

BARRACUDA

Issue #18
\$3.50 U.S.A.
\$5.75 CANADA

Cars, Girls and Real-Man Shenanigans!

**THE WORLD'S
FASTEST FLATHEAD!**
**ANTARCTIC EXPLORER
ERNEST SHACKLETON**
BARRACUDA GIRL PIN-UPS!



*DEREK



NEW COOP SKETCHBOOK!

THE BIG FAT ONE: THE COLLECTED SKETCHBOOKS

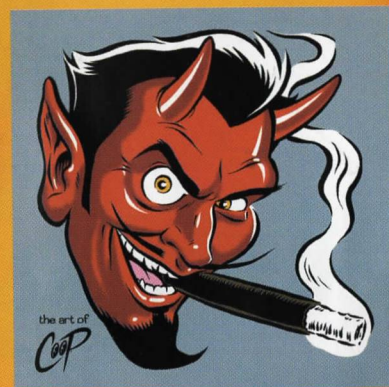


Softcover in Cardboard Slipcase
1008 Pages
\$39.95

LIMITED EDITION

Hardcover Book in Velvet Slipcase
S/N Edition of 150
\$200.00

STILL AVAILABLE!



**DEVIL'S ADVOCATE:
THE ART OF COOP**

hardcover, 208 pgs.
\$39.95

**LIMITED
EDITION**

w/ clamshell case
and serigraph
S/N edition of 666
\$250.00

WWW.COOPSTUFF.COM

COOPSTUFF P.O. BOX 39997 LOS ANGELES, CA. 90039

Shekhina

Photographs by
Leonard Nimoy

Dec. 6th — Jan. 31st
CoproNason Gallery

Opening Reception
with Leonard Nimoy
Dec. 6th, 8-11:00 PM

Presentation and
book signing with
Leonard Nimoy
Dec. 13th, 2-4:00 PM



Shekhina ©2002 by Leonard Nimoy. Published by Umbrage Editions.



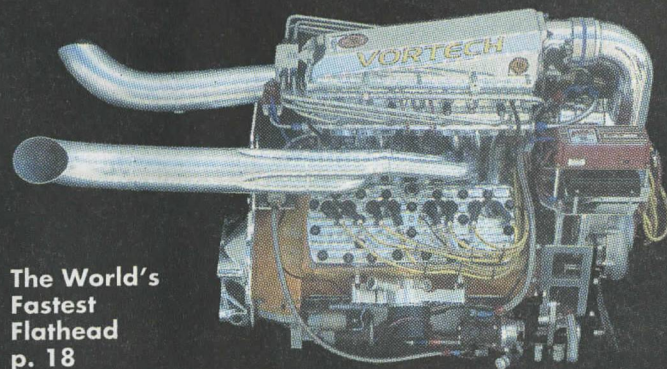
Don Ho Serigraph by Shag

Hand pulled serigraph with oil based ink on archival paper with torn edges. Edition of 149, signed by Shag and Don Ho. \$500 each.

CoproNason™
Fine Art Publishing & Gallery

Visit our website for more info www.copronason.com
11265 Washington Blvd. • Culver City, CA 90230 • 310-398-2643

Divine Inspiration!
p. 22



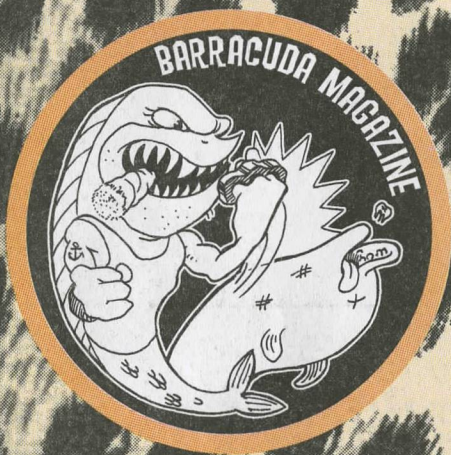
The World's
Fastest
Flathead
p. 18



Gentlemen, Start Your Engines!
p. 35



Real-Man Revisited:
Sir Ernest Shackleton p. 14



Viva Fifi!
p. 12

REAL MAN ROADTRIP	10
VIVA FIFI! (PICTORIAL)	12
REAL-MAN REVISITED:	
SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON	14
THE WORLD'S FASTEST FLATHEAD!	18
DIVINE INSPIRATION! (PICTORIAL)	22
THE BARRACUDA GOURMET	27
HOMEMADE OVERSIZED BEER COZY!	30
START YOUR ENGINES! (PICTORIAL)	35
BOOK REVIEWS	40
LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING (CARTOONS)	48

KINGMONSTER.COM

Monster

666

La marca del diablo

707 n stanley av corner melrose
la ca 90046 tel 323 653 2613

Meow

Merry Christmas

MEOW - Vintage Clothing Store
2210 E. 4th St. Long Beach, CA. 90814
Ph: 562-438-8990 www.meowvintage.com

Starlite ROOM

LONG BEACH CALIF

2220 East 4th St. (562)434-3726
www.starliteroom.com

The Happiest Place On Earth

4640
Paradise Road
LAS VEGAS
702-791-5775

DOUBLE DOWN SALOON

doubledownsaloon.com

**"Yesterday's Stag
Magazine of the
Future Today."
Barracuda Magazine**

**P.O. Box 291873
Los Angeles, CA 90029
(323) 769-5630**

**mail@barracudamagazine.com
www.barracudamagazine.com
subscription/back issue info:**

SEE ORDER FORM ON PAGE 47
Single copies of the current issue are
\$5 each (\$7.50 outside the U.S.)
Four-issue subscriptions are \$12 (\$24
outside the U.S.). California residents
must add 8.25% sales tax. All orders must
be in U.S. funds. Or order with Visa,
Mastercard or Discover on our website.



**Publisher/Editor-In-Chief
Jeff Fox**

**Managing Editor ♦ Smitty Saeufer
Art Director ♦ Al Pastor**

Associate Editors

**Jeremy Carver ♦ G.J. Canfield ♦ Larry
Harmon ♦ Eric Hoffman ♦ Tina Kozik ♦
Dan Mapp ♦ Mako Pilferer ♦ Helen
Trunkenbold ♦ Shivan Vanessa**

**Photography ♦ Paget Brewster
Cover Art ♦ Derek Yaniger
Art ♦ Jim Krewson ♦ Chic Tongue**

**DISTRIBUTED THROUGH: Armadillo, Get
Hip, Hepcat, Homestead, Ingram Periodicals,
Kustomnewsstand.com, Last Gasp, Media
Solutions, Newsways, Tower Records & Books,
Ubiquity. We are no longer available
through Desert Moon Periodicals. If your
store has been ordering Barracuda
through Desert Moon, call or email us for
new distributor contact information.**

**STORE OWNERS: We deal direct! Call or email
us for quick and simple wholesale terms and
easy ordering! Also, call or email us for our rea-
sonable advertising rates.**

**Thanks to Keith Pressman and the Key Club,
Doug Nason and everyone who helped to
make the Don Ho show come together.**

**All contents ©2003 Barracuda Magazine unless
otherwise specified. No portion of this magazine
may be reprinted or reproduced in whole or in
part without written permission from the pub-
lisher. Barracuda is published three times a
year. Email for submission guidelines. We will
not be responsible for the safety or return of
unsolicited items sent to us in the mail.**

**PRODUCED AND PRINTED IN
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, USA**

**How I Spent My Summer Vacation
A Letter From Your Editor**



Hello readers. Welcome to yet another issue. Usually I use this space to talk about something that happened during the production of the magazine. But I'd like to, instead, talk about stuff that happened while I was NOT working on this magazine. I would like to talk about how I spent my summer vacation, and not just so I can write it off on my taxes.

When you run your own business, especially when it's a "creative" endeavor like this, it's really easy to get consumed by it. I won't lie to you—I eat, sleep and drink this magazine. In general this is a good thing, because that means that now, after five years, I'm still excited about what I'm doing.

I also hope that my genuine enthusiasm for the content of this magazine as well as my commitment to what I perceive as the quality of the final product is evident.

The downside of working like this is that it becomes difficult to turn it off. And turning it off, taking a break, being able to get away from it at least for a couple of weeks at least once a year is essential to me having a hint of mental well-being.

When I was on vacation this summer, not even whilst relaxing in a bar, drinking cheap PBR, could I get away from my dedication to the written word. But this story has a happy ending. I'm not kidding you, in the middle of The Royale pub in Brooklyn, a spelling bee broke out. I was cajoled into entering the spelling bee (which was not hard to do) and if I may indulge in just a touch of the ol' *braggadocio*, after a heated

and very difficult competition, I won.

16 bucks and kudos from friends and strangers alike was my reward.

Could I attribute my win to the penny I left on Ben Franklin's grave for good luck at the outset of my vacation? Could I attribute it to all the Pabst I had drunk? I cannot be certain, but neither of these factors can definitely be ruled out, either.

It was pretty awesome. I was getting set up with free drinks by the bartender. People were coming up to me, slapping me on the back and saying, "Hey, you're the guy who won that spelling bee, aren't ya?"

"That's right. Stay in school, kids!" was my asinine retort.

Now, so many times, being the publisher of this magazine has afforded me the opportunity to fulfill things that are dreams to me. These are usually not-so-lofty pursuits, but nevertheless, they are fantastic dreams to me. These are the things that make life worth living and make all the aggravation and long hours worthwhile to me.

After getting to interview Thor Heyerdahl or meeting people like George Barris or Don Ho, I think to myself, "Good God, what can I possibly do to top this?"

Well, getting to cover your bar tab and getting free drinks because you're good at spelling is a start!

So, very soon, yet another year will be behind us. So long 2003. Don't let the door hit you in the ass on the way out.

Until next issue, gentle reader, I remain your barefoot publisher. —J.F.



Showing off my big spelling bee payoff. Chicks are understandably impressed by good spellun and 16 bucks.

VIVA LAS VEGAS

APRIL 8 - 11 - 2004

Gene Summers - TX ❖ Teenagers - NY

Deke Dickerson & Special Guests ❖ Hi Jinx - CA

Rene Dalva & Lonesome Trio - CA ❖ Annita - Holland

Wildfire Willie & Ramblers - Sweden

Vicky Tafoya & Big Beat - CA

Lloyd Tripp & Zip Guns - CA

Wendy & Her Ler Beaus - MD

Jack Baymoore - Sweden

Johnny Dilks - CA ❖ Dawn Shipley - CA

Ray Sharpe - TX ❖ Big Boy Bloater - UK

Royal Deuces - CA ❖ Flea Bops - MD

Huelyn Duvall - TX ❖ Blue Shadows - CA

Extraordinaires - UK

Sid & Billy King - TX

Mean Devils - Portugal

Barnstompers - Holland

Barrace Whitfield - MA

Rollin Rocks - Japan

Go Cat Go - tribute

**featuring original
members**

**SHIFTERS
CAR SHOW**

2 Vendor Rooms

MANY MORE

TO BE

ANNOUNCED !



