



THE MAIL SAAC

Notes from the SAAC Mailroom: Life Without Shelby

Carroll Shelby departed this world on Thursday evening, May 10, 2012. When addressing his health in the past few years he said that he was, “*sliding into home plate.*” He saw his life as a home run and it’s hard to argue against that. But his slide into home was done in slow motion, so there was no shock when his toe finally touched the plate.

He had been hospitalized in January just as he turned 89, with pneumonia, the so-called “old man’s disease.” From there his health slowly spiraled downward, despite everything his doctors could do and regardless of his public relations hirelings issuing messages on his Facebook page that he was, “*resting comfortably and working on getting better.*” All of it proved to be just so much whistling past the graveyard. He had received a heart transplant back in 1990 and at that time the window for recipient survival was between five and ten years. If Shelby wasn’t the longest living heart transplant survivor 22 years later, he was certainly very near the top of that list.

People seem to overlook the fact that Shelby’s new heart (from a 34 year-old donor) went into the well-used and somewhat tired body of a 67 year-old. The heart was younger and healthier, but everything else—lungs, liver, circulatory system, bones and muscles—had original mileage. Anti-rejection drugs were necessary. Shelby liked to say that he had to take 55 different medications at various times during the day, some on an empty stomach and others with meals. A lot of follow-up was required. It wasn’t a walk in the park and the level of dedication to this regimen was something that not every recipient is able to manage. This’s why a lot of them never make it more than a few years. Shelby was so intent on extending his life that he made it a point to follow his doctors’ orders religiously. He was buying time because he still had things he wanted to accomplish. He was not someone who was willing to sit on the porch and watch the world go by.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO...?

A food chain exists for race car transporters just as it does for race cars. When a team cashes out or upgrades, their vehicles often move down that chain. Race cars go from factory entries to well-heelled independents, and when they’re no longer front-of-the-grid competitive they are sold to second-string teams, and then to amateurs. When they have little or no value as race cars, they get scrapped or sold to wide-eyed enthusiasts who try to fix them up and drive them on the street. This was true, of course, before vintage racing imparted increasing value onto anything that was a race car with verifiable history.

Much the same thing happened to race car transporters. Recall the two-car carrier used by Shelby American in 1965-1966. It’s pictured here [above right] with a 427 Cobra comp car and an S/C either going to or returning from testing at Willow Springs. When Shelby American closed its doors, it’s not known what happened to it. But SAAC Member Gary Goeringer, of Morgan Hill, California has discovered that he has developed something of an attraction to race transporters. He came across a picture of the same rig [below] on the Internet. It was taken by Ken Ulrich, who was a mechanic on the Roy Woods Racing team.



The picture was dated 1972, and shows the two Woods’ Javelins on the transporter in Los Angeles at the beginning of the 1972 season.

In the late 1960s and 1970s, Roy Woods Racing was one of the top independent racing teams in this country. They competed in the Trans-Am and Formula 5000 series. George Follmer was one of the team’s drivers. Coincidentally, the team manager was Jerry Schwarz, who previously worked at Shelby American as a fabricator on the GT350 race cars and Trans-Am Mustang notchbacks. We have no idea how long RWR had this transporter or where it went when they sold it, but it would be interesting to know where it went.



Near the end, Shelby was in and out of the hospital. His public appearances were curtailed. His eyesight was failing, he had diabetes that came with complications, and he had to use a motorized chair to get around his house. Every time he was admitted to the hospital (stomach flu, fractured ribs from a fall at home, pneumonia) the chances increased that he would pick up some errant bug which would be enough to send him into a nosedive from which his doctors could not pull him out. And that is what eventually happened. Unlike the rest of his life, when every chirp or burp was reported in the automotive press, the flow of "Shelby news" ceased. No news was not good news.

At the very end, Shelby's life took on the trappings of an episode of "Dallas." His condition seriously deteriorated. He was on and off life support systems and at one point a lip-reader was brought in to decipher his final decrees and conveyances.

Near the end of April his two sons flew to Los Angeles, armed with a court order, and took him back to Texas. They knew the final curtain call was coming and didn't want it to be in Los Angeles amid choking smog, endless traffic jams and insincere social conventions. Although Shelby lived most of his life in Southern California, he always saw himself as a Texan. Like most Texans, there was a bit of the Alamo in him; the tenacious, us-against-them attitude (even when the odds were 5000 to 1). A hat rack with a black cowboy hat on it was always within easy reach, likely serving as more of a reminder to him than to visitors to his office.

Bringing him back to Texas did not sit very well with his final wife, Cleo. According to people near them, she and Shelby had not been getting along for some time. Back at the Baylor Medical Center in Dallas, his will and final assignments were reconfigured just before he passed away on May 10. That seemed to be the end of the Carroll Shelby story. And with anyone else, it probably would have been.

We've always avoided reporting about Shelby's personal life. Typical of someone famous, much of his life was public—or appeared to be. Many people seemed to know the intimate details, and reporting them in the club's publications was tempting. Nevertheless we resisted, choosing instead to concentrate on the cars and on Shelby's relationship with them.

