since its restoration was completed. They came from driving it on and off trailers all year.

When a car is being judged in a number of different concours events, judges from one show may suggest changes needed to make the car closer to perfect. However, when you get to the next event, the judges there may not always agree with the previous judges. When owners start making

changes to correct deficiencies pointed out by previous judges, they can often be whipsawed by subsequent judges from different sanctioned events who may not agree. We would change a few things, only to have it suggested that we change them back. Then other judges suggested they be changed yet again. The inconsistency of judges can be frustrating. I have heard that there are changes coming in SAAC's concours and I hope this is one area that will be addressed. In the case of 003, all the 50-year old brake hoses, radiator hoses, spark plugs, oil filter and



We were fortunate to be recognized for Second Place. I'm pictured here with Chuck and daughter Nicole, who wanted to go to Monterey very badly. I wasn't sure she would have a good time but was I ever wrong. She was a big help in detailing the car and looking after Chuck. He's no kid anymore, and I wanted to make sure he stayed hydrated and did not get worn out. By the end of the day Nicole was then one who was worn out. She said she had trouble keeping up with him.

other miscellaneous parts were taken off the car to make it reliable on the drive. The dozen bugs that had not yet been addressed due to concentration on 003's appearance were corrected.

A few stressful initial drives ended up with 70 mph blasts on I-5 a week before she was shipped down to Monterey. By the time 003 left Seattle the mileage was 141. For the first time, I had confidence that she would complete the 75-mile tour. If there was a tie in the GT350 class, the winner would be the car that completed the tour. John Atzbach felt it was doubtful that 5R002 could have finished the 75 miles, since there was no way to lower the one-piece side windows – which would have caused heat stroke for the occupants.

Once I was at Pebble, one of my main goals was to make sure Chuck had a good time. He said he had been to the event once before, but this time it was his efforts of fifty years ago that

were to be celebrated on the grass and on the track. Chuck loved 003: he said the engine, cam, brakes and handling were smoother than his '66 GT350. Either he was exaggerating or it was a great compliment. Maybe both. All of the small mechanical details I spent two months working on prior to Pebble came together.

The car was not detailed until the day after the drive. 5S003 was filthy since one of the stopping points had been a dry grass field which had just been cut and the fan kicked up dust and grass that settled all over the engine bay. We spent a day and a half detailing 003 at the Cypress Ford dealership in Seaside, California. I had called them the month before, asking them if we could have a place to clean 003. Who better to ask than a sympathetic Ford dealer? They generously provided a bay and a lift. I remember one gawker walking by 003 at the end of the drive in Carmel and

saying, *"This car will never win because the paint is too flat."* Well, she polished up pretty well for Sunday.

This is probably more than you want to hear; a story within a story. But it's important to know that you don't need unlimited funds and a crew of professionals to get to Pebble Beach. You can have a great time, and you can say thanks to the guy who spearheaded the project fifty years earlier. All you need are a few people to assist, rolling up their sleeves because they also feel the car deserves to be at the event. I was lucky to be joined by good friend Craig "Wedgie" Johnson, Dave Mackey (who did most of the car's metalwork and offered the use of his truck and trailer to get the car from Seattle to Monterey) and Jason Rhodes (who handled the media-blasting of 003 and co-drove Mackey's truck). And, of course, "Miss Indispensable," my daughter Nicole. It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and now that it is



The crowd at Pebble Beach on Sunday was huge. So huge, in fact, that it's hard to believe there was also a full schedule of racing events going on out at Mazda Raceway. At \$300 to \$350 a ticket, it's a one-day gold mine for the charities they support.

over, it's time to retire 003 from the show circuit and just drive it. That was the grand scheme all along.

On the entry form I listed the entrant names for 003 as Mark Hovander and Chuck Cantwell. I wanted to give Chuck the opportunity of dealing with judges because he knew more about 003 than anyone. When the judges had questions about the car, I just wanted to look at them, shrug, and tell them I didn't know the answers – but, pointing to Cantwell, say that this guy does. Their reaction would have been priceless, but it never happened.

The Pebble Beach Concours is clearly in a league by itself. There really is nothing to compare it to. The quality of the cars, the unique one-off bodies, and the provenance of the cars is world class. The Pebble Concours is just one of four concours events, six auctions, five other sporadic car shows and the historic races which make up "Monterey Week." There is no way you can see and do everything from Tuesday through Sunday. You have to select one or two events per day, knowing that although everything is relatively close, traffic congestion makes things difficult.

For 2016, the Pebble Concours committee has created a class for the Ford GT40 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the famous 1-2-3 1966 LeMans finish. Monterey Week should be on the bucket list for every automotive enthusiast to attend, at least once. For those coming to Monterey for the first time, book your room early and if the prices scare you, try some of the smaller towns north or east of Monterey. If you want to see the best collection of high quality, historically significant GT40s ever assembled, it will be on the grass of the 18th fairway on August of 2016.



There is an iconic photo angle that, when you see it, you immediately know it is the 18th Green at Pebble Beach. I waited around after the crowds cleared out so I could position 003 in the precise spot, knowing it would never be here again. Unfortunately, a couple of Ferrari owners had the same idea, only they were waiting for the sun to set so they could get just the right picture. I couldn't wait two or three hours because I had dinner reservations with Chuck, my daughter Nicole and the rest of our team as well as some old friends, so this was as close as I got to the ultimate Pebble Beach photo.

OLD TIMER'S DAY

The 17th Annual Shelby American Employee Reunion was held at the Cobra Experience in November. 65 of the team attended.

– Rick Kopec

Picture the perfect place for a Shelby employee reunion. Lots of Cobras, historical displays and even some of the machines, welders and tools from the original factory in Venice. You would be picturing The Cobra Experience in Martinez, California. It was the site of the latest Shelby American employee reunion on November 6, 2015, the 17th in as many years; 65 heads were counted. We visited the museum during its grand opening, almost a year ago to the day, and the place seemed a little smaller because now it has more cars and a few new displays which took up some room. We are happy to report that Drew Serb and his dedicated crew of nepotists – wife Janet and daughters Emily and Kate – have really gotten a handle on the museum thing. Everything ran like a well-oiled 289 Cobra race engine.

SAAC member Bob Shaw of Fountain Valley, California has been spearheading Shelby employee reunions ever since they began. In fact, he was the one who began them! A long time Cobra enthusiast, he had been attending Southern California car shows, meets and open tracks for as long as anyone can remember. Once in a while at these events he would run into some of the people who were part of the Cobra Team or who worked for Shelby American at various times be-

tween 1962 and 1970. What started out as a handful of people when Shelby built the first Cobra soon expanded to more than four dozen when the Venice facility was humming. Two years later, when the company had outgrown the buildings on 1042 Princeton Drive and moved to the two, cavernous North American hangars at the edge of Los Angeles International



Bob Shaw, founder and spark plug of the Shelby American employees' group, otherwise known as "The Donkey Fund."

Airport, the number of employees was probably close to three hundred, including Ford employees temporarily assigned to Shelby American.

In 1995, Shaw had bumped into enough former Shelby folks that he realized there was a desire among most of them to keep in touch with each other. On his own, he started to compile a directory of contact information. He put together a list of employees and sent each one a questionnaire asking them for their addresses and phone numbers, the dates they worked for Shelby American, what their job title was, and would they allow their contact information to be included in his directory. He explained that dissemination would be limited to only those who were in it. Making it public could open the floodgates to enthusiasts and car owners who were always hungry for information, cars or leads; Shaw was afraid it could invade the privacy of these people and make them regret ever responding to his questionnaire. He included a list of everyone he had on his contact list and asked one other important question: did they know anyone who worked at the company who was not on the list?

The responses Bob Shaw received were slow coming back at first, but as word circulated through the ranks of Shelby American alumni the flow of information picked up. Shaw's list be-



Many Shelby employees had a sense that the time they spent in the employ of the company was magical, and when they left they took things with them that had no real value at the time except as mementos. Fifty years later the Cobra Experience provides a perfect place to display them. The file cabinets and desks came from the office at Shelby American's Venice facility. Ron Butler was one of the first fabricators hired and he remained until Shelby's doors were closed in January of 1970. A lot of the machines and tools that went from Venice to LAX to Shelby's Torrance race shop ended up with Butler and were used in his fabrication and race shop. As he was nearing retirement he couldn't find anyone interested in his equipment. It might be fifty years old but it still works. The trouble is, not many people starting out in the business know how to work it today. And anyone old enough to know is probably ready for retirement themselves. The orange chest accompanied Butler throughout his tenure as a Cobra mechanic.

came several lists: known alumni; those were sent questionnaires but who had not responded; names which were known but addresses were not ("Where Are They Now?"); and the "Checkered Flag" list of people who had passed away. As the directory progressed, all four lists grew. Still acting on his own, Shaw printed copies of the directory once a year and mailed them out to everyone he had an address for (about 125 at the beginning). Another list was drawn up, comprised of independent racers who campaigned Cobras, GT350s, GT40s and Trans-Am cars, crew members and mechanics. While not drawing Shelby American payroll checks, they nonetheless played an important part in the company's history. Also on the list were reunion supporters and sponsors.

Bernie Kretzschmar, who had worked in Shelby American's race shop building R-Models and Trans-Am notchbacks, also took an interest in the directory and pitched in to help Shaw. Some of the former employees were a little hesitant to talk to an "outsider" like Shaw but when they were contacted by Kretzschmar they were much more receptive. When Carroll Shelby learned what was going on he threw his support behind the effort.

In the last few years of his life, Shelby quietly donated \$10,000 a year to the fund. It was used to not only defray the expenses of the annual reunions but in some cases to cover burial expenses or ancillary costs for employees who passed away without any assets.

After leaving Shelby American,

the vast majority of alumni settled in California; most in the southern portion of the state. Some went north and some to Oregon and Washington. A few who had come from Ford in Michigan gravitated back there. Because the majority had been from Southern California originally and were still there, it only made sense to hold the reunions in the L.A. area. Whenever possible the get-togethers were planned as part of one of COCOA's open track weekends at Willow Springs. When SAAC held conventions at California Speedway, Shaw planned a reunion there. Having a large number of cars – especially Cobras and GT40s – provided an excellent background for the reunions, which consisted of a lunch, plenty of social time, the obligatory group picture and attending SAAC's dinner and evening program. For the club, it meant having a long list of potential guest speakers to choose from. Other venues were also used, such as a large car show at Woodley Park in Los Angeles, Shelby's facility in Gardena or at the NHRA Museum in Pomona. The once-a-year event kept Shaw and Kretzschmar hopping.

Bob Shaw had attempted to fold the 2015 reunion into the August Monterey Motorsports Reunion at Mazda Raceway. The 50th Anniversary of the GT350 would be an obvious tie-in. However, there were already a lot of activities planned for the weekend. The track had a large footprint and massive crowds are always part of the scene. Shaw quickly realized that trying to insert a Shelby employee re-

union into this event, which would require a catered sit-down lunch for as many as fifty or more geriatrics and their spouses and families would be a bridge too far.

He was lamenting his problem to Drew Serb and lights went off over both their heads simultaneously. Serb was looking for some way to celebrate the Cobra Experience's first anniversary and Shaw needed a place for the 17th reunion. The only pinch was that the Cobra Experience was five hours north of Los Angeles and all of the potential reunion attendees were in their 70s and 80s. Expecting them to travel to the event, deal with airlines and hotels and everything else necessary would surely restrict the number of participants. That's where the idea of sponsors took hold. If Serb could wrangle people he knew to contribute to a travel fund which would pay for airline tickets, hotels and transportation he and Shaw were sure they would have a full house.

And that's exactly what happened. The Shelby American alumni were treated like royalty. A couple of vans were contracted to pick people up at the airport and take them directly to the hotel. They were picked up at the hotel and dropped off at the Cobra Experience for the Friday evening dinner. After dinner they were driven back to the hotel. The following day there was an open house at the Serb's homestead. Included was an open house of Serb's Cobra repair and restoration facility, a huge building that was just a short walk from his house.