WWW.VIVALASVEGAS.NET

Viva Las Vegas, PO Box 8098, Long Beach, CA 90808-0098, USA Phone: +1 562 496 4287 Fax: +1 562 496 4297

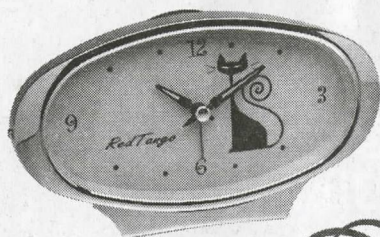
Viva Las Vegas Europe, 46 Inverness Street, London, NW1 7HB, UK Tel: +44 (0) 207 267 4682

Please contact us for a mail in booking form.

THE GOLD COAST HOTEL AND CASINO 4000 W.Flamingo Road, Las Vegas, Nevada 89103, USA

Looking for great gifts?

Red Tango™
has you covered!



nifty clocks
and watches



cute totes



rockin' purses

make up bags
a-plenty



handy travel bags



tangoland.com

SazzVintage.com &
Norasake.com wish you
Happy Holidays!

- Mens Shirts
- Vintage Dresses
- Western Shirts
- Gabardine Jackets
- Hawaiiana
- Vintage Shoes & Accessories

Gift Certificates

International &
Overnight Shipping!

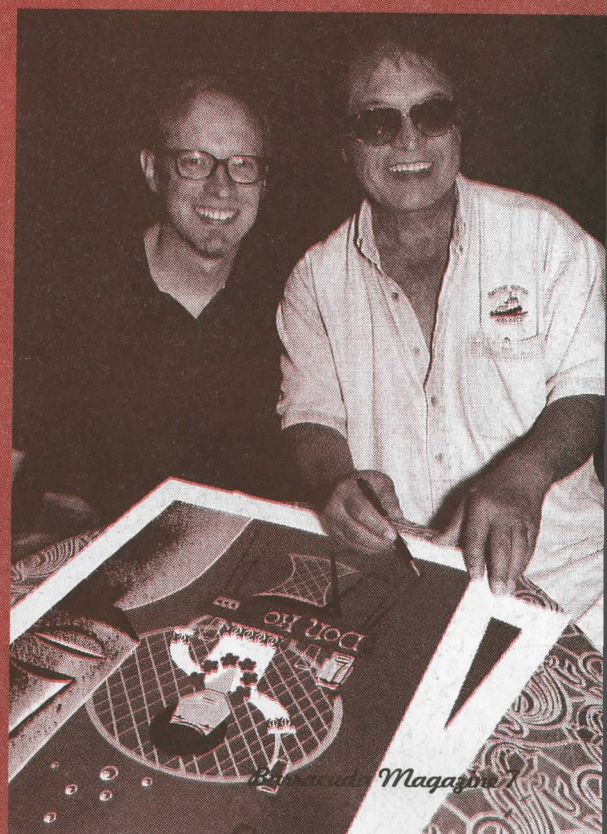
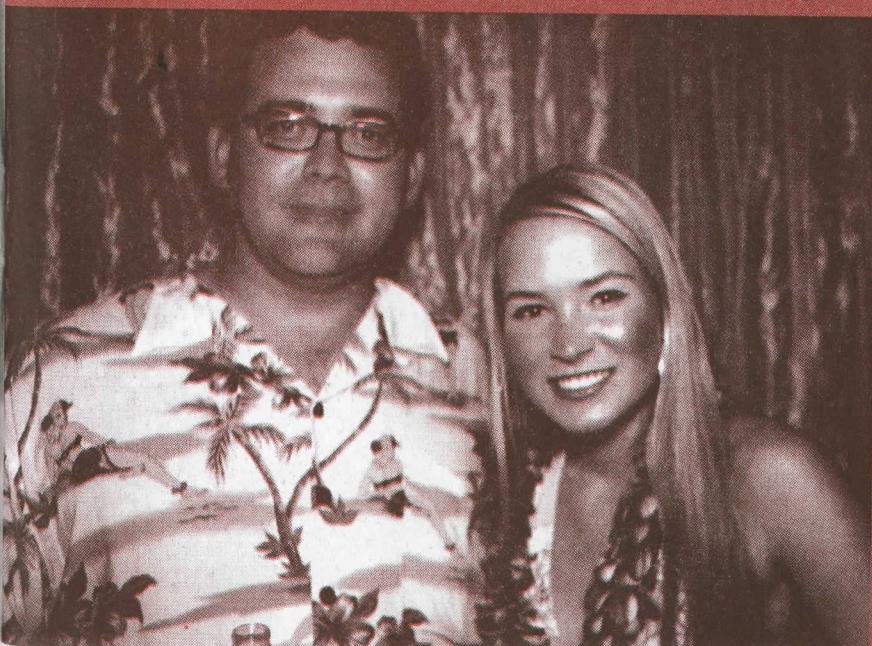


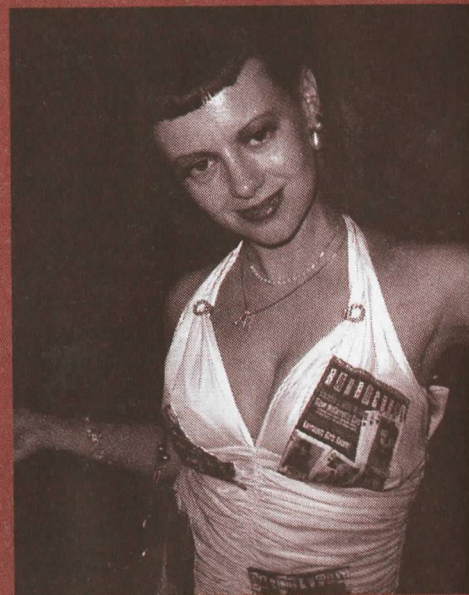
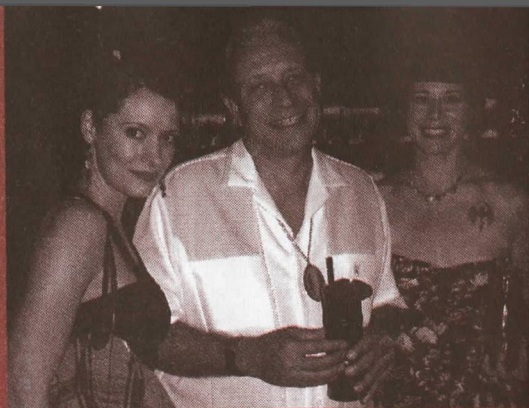
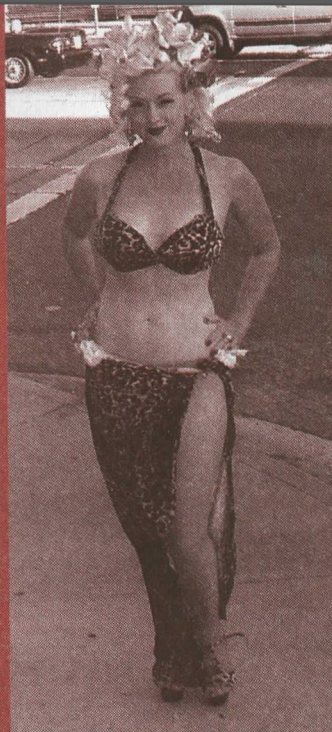


Barracuda Magazine's 5th Anniversary Party!

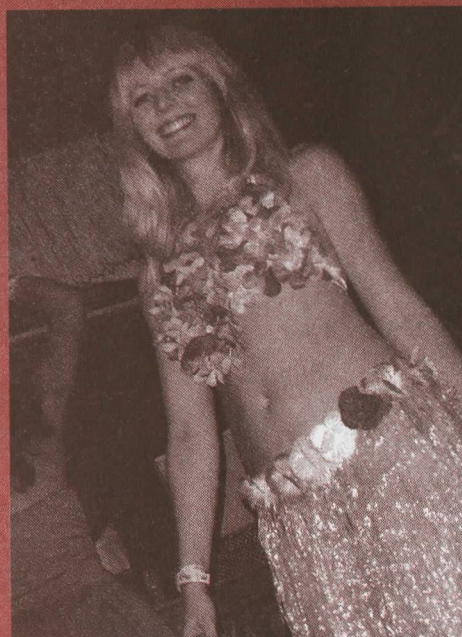
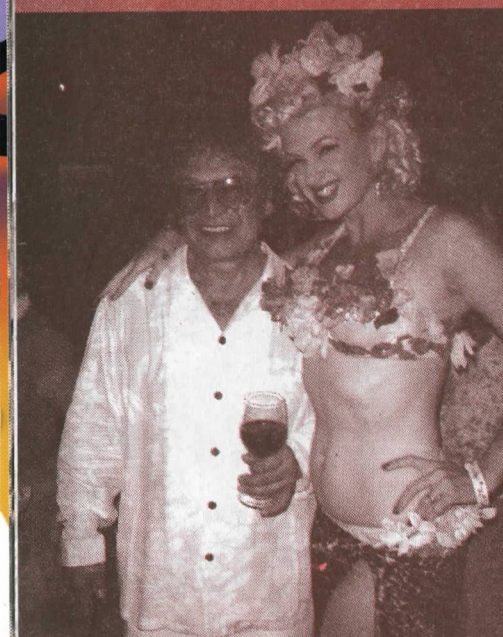


Photos from our fifth anniversary party at the Key Club, clockwise from upper left: Don Ho at the mic, singing with true, laid-back Hawaiian style! Don Ho onstage with his band. The Tiki Goddess Burlesque Exotica show. Shag and Don Ho signing prints for the Shag print art show in the VIP room, presented by Copro/Nason Gallery. Lost Continent Library's Walter Bosley with the beautiful Hoku! The Dynotones bringing the house down with their heavy instrumental surf sound. (Photos this page by Doug Nason.)





From upper left: Hoku singing a duet with her father onstage. Barracuda cover girl Kitten DeVille stopping traffic on the Sunset Strip! Barracuda cover girl and photographer Paget Brewster with author "Magnificent" Sven Kirsten and 8 Ball's Naomi Alper. Curvaceous Barracuda Girl Augusta with her custom-made dress! Barracuda cover girl Cardinal Sin, dressed to the nines. A pretty hula dancer with the burlesque troupe. Kitten DeVille with the man of the hour. A giant Ku tiki fiercely guarding the stage. Center: The always lovely Barracuda Girl Scarlett Fever enjoying a libation. (Photos this page by Don Spiro.)



don't be fooled by imitations

visit our website for free pin-up poster

FRONTIER

STARDUST

MOTOR BRANDS U.S.A.