SERIAL NUMBER UNKNOWN

Terry Krystofiak of Minden, Nevada owned two Cobras "back in the day." Is it possible not to know your serial number? You bet. Back then it was just a car, albeit a very fast one. But a lot of early owners don't know their Cobra's serial number any more than the driver of a Toyota Prius knows the VIN of his or her car today. Krystofiak had a '63 1/2 Falcon Sprint and when he saw this Princess Blue roadster on the lot at S&C Motors in San Francisco he knew he had to have it. He traded the Falcon plus cash and just like that, became a Cobra owner.

This photo was taken at Yosemite. On a whim, Krystofiak and a buddy decided to take a drive from San Francisco to one of



the most scenic spots on the planet. However, Cobra ownership wasn't all flower petals and harp music. When he jumped on the gas, the oil pump drive twisted out from the bottom of the distributor. The fourth time it happened he was on the Oakland Bay Bridge, giving a Corvette owner a run for his money. After coasting to a stop, he had the car towed to S&C and traded it for a Thunderbird. That proved to be a bad choice, so he traded the 'Bird for a '67 GT500. It still wasn't a Cobra, and when he spotted another one on S&C's lot he grabbed it. CSX2192 had a chrome roll bar and Webers. Krystofiak drove it for a while but the pull of home ownership was greater than Cobra ownership. That's what happens when your priorities change.

FORD GT NABS FLYING MILE RECORD



If there's a Ford GT in the news, our intrepid Ford GT registrar Jeff Burgy is all over it. The car pictured above, a 2006 model owned by Mark Heidaker, has been competing for several years in the Texas Mile event, a timed one-mile run in Beeville, Texas. Driver Sean Kennedy coaxed the Hennessey Performance modified twin-turbo GT to a record 257 miles-per-hour. His time bested the previous Guinness Book-recognized speed of 223 mph (also set by an '06 Ford GT). The 5.4-liter engine runs a pair of turbochargers set at 34 psi of boost, controlled by a high performance MoTeC engine management system. Texas tuner John Hennessey could only estimate the car's power because dynos don't read that high. Hennessey told Fox News, "*The exact power output of the motor is unknown, but 2000 hp is a pretty safe bet.*" Hennessey is a master of understatement. For reference, a stock Ford GT puts out 550 hp through a supercharger with 12 psi of boost and can top 205 mph. Even though Heidaker now holds the flying mile record, he is already talking about having Hennessey make a few more changes for next year, when he expects to punch a hole through the air at 260 mph.

A few of things which took place in the last couple of years appear to have detracted from, rather than added to, the Shelby legend. For example, copies of the tax returns from his Shelby Heart Fund (later renamed the Carroll Shelby Childrens Foundation) were obtained by someone and began making the rounds on the Internet. They showed that a very small percentage of the money collected was actually disbursed to children in need of heart transplants. Most was devoured by “administrative expenses.”

In August of 2011 Shelby made the headlines again when a former female employee charged him with sexual assault and filed a \$5 million suit. Shelby, of course, claimed innocence, describing the situation as a disgruntled employee trying to extract money from a public figure through a frivolous lawsuit. Whether the allegations were true or “*wild and fantastical*” as Shelby’s lawyer claimed, sympathy for Shelby—who, in the previous decades had instigated numerous lawsuits himself—was in short supply. Still, we saw no need to act as a megaphone.

Could this story get any worse?

After his death, the celebrity website TMZ, the Internet equivalent of a supermarket tabloid, broke the story of the fight over the disposition of Shelby’s body in all of its juicy details. It turned out that Shelby and Cleo had been estranged since Shelby had filed for a divorce in 2010. Cleo claimed that since they were still married, she had the legal right to control Shelby’s body and she wanted it back in Los Angeles. The family, however, produced a document, signed by Shelby, giving his oldest son the right to his remains. Cleo claimed the signature on that document was forged, adding that he did not have the physical capacity or eyesight necessary to read or sign it. Maybe, and maybe not. That would be a difficult thing to prove. After signing thousands of autographs he could probably sign his name blindfolded.

But wait, as they say: there’s more. Last August, while his divorce was pending, Shelby filed a petition seeking to have the marriage annulled. In those documents, he accused Cleo of lying to him for the 14 years they were married—about her real name, her assets and, in fact, her entire past. As things stand [*this is being written July 8, 2012*] Shelby’s body is in the Dallas Medical Examiner’s freezer.

PINEWOOD WINNER



There’s nothing quite like coming home with a trophy after your first race. Don’t believe us? Then ask Vincent White of West Bloomfield, Michigan. His grandfather, SAAC member Steve White, helped him build a Pinewood Derby replica of the red/white-striped Ford GT MK IV that Dan Gurney and A.J. Foyt drove to victory at LeMans in 1967. Vincent’s trophy was for third place overall in the 12 car field in several heats and forced a set of run-off heats. Move over, Dan Gurney!