The cast steel welding table was originally used in the Lance Reventlow's Scarab shop. When Shelby took over it stayed. It also stayed with Butler ever since Shelby's Torrance shop shut down. The blue tig welder is a 1964 Miller, which was used at Shelby American. The trophy was presented to Ron Butler as race mechanic of the year in 1964..



17th Shelby American Employee Reunion - List of Attendees

Charlie Agapiou
Kerry Agapiou
Michael Ashkins
Chuck Beck
Kati (Remington) Blackledge
Bob Bondurant
George Boskoff
Lonnie Brannan
Peter Brock
Bert Brown
Lois Bryant
Gary W. Burke
Ron Butler
Chuck Cantwell
Andre Capella
Gordon Chance
Kevin Chun
Don Coleman
Dennis Daly
Diana (Geddes) Day
Michael Donovan
Doug Dwyer

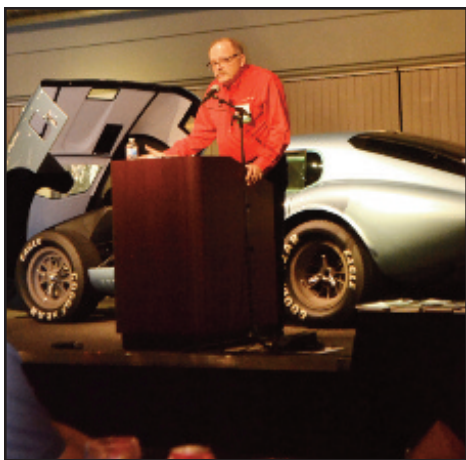


Rosa Farrer
Joe Freitas
Dave Friedman
Doyle Gammell
Jiggs Garcia
Allen Grant
Elmer "Elmo" Grimsgaard
J.L. Henderson
Phil Henny
Jack Hoare

William Jean, Jr.
Davey Jordan
Bruce Junor
Jere Kirkpatrick
Bill Krause
Bernie Kretzschmar
Frank Lance
John-Michael Lee
Dick Lins
Sherry MacDonald

Jim Marietta
Ralph Mora
John Morton
Steve Nance
Wally Peat
Wayne "Red" Pierce
Don Pike
Hike Pollem
Ron Pushea
Antoine Robinson
Ron Sampson
Mike Sangster
Jerry Schwarz
Stephen Shuttack
Bill Silver
Jerry Stewart
Tony Stoerr
Ted Sutton
Bob Vickery, Jr.
Mark Waco
Denis Walsh
Susan Warne
Walt Willard





Drew Serb opened the festivities by welcomed everyone and thanking them for attending. The event's success was a tribute to his hard work and foresight.

Serb doesn't advertise and doesn't need to. He has a waiting list and his crew specializes in repairing crunched Cobras as well as full restorations. His upstairs contains rows of shelves containing Cobra parts of every description which he prefers to use on original Cobras. Continuations and replicas have to look elsewhere. Don't even ask. One thing that crossed our mind was that with all of the former Shelby fabricators and mechanics on site he could have put them all to work and quickly eliminated some of his backlog.

Everyone was shuttled back to the hotel and then to the Cobra Experience for the Saturday evening dinner. The vans took everyone back to the hotel and then out to the airport the following morning. It was a perfect weekend where 65 of these legends mingled, slapped backs and traded stories about the good old days. Almost everyone agreed that it was hard to imagine a future reunion attracting more participants. As these guys continue to get older, traveling gets increasingly more difficult. Everyone who was there realized that they owed Drew Serb, the Cobra Experience staff, Bob Shaw, Bernie Kretzschmar and all of the event's sponsors a heartfelt thanks for making the reunion a reality. After the group picture, we were waiting for them to hoist someone on their shoulders and parade him around the room, singing "For He's A



Kopec was able to provide a fitting tribute to Bob Shaw who, until he was asked to come to the podium, was totally unaware that he was being honored for taking the lead in establishing and running the Shelby American alumni group.

Jolly Good Fellow." But because they were in their 70s and 80s, the only one they could probably manage was Bob Shaw who squirmed out of reach before anyone was able to grab him.



*May we remember those no longer with us.
Their memories live on through the life of the cars.*

Bob "Tweety" Aldridge	Fred L. Goodell	Alan Mann
Donn Allen	Jerry Grant	Heinz Merten
Donnie Araki	Tom Greatorex	George Merwin
Klaus Arning	Helen Green	Mollie Miles
Jack Balch	Chuck Green	Ken Miles
George Bartell	Ray Heppenstall	Bob Negstad
Charles Beidler, Jr.	Phil Hill	Nick Nero
Jim Benavides	Bob Holbert	John Ohlsen
Jerry Bondio	Vern Houle	Ole Olsen
Cecil Bowman	Skip Hudson	Helen Olsen
Bobbie Boxx	Fred Ige	Bob Olthoff
Peter Bryant	Ernie Immerso	Tom Payne
Ronnie Bucknum	Innis Ireland	Leroy Pike
Roy Butfoy	William "Bill" Jean, Sr.	Phil Remington
Dante Cardone	Bob Johnson	Red Rose
Ed Casey	Earl Jones	Lloyd Ruby
John M. Chun	Hal Keck	Jack Russell
Andy Cisternino	Dick Keith	Carroll Shelby
John M. Collins	Max Kelley	Dick Smith
Jim Culleton	Garry Koike	Carroll Smith
Ray Cuomo	Laurie Korman	Bob Sorrell
Warren Davenport	Mahlon Lamoreaux	Doane Spencer
Terry Doty	Joe Landaker	John "Jean" Stucki
Alan "Al" Dowd	Craig Lang	Ellis W. Taylor
Bill Eaton	Fred L. Larsen	Steele Therkelson
Dennis Ercek	Bob Lee	Dr. Dick Thompson
Sherman Falconer	Ed Leslie	John Timanus
Barbara Farley	John Liefeld	Jerry Titus
Joe Farrer	Nill Likes	Maurice Trintignant
Harold "Sonny" Fee	Dave MacDonald	Louie Unser
Barry Galloway	Don McCain	Merle D. Van Steenwyk
Ray A. Geddes	Jim "Big Jim" McLean	Ray Wolfe
Richie Ginther	Cary McSquid	Robert "Bob" Wyatt, Sr.

One Man's

OBSESSION

Collecting takes on many aspects, but out at the extreme edge it is an obsession.

– Rick Kopec

I've seen some amazing literature and memorabilia collections in the past forty-plus years. In fact, I had one myself for a while, but it was nothing like the mind-boggling assortment of "stuff" that SAAC member John Atzbach has amassed and displayed in an unobtrusive industrial building in a quiet suburb of Seattle.

Shelby/Cobra collections usually begin with a harmless curiosity about one particular car. If you own a '66 GT350, for example, you want to know how those cars were advertised, what showroom literature was available when they were new, what magazines road tested them, if they were pictured on any posters or made into any toys, models or diecasts. When some people begin collecting things like this they may discover that they have a "collec-



There is also the potential for a collector to fan out. When you're collecting 1966 Shelby stuff and you've reached the point where your progress can best be described as flat, you expand your horizon to include 1965 Shelbys. And then you experience a repeat of the original collector bell-shaped curve – which will eventually end in the same diminishing number of new finds. Fortunately, you can fan out in every direction: 1967, 1968, 1969-70, Cobra 289, Cobra 427, GT40, Tiger, Pantera, Boss Mustangs, Hi-Po Mustangs and just regular Mustangs.



A collection of Shelby American memorabilia is displayed on a red t-shirt. The items include a 'GOODYEAR' logo patch, several circular racing patches with logos like Mobil 1, Pennzoil, and Goodyear, a 'SHELBY C.T. 300' racing license, and a '1967 SHELBY CORVETTE OWNER'S MANUAL'. Other items visible in the background include a 'SHELBY AMERICAN' sign, a 'CORVETTE' sign, and a '1967 SHELBY CORVETTE' sign.

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There really is no end. It just becomes a matter how much time you have to devote and how much money you can afford to spend to make your collection continue to expand.

Is that all there is to it? Well, not exactly. Once you have amassed your collection, your next hurdle is the question of whether to store it or display it. Warehousing it doesn't really do it justice. At this point you're just a hoarder with everything in boxes, hidden away in closets, basements or attics. I've even seen spare rooms with boxes stacked to the ceiling. The more you have, the more difficult it is to display everything. I've seen some pretty creative methods, but most of the larger collections have, at some point, outpaced their owners' ability to display them. That doesn't seem to stop anyone, however, so strong is that collector's gene.

John Atzbach is off any scale anyone can come up with. He grew up in a small town in Montana and as far back as he can remember had an interest in collecting things. While maintaining a paper route, he became friendly with one of his customers, an older lady with a large collection of art objects and trinkets which proved to be both rare and valuable. He found them interesting, the way a nine year-old would. She had a small library of books about them which he borrowed, one book at a time, and learned the history and intricacies of the things she had collected. Much of it had been created in Czarist Russia, prior to the 1917 Revolution.

Eager to leave the small town Montana life, after high school he held a yard sale, selling almost everything he owned and set out for Seattle where his brother lived. He was hired at a bank as a teller, and progressed steadily for ten years to become a specialist in currency trading. He worked forty to fifty hours a week at the bank and, after hours, put in another forty to fifty hours running a small business of his own, buying and selling antiques and collectibles. He was running around in a twenty year-old white '66 Mustang with a 6-cylinder and a three-speed that a previous owner had painted blue LeMans stripes on. Being



There are probably more Hertz collectibles than you can imagine. Once you run out of gathering Shelby Hertz items from the 1960s and don't want to stop (or can't stop) there are an almost unlimited number of things from Hertz. Your collecting can continue at almost any airport.



Another popular peripheral area of Shelby collectibles are Gulf items. This comes from the connection with the Gulf GT40s that raced in 1968-1969, winning the 24 Hours of LeMans. Gulf also used images of the GT40 in several advertisements and marketing campaigns, which further cemented the relationship. It continues today, with the 2006 Gulf Heritage Ford GTs.



Model cars play a large role in the Shelby and Cobra collectible arena. In the 1960s there were only a handful of 1:25-scale plastic models. As the slot car craze caught on, Cobra and GT40 plastic bodies were created for slot car chassis. Plastic models continued through the 1970s and 1980s with many of the same kits receiving make-overs (new box art, decals and pieces like wheels and engine parts). Every five years or so an entire new generation of young model builders entered the hobby. The latest kits were totally new to them. For collectors, these re-issues added to the scope of collecting. Smaller 1:43-scale (usually pre-built) metal models, mostly from England and Japan, became popular and small-scale plastic toys such as Mattel "Hot Wheels" filled toy store shelves. By the 1990s larger, 1:18-scale pre-built metal diecast models became popular. They were highly detailed and historically accurate, but not overly expensive (around \$100) thanks to factories in China full of child laborers working for pennies an hour.



People who are enthusiastic about something like to let others know by wearing shirts or jackets proclaiming the product. Sports apparel plays to this and is a giant industry. The most sought after items in the Shelby world are original Cobra team jackets and shirts. As you might expect, Atzbach's collection has virtually one of everything.



There are problems with posters. One is finding enough wall space to display them. Most collectors are limited to garage walls or their playroom, office or den. Another problem is getting them framed and matted. If you can't do this yourself it can cost you a small fortune – and make you best friends with the person who owns the framing shop.