MOTOR GRL

Elkie Cooper

The Original
MOTOR BRANDS U.S.A.

MUSCLE CAR
EXTRAVAGANZA

www.motorbrandsusa.com

GENUINE LICENSED PRODUCTS

dealer inquiries welcome 1-866-389 CARS (2271)

photo: francis mills

NO CELL PHONES
NO GPS
NO COMMANDO TEAMS
IN HELICOPTERS
TO SAVE YOUR ASS

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

ADVENTURE.
PURE...
AND SIMPLY
DANGEROUS

LOST
CONTINENT
LIBRARY

PHOTO BY DOUGLAS NASON

COPYRIGHT 2003

WWW.LOSTCONTINENTLIBRARY.COM

**BIG
JOHN
BATES**

MYSTIKI

Bates sings like a mad scientist pieced him together in the light of arching transistors from parts of Elvis, James Dean, and Vincent Price. The sound he pulls out of his guitar is near amazing, like the ghosts of six-string outlaws have taken control of his body. And sCare-oline's amazing groove, and the bass foundation she lays down, can hold up a stampeding herd of elephants

• In Music We Trust Magazine • Portland OR

Guitarist Big John and bassist sCare-oline took out the witches cauldron, threw The Cramps, The Reverend Horton Heat, an old Gresteh guitar with a dash of Devil sauce in it, and conjured a record that takes you on a rock and roll graveyard tour of thunderous stand up bass slappin' rockers, demonic tiki-tochi instrumentals and reverbed-carnival-zombified merry-go-round two steppers. Big John Bates travels with an entourage of seantly dressed vixens known as the Voodoo Dollz, whose sole job is to turn audience members into hapless horn dog mush with their lascivious dance and sex-pot antics. Great music, half naked ladies, and a chance to meet Mephistopheles himself!

• Lookey-Dookey Magazine • Brooklyn, NY

www.bigjohnbates.com

Available online and from Cargo, PHD, Robot International and Sonic

WWW.HELLKATS-LA.COM

**HELLKATS
L.A.**

Devilishly Kool Gear

Home of the kooliest in jewelry, clothing and housewares for the person who gives a damn...

Featuring kustomized and classic tattoo designs, hotrod kulture and handmade items you'll find nowhere else!

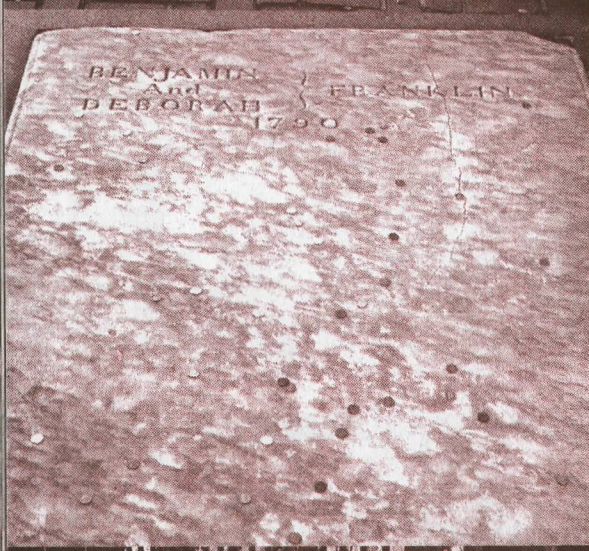
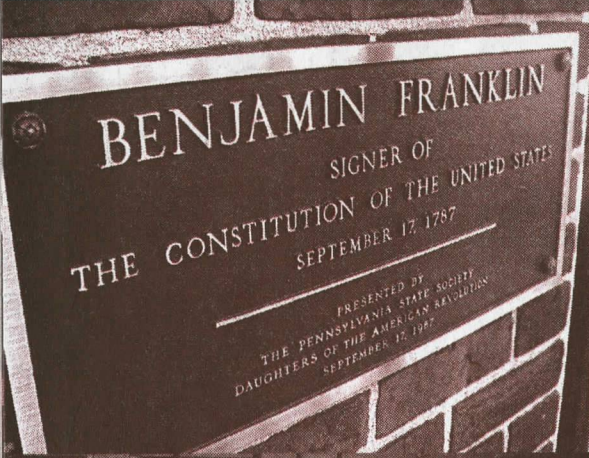
P. O. Box 56091
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

Phone: (818) 501-8300
Fax: (818) 501-3422

WWW.HELLKATS-LA.COM • SALES@HELLKATS-LA.COM

REAL MAN ROADTRIP *Ben Franklin's Grave*

Photos by Dan Mapp



If you find yourself in or near Philadelphia, be sure to stop at the grave of Ben Franklin, the only *Barracuda* Real Man to ever grace U.S. currency. (Until last year, he was the also the only Real Man on a stamp—but now Duke Kahanamoku also shares that distinction.) His final resting place is located on Arch street near 5th street in Olde City. His grave is in the Christ Church Cemetery burial ground and is visible through a grate adjacent to the sidewalk, if the cemetery is not open to tourists. Tradition says that it is good luck to toss a penny on Franklin's grave. If you get the hankering to travel to Boston to visit Ben Franklin's birthplace, don't bother. A circuitous trip around downtown Boston in search of One Milk Street will only lead you to an innocuous-looking office building that now occupies the place where he was born.

CHRONOLOGY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

- 1706 Born at Boston, January 17.
- 1723 Removed to Philadelphia.
- 1729 Editor of Pennsylvania Gazette.
- 1730 Appointed Public Printer.
- 1731 Founded the Philadelphia Library.
- 1736 Organized the first Philadelphia Fire Company.
- 1737 Appointed Postmaster of Philadelphia.
- 1738 Member of the Provincial Assembly.
- 1741 Established first American Magazine.
- 1742 Invented the Franklin Open Stove.
- 1743 Founded the American Philosophical Society.
- 1749 Projected University of Pennsylvania.
- 1751 Founded the Pennsylvania Hospital.
- 1752 First to utilize electricity.
- 1753 Deputy Postmaster General for the Colonies.
- 1754 Delegate to Congress at Albany.
- 1756 Colonel of Provincial Militia.
- 1757 Agent to Great Britain for Pennsylvania.
- 70 Georgia, New Jersey and Massachusetts.
- 1764 Speaker of Pennsylvania Assembly.
- 1769 President of American Philosophical Society.
- 1775 Delegate to the Continental Congress.
- Chairman of the Committee of Safety.
- Proposed "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union."
- Postmaster General of the Colonies.
- 1776 Signed the Declaration of Independence.
- President of Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania.
- Commissioner to the Court of France.
- 1778 Negotiated Treaties of Amity and Commerce and of Alliance with France.
- Minister Plenipotentiary to France.
- 1783 Signed Treaty of Amity and Commerce with Sweden.
- Signed Treaty of Peace with Great Britain.
- 1785 Signed Treaty of Amity and Commerce with Prussia.
- President of the Provincial Council.
- 1787 Member of Constitutional Convention of the United States.
- 1790 Died at Philadelphia, April 17.



The Body of
B. Franklin, Printer,
Like the Cover of an old Book,
Its Contents torn out,
And Stript of its Lettering & Gilding
Lies here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost,
For it will as he believ'd
appear once more
In a new and more elegant Edition
Corrected and improved
By the Author.

[This epitaph written by Franklin as a young man, was not intended to be used. His nearby gravestone was prepared in exact accordance with the inscription contained in his will.]

This gravestone restored
by the Poor Richard Club
of Philadelphia
through the generosity
of Howard C. Story
in memory of his parents
Edward A. and Mary Elizabeth Story



El Matador

PALADINS

**Brave and Desperate
Rock and Roll**

**THE ALBUM FROM THE
LEGENDARY ROOTS,
BLUES & TWANG TRIO
FOR 2003**

PALADIN X550

THEPALADINS.COM

Lux

Luxrecords.net

THIRD RAIL

PLUSIE

anti-fashion wasteland

**HUSTLER
LUCKY 13
FELON
STEADY
THIRD RAIL
BEER GEAR
PAUL FRANK**

**KILLER
SELECTION OF
BELT BUCKLES &
TRUCKER HATS**

***SPEND
\$50 BUCKS
AND RECEIVE
FREE SHIPPING!**

**Shop 24
Hours A Day!**

WWW.PLUSHLIVING.NET

706 S. FOREST AVE. TEMPE, AZ 480-967-9200

***TYPE IN COUPON CODE "BARRACUDA" ON ORDER FORM - FREE UPS GROUND - EX. 12/31/03**

Go In Style...

**Specialty Casket Co.
Custom Caskets**

Paint Options

- Flames
- Scallops
- Flake
- Graphics
- Pinstriping
- Pearl
- Candy
- Polished Granite
- Or Match Your Hot Rod

Use As

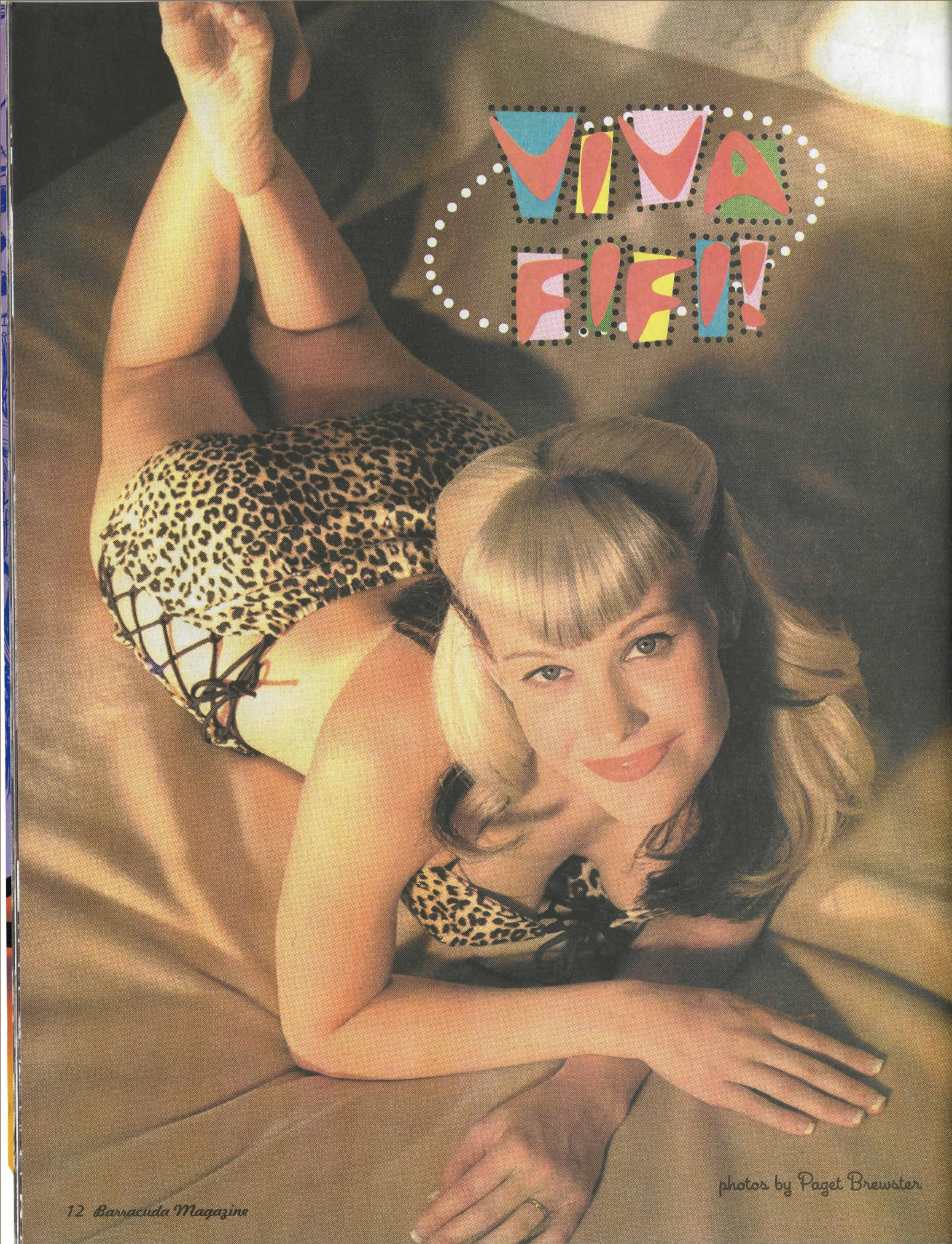
- Ice Chest
- Conversation piece
- Retirement Gift
- Entertainment Center (just add shelves)
- You decide