FAMOUS IN 1/64TH



SAAC’s Trans-Am Registrar Gary Underwood vintage races the ex-John McComb ‘67 Shelby-built notchback. Aside from being driven by Jerry Titus as a factory entry in 1967, in the hands of John McComb, the car won SCCA Midwest A/S championships in ‘69 and ‘71 and was Midwest GT-1 champion from ‘77-’80. The car also won a truckload of other trophies along the way. It was recently spotted as a 1/64 scale metal die cast, in accurate livery the way it is presently vintage raced in the Historic Trans-Am Group. And who was the first Eagle Eye to send us a photo? If you guessed Gary Underwood, that wouldn’t make you the sharpest drill bit in the index. It was none other than Chuck Cantwell. Nothing like this gets by him.

WEDDING CHAUFFEUR DOWN UNDER



Back at the beginning of the year, SAAC Australian Rep Nez Demaj was asked by his next door neighbor if he could drive him and his two brothers to his wedding ceremony, which would be held in a scenic Victoria park a few miles away. The magical day came in March. Pictured are Nez [*left*] the groom, Justin, and #67412F5A00605. Justin doesn’t appear to understand what is in store for him as a married man—and it’s not likely to include a Shelby. At least, for a while.

“OWNER UNKNOWN” 1965-1966 SHELBYs

A public memorial for Shelby was held at the Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles on June 30. Shelby's people described it as an intimate tribute and invited about 1,200 people. Jay Leno served as the emcee and among those providing memorial tributes were Edsel Ford, Dan Gurney, Bill Neale and WWII fighter pilot Bob Hoover.

The best line of the evening was delivered by Dan Gurney. *“It's a good thing to say that when they made Carroll Shelby they threw away the mold. Because if someone tried to make another one, they'd be sued for copyright infringement.”*

How the story ends will be played out in court. After all of the law suits instituted by Shelby over the last twenty years, it is a demonstration of how karma works. There could yet be a few more unforeseen twists in the plot. Whatever happens will likely have very little affect on the cars because at this point Carroll Shelby has become a separate entity. He had accomplished things no one else ever did. He had worked his magic through all three major auto companies which embellished his automotive portfolio. He has been on the automotive scene for so long—60 years since he first raced that MG TD—and was involved in so many projects and adventures that it's difficult to pick out the high points. Carroll Shelby deserves to be remembered for those high points. And most of all, for the cars he created. All the rest is just non-essential baggage.

Our esteemed 1965-66 Shelby Registrar, Howard Pardee, received a question from a member regarding the number of “owner unknown” cars and he thought the response was worth sharing. The member asked, simply, *“How many owner unknown Shelby's were there,”* At first that seemed like a simple question, but leave it to Pardee to feel the need to explain what “is” is before answering it. That's one of the reasons why we love this guy.

The registry database lists 331 1966 GT350s that have no owner listed in their entire history. Some of the last-known owners who are listed came from factory warranty documents. If a new owner had a problem with his GT350 a week after he drove it home and brought it back to the dealer to have the problem addressed, the dealer recorded his name and address, the car's serial number, the date and a description of the problem. Just think about the information taken by a service technician when you bring your new 2012 Whizmobile back to the dealership today. That could be the last information we have on that car. It could have been wrecked or destroyed a week later, or it could be languishing behind a shed, in a field or in a barn, covered with a heavy coating of dust and providing living space for generations of field mice.

SAAC was able to get access to Shelby American's warranty records when Ford provided the club with micro-fiche files over 20 years ago. In cases where no one has ever claimed ownership of a particular GT350 (or no one has reported seeing the car), there could be an original owner listed. This, of course, makes determining

the actual number of “owner unknown” cars based on SAAC registry records more like an educated guess than a mathematical certainty.

Back to the 331 owner unknowns in the 1966 database. This is about 14% of the total 1966 production of 2,378. Of the 331 cars, 203 of them are GT350H models. This makes sense, in that the Hertz cars were originally considered less valuable than non-Hertz cars back in the late 1960s and early 1970s. They probably had a higher propensity to be driven hard, abused, abandoned, wrecked, or all of the above.

If you subtract the 1001 Hertz cars from the production total of 2,378, it leaves 1,777 non-Hertz cars. Subtracting 203 Hertz cars from the total of 331 owner-unknown cars yields 128 non-Hertz owner-unknown cars, or 7%. The percentage of owner-unknown Hertz cars is 20%, or almost three times as many.

For 1965 GT350s, the SAAC database shows 25 cars as owner-unknown over their entire history, or slightly over 4%. The difference between the two years can be explained by the fact that as the first year of Shelby cars, the 1965s were considered unique at the time and, of course, fewer of them were made.

These factors probably combine to result in the 1965 GT350s being considered more valuable from day one than 1966s, and 1966 non-Hertz cars being more valuable than Hertz cars. Over the past thirty-five years, however, the value of Hertz cars has risen to the point where, today, there is no appreciable difference between Hertz and non-Hertz cars.

DO THE HOMEWORK



In 1968, Carroll Shelby purchased a Ford dealership in Lake Tahoe. Records show that they sold two 1968s, ten 1969s and one 1970 Shelby. In November of 1972 Shelby took on partner Bill Steffans and changed the name from “Shelby Ford” to “Shelby-Steffans Ford.” In 1973 they sold it and it became Anderson Ford. So while this license plate frame has Shelby's name on it, no Shelby Mustang ever wore one.