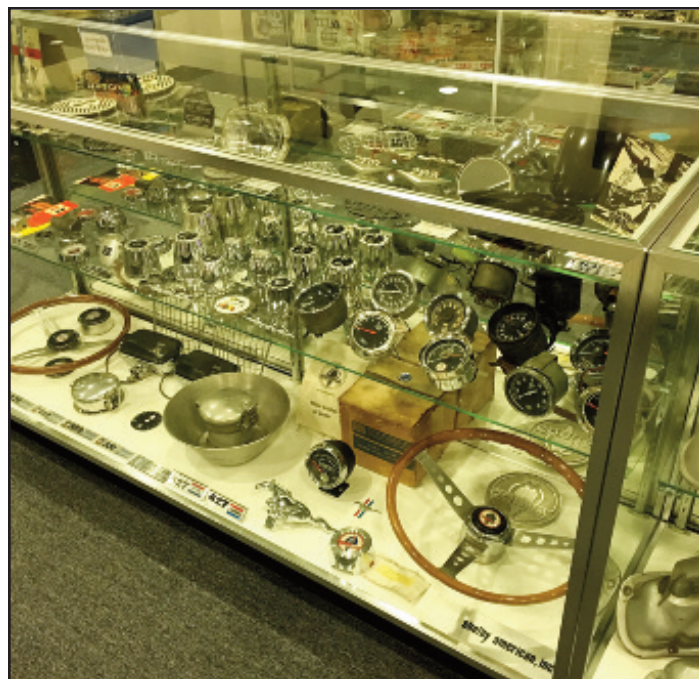


Atzbach took a fancy to the posters created by Dave Snyder, who has done a series of scenes of muscle cars parked in gas stations and dealerships. He did one of Shelby American's airport facility filled with cars. However, instead of the posters, Atzbach collected Snyder's original artwork. From across the room they are often mistaken for the posters but upon closer examination it's obvious they are the originals.





Books and magazines are obvious targets for collectors and there seems to be no end to the number and variety of what has been printed since the cars were brand new. Enthusiasm for the cars insures that more will be written about them in the future, and this insures collectors with a never-ending crop to harvest. Shelves often bend under the increasing weight. And just when you think you've seen it all you find something you never knew existed. That's one of the thrills of collecting and it's the same for the novice collector or the Grand Master.



The term "memorabilia" covers a lot of ground. In fact, it can cover as much as the collector wants it to cover. In the Shelby world it includes unique engine pieces like valve covers, air cleaners or intake manifolds. Also badges, emblems, gauges and various pieces of hardware and trinkets associated with the cars. Aftermarket items that did not come on the cars as original equipment but were sold by one of Shelby's parts companies are especially popular. We are reminded of the packrat, which will take anything shiny back to its nest.

You can never tell when something will turn up that just has to be in your collection. Finding it is one thing; actually obtaining it can be something else, again. What often makes you put in the extra effort is knowing that the more difficult it is to obtain it, the less likely it will be that anyone else will have one in their collection. Some of what drives collectors is competition to one-up their fellow collectors. Having something no one else has increases its worth tenfold, no matter how low the item's actual value might be. It's often a matter of perception.



bitten by the Mustang bug, he acquired two other Mustangs and eventually sold all three to pump the money into his business. For penance he drove a ratty Nissan while thinking about Ferraris, Lamborghinis and Shelbys.

When he realized it was possible to make decent money in his antiques business, along with buying used cars and fixing them up to make them reliable before selling them, he left the bank. Over a period of years he figures about fifty cars went through his hands. He began putting all of his time and efforts into buying and selling antiques, with the goal of specializing in higher-end objects.

Atzbach was working about 120 hours a week and doing well. He was making a lot of contacts and was building up an impressive inventory. But he felt himself getting burned-out. He was so busy making money that he had no time to spend it. That's when he went to the Monterey car week with the intention of buying a Shelby at one of the auctions. He came home with a '68 GT500KR (which he still has) and a Boss 302. His life was beginning to acquire some meaning.



Collecting always starts with a car. Some people own only one and collect stuff. Others collect only cars. But usually both go hand-in-hand. Atzbach's collection of cars is nowhere near his memorabilia collection, but he has managed to snag a few historically important examples. For example, he has half of all the 1966 GT350 convertibles made. And what about the petrolania? That might be a new word for you. Atzbach says he just likes the gas and oil signs. He also has a small room that has nothing but outdoor thermometers, the kind you used to see at gas stations, candy stores, burger joints and malt shops pitching just about every brand of soda pop you can name.



CSX2487

He was attending car shows and swap meets, picking up showroom literature, books and magazines and whatever else he would see that was Shelby related. At this point there was no grand plan to amass a giant collection. That happened gradually. Before he knew it he had boxes of “things” in just about every spare space he could find. Soon he was renting a couple of garage-sized storage facilities which were packed with boxes of Shelby stuff. His garage was also stuffed.

He began specializing in very high end Russian antiques in his business and was hugely successful. A Shelby here and there were added when he found one he liked. One prerequisite was that they had to have an interesting or noteworthy history. The culmination, at that point, was the purchase of 5R002. He wanted the first GT350 competition car very badly so if paying a top-of-the-market price was required, so be it. The next step, not taken immediately, was the car's restoration.

While all this was happening, Atzbach's collector gene was still raging. Instead of spending time traveling to various swap meets and shows, he purchased entire collections from a couple of the more notable Shelby literature and memorabilia collectors. This proved to be an excellent way to expand his collection without spending the time required to pick things up one at a time. On the downside, he suddenly acquired a lot of duplicates as well as things he had no interest in. As a collector, it was all packed away.

Between the growing collection of cars and the avalanche of collectibles, it was time to find an appropriate place to store and display them. With the current building he has accomplished that nicely. Of course he still has a couple of storage units packed with duplicates which are proving difficult to let go of, but little by little he has employees putting duplicates on eBay. They have a lot of work ahead of them; so much that they might want to think about retirement plans.

Atzbach notes there is a difference between a collection and an inventory. In his antiques business he is both a dealer and a collector. Some things he



6S002 [top] compliments 5R002 [below]. The red car is 6S2265, a factory Paxton car.



buys to keep and the rest he buys to resell. With the Shelby stuff, he does not consider himself a dealer. Presently he is only looking to add things that appeal to him. He is not

trying to get one of everything. That, he concedes, is an impossibility. Yet, he confesses that when he sees something he does not have he feels that little tug somewhere deep in his psyche.



G.T. 350

EVERY CAR HAS A STORY

Meet

1412

If you know anything about Shelbys, this story is not likely to surprise you. It is unique only in the details. If the story was a movie script and we had to make a short pitch to a group of Hollywood investors sitting around a big table in an upscale restaurant, here's how we would try to hook them:

Nineteen year-old kid in Kentucky, working in a service station, sees a wild-

looking car in a dealership and falls in love with it. His father helps him purchase it – against his mother's wishes – because he believes in his son. The son is paying more for the insurance than the installment payments but he makes his father proud and wins over his mother's trust. He meets a girl, offers her a ride in his car and she is smitten, with both the guy and the car. They get married and live happily ever



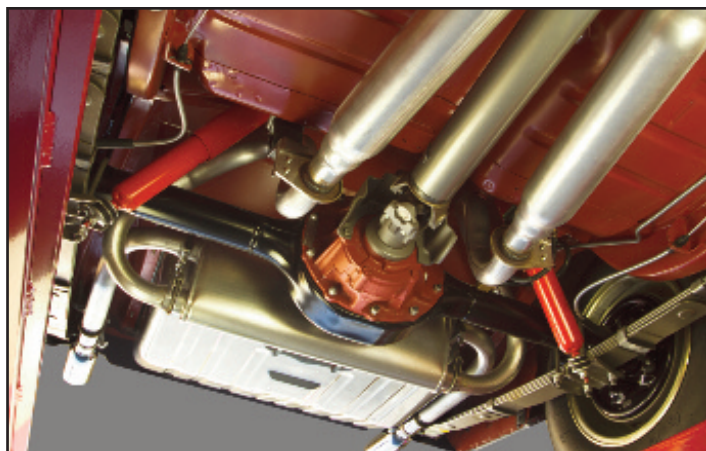
after. And 48 years later they still have the car and drive off into the sunset.

That's the short story and, like we said, compared to the accounts of other Shelys, it's not much of a stretch. But it is consistent with the bond owners have with their Shelys. The starting point of this article was a hardcover coffee table book that Hunt Palmer-Ball sent to us. It contained excellent large format photos of his 1967 GT350, 67200F2A01412 along with the story of the car, from day one. Research wasn't a problem because Hunt bought the car in July of 1967 and has never let go of it. A graphic design and branding firm in Louisville, Kentucky, Lopez-Bonilla Resources, took the photos and created the book. A small number of hardcover books were produced (a small number because the 44-page books were \$120 a copy) and Hunt gave them to his friends and to those who helped him with the car over the years. It was a pretty impressive package.

High school led to trade school and that led to a job as a mechanic in a Texaco station. Hunt really wanted to work at the local Ford dealership and applied for a job there. He was hired. About that time he happened to see a new black 1967 Shelby in another dealer's showroom. It was love at first sight.

He explained to his father that he had just seen a new car that he absolutely had to own. He didn't know too much about Shelys at that time, but the car spoke for itself. A couple of days later they were looking at a dark blue 1967 GT350 on the showroom floor at Burns Ford in Louisville, Kentucky. The price on the window sticker was \$4,392.53. Both acknowledged that it was way more than either of them could afford. But instead of turning around and walking out of the dealership, Hunt was already figuring out how he could make it happen. He would sell his '56 Ford and he had some money saved. They went home to talk it over. Mostly, it was Hunt that did the talking.





A few days later they returned to the dealership. They expressed interest in getting a Shelby and asked if they could take one for a test drive. The dealer, smelling a sale, was only too happy to oblige. Soon the two Palmer-Balls were driving a new GT500. Two hours later they returned with a “where-do-I-sign” look. They ordered a new GT350. Hunt was nineteen, so his dad had to co-sign for the car. The monthly payments were \$160 for three years. Insurance was \$1,000 a year.

The next week he started work at Burns Ford and kept his job at the Texaco station, working nights. He tightened his belt and started making those payments. Such is life. It wasn't long thereafter that a pretty girl drove into the Texaco station one evening. Hunt was attracted, like a moth to a porch light. Before long he was

taking Pat for a ride in his Shelby and it didn't take much more than that. They were married in 1969.

Burns Ford was the largest Shelby dealer in Kentucky. They had a separate performance service department and the dealership sponsored a '66 GT350 drag car that ran in the altered and gas classes. About a month after he began work, Hunt was asked if he wanted to work in the performance shop. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. They handled service and warranty work on all the Shelybs and Cobras the dealership sold. They also handled modifications, updates and any other work Shelby and Cobra owners requested.

One day a Shelby transporter arrived with four cars for the dealership. Hunt's job was to inspect them after they were unloaded. When he discovered one of the

GT350s was his car, he was beside himself. Needless to say, he didn't get much done that day. By the end of the day he was talking with his boss about drag racing the GT350. For the next two weeks they prepared the car, adding a 2x4V intake and carbs, a stronger cam, 7 1/2-qt. aluminum “T” pan, a scattershield and a Hurst shifter. The 3.89 rear end gears were replaced with 5.14s, custom traction bars were fabricated and a pair of M&H slicks were installed. The car was ready for the local 1/8-mile strip.

In the intervening years the GT350 was drag raced, showed, street driven a little and then put away for 22 years. A total, concours restoration was done to the 8,632-mile car. It has remained part of the family to this day and Hunt could be the last original owner of a dark blue '67.



IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES

– Text & photos by Mike Wright

MUSTANG ROUNDUP

At the risk of plagiarizing Charles Dickens, this is the tale of two Mustang meets separated by nearly 500 miles; but they are very similar in many other respects. They were created at almost the same time, over 30 years ago. They each cover three-day time spans, and both featuring cruises, special programs, vendors and the obligatory commemorative t-shirts. They are, however, somewhat different in scope and target audience.

Last spring, SAAC member Mark Hovander from Seattle began sending out email notices to owners of early Shelby Mustangs in the region. These emails went to enthusiasts throughout Washington, Oregon, Idaho, western Canada and as far away as Bozeman, Montana. His goal was to break a record for the most early Shelby Mustangs gathered together by the Washington SAAC region. The meet was to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the introduction of the Shelby GT350. Ironically, Hovander's pristine and historically significant 5S003 was being prepped for Pebble Beach and was unavailable to make the meet. To his credit, however, he was able to assemble a number of rare and outstanding examples of the marque.