Cremation urns also available.

All caskets are sold without interiors. Many types of interiors are available at additional cost. Also available for additional cost are 15,000 Custom embroidered headpieces (inside lid) to choose from.

For pricing and ordering information contact:

Ed Fitch
Phone: 831-335-2355
Email: pr198@aol.com

A woman with blonde hair and bangs is lying on her stomach on a sandy beach. She is wearing a leopard print one-piece swimsuit with a black lace-up detail on the side. She is looking up at the camera with a smile. Her legs are bent and raised in the air. In the upper right corner, there is a graphic that says "VIVA FIF!" in a colorful, stylized font, enclosed in a dotted oval border.

VIVA
FIF!



We've never done a Barracuda Girl re-run before, but when our fetching former cover girl Fifi LeDonk wanted to show off her new blonde locks and her favorite new swimsuit, who were we to say no?! And what a bathing suit (or should we say "baiting suit!") that is! It's like barbed wire—it protects the property without obstructing the view! The only thing holding that bikini together is a city ordinance! This leggy lovely is the living end! Fifi, you can be in every issue as far as we're concerned!





Ernest Shackleton's first trip to the Antarctic was as a lieutenant on the *Discovery* expedition in 1901. Led by Captain Robert Falcon Scott, the famous British Naval explorer, this expedition had hoped to reach the South Pole. On the journey, Shackleton and other expedition crewmen endured constant peril and extended periods of what can be modestly described as *severe* discomfort. This included living on mere scraps of food for days at a time, hauling all their equipment by hand when their dogs died and contracting scurvy and dysentery in the middle of a blizzard, just to name a few.

At the time, much of Antarctica and the surrounding areas had never been visited by man, so, these expeditions were not a weekend ski trip in the Poconos. These were grueling, death-defying journeys that dragged on for months or years. Little was known about Antarctica and how to survive its severe climate. A mistake in these conditions was punished harshly by nature. At that time, state-of-the-art, sub-zero survival gear was made from wool and animal skins. Crew members could easily wind up dead from exposure to the elements, disease, starvation or getting eaten by a killer whale.

Expeditions had almost no contact with the outside world once their journey was under way. Radio communication was in its infancy, and radio contact from Antarctica to another continent would not be possible until years later. But a radio wouldn't do much good in event of a dire emergency anyway. The chance of rescue at sea or on the ice would, in most cases, be logistically impossible. Weather reports available back then were strictly anecdotal.

Captains of northbound whaling ships would merely relate the weather or ice conditions they had seen. Short-term weather could be predicted with thermometers, barometers and experience. But as far as what next week or the rest of the season was going to be like was anyone's guess.

Despite the fact that Shackleton had become seriously ill and undergone great hardships on the *Discovery* expedition, he intended to return to the Antarctic. The South Pole had already been reached, so Shackleton wanted to be the first person to traverse the continent. But the journey was not devised as an exhibition of sheer daring and bravado. Shackleton intended to bring scientists to make studies of geography, ice formations, animal life and meteorology.

Real-Man Revisited: Sir Ernest Shackleton

And The Voyage Of The Endurance

THE SHACKLETON EXPEDITION 1914-1916

The plan was to sail one ship by way of South America and South Georgia island in October of 1914 and reach the Weddell Sea in Antarctica by November. (Bear in mind that in the Southern hemisphere, the seasons are the opposite of what they are north of the equator, so November is springtime.) Weather permitting, his team would begin a five-month, 1800-mile transcontinental journey across the South Pole to the Ross Sea. A second ship would sail from Australia and establish a camp near the Ross Sea, providing supplies and support to the expedition while Shackleton crossed the South Pole.

If the Weddell Sea part of the expedition did not arrive until too late in the season, they would set up winter quarters, leave provisions and return in the spring of 1915 to make a second attempt to cross the continent. If all went well, Shackleton expected some of his crew to return in April 1915, with the last members of the crew returning April 1916.

With promises of financing for the expedition in place, Shackleton set about finding a crew. In January of 1914, he ran an ad in a London newspaper that read: "Notice—Men wanted for hazardous journey. Small wages. Bitter cold. Long months of complete darkness. Constant danger. Safe return doubtful. Honor and recognition in case of success."

Nearly 5,000 people replied to the ad.

Of the thousands of men who applied, Shackleton carefully selected 56 men, who would work on the two different ships.

Shackleton's crew of 28 men would sail into the Weddell Sea on the *Endurance*—a ship built specifically for this journey. Its construction had

been supervised by a group of Polar explorers and could run on sail, coal or fuel oil, allowing it to stay at sea for extended periods of time. It was also designed to be able to endure collisions with ice floes and the tremendous pressure that tightly-packed ice could exert on its sides.

After months of planning and preparation, the *Endurance* was just about to set sail when World War I broke out in early August 1914. When Shackleton learned of the war, he immediately offered to forego the expedition and turn over his ship and all its stores to the British Admiralty for the war effort. Every hand on the *Endurance* volunteered to join the service as well. Shackleton received a quick reply from Winston Churchill, thanking him for the offer, but requesting that the journey proceed as planned.

The *Endurance* arrived at South Georgia Island toward the beginning of November and Shackleton began making final preparations—

gathering supplies and talking to whaler captains about the conditions to the south. On December 5th, 1914, the *Endurance* headed optimistically into the Weddell Sea. Shackleton and his men had the expectation that their journey would be over in 120 days, and the war back home would last no longer than six months.

"The clanking of the windlass broke for us the last link with civilization," wrote Shackleton, "The morning was dull and overcast, with occasional gusts of snow and sleet, but hearts were light aboard the *Endurance*. The long days of preparation were over and the adventure lay ahead."

Within two days of leaving South Georgia Island, the *Endurance* encountered ice, much heavier and farther north than Shackleton had anticipated. By December 14th, the ship was running into older, heavier, solid ice, which could not be broken by the bow of the ship. Only





two weeks into the journey, the *Endurance* became stuck to a floe. The ship's progress was so negligible that some members of the crew climbed onto the floe and played a game of soccer. From the mast of the ship, it was estimated that one of the big floes was at least 15 miles long and 10 miles wide.

The ship continued to slowly wind its way through the ice, sometimes making progress of 70 miles in a day, or as few as 17 miles another day. By January 1st, they had traveled only 480 miles since first encountering pack ice—their progress had slowed to a crawl.

The ship weaved through the same 20 miles of ice for over two days, as the crew looked for an opening that would take them deeper into the Weddell Sea. But with unexpectedly cold weather and heavier floes closing in from all sides, the *Endurance* could not advance any further south. "All leads ran north, north-east or north-west," wrote Shackleton, "It was as though the spirits of the Antarctic were pointing us to the backward track—the track we were determined not to follow."

By the middle of January, the *Endurance* was totally surrounded by ice. The men toiled around the clock, breaking young ice by hand, but it would instantly freeze back up. Heavier, older pack ice was completely impenetrable.

After the tenth day of inactivity, Shackleton ordered that the coal fires in the engine room be allowed to go out. There was nothing to do but wait to see if the conditions would improve.

Day after day, the crew kept an anxious, vigilant watch for an opening. Ice, mist and reflections caused mirages, constantly giving false hopes of a passage nearby. But in fact, open water could not be seen in any direction. Although the coast of Antarctica was later spotted far off in the distance, the ship could not make any progress toward it.

Temperatures continued to fall as the arc of the sun moved closer to the horizon with each passing day. Summer was coming to an end. Once winter arrived, the temperature would plummet and there would be absolutely no hope of being released from the ice.

"I could not doubt now that the *Endurance* was confined for the winter," wrote Shackleton, "The seals were disappearing and the birds were leaving us. The land showed still in fair weather on the distant horizon, but it was beyond our reach now, and regrets for the havens that lay behind us were in vain."

There was nothing Shackleton could do to change the situation, so he set about making preparations for the long and brutal winter his men were about to face.

The crew stopped observing a ship's routine and the ice-bound *Endurance* became their winter station, drifting aimlessly while the crew waited months for the summertime thaw to free them.

Shackleton kept his crew very busy, both to relieve the inevitable tedium and because there was always work to do. The expedition's sled dogs were moved from cages on deck into a kennel on the floe, which had been constructed "Esquimaux fashion" out of blocks of ice. The crew's meteorologist set up a weather station. Although the geologist had no rocks to work with, he studied the pebbles found in the stomachs of penguins that had been slaughtered for food.

Shackleton imposed a rigid daily schedule of work and routines. But he also knew that breaking the monotony and maintaining good morale would be essential to the well-being of his men—especially when the perpetual night of winter arrived. So, he let the lively crew have their fun. They gave

Left: The final days of *The Endurance*.
Right: Shackleton, stranded, adrift on an ice floe.

their quarters names like "Auld Reekie," "The Nuts" and "Fumarole." The cramped, dank dining area was referred to as "The Ritz," where the crew even put on musical burlesque productions. One crewman would serenade penguins with his banjo. The men would have dog sled races, as well as hotly contested soccer and hockey games on the ice floes. Vigorous debates on all different subjects would break out. One crewman put a strand of spaghetti into an animal specimen jar to baffle the scientists. For amusement, the more irascible sailors were playfully needed.