THE CHICAGO DAILY HERALD - PART 2

In the last issue we ran some pictures of Mike Nowak's '65 GT350 that Chicago Daily Herald writer Matthew Avery put into an article about the car. The paper carries Avery's series once a week. Back in the summer of 2010 a '69 GT500 found its way in front of his camera. It belongs to Kent Krueger of Barrington, Illinois. As with the '65 article, writer Avery got the details of the car and its history just right. His photos are really nice. In fact, if you want to know what good photo composition is, just look at these pictures. You can find the entire article on www.dailyherald.com/article/20100627/news/306279969/



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ANOTHER P-51 MUSTANG PHOTO OPP



When SAAC member Graham Straub, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania heard that we had a thing for photos of Shelbys and P-51 Mustangs, he sent us a shot of his newly purchased 6S203. The picture was taken in 2001 at Tustin Air Field in Tustin, California by the car's then-owner, Tom Rodberg.

\$6.5M FOR A PIECE OF HISTORY

It was announced on Monday, April 2, 2012 that the former Shelby American 1042 Princeton Drive facility in Venice and two other office buildings (1038-1040) were recently sold for \$6.5 million. For the price of a Daytona Coupe, you could own the place where it was made!

The new buyer, 1038 Princeton Drive MDR LLC, did not disclose terms of the deal for the three buildings, but the plan is to "reposition the complex" (whatever that means). The three properties total 34,000 square feet. Constructed in the 1950s, they originally had a Venice address before the area was re-zoned to Marina del Rey.



APRIL 1ST AUSTRALIAN CAR SHOW



Australian SAAC Rep Nez Demaj has been a busy lad. He organized a Shelby display at the Flemington American Car Show on April 1st. He managed to wrangle 13 Shelbys for this show, everything from a '66 GT350H to a 2011 Shelby Supersnake with 725 horsepower. All Shelbys in the show were owned by Australian Shelby Registry members. The way the registry works is that when a Shelby owner joins, they are informed about the next Shelby display. Currently there are over 40 owners and 60 Shelbys in the registry. We have received car show photos from Nez before, and they all seem to include the same cars. In that this car show he was describing was on April 1st, we couldn't help but wonder if he was just rearranging the cars, taking more pictures, and telling us they were all different events. We're not sure if April Fools Day is celebrated in Australia with the same sense of seriousness and dedication as it is here. Having a lend of us, mate?



SHOCKED! WE ARE ABSOLUTELY SHOCKED, WE TELL YOU.

A week or so before the New York Automobile Show opened, on April 12, 2012 Shelby American sent out information on their 2013 “Shelby 1000” model which they announced as having 950 horsepower. Included in the press package were two photos of the car lifting its front wheels several inches off the ground, supposedly during a full-throttle drag strip launch. In the old days, before the Internet, blogs and forums, it would have taken skeptics months to create a sliver of disbelief which may or may not have opened into a crevasse, after which it would have been mostly forgotten because it was papered over by dozens of new things, each more important or of more immediate interest.

Not so, today. As soon as the images were posted on the Internet the disbelievers began to howl. It began with the photo editor at “USA Today” who smelled a fish. How could such a car, with so much weight up front and street tires in the rear showing no stress, possibly get air? Closer examination showed the effects of Photoshop, and word spread with lightning speed. Scott Black, one of Shelby American’s public relations flacks, initially tried to explain it away by saying that the photo was manipulated only to fix the shadows on the ground, and that the wheels had actually been lifted by the car’s torque. When that clearly did not fly, he was immediately back to ‘fess up. “That is a fake shot...I am beyond embarrassed...”

With similar speed, Shelby American’s vice president Gary Patterson helped walk it back. He explained that the photos were retouched as part of an in-house joke and were never meant to get out into the public. Thankfully for the folks at Shelby American, almost as soon as the story erupted, it had subsided and was replaced by more pressing headlines. In newsroom lingo, “the story had no legs.”



Photos by Randy Leffingwell/Shelby.

Photo by Vincent Liska.



All that said, we would like to go on record to say that we are absolutely shocked that anyone would stoop so low as to artificially manipulate a photo of a car on a drag strip launch to make it appear it is lifting the front wheels, even if this was

intended as an inside joke or prank. Where has honesty and decency gone? Jokes are one thing, but to take advantage of the gullible public by photo manipulation is simply intolerable. Some people, it appears, just have no shame.

I LEFT MY HERTZ IN SAN FRANCISCO

What the heck were we thinking? In the last issue we ran a picture of a slingshot dragster next to a cable car on a San Francisco hill. There was a black-and-gold Hertz car behind it and we asked if anyone knew anything about it. We shouldn’t have wasted the ink. As soon as he opened the magazine and saw it, Pardee was all over us like cheap perfume on a hooker.

He pointed us to 6S574, a four-speed Hertz car delivered to SF. The car was never rented because the local Hertz agency didn’t want to go through the fire

drills of replacing the clutch after every renter, so the car was put on display in the lobby of one of the airport hotels.