The early Shelby gathering was held as part of the annual Mustang Roundup and All-Ford Picnic, which



has been billed as “The World’s Largest Annual Gathering of Mustangs.” This year the event was held July 16th through the 19th and perhaps naively, I was expecting three days of associating with like-minded early Shelby owners and swapping stories. Unfortunately for me, for the first two days this was not the case. Day One of the Roundup was the cruise but it turned out to be more like an automotive marathon. It started from Bellevue Community College (in Bellevue, Washington), proceeded through the Cascade Mountains over the pass to Leavenworth (a replica of

a Bavarian village) and culminated in the historical and scenic town of Roslyn, where the opening scene of the television show “Northern Exposure” was filmed. In Roslyn, group photos were taken and everyone made their way back to Bellevue individually. The tour was about 150 road miles and took about three hours (not including stops). Of the 200-plus cars involved in the cruise the only early Shelby to participate was Lyle Cigler (6S137). Whether it was the heat, the length of the cruise or some other factor, it was disappointing not to have more early Shelby Mustangs on the scenic cruise.





The second day of the event was devoted to a concours car show in the Bellevue Community College parking lot (the starting point for the previous day's drive). The judging was limited to 100 cars, which insured it would not take an excessive amount of time to inspect all of the entries. The highlight of the day, for me, was seeing the beautifully restored 1966 Hertz car owned

by Mark Gusher of Redmond, Washington. The car was very unique due to its being a white car with blue stripes. Since nearly all of the Hertz cars came with gold stripes, this was a very rare car and Mark had done a masterful job of researching the history of the car and bringing it back to its original specifications. For his effort, Mark received a well-deserved gold medal.

Although there were a number of outstanding vehicles to inspect, it was fun talking to Mark and comparing notes on our Hertz cars. However, as the day ended I was, again, a little disappointed. The only other early Shelby at the show was a dark blue '67 GT500. That night I couldn't help feeling I should have stayed home and gone fly-fishing.



The third day more than made up for any disappointments of the previous two. A general car show was scheduled, including the early Sheldys that Hovander had wrangled. The large spacious parking area of the Bellevue Community College was nearly filled to capacity with Mustangs and a few other Ford specialty cars. The center of the exhibit was a section devoted to 1965-1970 Shelby Mustangs. Since this was the primary reason for me making it to the Roundup, I felt like a young kid on Christmas morning. No offense to later Shelby and other Mustang owners, but I have more in common with older Shelby owners. I have met several of these people in the past.

There were 44 immaculate early Sheldys present, with a number of very unique models. John Atzbach owns two of the original four '66 GT350 convertibles that were produced at the end of the 1966 production run and he brought both of them. In addition, one of the original four 1965 drag cars was present, as was the final 1965 GT350 manufactured. The 1965 Paxton Prototype was also on display. The 1966 GT350 originally owned by Gary Lewis (son of Jerry Lewis and lead singer of the 1960s rock group "Gary Lewis and the Playboys") was brought to the meet by present owner Dave McDonald. Lyle Cigler brought his holdover 1966 GT350 all the way from Bozeman, Montana to be part of the meet. Allen Cheng of Vancouver, British Columbia attended the Roundup with his award winning GT350 Hertz (6S2127). The car used to be owned by Lyle's father Lee Cigler.

Several other '66 GT350s were on display both, Hertz and regular models with various unique features. In addition there were numerous '67 through '70 Sheldys, meticulously restored with a number of unique features. Although there were some problems with weather and driving conditions, everyone had a very enjoyable time. If you ever have the opportunity to attend the Mustang Roundup, I would highly recommend it.

INTERNATIONAL MUSTANG MEET

The origin of the International Mustang Meet dates back to 1979, when Lee Cigler of the Great Falls (Montana) Mustang Club attended the World of Wheels car show in Alberta, Canada. At the show he met with Art Shealer, president of the Calgary Mustang Club and Bob Clark, president of the Edmonton Mustang Club. The three agreed to have an annual car show dedicated to Mustangs and for the site to alternate between the United States and Canada. The first I.M.M. was held in Lethbridge, Alberta in 1979 and attracted 33 cars. The meet has grown nearly every year and now approximately 400 or more cars attend. This year's meet was held in Missoula, Montana over Labor Day Weekend. I noticed a little old man loading animals onto an ark and thought that we might be in for some inclement weather. The rain took its toll on attendance with the number cars down by approximately 100. The early Shelby total was also only about half of would ordinarily attend. I personally knew four early Shelby owners

who came to the I.M.M., but left their cars behind (including myself). Despite the numbers being down, there were some outstanding examples of early GT350s and GT500s. Lyle Cigler brought his '66 GT350. Lyle's dad, Lee, was one of the original organizers of the International and Lyle has been to virtually all of the meets over the past 36 years. Rod Campbell of Athol, Idaho was in attendance with his maroon '67 GT500 (#01839), as was Mark Hooper with his blue '66 GT350 (6S2156). Karl Gocksch of Great Falls, drove his red GT350 to the meet along with Owen Kelly of Missoula in his green '67 GT500. There were several other early Shelby Mustangs including one that was driven all the way from California to attend. There were a large number of late model Shelby Mustangs including 3 of the 500 20th anniversary '06 Hertz models, plus an '07 Hertz convertible.

As feared, car show day turned out to be windy, wet and cold. Early on, many of us spent our time in our cars with the heaters on high. The weather improved by the afternoon, allowing participants to bail out of their cars or other shelters and talk to other attendees. The evening festivities had to be moved indoors, but other than that the day's events were salvaged.

By the next day the rain moved out and the sun reappeared, bringing with it more pleasant temperatures. This happened just in time for the cruises. There were three in all, short sprints compared to the Roundup cruise, with the drive to a micro-brewery in a small town outside of Missoula being by far the most popular, requiring designated drivers.



The last day the rain reappeared, but since the only activity was a farewell breakfast it really didn't interfere with anything except for a few white knuckle moments on the drive home. All things considered, it was a very enjoyable event.

To again paraphrase Charles Dickens, the two events could be characterized as the best of times and the worst of times. It was the worst of

times because the weather really didn't cooperate. The Roundup Meet participants endured sweltering heat and the worst fire year in Washington State's history (Interstate 90 was closed by wildfires on our trip home). The I.M.M. attendees, on the other hand, suffered through the rain, wind and cold.

It was the best of times in that there were numerous beautiful and

unique automobiles to inspect, along with a variety of activities and, as always, excellent camaraderie. I would encourage Shelby owners to participate in one of these meets, especially owners of early Shelby Mustangs. Even though it might be a long trip, it is important to display these historically significant automobiles.

NEWS FROM OL



What's Happening Down Under, Mate!

– Report and photos by Nez Demaj

2015 MOTORCLASSICA - The Australia International Concours d'Elegance & Classic Motor Show is held every October in Melbourne, Australia. SAAC Australian Representative Nez Demaj, a member of the Motorclassica Advisory Board, has been invited to organize a special Mustang, Shelby and AC Cobra display for the past few years. This show commemorated the Mustang's 50th Anniversary. Shelbys are very popular cars in Australia (as they are just about everywhere). Nez's biggest problem is that there are more show-quality Shelbys than there are spaces in the show to display them. How does he do it? Pull names out of a hat?





2015 FLEMINGTON SHELBY DISPLAY — After two failed attempts to organise the Flemington American Motoring Show in Melbourne, Australia due to bad weather, the third date was a beautiful, sunny day which brought out many unique and great looking classic cars. The Shelby display consisted of eight cars, slightly down from last year's count but nobody was complaining. The crowds of spectators enjoyed seeing Shelybs up close. Most had only seen them in magazines and on the Internet.



COBRA DATE

In the last issue of The Shelby American, Ned Scudder referenced CSX2306, the first Cobra he owned. That mention caused Ed Maxwell to reminisce about his stint as the car's owner.

— Ed Maxwell

A relative few auto aficionados have experienced the ownership of an original 1960's Cobra. Those who have had the experience, and who have remained car lovers thereafter, now recognize that they were, if not still are, the custodian of an automotive icon. I became the custodian of CSX2306 in late spring of 1971 just after graduating from medical school. It was my sole mode of transportation. I sold my '69 Fiat 124 Sport Coupe and borrowed money from my youngest brother's college savings account to raise the \$4,950 it took to wrest the leaf spring car from its owner, whose wife had decreed that he had to choose between her and that rowdy silver beauty with a red leather interior. She had suffered through his ownership of two small block Cobras and was ready for something more "civilized."

I had coveted Cobras since the early 1960s when I read about them in the car magazines that had kept me sane while I earned my B.S. at a small, academically demanding men's college in North Carolina. Frequenting Ford dealerships that had both small block and big block cars languishing in their showrooms, I sat in those unsold, shopworn Cobras and imagined roaring exhausts and the wind tearing at my hair while I worked the clutch and moved the stubby shifter through the gears. I went to see the Cobra Caravan in 1965 at Young Ford in Charlotte and met Carroll Shelby and Denise McCluggage as they promoted the 427 Cobra and the GT350. Alas, I could not qualify for a ride around downtown with Denise as I had not yet turned 21 – due to some insurance silliness. Cobras were tired, outdated sports cars by the time I acquired mine, but they were then, and still are, a truly exhilarating automotive experience. However, only if the driver is young in fact or at heart, not to mention a bit masochistic, is a Cobra suited for basic transportation.

The engine in my car had been sloppily transplanted from a B/Production rac-

ing Mustang. It was highly modified and marginally streetable, but it made the desired racket and it could take the car to highly illegal speeds in the blink of an eye. Sunoco 260 was relatively cheap in 1971 and at 7.5 mpg on a typical driving day, that was a good thing. The transmission would pop out of second gear from time to time, but only on deceleration, requiring a hand on the shifter when two hands on the wheel might have been preferable. I had to give up wearing contact lenses because they blew off my eyes when I drove the car the way it was meant to be driven, mostly on little traveled rural roads. The car offered up the marvelous smells of Castrol GTX, unburned fuel and hot antifreeze, not to mention that musty odor that emanates from virtually every old British roadster.

I rarely assembled the top and side curtains, having quickly discovered that one got no wetter driving in the rain while wearing a jacket and a ball cap than with that impossibly leaky appliance affixed to the car. Except in the coldest weather I preferred to use the tonneau cover when the car was parked outdoors, rain or shine. The heater in my car was inoperable, but the foot wells were toasty warm in the win-

ter, and so hot as to melt the soles of my sneakers in the summer, so "top off" was a tolerable year 'round configuration.

Even before Cobras became collector cars, aficionados would follow me up the driveway or into a parking lot to get a closer look at CSX2306. They were usually driving an MGB, a Triumph Spitfire, or an Austin Healy. One fellow was driving a gorgeous triple-carb XKE. "Is it a real one?" was not a question I ever had to field – there were few, if any, replicas back then. I gave any number of fellow sports car drivers exhilarating rides, and initially I let some of them drive the car with me in the passenger seat. But, after a few terrifying experiences I abandoned that suicidal practice, keeping the driving pleasure to myself.

One sad morning I discovered that the souped-up engine was pumping antifreeze out of the exhaust pipe serving the left hand cylinder bank. Ford drag racing specialists Buddy Criscoe and Hunt Palmer-Ball ran a speed shop in town where the engine went in for a rebuild, using a new 302 block and a mixture of old and new parts. It cost me every cent I had at the time, but the fun I had when I wasn't



CSX2306

working at my Pediatric Internship was worth the price. A spin around the speaker stands at a local burger joint always resulted in several guys following me out onto the highway for a contest. Once a local police officer driving a marked car asked me to show him what it would do; no harm, no foul. I tried my hand in the local SCCA parking lot slaloms in which I had fared well in my Fiat, but spent most of my time spinning off the course and collecting pylons – much to the delight of my competition.