The cheerful attitude of the men belied the seriousness of their situation. The weather was brutally cold. The *Endurance* began to groan and creak as pressure increased on the hull. The crew was always intently on the lookout for signs of increasing pressure in the floes. The pressure was so great at times that mammoth blocks of ice, weighing tons, would be pushed 15 or 20 feet in the air. The icebergs became so familiar to the crew, that they named them.

On May 1st, the sun set for the long Antarctic winter. Because of the *Endurance's* proximity to the south pole, the sun would not rise again for another 3 months. This caused Shackleton great distress, but his journal was the only place he felt comfortable letting down the stoic front of command. "The movement of the floes was beyond all human control," he wrote, "and there was nothing to be gained by allowing one's mind to struggle with problems of the future, though it was hard to avoid anxiety at times."

Shackleton and his men lived onboard the *Endurance* as the ice mercilessly wrenched her in excruciating slow-motion over the next *six months*. Timbers cracked like gunshots and moaning beams wailed like a man being tortured. The crew was helpless to free her and yet there was nowhere to escape to.

"We could see from the bridge that the ship was bending like a bow under titanic pressure," wrote Shackleton, "Almost like a living creature, she resisted the forces that would crush her; but it was a one-sided battle."

Shackleton had the unpleasant task of convincing the ship's captain, Franks Worsley, that his ship was not going to survive. He reluctantly told Worsley, "What the ice gets, the ice keeps."

The two of them made plans for what they should do when the ship is crushed.

"To a sailor his ship is more than a floating home," Shackleton wrote, "and in the *Endurance* I had centered ambitions, hopes and desires. Now, straining and groaning, her timbers cracking and her wounds gaping, she is slowly giving up her sentient life at the very outset of her career.... The floes, with millions of tons of moving ice behind them, were simply annihilating the ship."

Shackleton asked Worsley if he regretted having met him.

"No," said Worsley, who had tremendous respect for Shackleton's leadership abilities, "I've never regretted it, and never shall, even if we don't get through."

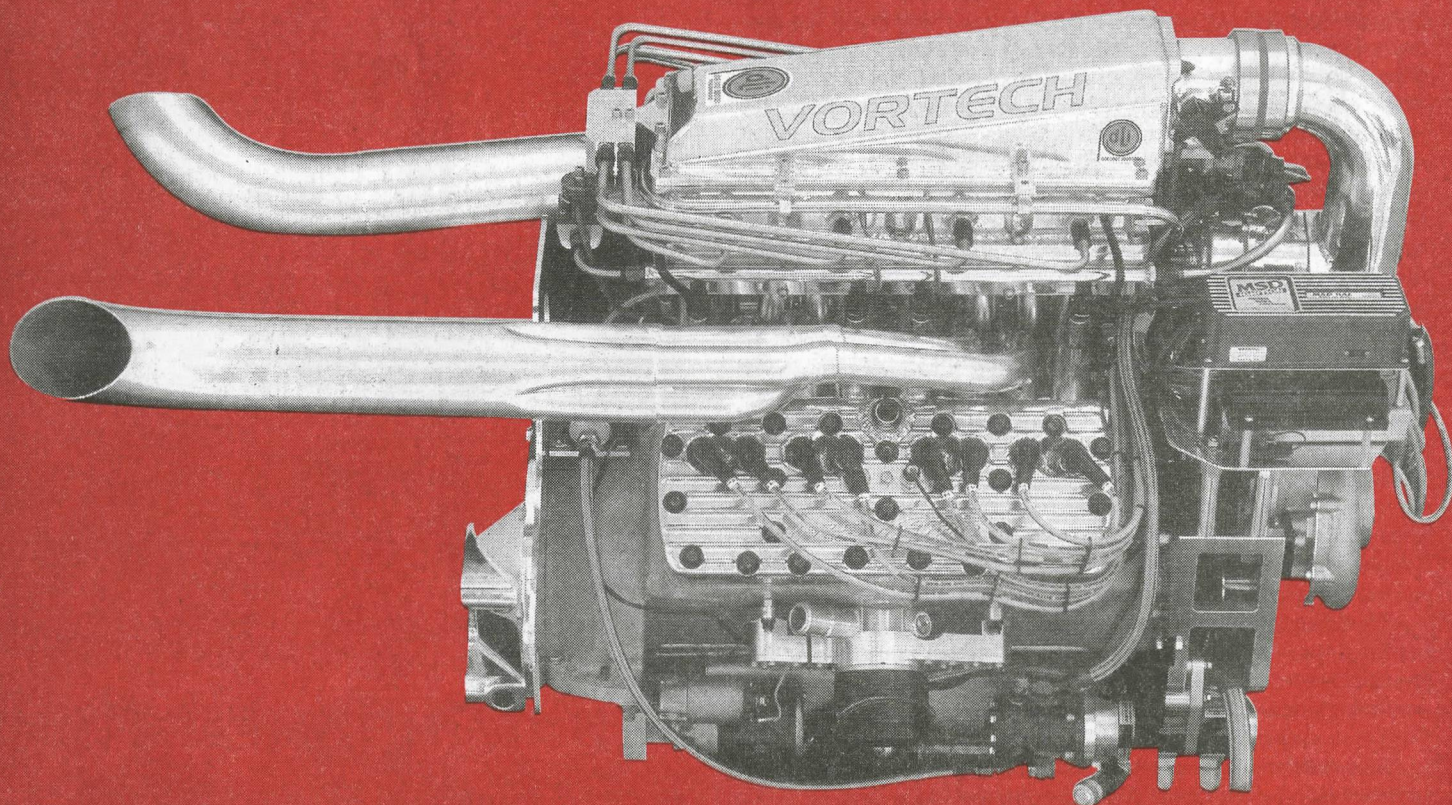
"Right, right," affirmed Shackleton, "Good old skipper."

The ship had listed to one side and cracks in the hull could no longer be repaired. On October 27th, after being trapped in the ice for over nine months, Shackleton gave the order to abandon ship. The entire crew, the dogs, the stores and equipment were moved onto an ice floe as the ship continued to be slowly torn apart.

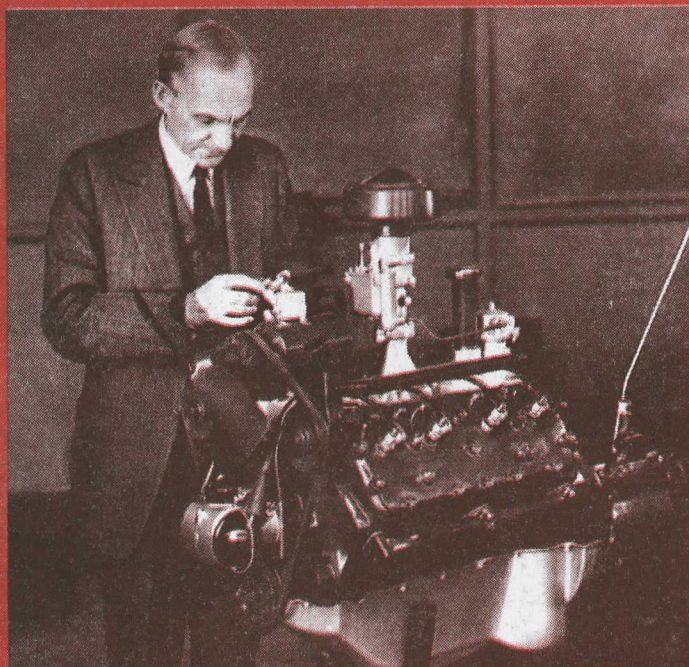
The men set up camp on a floe near the ship, living in tents in sub-zero conditions. The floe was about a mile square, but it continued to shift and break up into smaller pieces. The men were always vigilant, watching the floe split as cracks developed, running right through the middle of their camp. Shackleton noticed that his men seemed strangely non-plussed by their dire situation. They simply carried on with their chores and squabbled over things like how to properly brew tea. The men even relaxed, ruminating over the few books they managed to rescue, one of which was *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Coleman, saying: "We sympathized with him and wondered what he had done with the albatross; it would have made a very welcome addition to our larder."

On November 21, 1915, Shackleton shouted, "She's going, boys!" The crewmen scrambled from their tents to find a vantage point to see the *Endurance*. With one gasp, the ship quickly slipped under the ice, bow





THE WORLD'S FASTEST FLATHEAD!



Above: Henry Ford with an early Flathead, rated at 65 horsepower.
Top: Not in his wildest dreams could Ford ever imagine Ron Main's highly-modified, supercharged version of his sturdy little engine—capable of cranking out about 700 horsepower!

The Flathead is the nickname given to one of Ford's V8 engines, which had been introduced in 1932. The nickname comes from, not surprisingly, the engine's flat heads. Unlike modern engines, the valves on the Flathead are inside the engine block, next to the piston, not above it. So, the engine's heads are, more or less, big, flat-shaped slabs of metal bolted on top.

Flatheads were cheap to make and were produced by Ford in huge numbers. At the time of its introduction, a Ford with a Flathead V8 cost \$500. Other V8-powered cars of the day cost over \$2,000. Adjusting for inflation, that is equivalent to the difference between \$6,500 and over \$26,300 today. So, it's no wonder the engine was so popular. By 1940, over 7 million of them had been produced. By the end of its production run, 12 million would be built. These engines and their parts were widely available.

The Flathead became the engine of choice for hot rodders because they found this 8-cylinder power plant to be dependable, strong and easily modifiable. In its largest and most modern stock configuration, the engine was never officially rated by the factory at more than 154 horsepower. But hot rodders and salt flat racers were endlessly creative. They modified every aspect of the Flathead, trying to squeeze every ounce of potential horsepower out of them.

But the advent of the overhead valve engine and the Hemi engine brought a quick end to the Flathead's reign on the salt flats. The overhead valve engine debuted in 1949

Flatfire photos by Louise Ann Noeth

*Rock 'n' roll
wuz
just
playin'
possum!*
Check out the
NEW ALBUM!

**"Incendiary"
Luminary...** at

www.thesilvermen.com




HEY FELLAS! **GIVE HER**
Is your gal CRAFTY?

**Sublime
Stitching
KITS &
PATTERNS**

Finally, hip craft design.

Atanique - Mod - Tattoos - Tiki - Bowling
Chinatown - Vegas - Western - and more!

www.SublimeStitching.com



Star & Garter
magazine

**Sex!
Fashion!
Glamour!
Burlesque!**

\$5.00 cash
postage paid
Viva Vavoom!
PO Box 6039
Baltimore,
MD 21231

or visit...