The picture shows the car’s first owner, Gene Icardi, using the car to stop traffic behind the small block Chevy fuel dragster with Jim McLennan at the wheel, wearing a jacket and tie. McLennan, the founder of Half Moon Bay drag strip, wanted to shoot some publicity pictures. Of course he had no permission from the city. Icardi held up traffic, the picture was snapped, and the dragster quickly rolled

onto its trailer and whisked away. And that’s the story.



THE MAKING OF A FUTURE HERTZ URBAN LEGEND

Back in 1966, most renters of Hertz GT350 models exercised a heavy right foot. It sort of went with the territory. More than a few ran afoul of the law, but times were simpler back then. A lot of these weekend reprobates were able to talk themselves out of trouble, and if they couldn't the cost of pleading guilty to a moving violation was usually in the \$50-\$60 range: serious but not life-threatening. This was before there were points on your license leading to increased insurance premiums and the need to lawyer-up to keep that kind of thing from happening.

Today, when these Hertz stories of 40-plus years ago are dusted off and told, they have acquired a patina. Younger enthusiasts wistfully try to imagine a time when you could have walked into a Hertz agency at any major airport and driven off in an almost new, black-and-gold GT350H.

When Ford announced a modern version of the Shelby GT500, the Hertz Corporation was quick to climb on board and do their part to recreate history. Ford and Shelby created a run of 500 2006 Shelby GT-H models, all black with gold stripes, and Hertz distributed them to their agencies in larger cities and airports. The Ford-Shelby partnership was new and exciting, and the Hertz model was the opening salvo. While there was talk about continuing it in succeeding years, that didn't happen. Nevertheless, just like in the 1960s, some Hertz renters managed to find themselves on the wrong side of one or more motor vehicle laws. They discovered that while their story might be entertaining in another forty years, infractions like speeding and reckless driving had been ratcheted up a few notches since the 1960s. Like drunken driving, there just wasn't much levity in them now.

As if to illustrate this we received a story from SAAC member John Guinta of Palos Heights, Illinois. In 2006 he found himself on a business trip in North Carolina, in a hotel that was far enough away from his destination that he would likely be late for his appointment. The solution was as obvious as the black-and-gold Shelby GT-H sitting in the Hertz lot. Fast-forward to Guinta, pounding down a two-lane secondary road with the speedometer needle touching three digits on the straight sections. Traffic was almost non-existent, and he was flying. All was right with the world.

The only car he saw coming the other way turned out to be a county mountie. By the time he had practically locked up his



brakes and flipped around with his roof lights flashing, Guinta and coasted to the side of the road and stopped. He opened the trunk to get at his briefcase and extracted his rental paperwork. He also pulled his drivers license from his wallet. As the police officer got out of his car and started toward him, Guinta put his wrists together and held his arms out in front of him, in a classic and good-natured "I'm guilty—you got me" gesture.

Guinta was now face-to-face with what he described as the biggest, tallest black man he had ever seen. Still exuding adrenalin, the officer spat out questions non-stop. "Who do you think you are?" "Do you know how fast you were going?" "Where are you heading in such a hurry?" and a few more Guinta could not recall.

Guinta attempted to politely explain that he was on his way to an important business appointment and was running late. The officer told him he was still quite a distance from his destination. Before Guinta could say anything else, the officer handed him a ticket for 99 miles-per-hour in a 55 zone. He noted that this was 44 miles over the limit, and before he pulled away he suggested that Guinta should not show up without a lawyer. Guinta drove off at a somewhat more relaxed pace, thinking about his court date in North Carolina and imagining facing the judge that Joe Pesci had in "My Cousin Vinny."

As a Chicago resident, Guinta was really not interested in returning to North Carolina. He called the court clerk and found himself talking to a Southern Bell with a voice that sounded like warm honey. "Oh, I know you," she said when he gave her his name. He asked her for a list of attorneys in the area. It was a short one.

He asked her who she would hire if she were in his situation. She said she could not make a recommendation. But Guinta was persistent. "I understand," he said. "Could you send me the list and just put a mark next to one of the names?" She was noncommittal but when the list arrived in the mail, one name was checked.

The lawyer Guinta spoke with said he had an office with a view of the judge's chambers. He also explained that each year he received 12 markers, to be used at his discretion. He requested \$600—in advance. Guinta discovered that he not only had a speeding ticket but it came with automatic careless and reckless driving charges. An image flashed into his mind, of him swinging a grass whip on the side of a rural two-lane road in a work gang, with chains around his ankles and being overseen by "The Captain," Strother Martin, the "Man With No Eyes" and a few other "bosses."

Guinta got on well with his lawyer and after an additional \$400 in fees and fines, the ticket was reduced to misdemeanor speeding and the careless/reckless charges were thrown out. The lawyer said he had used up three of his markers but Guinta never saw the inside of the court.

The story didn't end the same way as the ones you hear from renters of Hertz cars in 1966. When they are told there are usually some chuckles, a few gestures and some knowing looks. No one felt threatened, and certainly the adventure didn't cost \$1,000 (about 25% of the price of the car back in the day). But who knows? Over the next 40 years Guinta's story may acquire some patina and might elicit some laughs. Like fine wine, it probably just needs some time to age.