I managed to break a left-rear spring shackle bolt after becoming airborne while driving over a small hump-backed bridge on a favorite rural road. My brother Jim, yes, the one who floated me the loan, and one of his buddies, without a shop manual, spent more than a week repairing the problem after removing the entire rear suspension. Truth be told, Jim drove 2306 nearly as much as I did, making us co-custodians of the car. Neither of our girlfriends enjoyed riding in the Cobra. It was too “rowdy” and they were too young to die!

March weather in Kentucky can bring on a meteorological phenomenon that strikes terror in to the heart of a Cobraphile. We experienced an ice storm that delivered an inch of frozen water on top of 2306 as it sat in the parking lot outside the hospital where I worked. I had to tediously peel off the rarely used tent-like top and side curtains, climb over the side of the car, and then drive it several miles to my home. Each bump in the road brought ominous creaks, groans and popping sounds from



CSX3288

the car that made me frantic. Once home and in the garage, my brother and I carefully poured hot water over the compound curves of that exquisite aluminum body to slowly melt the ice. Much to our delight, no discernable damage was done. That experience sent me looking for a junker to use as a daily driver.

Reality crept up on me as I finished my internship. I had to move to another city where I could not afford living quarters with a garage. Much to brother Jim’s consternation, I began to look at possible trades for the Cobra that I thought could survive five years of outdoor storage. Alas, no private party or dealership would allow me more than \$3,500 for the car against a used Lotus Europa, a 911 Porsche, E-Type

Jag, or a tired Ferrari 330 GT 2+2. I ran an ad in *Autoweek/Competition Press* which was answered by one Ned Scudder, who flew to Kentucky from “up East” and bought the car for \$5,500. He drove it home!! My brother and I mourned for weeks, while I bought a \$900 1969 Corvair Monza four-speed for transportation and repaid the loan he had tendered me.

Brother Jim swore, when Ned drove it off, that CSX2306 would not be the only Cobra that the Maxwells would enjoy. I doubted him, but he made good on his oath about fifteen years later. Over time, he became the long-term custodian of CSX2401 and CSX3288. He shares them with me when our paths cross to reminisce about our Cobra Daze.



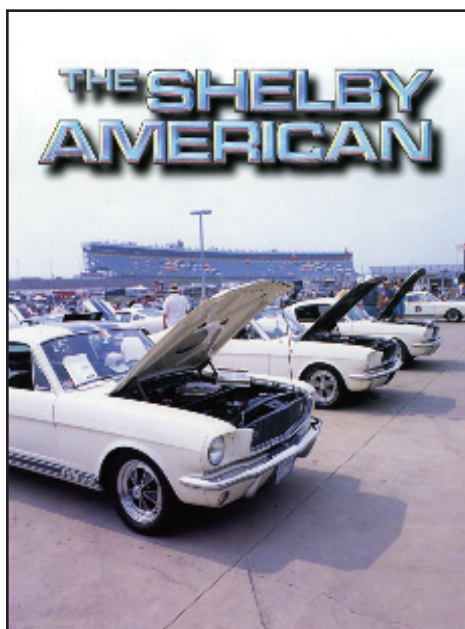
CSX2306

WE ♥ CHARLOTTE

We were excited to go back to North Carolina a third time. Even though Cobras and Shelleys never raced there in the 1960s, everyone was happy to have a chance to scruff up that banking. Just like Ned Jarrett, Cale Yarborough, Fred Lorenzen, David Pearson and Bobby Allison used to do.

– Rick Kopec

Having a convention at a track like Charlotte Motor Speedway is about as good as it gets. And having it a second or third time gets even better. You could never think of Charlotte as the same-old same old. To start with, the track, itself, is a monster, seemingly erupting four stories out of the fairly flat ground to dominate the landscape. You make your way in through a tunnel under the track and come out into the infield. You see bleachers in every direction. Two long garages, built with NASCAR teams in mind, command the center, surrounded by a sea of asphalt. If you want grass, dust and dirt you have to venture out to the center of the infield where, during a race, spectators park.



Third Time's A Charm

We love Charlotte. There is no single, compelling reason. Rather, there are a bunch of smaller ones which, when added together, result in a perfect recipe for a memorable national convention. Every time we visit Charlotte, when we enter the legendary racing facility itself — the majestic Charlotte Motor Speedway — we are as awestruck at the enormity of the place as we were the very first time we saw it, back in 1987. Even though Shelby's cars never raced there in the 1960s (and one can only wonder what it might have been like if Shelby American had decided to field a NASCAR team... with, say, Dan Gurney and Ken Miles doing the driving...) it is still a very warm and friendly place.

Warm because of the July weather, certainly. Temperatures in the 90's are the rule at that time of the year. We are, after all, Down South. But the people are also warm and friendly. Life, in general, seems to roll along at a charming 33 1/3 RPM rather than a more hurried 45 or 78. That's a pleasant surprise.

Conventions in Charlotte always bring out cars not usually seen at other conventions. They draw members from the Deep South, including Florida, as well as from the midwest. But members from the northern climes have also proven they're not afraid to travel. We've all watched the Charlotte 600 NASCAR race on television, and after seeing it on the tube, getting out on that same track is always a heart-stopper. SAAC uses a combination of the NASCAR banked oval (another jaw-dropping sight the first time you see it up close) and an infield road course. That gives everyone a good

taste of high-banked running without forcing them to beat their engines to death.

The hotels are just about perfect. While there isn't one big one, there are a handful of medium-sized ones which are less than 10 minutes from the track. They are surrounded by a cluster of restaurants and shopping centers which make things very convenient. And a banquet hall large

are also several museums dedicated to stock car drivers in the area. In fact, if you came to Charlotte a week early you still couldn't see everything.

At SAAC-23 we started streamlining the national conventions so they are now under three days (actually Friday afternoon through Sunday afternoon). Gone are the four, five or even six-day extravaganzas we used to brag about.

The reality of the situation is that most members tell us it's difficult to get that much time off and it's also expensive for them to hole up at a hotel for such a prolonged period of time. Especially now that there are so many junior SAAC members attending conventions.

Things officially kicked off in Charlotte on Friday morning with a Fast-Track NASCAR school. When we can arrange something like this it's always popular — especially at a track like Charlotte, where aspiring Mark Martins, Bill Elliotts, Dale Jarretts and Rusty Wallace slip behind the wheel with the thought of a Roush talent scout sitting high up in the bleachers, eyeballing them and getting ready to hand them a meaty driver's contract to sign. Then, of course, they wake up.

Friday is a busy time at registration and tech inspection. Almost everyone who has been to a previous convention realizes the importance of running these twin gauntlets the day before the action begins. Friday was also a perfect time to relax, take a look around as cars rolled in and trailers were unloaded, and to renew old acquaintances. When you've been to a bunch of conventions, you look forward to seeing those people you only get to see at a convention. Think of it as a family reunion.



enough for our dinner and evening program is also close by. Like we said, it's just about perfect.

Charlotte and the surrounding area has become the epicenter of NASCAR land, and just about every major team involved in the sport has a facility less than an hour's drive from the track. A lot of them are brand new and state-of-the-art. All of them welcome visitors during weekdays and many SAAC members arrived a day early to poke around. No one who took the trouble to find out where their favorite team was located was disappointed. There



A company called Fast Track rented the track a few days a week to run a NASCAR school where average people could see what driving a Winston Cup stock car was like. On the day before the convention began we set up a special Fast Track school, using Winston Cup cars provided by the school. It consisted of four sessions of 23 drivers and everyone got to do ten laps at speed. Good sense and healthy fear were their personal governors. Every group received a classroom chalk talk while the other one was out on the track in one of eight school cars. Three-lap rides were also available. Drivers imagined that talent scouts for Roger Penske or Hendrick Motorsports were in a sky box. The chances of that happening were slim and none, and Slim just left town.



When SAAC member Butch Meek found out SAAC-23 was going to be in Charlotte, he wasted no time contacting us and inviting conventioners to visit his new NASCAR shop before the convention. Several members took him up on his offer and found their way 28 miles north to Morrisville, NC. They were rewarded by having the run of the place. They were stunned by the cleanliness, organization and mammoth size. Meek's Remington Arms Taurus team was at Lenocon, NE for the race that weekend, but they left behind about 14 of their cars, plus a few which were "in process." SAAC members roved around the shop and could ask questions of the fabricators, body builders and engine men. They also spotted a '69 GT350 getting ready to be restored (it was owned by Meek's brother). Meek, himself, brought his immaculate '66 GT350 to the convention.



The convention's dinner and evening program had originally been scheduled for Saturday night, but a double-bonking mix-up resulted in the Shriner's Temple promising the same evening to a wedding party and to SAAC. We had gotten the confirmation first, but we chose to reshuffle our schedule instead of ruining someone else's very important event. So, SAAC-23 led off with the evening program. Dinner was followed by remarks from a number of interesting speakers. Eher and Kopec got their comments out of the way early on. Eher chose to play it straight and talked about the

club's future plans. Kopec remained true to form (which is to say, incorrigible), using his time behind the podium to verbally assault Howard Pardee. After a rapid fire burst of jokes — some of questionable taste and all at the expense of the hapless Pardee — many in the audience thought Kopec would show a small shred of decency by turning the microphone over to Pardee so he might at least attempt to defend himself. They were sorely mistaken, as the frayed and tattered remnants of what had once been Pardee's good name were left mutilated and pulverized like so much smacking high-

way debris following a particularly nasty high speed head-on collision.

Britishers Trevor Legate (who has written several excellent books on Cobras) and Cobra vintage racer Nigel Hulme entertained everyone with their observations on the Cobra phenomena. The Brits tend to see the Cobra a little differently than we "colonists" and they provided a quaint counterpoint. All wrong, of course, but never the less quaint. Charlotte's Holman-Moody was represented by John Holman's son, Lee. He spoke about the batch of continuation Ford GT MK IIs he is presently building. Everyone



You know when the convention really begins: it's when the swap meet starts. One of the best known Shelby part-vendors is Tony Branda. He's been at every convention since SAAC-1.



Driving your own NASCAR stocker at 100 miles per hour has been called the ultimate amusement park ride. It's not virtual reality — it IS reality. No one who does this is ever the same again.



Following the past few conventions where we got carried away by planning four, five and even a six-day event. We listened to the feedback from members who were telling us it had become just too expensive for them to take upwards of a week off work and then have to spend money for almost that many hotel nights. The schedule we arrived at was registration and Fast Track school on Friday, along with early registration, tech inspection and swap meet set up. Saturday was dedicated to the open track and parts swap. On Sunday the concours and popular vote shows were held along with more open track.

Initially we planned to hold the dinner and evening program on Saturday night at the local Shriner's Lodge (about a half mile from the main hotel) but at the last minute there was a scheduling mix-up. A wedding reception had also been planned for that evening and rather than ruin someone's wedding, we opted to swap nights and have our dinner and evening program on Friday night. We had originally scheduled a literature and memorabilia show for Friday night at the hotel, so we just moved that to Saturday night.

About 500 people attended the dinner which was followed by guest speakers Lee Holman, independent Cobra driver Mel Wentzel (CSX2127), Cobra Team driver Bob Johnson and keynote speaker William Jeanes, then editor of *Automobile* magazine.



Chief of Tech, Vincent Loden (top, left) seemed to be everywhere at once. This led to unconfirmed rumors that he had a twin brother helping him. The paragon (top right) seemed to watch some of the races and more interesting cars. Just a coincidence? You be the judge. #16 is SR551. The host and techs are probably had something to do with people looking to the paragon (lower left). SR585 and SR588 shared one stall. A convention at a stock car track is bound to attract stock cars. #42-powered Galardi (lower right) driven by Fred Lorenzen in 1965 shows how far these cars have come.



The "A" Group Galardi (left and right) is where you'll find the vintage racers, Cobras, 5/0s, GT40s and comp cars. These drivers all have extensive experience and when they take to the track for the first time, it quickens everyone's pulse. Much it's because most of them have open exhausts. Whatever it is, they really put on a show. And even though the intermediate groups B and D (below) have their share of Cobras and snarly sounding Sheldys, there is a distinct difference.