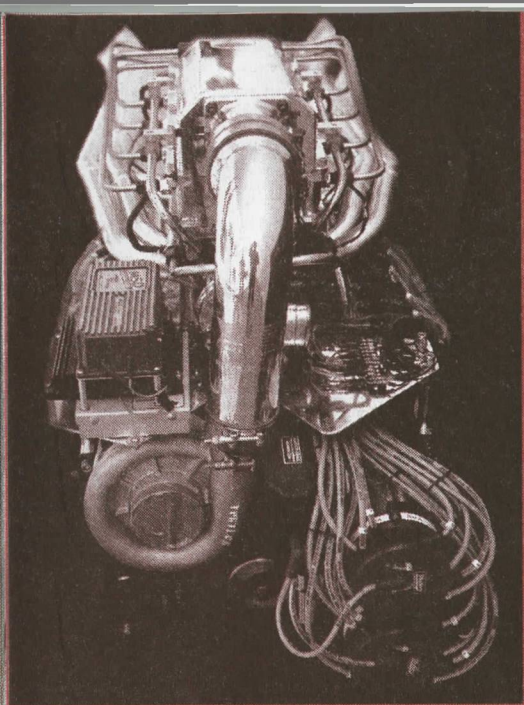
www.starandgarter.com



Weesner



www.keithweesner.com



and had its valves over the piston, in the cylinder head. Chrysler's Hemi was introduced in 1951 was nicknamed for its hemispherical-shaped heads, which, along with other innovations, allowed for more efficiency per cubic inch of engine displacement. These engines blew the Flathead away. A stock 1949 Flathead was only rated at 100 hp, while a stock 1949 Cadillac overhead valve V8 was rated at 160 hp and a stock 1951 Hemi was rated at 180 hp.

Hot rodders still held a soft spot in

their hearts for the venerable engine, but they had gotten all they could out of the Flathead. 1953 was the last year the Flathead was produced by Ford in the United States. Stock small-block overhead valve V8s, produced starting in the mid-1950s, generated more speed than even the most hopped-up Flathead could. The Flathead's days as a force to be reckoned with were over.

But at least one man wasn't willing to let the Flathead go down without a fight. Starting in the late 1980s, Ron Main, a self-described "recycled teenager" with a passion for '50s car culture, got the idea that the Flathead was entitled to just a little more glory.

His plan was to take a Flathead (which is now definitely obsolete and arguably an antique) and update and modify it using high-performance and high-tech parts. He wanted to run it at Bonneville's Speed Week in an attempt to create the world's fastest Flathead.

Most engine blocks running at Bonneville are made from lightweight alloys. But his engine, for all of its modifications, would still have a stock 1946, cast iron Flathead block with only three main bearings. He hoped to create a Flathead that, with modifications, would be able to reach 300 mph.

He sought the expertise of several high-performance experts for help. The people he recruited for the project included drag racing legend "Dandy"

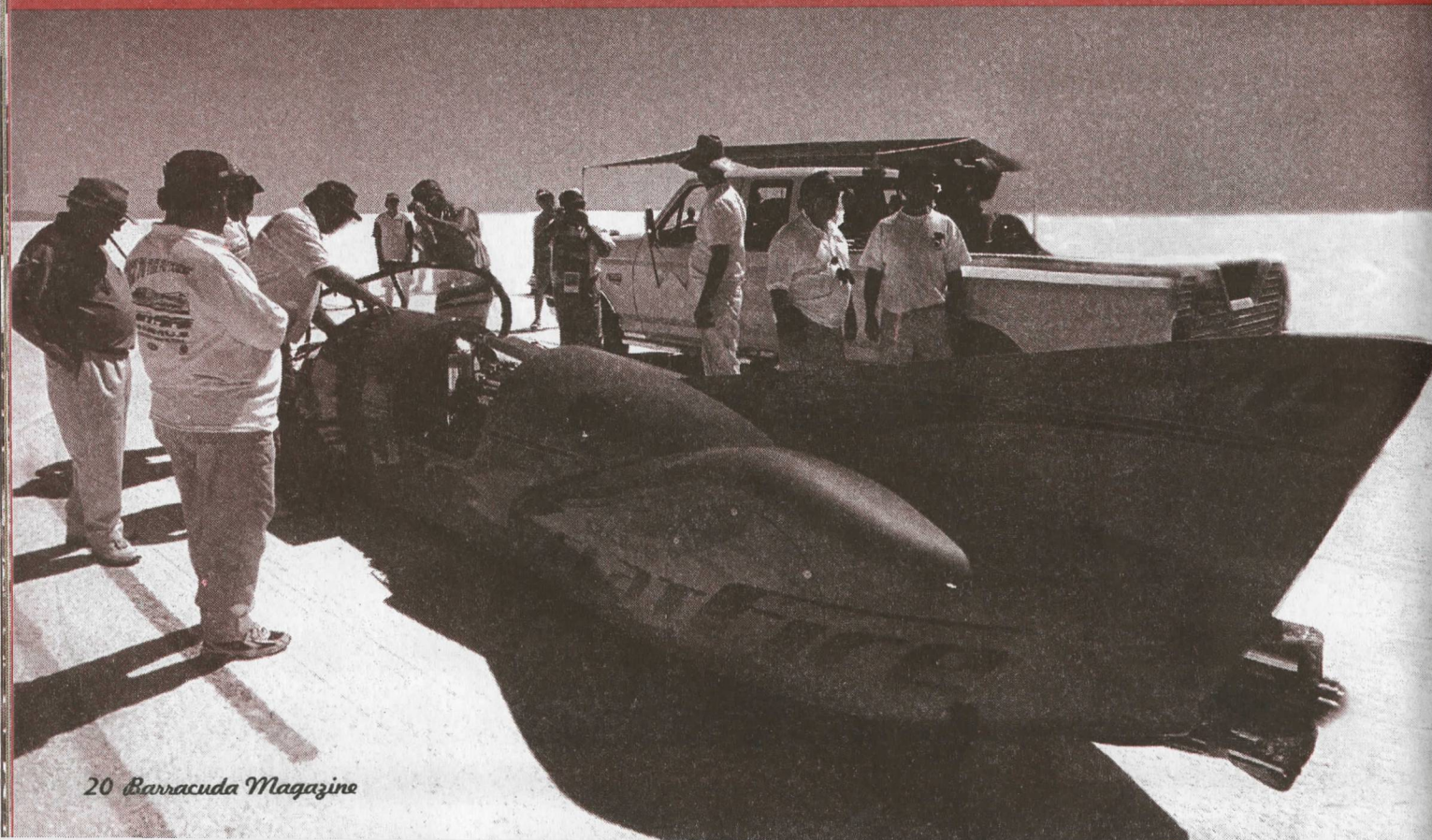
Dick Landy, who retired from driving in 1980 to focus on Dick Landy Industries, an engine development and high-performance parts manufacturing business that he runs with his brother Mike. Bruce Crower, of Crower Motorsports developed a one-of-a-kind, specially designed camshaft for the Flatfire. Vortech Engineering crew provided the superchargers and technical support.

The old engine block was outfitted with titanium valves and a custom-built head gasket. The heads were given a dual spark plug setup with a digital electronic ignition, with an individual coil for each cylinder. A girdle was built to help keep the crankshaft in place and the front and rear main caps were reinforced. The engine was lubricated by a dry sump oil system.

When the engine was put on the dynamometer, the readings were amazing. The super-modified engine cranked out almost 700 horsepower—a long way from the original 1946 Flathead's output rating of about 85 hp!

The development of Main's monster Flathead had begun in 1988, originally powering a roadster named Phantom. By 1991, Main built a lakester, which is a specially built, aerodynamic, open-wheeled car. But another, specially-crafted, streamlined body, with enclosed wheels would need to be built to get the most out of Main's super-charged Flathead. A chrome-moly

FLATFIRE *cont'd* page 32



THE BLACK SHADOWS

BLUE XOTICA

"raunch and riffs in one
fine black package"

- www.guitar9.com

"It's a swirling smoky
storm cloud of liquor,
leather and lust"

- R. Scott Bolton,
Rough Edge

CD available at:



www.cdbaby.com

GUITAR NINE
RECORDS

www.guitar9.com

www.theblackshadows.com



AMAZING ILLUSORY
X-RAY VISION
INSTANTLY!

come SEE
what everyone
is talking about.

WWW.KITSCHYKITSCHYCOOL.COM

JEWELRY * CLOTHING * COOL STUFF

[S] SubCulture Array

YOUR UNDERGROUND ONLINE CLOTHING SUPERSTORE

MEN & WOMEN'S
SHIRTS, SHOES, PANTS, BOOTS
UNDERWEAR, ACCESORIES, RINGS
JEWELRY, DRESSES, BLOUSES
AND EVERY OTHER THING
YOU COULD EVER
POSSIBLY NEED

Cool Ass Shoes!