PLUGGERS



“Pluggers” is a unique syndicated comic strip, that relies on its readers to provide the premise via email for each day’s cartoon. Once artist Gary Brookins has the basic idea (which is included below the panel) he draws the cartoon. It’s obvious that he knows his cars. This one was spotted by two Eagle Eyes. We would expect it to catch the eye of Tom Honegger of Lima, Ohio because he owns a ‘67 GT350. More surprising is the second sighting. Cory Hitchcock informed us that the cartoon was sent to him by his mother-in-law, Shirley Richards of Eugene, Oregon. Obviously he has trained her well. It’s safe to say that as far as Cory in concerned, Shirley’s daughter is definitely a keeper.

Brent Halterman’s Virginia Classic Mustang has a pretty good blog and SAAC member Dave Redman saw this picture and sent it along, thinking it might be of interest. It sure is! The car is 6S298. It was originally leased to Shelby American Vice President James McLean on December 1, 1965. It was a four-speed and, catch this—it had a blue interior. According to Howard Pardee, the faithful ‘66 Registrar, only three 1966s were produced with other than black interiors: 6S275 (blue/ blue) and 6S295 (green/parchment) and 6S298. Halterman stays in contact with one of McLean’s sons, Bill. He was the first driver of 6S033 (Halterman’s present car) and after turning it back in to S-A he got 6S296. His sister got 6S298 and she admitted that she and her boy friend drag raced it quite often. The kids? They are Bill’s nephews who were obviously not worried about abusing those rare blue seats. McLean turned the leased car in on July 31, 1967 and a company memo stated that it should be sold at H-P Motors for \$1,000.

SOUTHWESTERN FLORIDA LUNCH BUNCH



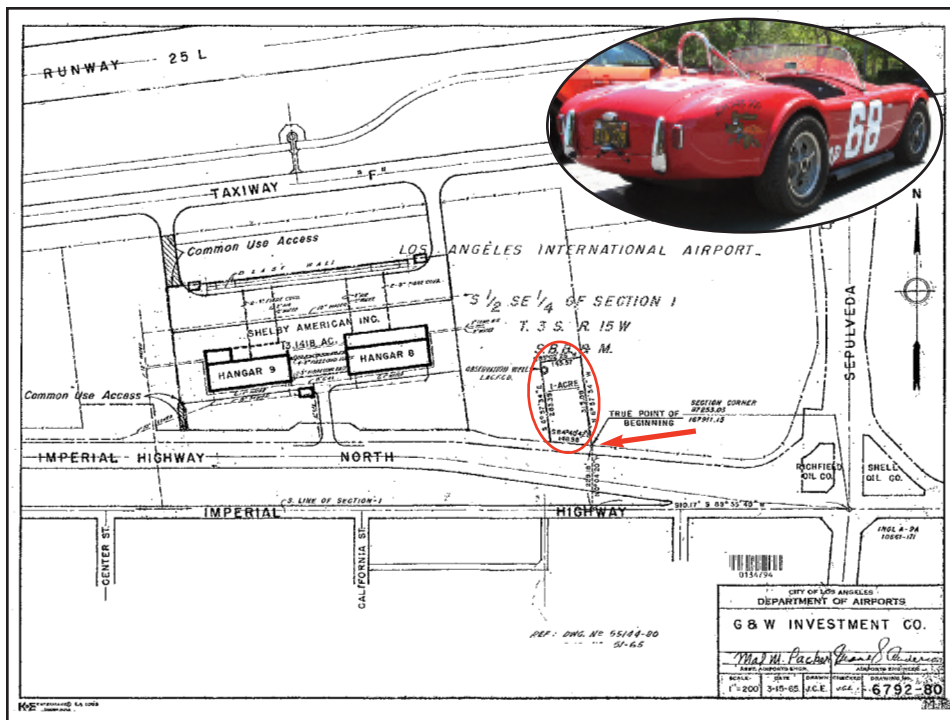
We received this picture from Marty Schorr. He’s got a bunch of buddies who meet for lunch once a month. They all live in Southwestern Florida, so weather is rarely a problem for these get-togethers. The Cobra belongs to SAAC member Archie Uricuoli. COX2010 was originally an AC display car that was left in bare aluminum when it was shown at the 1965

Birmingham [England] Motor Show. It was later rebodied at the AC factory and was, in fact, the last FIA aluminum body built on AC’s original body bucks and tooling. There are currently four Ford GTs in the lunch group and that maroon car on the far right is some kind of an Italian import. Peer group pressure will probably exert its pressure on him before too long.