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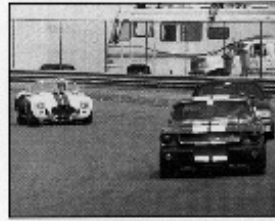
The SHELBY AMERICAN #68



Jeanes is a well-known automotive writer and raconteur who was one of the creators of the famed Bolus and Snopes Racing Team in the mid-1970s. He has spoken at other SAAC conventions and his tongue-in-cheek style and masterful use of the English language, combined with a Southern aristocratic delivery, makes him one of the funniest and most enjoyable convention speakers we have had. His stories and descriptions had people laughing until tears rolled down their cheeks.

Also speaking were British automotive writer Trevor Legate and Cobra racer Nigel Hulme (no relation to Dennis Hulme). R-Model fabricator and Trans-Am race mechanic Jerry Schwarz was in attendance as was Jim Rose, a Cobra Team mechanic. In all, it was a very informative and entertaining evening.

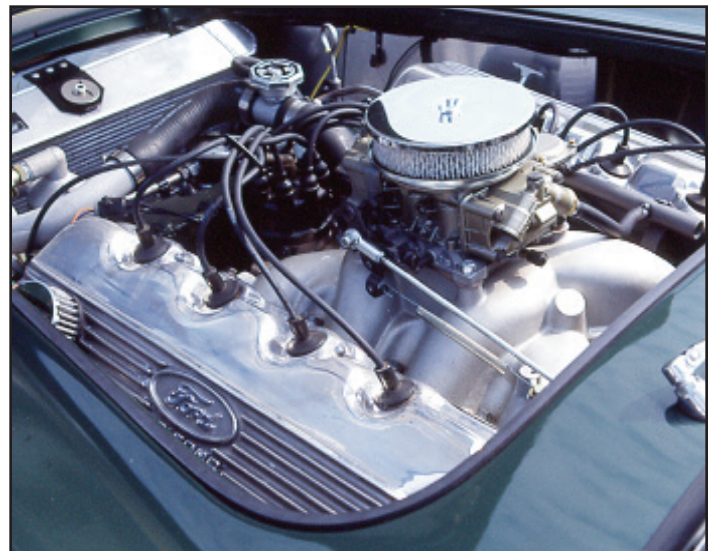
Almost 2,000 people attended this convention. The concours judging was still a work in progress. In response to fewer entries due to the difficulty of finding original items like tires, batteries, wiper blades and other expendables, cars were separated into two divisions, which we called Concours Heavy and Concours Lite. The "Lite" class allowed parts that would normally wear out be replaced with similar but not exact replacements. It would later be described as Division I and Division II because entrants did not particularly appreciate the "lite" appellation, claiming it diminished their cars. Not worth arguing over, it was quietly dropped.

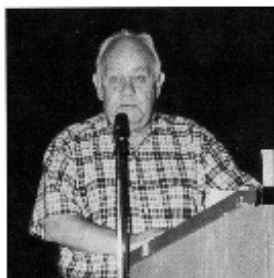


SAAC's open tracks are the equivalent of a surprise grab bag because you never can tell what cars will show up. It's a guarantee that among them will always be some pretty interesting stuff.



The SHELBY AMERICAN #68





Bob Johnson (left) has become a welcomed fixture at SAAC conventions. He enjoys telling stories about his days as a Cobra team driver as much as we do listening to them. Mel Wentzel (center) was an independent Cobra driver who lived the dream of race of us - a regular guy who bought a cheap-out Cobra race car in 1966, did his own work and made it out to California for the ARRC. Lee Holmes (right) is the son of Holman-Moore co-founder John Holman, was born into the racing world. He came of age during the Cobra and GT40 days and accompanied the team to LeMans as a young man.

appeared to be waiting, with baited breaths, for him to issue a blanket invitation that anyone who wanted to take one out for a few laps should stop by and see him the next day. Fat chance, that, but it didn't stop a few from wistfully hoping it might happen.

Independent Cobra racer Mel Wentzel and ex-Cobra team driver Bob Johnson told war stories about the times, thirty years ago, when Cobra race cars were merely tools used to go fast and win races — and not much more. Shelby American CEO Don Rager was also on hand, to provide a little insight into what Shelby American has up its corporate sleeve for the future. Hint: the Good Old Days are being recreated right under our noses, out in Las Vegas!

Keynote speaker William Jeanes, former editor of *Car and Driver*, later

publisher of *Car and Driver* and *Road & Truck*, and most recently editor/publisher of *Classic Automobile Register*, as well as a self-described Shelby fanatic, regaled everyone with his clever insights and sublime observations. The audience was literally rolling in the isles during his comments.

Saturday morning dawned bright and early and it seemed like one minute the track was quiet and vacant and the next it had exploded to life with activity everywhere you looked. Open exhausts have a tendency to create that affect; they get everyone's heart pumping. The driver's meeting officially kicked the day off at 8 a.m. sharp, and it was followed by a short first-timers' briefing. The hope was that a few well-chosen warnings would keep the novices from embarrassing themselves in front of thousands of

witnesses. At 9 a.m. the track opened and Charlotte's asphalt gradually went from cold to warm to hot. About 160 cars were signed up and the day went quickly as one group after another took turns burning up the track.

Feedback coming our way following past conventions indicated that almost no one wants an "open" or unstructured evening at a convention. One of the most popular activities seems to be a Shelby Art and Literature Show held at one of the hotels. And it's easy to see why this is such a hit. It can be hot and dusty out at the track, and many artists and vendors don't really want to subject their valuables to the open air wear and tear. Add to that the fact that a lot of convention participants have other things to do, like driving the track, primping for the show, shooting photos or videos or just socializing. Browsing inside, where it's

One of the neat things about conventions is the variety of cars you can see. The Cobra replica (below, left), owned by Bill Shannon is as accurate a representation of an FIA machine as you'll find. From the outside it would probably fool a team driver. And if you turn your head ten degrees you'll see this Grand National NASCAR T-Bird. Variety is one of the attractions of a SAAC convention.



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air conditioned and there's a cash bar not far away, seems to be just the right venue. The artists and vendors love it, too. It's a win-win situation for sure.

Also on Saturday night's schedule was a model car contest. This has come to be a very popular activity, especially with the younger enthusiasts who have yet to get their hands on their first real car. If their 1/25 scale models are any indication, these cars will be in excellent hands when they reach this new generation of owners. The model car contest is overseen by SAAC's Hertz and GT40 Register, Greg Kalasa, himself a master modeler of some renown. And, in case you were wondering, the entrants in this show take things just as seriously as entrants in the actual car shows.

Sunday was essentially a repeat of Saturday on the track and in the swap meet. There was, however, one additional activity that attracted everyone at some point: the concours and popular vote car shows. While not as large as in previous years, the quality of the cars continues to improve. Where the concours is concerned, although there seems to be fewer entrants, they have become increasingly more difficult to judge because of their increasing levels of workmanship.

By the time the last run group came in off the track at 6:30 p.m. most of the participants had packed up and begun their drives home. The only ones still at the track were the small but dedicated group of fanatics who never seem to be able to get enough of these cars, as well as a handful of first time conventioners who floated around on their own personal Cloud Nines, refusing to let the event come to an end. We couldn't help thinking, as we watched them, that what they were experiencing has happened to all of us at the end of our first SAAC convention. The sense of wonderment is mixed with a desire to keep it going as long as possible, very much like a youngster's first visit to an amusement park. Come to think of it, a SAAC convention is very much an adult amusement park, except that you can bring your own ride!

Photo credits: Tim Bloch, David Ellis, Greg Kalasa, Bob McGarg, Dan O'Brien, Howard Pardee, Lou Santavirta, Forrest Strait.

The SHELBY AMERICAN '68



The Shelby Art & Literature show is a combination of a museum, yard sale and middle eastern bazaar. If you've always wanted a sales brochure from when your car was new, or a particular poster, factory photo or jacket patch, this would be the place to find it. Prices are reasonable (no bargains but you won't get gouged, either). It's also a good way to find out what the stuff you have is actually worth.



CSX4000 series cars were well represented by the dealer gathering (above) and by popular vote car show entries, some of which are pictured below. Most of the owners are SAAC members who have been in previous conventions and know what to expect. While these cars are a tad new to be considered for Concours entry, we expect their numbers to grow with each subsequent convention.



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SAAC-23 Popular Vote Car Show Winners

BEST COBRA

John McKenna, Elbridge, MD - 288 Cobra

BEST SHELBY

Bob Burdett, Charleston, WV - 70 GT500

260/289 COBRA

1st - John McKenna, Elbridge, MD
2nd - Lewis Strunk, Camellion, GA

427 COBRA

1st - Paul Reisman, Plymouth, MI
2nd - George Goulet, Anderson, SC

427 COBRA COMPETITION

1st - James Celen, Pittsburgh, PA

CSX4000 COBRA

1st - Kevin Rogers, Spring, TX
2nd - Scott Hammon, Pennington, NJ
3rd - Brent Calloway, Gaffney, SC

1965 GT350 R-MODEL

1st - Howard C. Pordes, Waterford, CT

1965 GT350

1st - Stan & Peggy Smith, Winston-Salem, NC
2nd - Anthony Laurie, Franklin, NC
3rd - Paul Conson, Woodstock, GA

1966 GT350

1st - Mike Platt, Blairsville, GA
2nd - Tom Ducas, Medford, NJ
3rd - Carl Blagoev, Apex, NC

1966 GT350 HERTZ

1st - Dan Fittick, North Royalton, OH
2nd - Rich Keller, West Milford, NJ
3rd - Dan Maples, Carthage, NC

1967 GT350

1st - Harry Kidd, Middletown, DE
2nd - Bobby Douglas, Gaffney, SC
3rd - Dan Clelland, Cheekowassa, NY

1967 GT500

1st - Jim Worley, Piedmont, SC
2nd - Jerry Joyner, Richmond, KY
3rd - Juan & Maggie Fernandez, Miami, FL

1968 GT350

1st - James Ray, Charlotte, NC
2nd - Johnny Barnes, Bullock Spa, NY
3rd - Joe Neumann, Sewell, NJ

1968 GT500

1st - James Tilbeck, Montford, WI
2nd - Wayne Blair Jr., Kansas City, NJ

1968 GT500KR

1st - Lance Janusz, Lake Mills, WI
2nd - Red Harrod, North Canton, OH
3rd - Bob Wells, Oxford, MA

1969 GT350

1st - Walter Lacey, Pittsburgh, PA
2nd - Walter Walls, Northdale, MA

1969 GT500

1st - Wayne Gury, Edwardsville, IL
2nd - Ed Shaw, Somerset, NJ

1970 GT500

1st - Bob Runworth, Charleston, WV
2nd - Charlie Burnett, Fort Collins, W

SHELBY COMPETITION

1st - Kenneth Casella, Taylor, MI
2nd - Doug Richmond, Newark, DE
3rd - Jim & Sheila Walsh, Hempstead, MD

PANTERA

1st - Barry Howard, Columbia, SC
2nd - Lorenzo Guevara, Aiken, SC

BOSS 302

1st - Bob Gray, Mason, GA
2nd - Lawrence Booth, Stockbridge, GA

BOSS 351

1st - Bob Hahn Sr., Westminster, MD

BOSS 429

1st - Gary Poling, China Grove, NC
2nd - Jim Woods, New Bern, NC

1964-1968 MUSTANG/MODIFIED

1st - Paul Ingram, Deltona, FL
2nd - Jim Woods, New Bern, NC
3rd - Alan Dawson, Bolling Springs, SC

1969-1973 MUSTANG/STOCK

1st - Jerry Strawish, Rockwell, NC
2nd - Ed Riley, Concord, NC
3rd - Johnny Moore, Savannah, GA

1969-1973 MUSTANG/MODIFIED

1st - Russell Probst, Elk Grove Village, IL

1974-1985 MUSTANG/STOCK

1st - Rex Turner, Vinnings, VA

1986-1997 MUSTANG/STOCK

1st - Margie Ray, Concord, NC
2nd - Mike Clay, Gretna, VA

1986-1997 MUSTANG/MODIFIED

1st - Scott Wigginton, China Grove, NC
2nd - Bill Schneider, Burlington Township, NJ
3rd - Scott Dickson, Raleigh, NC

SPL. EDITION MUSTANG/NON-FORD

1st - David Krieger, Simpsonville, SC
2nd - James Ray, Charlotte, NC
3rd - Scott Dickson, Raleigh, NC

COBRA KIT CAR

1st - Tom Meadows, Farmers Branch, TX
2nd - Larry Miller, Charlotte, NC
3rd - Tracy Amington, Signal Mountain, TN

SPECIAL INTEREST

1st - David Potter, Salisbury, NC

SPECIAL INTEREST EXOTIC

1st - Bill Connolly, Latham, NY
2nd - D. Himes, Wake Forest, NC
3rd - Lee Brock, Bailey, NC

SPECIAL INTEREST COMPETITION

1st - George Knebel, Mequon, WI
2nd - Kim Haynes, Gastonia, NC
3rd - Kim McCartney, Toronto, Canada



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The SHELBY AMERICAN #68





SAAC-23 Model Car Show Winners

GROUP I (9 Yrs. & Below)

No Entries This Year

GROUP II (10 yrs. to 18 yrs.)