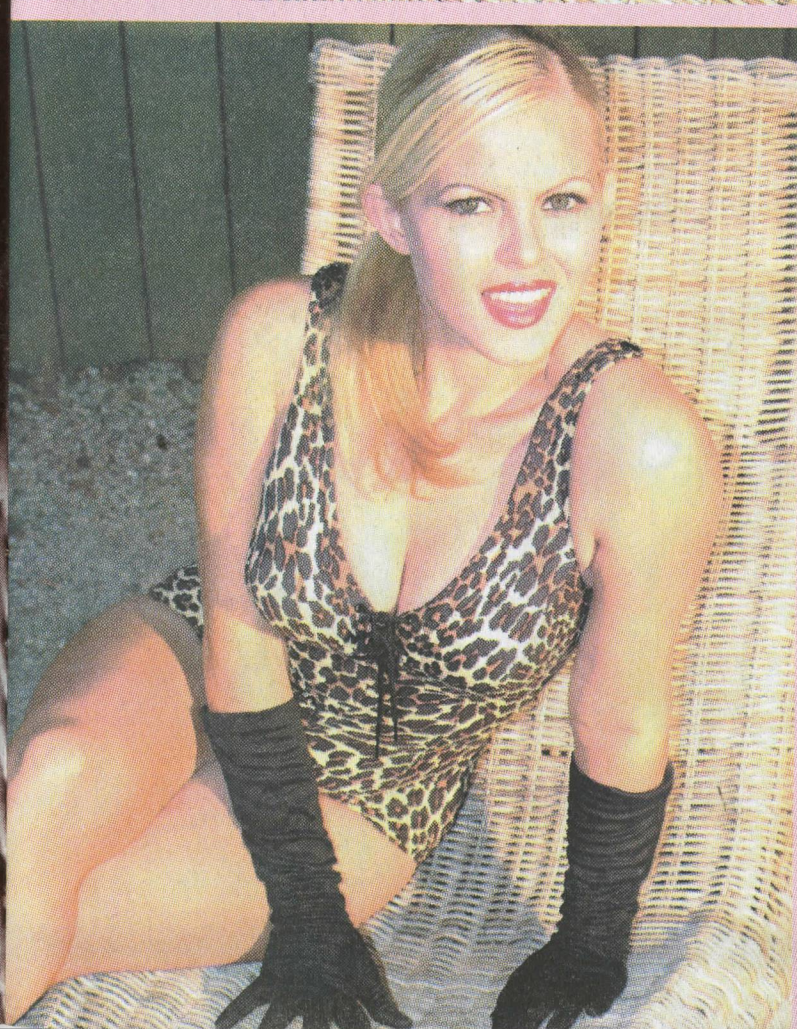
www.SubcultureArray.com

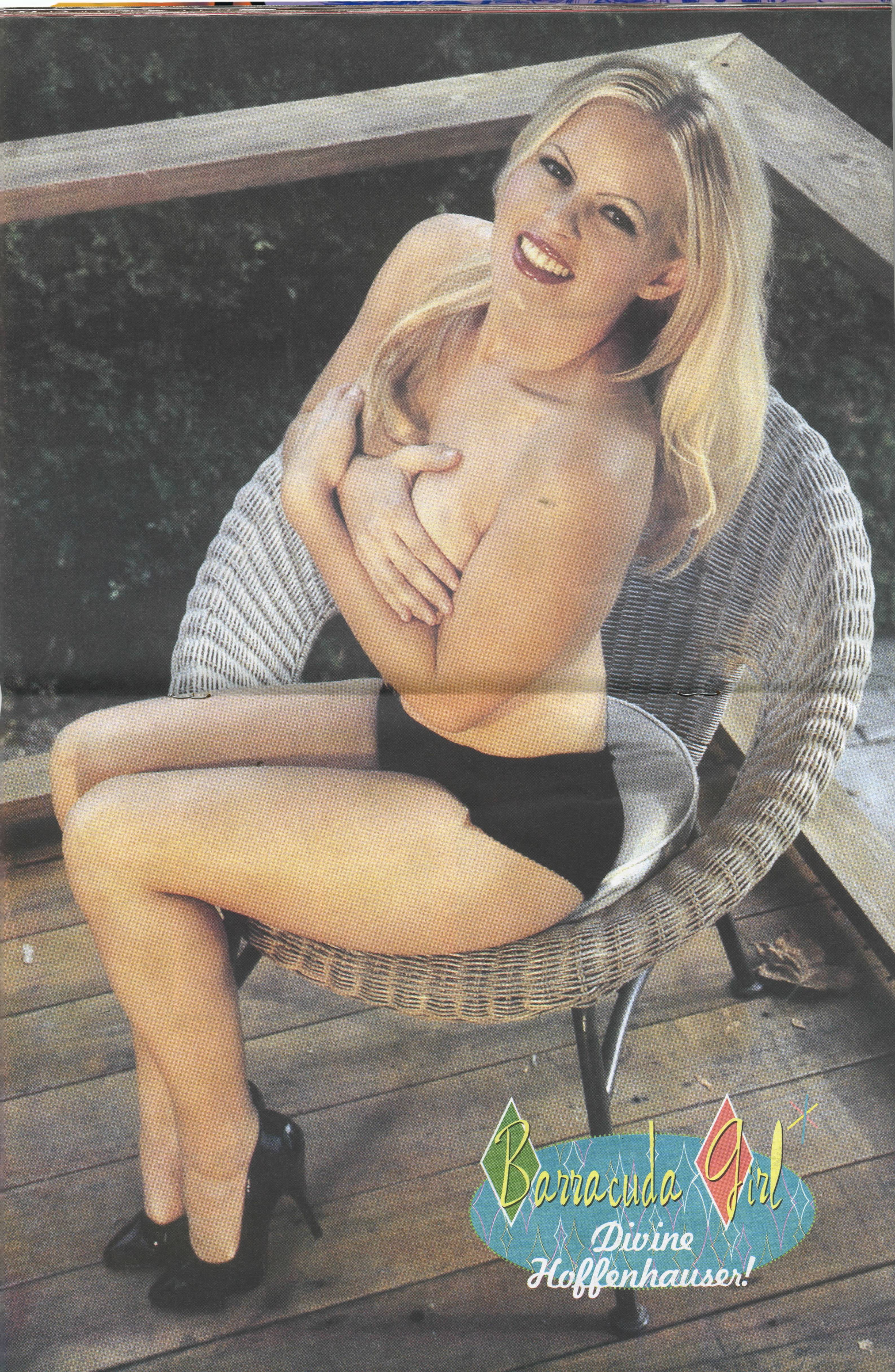
INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING AVAILABLE

DIVINE INSPIRATION!

This issue's Barracuda Girl centerfold is none other than Miss Divine Hoffenhauser! Yes, THE Divine Hoffenhauser, world-famous socialite and the only heir to the Hoffenhauser Scrapple fortune! A well-heeled doll like this only goes for a man who's tall, dark and has some! When it comes to men, Divine says she prefers, the strong, solvent type!

photos by
Paget Brewster





Barracuda Girl
Divine
Hoffenhauser!

1 onion chopped
 3/4 cup BBQ sauce
 2 cups crushed potato chips (BBQ chips may be good for this one!)
 about 1 teaspoon each salt and pepper
 1/2 teaspoon garlic powder
 pinch cayenne pepper
 6 slices of bacon if you're feeling bold

Preheat oven to 375° F.
 Mix everything (except the bacon) together in one big bowl. It's best to use your hands to mix it up well.
 On a lightly greased cookie sheet, shape the meat into a loaf. Lay bacon slices on top of the loaf and then cover with aluminum foil. Bake for 1 to 1 1/2 hours.

If that meatloaf left you feeling greasier than Elvis' pompadour, then try this lighter fish dish.

Chips & Fish

4 filets of firm white fish (cod or tilapia are good)
 mayonnaise or miracle whip
 1/4 cup shredded sharp cheddar cheese
 1 cup crushed potato chips

Preheat oven to 500° F.
 Toss together chips and cheese.
 Spread mayo on top of fish filets.
 Lay filets in a greased 9 x 13 pan and coat tops of fish with potato chips and cheese.
 Bake for 8 - 10 minutes.

Now that you've had your meals, you need dessert. What's that? You mean you've never heard of potato chip cookies? That's crazy talk. Read and learn.

Sweet 'N' Salty Chocolate Chip Potato Chip Cookies

1 cup brown sugar
 1 cup white sugar
 1 cup butter
 2 eggs
 2 1/2 cups flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 1 1/3 cup semi sweet chocolate chips
 2 cups crushed potato chips
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Preheat oven to 350° F.
 Using a mixer, cream together sugars and butter.
 Add eggs, flour, soda, vanilla.

With a big spoon fold in the chocolate chips and potato chips.
 Place by teaspoon full onto greased cookie sheet and bake for about 8 - 10 minutes.
 Cool on wire racks before consuming.

Oh yeah, you can make candy out of potato chips, too!

Chocolate Peanut Potato Chip Candy

4 cups semi sweet chocolate chips
 2 cups peanut butter chips
 1 8 oz. bag of potato chips
 2 1/2 cups honey roasted peanuts

Melt the chocolate and peanut butter chips in the microwave for 3 minutes.
 Set on high for 1 minute, then stir chips every 30 seconds after that until they are smooth, shiny, and melted.
 Slightly crush chips in bag, but make sure you don't turn them into crumbs.
 Mix everything together very well and drop by spoonfuls onto wax paper and let cool for about 15 minutes.



**"I'VE HEARD OF TAN LINES,
 BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!"**

For ANITA...
It Was Wrong To Be Good, BUT

SHE COULDN'T
**NOT BE
GOOD!**

35c
No. 124



written by
Anita Santilli

STYLIST

Specializing in Haircolor &
Styles from the 30's, 40's & 50's

FANDANGO SALON

For appointment call: 323-663-6965
1601 Griffith Park Blvd., Silverlake, CA. 90026

Go-Kat-Go

Past
Present
Future?

SEE

Weird Art. Decor. Clothing. Gifts.
Car Accessories. Books. Magazines.
Pinstripping Supplies. & Old Junk!

Lucky

7TH

Year in
Business

Glendale AZ

623 931 4926

www.go-kat-go.com

TIKI QUEST

Collecting the Exotic Past

THE BOOK ABOUT
COLLECTING ALL
THINGS TIKI!

Beautifully designed and
lavishly illustrated with over
1000 photos filling nearly
200 pages, "Tiki Quest"
catalogues vintage Tiki in
every form — from the
popular Tiki mugs to relics
like matchbooks, swizzle
sticks, and postcards.

Order Your Copy At
www.pegboardchicago.com

FREE SHIPPING ON ALL U.S. ORDERS. LIMITED TIME ONLY!



**ROULETTE
STUDIOS**



**LOWBROW
OUTSIDER
ILLUSTRATION**

Specializing in Unique Illustration;
from prized ICON art (web,
CD, logo, tattoo) to full blown
package, poster
and
display art.

and

Quality

**KALYNN
CAMPBELL**

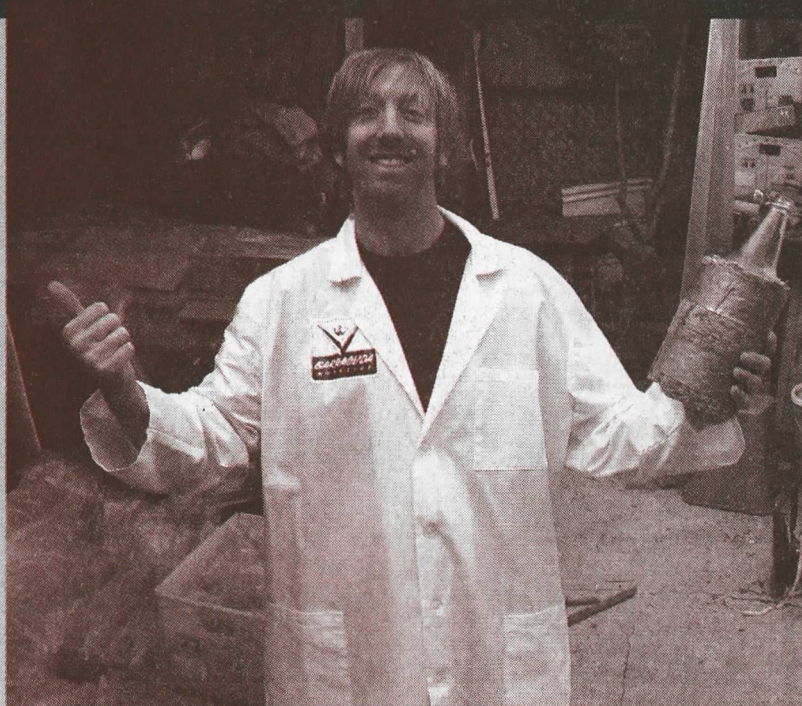
PAINTING ARCHIVES



www.rouletttestudios.com

Making Your Own Oversized Beer Cozy

BY DR. LARRY HARMON
CHAIRMAN EMERITUS, BARRACUDA LABORATORIES



There are few pleasures in life greater than drinking a cold beer on a sunny day. But such a simple indulgence can suddenly turn into a disaster if that cold beer were to slowly become warm.