IT’S OK KIDS – IT’S A FACTORY POOL CAR



SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION



Six degrees of separation refers to the idea that everyone is, on average, approximately six steps away, by way of introduction, from every other person on earth. Or less. It's the classic "friend of a friend" concept that can connect people who don't know each other. Here's an example. SAAC member Frank Zizzo has his Cobra, CSX2021, at a car show in Los Angeles. A stranger comes up and they begin talking about Cobras, Carroll Shelby and Shelby American's LAX facility. Nothing strange about that, is there? Then the guy, Rick Pearlman, mentions that he works at an architectural firm where he was recently asked to convert paper documents in their archives into electronic ones. One of those documents was from the Los Angeles Department of Airports and it showed Shelby American's leased property. Zizzo asked if he could get a copy and Pearlman was happy to oblige. As soon as he received it he emailed it to us. We dug a little deeper to get some more background by asking SAAC member Bob Barranger, an architect himself, what this was all about. Barranger examined it and reported that it was a survey of the one-acre tract east of Shelby American's property [see red circle]. The "true point of beginning [red arrow] shows where a ground monument or initial stake would have been placed by the field surveying team. So it really didn't have anything to do with Shelby American, per se. But it is, nevertheless, interesting.

IS NOW THE TIME?

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June 8, 9 & 10
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY YOUR SHELBY!

1965 SHELBY STANG CONVERTIBLE
1967 SHELBY MUSTANG GT
1968 SHELBY STANG CONVERTIBLE
1968 SHELBY STANG CONVERTIBLE
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Why, you may be asking yourself, is now the time to buy your Shelby as this ad suggests? Why now, as opposed to, say, the first week in May? Or the last week in June? Yes, even Stevie Wonder can see why the Leake Auction is suddenly Shelby conscious. Shelby Mustangs were not worth any more on May 11th than they were on May 9th—unless you are some kind of backwoods bumpkin who associates the sudden increase in publicity about Carroll Shelby that followed his death with an expected corresponding jump in the values of cars with his name on them. Our advice to Goober: buy one immediately before the prices skyrocket. Yeah, right.

WE ARE SO ON TOP OF THINGS BACK HERE...



There's nothing remarkable about a Ford dealership in Shelby, Montana being named Shelby Ford-Mercury. And it's hardly remarkable that SAAC member Larry O'Connell from Valencia, California might be passing through on vacation and the name caught his eye, so he snapped a picture of it and sent it to us when he got home. What is remarkable, though, is that was back in September 1987. His note and the photo were put on a small pile of "stuff to be put into an upcoming magazine" (which would have been #53) but that small pile eventually became a large pile. What can we say? We were working off of

the top (isn't that what you're supposed to do?) and didn't find the photo until now. We never throw anything away—we've said that before—and this is proof.

It's a good thing it wasn't time-sensitive. And here are two other things to consider. One is that the truck in the picture was brand new when the photo was taken. It probably had zero miles on it. And the second is that Larry O'Connell's SAAC membership expired in 2005. He probably went out thinking that we were inconsiderate and ungrateful and just didn't care about guys like him who took the time to contribute to the magazine. Just not so.

DOING A DOUBLE-TAKE AT THE HOUSTON AIRPORT

Imagine yourself walking through Terminal A at the Bush International Airport in Houston, Texas. You round a corner and you're confronted by something familiar—something painted white with blue stripes. It's a '65 GT350, 5S048, owned by SAAC member Steve Forristall. The car was there between May 2 and June 12. And it wasn't there because Forristall couldn't find any other place to park. Yes, there is a back story. It began about a year ago when the idea of parking a vintage car in the main terminal to help promote the 2012 Classy Chassis car show was proposed to the City of Houston. It had to be approved by the Houston P.D. and the local office of homeland security. The car show was held in Houston's Reliant Stadium, where the Texans play. The domed stadium has air conditioning, which helps when the outside temperature can be 100° or more. It is a charity event, benefitting the Shriners Children's Hospital for badly burned children. The show committee kept it at and after a year



the idea was finally approved. It was the first time any kind of classic car was allowed to be displayed in the terminal. Forristall explained that the car had to be delivered around midnight and picked up at the same time, due to the large number of people going through the airport on a daily basis. Despite the late hour the car was being set in place, an international flight had just landed and Forristall was amused by the looks from the passengers. The flight had originated in India or somewhere else near that part of the globe, and this was definitely not the type of car they were used to seeing. The car was running and as he drove it into position, Forristall just could not resist the urge to give the gas pedal a couple of quick pumps. The result was more than they expected. Welcome to America! And there's more where that came from.



IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE? THERE IS NOW..

Jeff and Claudia Burgy are proud to announce that their daughter, Heather Renee Burgy, successfully completed her studies at the Southwest College of Naturopathic Medicine and received her Doctorate Degree in Naturopathic Medicine. Heather hasn't been to a SAAC convention since SAAC-25, where she helped out at registration. She has been hitting the books pretty hard, as evidenced by not only graduating with High Honors but was also

awarded the Daphne Blayden Award at the commencement ceremonies. This is a special honorary award given to only one graduate after being voted by her peers as a student who "exudes high academic excellence, compassion, perseverance, a loving sense of humor and a positive, supporting outlook." Dr. Burgy will be completing her residency at the Medical Center of Southwest College of Naturopathic Medicine in Tempe, Arizona.