1st - Kyle Keller, West Milford, NJ
Shelby American Auto Sales Diorama
(GT350-R/GT350-R)
2nd - Joe O'Neil, Farmington, CT
GT40, GT350, Cobra
3rd - Steve Kaufman, Washingtonville, NY
'66 Gurney Eagle Indy Car

GROUP III (20 yrs. & Over)

1st - Rich Keller, West Milford, NJ
Ford GT MK II
2nd - Alex Turner, Vienna, VA
Cobra Daytona Coupe, Twister Mach I
'68 Shelby Convertible
3rd - Greg Kaufman, Washingtonville, NY
'64 Fairlane Thunderbolt

Concours Comments

Paul Zimmans, Concours Chairman

SAAC-23 turned out to be another spectacular concours event. Charlotte Motor Speedway has always provided a unique setting for SAAC gatherings. The weather was hot, but the covered concourse area provided a welcomed respite from the sun and allowed a relaxed judging environment for the participants and judges.

The cars entered in the concourses were exceptionally well presented with insightful historical pictures accompanying several of the entries. For the spectators, this provided some historical perspective, joining the past with the present. All the cars were presented at their finest. Concours Division One, Division Two and Survivors all reflected hard work, seriousness and commitment of their owners. Of special interest were the race cars as well as some really low mileage cars which were very close to an "as delivered" state.

Disseminating information about the cars and their restoration was emphasized in order to make the concourse an enjoyable learning experience for the participants as well as the judges. The judging was rigorous but the atmosphere was relaxed, and I believe everyone had a good time — which is what we were striving to achieve. New information about innovative restoration techniques usually surfaces and is noted in everyone's benefit. As usual, the judges made themselves available to the participants after the judging to answer any questions.

A very special consideration has to be given to the people who unstirringly helped in the preparation for and running of the SAAC-23 concourse event. Joyce Yates is exceptional in

the amount of time, effort and coordination she provides. Mike Shelly, Trish Judson and John Guyer are always available to provide direction and insight in setting up and coordinating the event. Without their input in event preparation, we would not have the smooth running concourses to which we have all grown accustomed.

Hearty pats on the back also go to the following judges: Dirk Gasterland, Brian Kennedy, Bill Anziani, John Brown, Rick Noehta, Mike Shelly, Rodney Harrold, Ed Meyer, Al Friedel, Larry Quay, Martin Weisman, Ray Bryan, Kenny Fuhrman, Randy Ream and Jim Wicks.

Paul Zimmans, 9801 Sorrel Ave, Potomac, MD 20854 301-983-5128 after 8 pm; fax 301-983-5129.

SAAC-23 Concours Winners

STOCK ORIGINAL/NOS CONCOURS

Premiere - '96 Boss 429 KK1876
David Powell, Bay Roberts, NS, Canada
Gold - '96 GT350 R-Model 05531
John McKenna, Elbridge, MD
Gold - '85 GT500KR Convertible #04097
Woodard Jackson, Dudley, NC
Gold - '68 GT350 Convertible #1568
Oud Farrow, Leno, Township, WI
Silver - '70 Boss 302 #0018
Michael Caputo, Bayville, NY

STOCK NON-NOS CONCOURS

Gold - 477 Cobra Roadster #0046
John McKenna, Elbridge, MD
Gold - '67 GT500 #0776
John Arthur Farr, Cullman, AL
Silver - 289 Cobra Roadster #02530
Fred Hunsan, Kissimmee, FL
Silver - '98 GT500 Fastback #1817
Harry Cook, Norwood, NC
Silver - '70 GT500 Fastback #0661
Mike Brasky, Pinedale, ME
Bronze - '69 GT350 Fastback #0613
Greg Melott, McConnellsburg, PA
Bronze - '67 GT500 #2225
Greg Melott, McConnellsburg, PA

ORIGINAL UNRESTORED/SURVIVOR

Judges' Award - 289 Cobra CS42227
Hank Williams, Los Angeles, CA
Judges' Award - 289 Cobra CS42310
Dan Case, Decatur, AL
Judges' Award - 427 Cobra #0251
Andy Killian, Hickory, NC
Judges' Award - '67 GT350 #2184
Andy Killian, Hickory, NC

The SHELBY AMERICAN #68

21





John McKenna, 50531

David Powell, KK61878



Mike Caputo, #0018

Curt Pistrowski, #1688



Woodward Jackson, #04037

John McKenna, CSX3045



Greg Mellett, #2285

Mike Enaley, #0861



Harry Cook, #1871

Fred Brunson, CSX2630

22

The SHELBY AMERICAN #68





John Farr, #0736



Greg McElroy, #0013



Hank Williams, CSX2267



Andy Kilham, CSX2951



Andy Kilham, #2154



Don Case, CSX2310

SAAC-23 Concours Statistics

SAAC-23 - CHARLOTTE MOTOR SPEEDWAY - AVERAGES BY CLASS

Class	Authenticity	Workmanship	Cost	Plan	Lot
Cobra	294.8	130.8	424.8	443.2	428.0
1967 Shelby	276.1	135.0	410.7	431.2	420.1
1968 Shelby	285.4	136.1	421.4	437.8	426.1
1969 TC Shelby	275.0	141.1	416.1	430.4	430.5
Boss	285.1	143.7	428.8	441.1	426.5
Competition	255.0	137.5	400.5	433.8	430.5
Total Averages	283.7	139.3	422.9		

OVERALL POINT AVERAGES - ALL CONVENTIONS

Year	Max. Pts	Authenticity Avg	Workmanship Avg	Total	SAAC-23, Charlotte, NC
1966	450	253.7	139.3	422.9	SAAC-23, Charlotte, NC
1967	450	274.3	141.2	415.5	SAAC-23, Rock Hill, SC
1968	450	273.8	141.2	415.0	SAAC-23, Rock Hill, SC
1969	450	265.7	139.3	405.0	SAAC-23, Atlanta, GA
1970	450	265.8	139.7	405.5	SAAC-23, Indianapolis, IN
1971	450	265.4	140.7	406.1	SAAC-23, Williamsport, PA
1972	450	273.0	139.5	412.5	SAAC-23, Portland, OR
1973	450	279.1	139.5	418.6	SAAC-23, Charlotte, NC
1974	450	275.1	138.1	413.2	SAAC-23, Easton, MI
1975	450	271.9	127.8	400.4	SAAC-23, Phoenix, AZ
1976	450	258.9	127.1	386.0	SAAC-23, Santa Rosa, CA
1977	450	276.2	139.5	415.7	SAAC-23, Charlotte, NC
1978	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1979	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1980	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1981	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1982	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1983	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1984	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1985	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC
1986	450	282.0	140.0	422.0	SAAC-23, Greenville, SC

The SHELBY AMERICAN #88

23



Christmas 2015



The latest batch of Seasons Greetings shows Shelby-style imagination.



JD Kaltenbach is, as you would expect, partial to 1967 GT350s, especially the running light-in-the-upper scoops cars.



Jan Sochurek came up with a circa 1965 picture of 5S392 on a ramp-back truck.



Cobra Automotive's holiday cards used to have GT350 race cars on them but since they discovered that Boss 302s were faster they jumped ship.



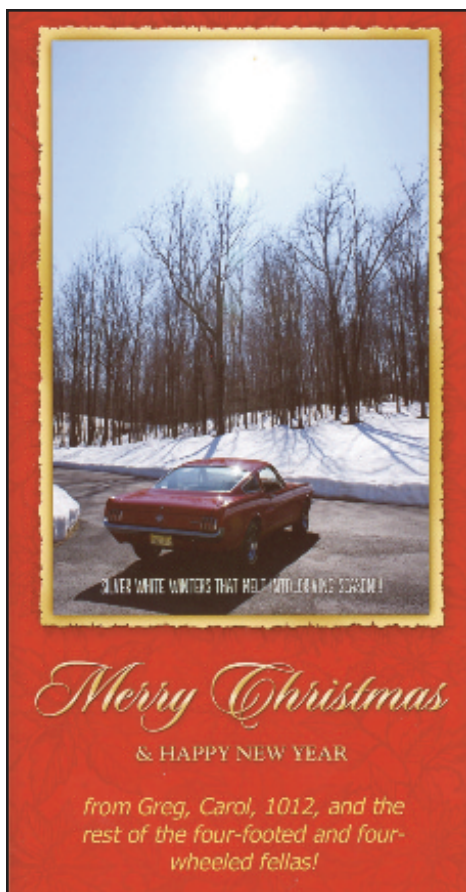
We've watched as the cars on Colin and Cana Comer's cards gradually disappeared, replaced with baby pictures. By next year there probably won't any cars at all. Sigh.



Pardee, once again, dipped into his golden oldies box of pictures of 5R095 from its 1965 racing halcyon days.



Jackie and Rich Keller used to have Shelybs on their card but the landscape seems to have changed since Jackie got a Tiger.



Greg Kolasa and Carol Padden can always be counted on to use one of their Hertz cars on their cards. Their only choice is between red or black.



Phil Murphy and Deb Bigelow took 5S545 on the recent GT350 NC/TN/GA Tour, so naturally they have plenty of photos from the adventure.



Once in a while we get a mystery card: no signature, no return address, no inscription. What's the intended message? My Christmas present was a Cobra in a barn?



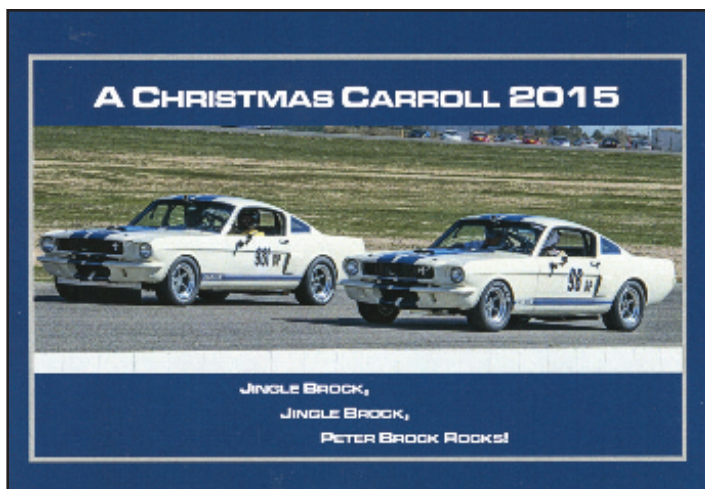
There is something vaguely familiar about the picture on Cantwell's card. It will come to us. It's a great shot of his car on the recent North Carolina-Tennessee-Georgia GT350 tour.