MYSTERY COBRA IDENTIFIED: CSX2162



We included a few photos of this Cobra in the Winter '12 issue. It was photographed at Sebring, following the race there, and used in a Lark cigarette ad. We weren't able to determine the car's serial number and asked for assistance. Erik Zurbruggen answered the call. CSX2162's original owner was Tex Asche of Ft. Lauderdale. Erik traced the history of the photo, noting that it was posted on several different sites and attributed to a number of different individuals, making attribution impossible.

"STOLEN/NEVER RECOVERED" - WELL, NOT ANYMORE

Forrest Straight of Los Gatos, California spotted this article in a San Francisco area newspaper a few months ago. It's an interesting story. Here's how the paper reported it:

Call it the case of the missing Mustang — the 1968 Shelby GT500, now valued at up to \$100,000, stolen in Sausalito in 1971, soon sold to a San Francisco man unaware of its history and spotted on the streets of San Mateo by a police sergeant who knows classic cars.

"I don't know how this is going to turn out," San Mateo County Sheriff's Department Detective Shawn Parks said of a legal dispute that has arisen over who owns the classic car. A March 13 case management conference is scheduled on San Mateo County Superior Court. It's a civil case with almost as many parts as the rare Shelby Mustang—and separate from the law enforcement investigation into the vehicle after the July 17, 2011 traffic stop in San Mateo.

Parks' inquiry into the Mustang's history also included the basement archives of Sausalito Police and their microfiche records. He called Robert Lanyon to tell the former Sausalito resident that his Mustang, stolen 40 years ago, had been found.

"He was elated," Parks recalled. "He never thought it would be recovered."

A COP WHO KNOWS CARS

It likely never would have been if San Mateo Police Sgt. Timothy Sullivan hadn't noticed a discrepancy in the Mustang's vehicle identification number during a traffic stop he made last summer.

Attorney Brian Coryell, who's representing Lanyon in the civil case involving a dispute with the estate of former San Francisco resident William Heinicke over who owns the car, said the latest chapter in this saga started with that stop. Sgt. Sullivan recognized the Shelby Mustang as a 1968, but the vehicle registration came up as a 1965. After additional investigation police took the car and the city of San Mateo is now storing the Mustang.

OWNERSHIP IN DISPUTE

William McDevitt, the attorney representing Heinicke's son, said an insurance company paid Lanyon after the car's theft, and so only Heinicke's estate and the insurer have a legal right to the car.

Not so, argues attorney Coryell, who's sympathetic about a good-faith purchase of a car the buyer was unaware had been stolen. But California law is clear, Coryell said, that no real sale occurs under such

Mustang found after 40 years

BY RYAN MCCARTHY
Daily local staff writer

Call it the case of the missing Mustang — the 1968 Shelby GT500, now valued at up to \$100,000, stolen in Sausalito in 1971, soon sold to a San Francisco man unaware of its history and spotted on the streets of San Mateo by a police sergeant who knows classic cars.

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THIS 1968 SHELBY MUSTANG stolen in 1971 was found on a San Mateo street.

circumstances. The Shelby Mustang belongs to Lanyon, he said.

Joseph Aranda, assistant city attorney for San Mateo, said the municipality is holding on to the Mustang until a justice decides who's the owner. "We're sort of stuck in the middle," said Aranda. A probate court has to approve any settlement reached in the classic car case, attorney McDevitt said. William Heinicke was killed in September 2010 when the plane he was piloting plunged into a Redwood City lagoon.

"Like it was a murder."

McDevitt marveled at the thoroughness of the San Mateo County Sheriff's Department's work after the city of San Mateo discovered the discrepancy in the Shelby's vehicle registration. "Detective Shawn Parks treated this thing like it was a murder investigation," McDevitt said.

Parks said whatever the outcome of the civil case, the recovery of the Mustang's history has already made Lanyon, who now lives in Canada, happy. Lanyon had an almost spiritual connection with the car and his son still remembers the morning in 1971 when his father discov-

ered the Mustang was missing. The elder Lanyon was a stoic man — a pilot and a veteran. "That was one of the few times he saw tears in his eyes," Parks said of the son witnessing his father's reaction to the missing Mustang.

The Shelby that remains in storage in San Mateo is part of an automotive line rare enough that the cars have their own independent registry. "This one," Parks said, "kind of fell off the map."

Well, not quite. While the car was listed in the 1997 registry as simply "owner unknown," by July 2011 its individual history had been updated by Vincent Liska, the dedicated, conscientious and indefatigable 1968 Shelby Registrar. He located the warranty records for the car, showing it was sold by S&C Motors in San Francisco to the original owner, Robert M. Lanyon. While the present owner was not known, Liska's records showed that the car was stolen February 9, 1970 in Sausalito. He had received a call from an investigator from the National Insurance Crime Bureau, inquiring about the 1968 GT500, number **8T02S126749-00103** and they shared what they knew.

DAVID UHL COBRA ART



We've referenced David Uhl's work before. He created a poster for last year's Shelby American Collection event in Boulder. He hasn't been resting on his laurels. For the Cobra's 50th birthday he did these paintings, which he offers as posters. He also specializes in Harleys, hot rods and WWII warbirds. Check out his website:

www.uhlstudios.com