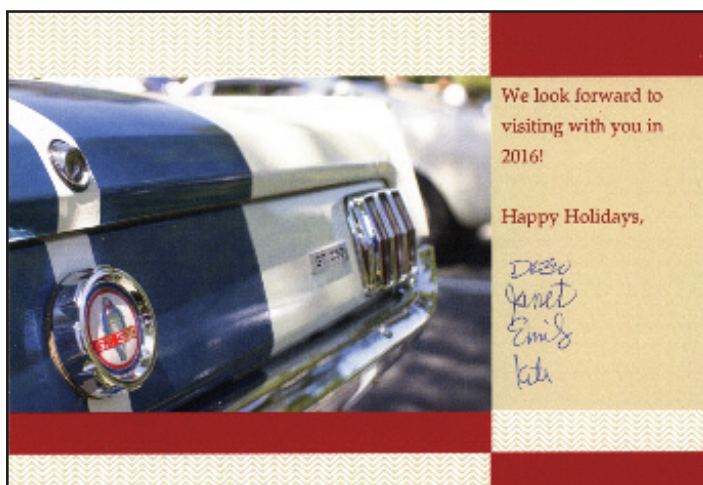
Our friends at Heacock Classic insurance didn't have a Shelby on their card. In this case, that's ok – we wouldn't want to see it subjected to such winter abuse as the '50 Ford pictured here.



The Cobra Experience had a two-sided card this year, one for the museum and the flip-side for Drew and the crew.



William Deary's card shows the two GT350R2s when they were unveiled on February 14th. One of them is his.



Mark Hovander's favorite picture this year was at Pebble Beach when Chuck Cantwell and Peter Brock shared a few witty observations – which will be lost to history. And that's a good thing.



Sometimes it seems like the only way Lou Santaniello will burrow into his garage and pull one of his cars out is because he wants to photograph it for a Christmas card. The car closest to the door this year was his 427 Galaxie sedan.

We always look forward to receiving Dan Gurney's All American Racers Christmas card. Most of their history was made with open-wheelers so it's no surprise they use so many of them on their card. Of course, AAR has campaigned so many cars it's not likely they will ever run out of Christmas card subjects.



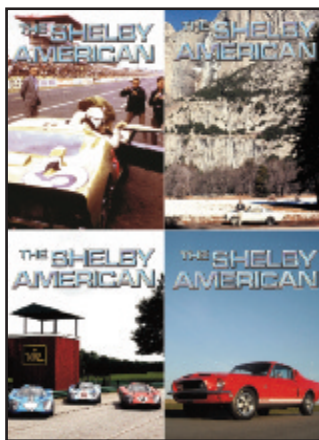
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2011



2012



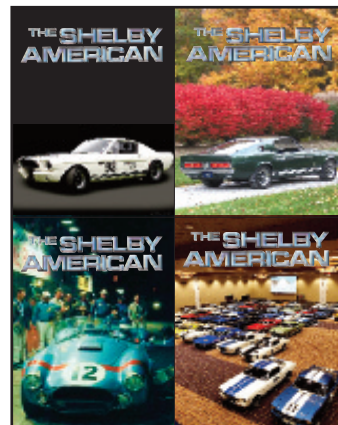
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2014



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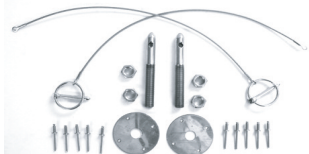
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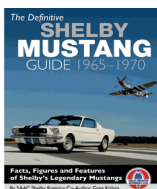
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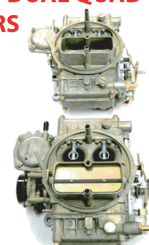


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The Collection maintains an expansive automotive library which includes a complete collection of Shelby Owners Association newsletters, Shelby American Automobile Club *Marque* and *The Shelby American* magazines, the MCA's *Mustang Times*, *Mustang 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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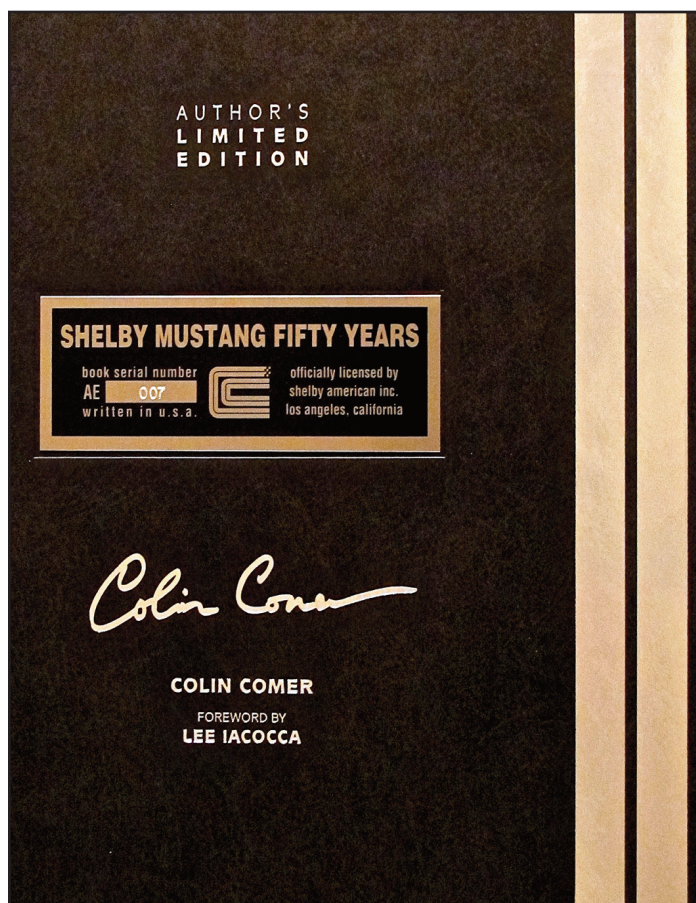
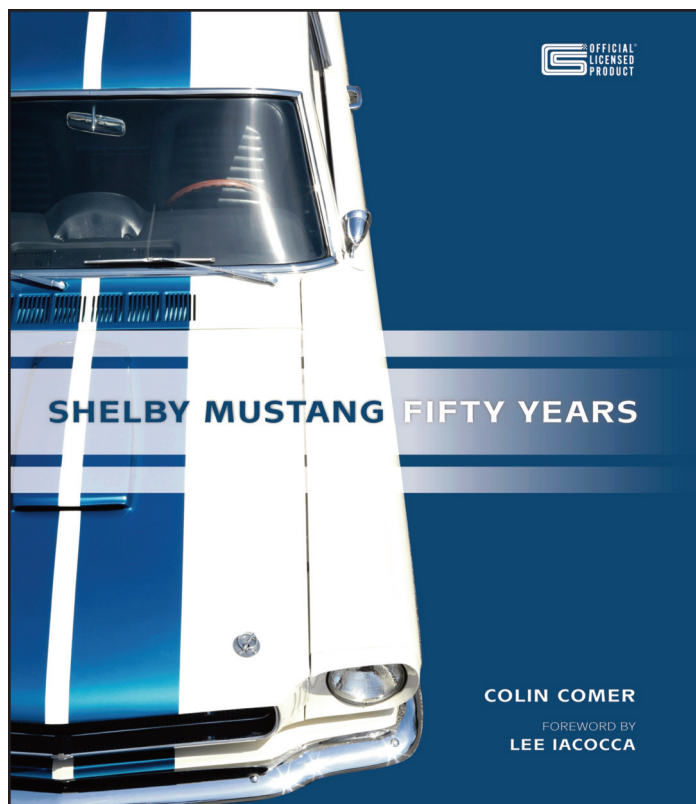
Shelby Mustang Fifty Years is a celebration of the Shelby Mustang and covers every iteration from the raw 1965 GT350s to today's 1000-horsepower monster Shelybys. More importantly, it profiles the men who made it all happen like "Mr. GT350" Chuck Cantwell, Peter Brock, and those men that keep the dream 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!*"

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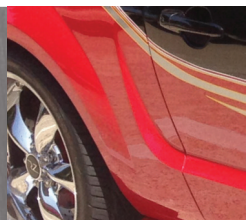
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and '07-'09 GT500



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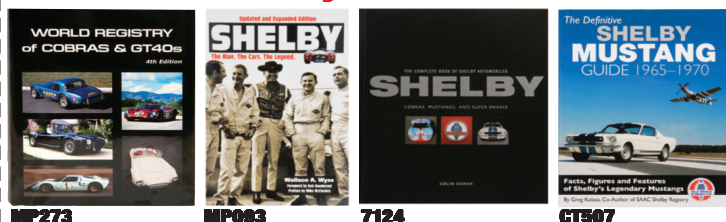
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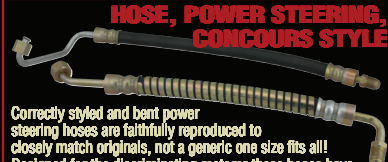
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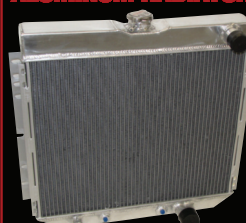
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SAAC HOLLYWOOD POSTERS

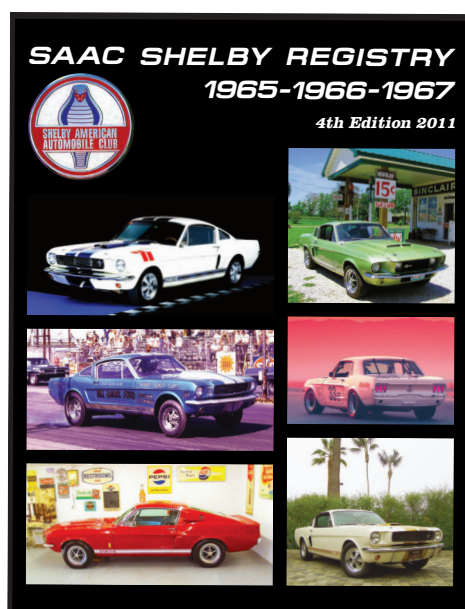
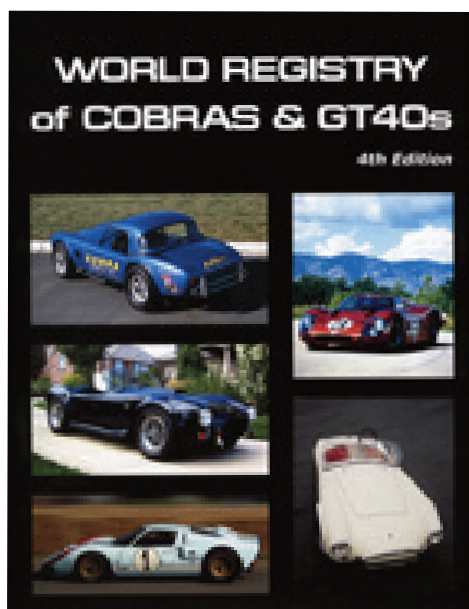
They're still available, but not from us. We began this project in 1995 when we contacted artist Larry Gardinier with the idea to do a series of posters that resembled Hollywood B movie posters. Gardinier is a master with the airbrush and he would eventually create a dozen different posters. We felt 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:

www.artracer.com

PERFECT TRIPECTA



If these three books are already bending your bookshelf you don't need to read any farther. Even if you do not own one of the cars covered in these three volumes, if you're reading this ad you should have all three registries. They are the ultimate reference sources and they are not limited to the cars in the title. There are details about Shelby-related topics you will simply not be able to find anywhere else. Each book took more than three years to complete. We get a little tired of answering questions by saying, "*It's in the registry.*" But in truth, it really is. Everything is in the registry. We don't expect you to take our word for it but we would you like you to see for yourself.

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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 go-to 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 (yes—we'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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