As Smitty pointed out in *Barracuda* #17, a beer cozy can easily prevent such a tragedy, but there are limitations. A standard beer cozy can only protect a 12 ounce can or bottle, or at most, a 16 ounce "tall boy," from nature's thermal threats.

But what if you prefer to drink a bigger beer?

Beer comes in all shapes and sizes—22 oz. bottles, 24 oz. cans, quarts and 40 oz. bottles—and with a piece of average household carpet padding and duct tape, no beer drinker will ever have to endure the lukewarm bottom half of a quart of High Life again.

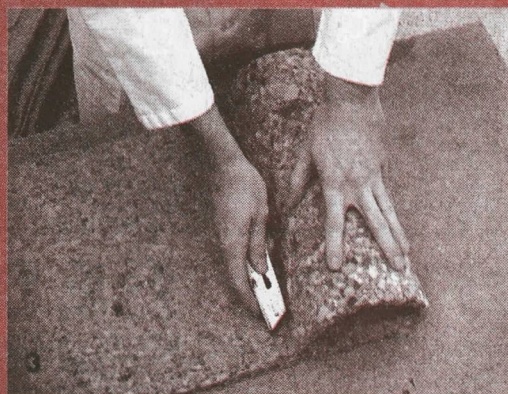
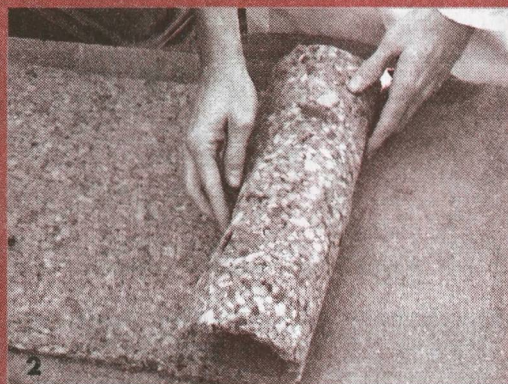


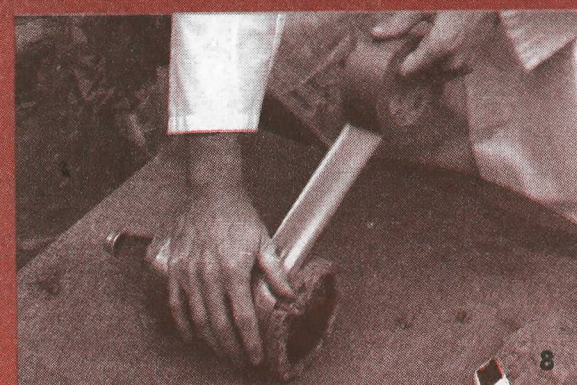
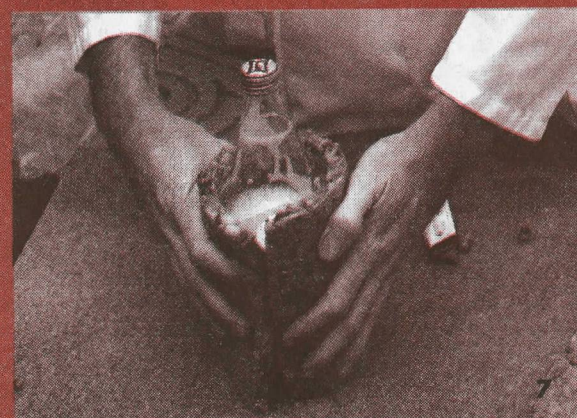
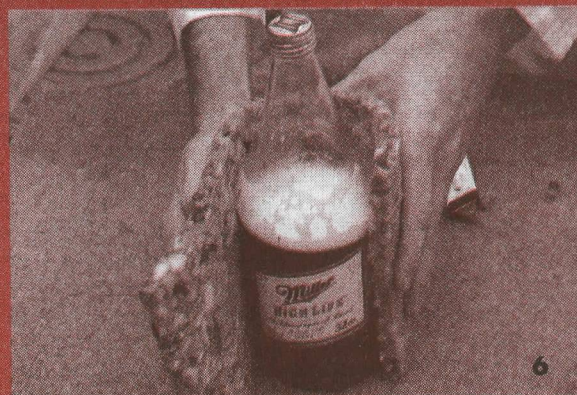
1) Find a small piece of carpet padding. A piece that is about 1 foot by 2 feet will easily make a nice pair of jumbo cozies.

2) Measure the amount of carpet padding you will need by rolling your beer up in the padding.

3) Use a utility knife to cut the padding.

4) This will leave you with a tube of padding that fits perfectly around your beer bottle or can.

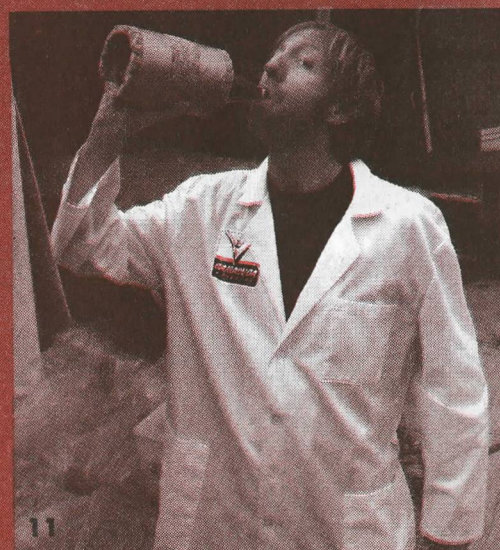
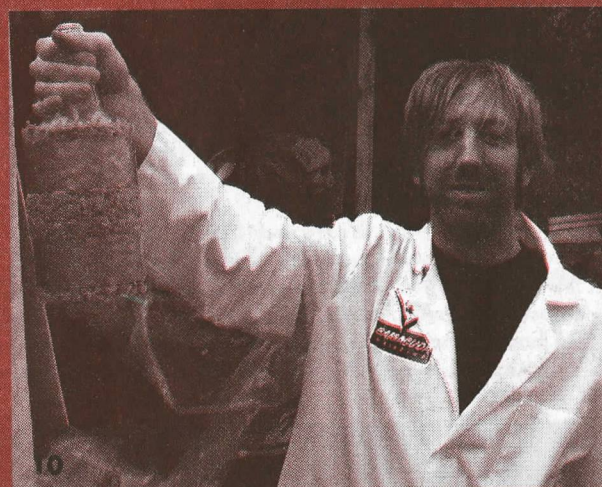
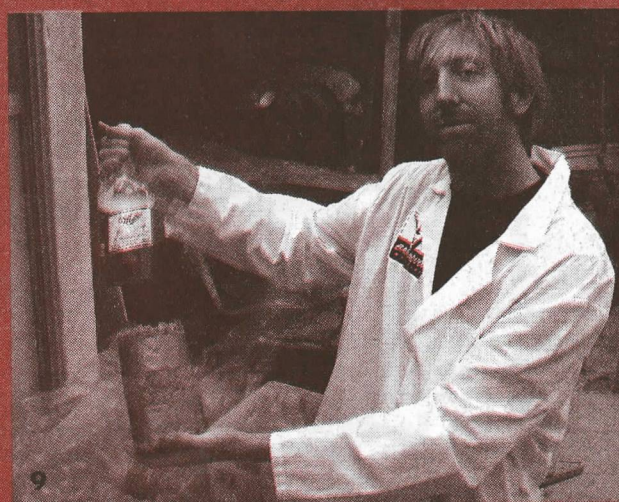




5) Now cut horizontally, removing the excess padding.

6 & 7) Wrap the padding around your beer to check for a proper, snug fit.

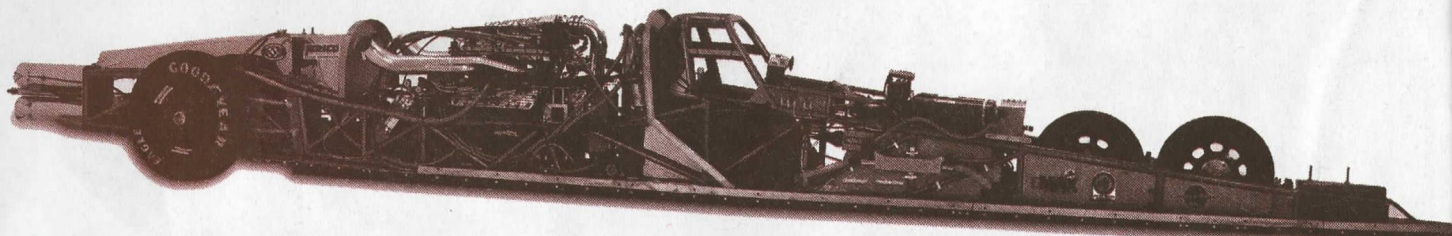
8) Use two or more pieces of duct tape to hold the cozy together. The beer bottle will help to hold the foam in place during taping.



9) Double-check your cozy. It should fit very tightly and snugly around the beer, to prevent slippage.

10) Test the grip to see if the cozy will slip off during a toast.

11) Before you put your cozy into service, don't forget the all-important rigorous product testing stage!



frame was crafted and the body was designed using a NASA-developed 3D fluid dynamics program.

The streamliner was named Flatfire.

At the Bonneville Nationals Speedweek 2001, the Flatfire ran a 287 mph average, setting a new world land speed record for the XF/BFS class (Ford or Mercury Flathead/blown fuel streamliner). This was more than 50 mph faster than the previous record. And the Flatfire had still been accelerating as at the end of its run, reaching a speed of 295 mph. This gave Main a hint that the car had not yet reached its maximum speed.

In 2002, he bettered his 2001 record with an average speed of 296.828 mph. Emboldened by the improved speed, Main declared, "We'll be back to nail 300 mph next time."

At Speedweek 2003, while pushing

for 300 mph, the engine started to give out under the tremendous strain of running at such high speed. "I felt the engine lose a cylinder as I entered the two mile timing light," says Main, "The power fell off, I thought we were done for. All I could do was keep my foot in it and hope it didn't explode."

He was able to reach a speed of 310 mph.

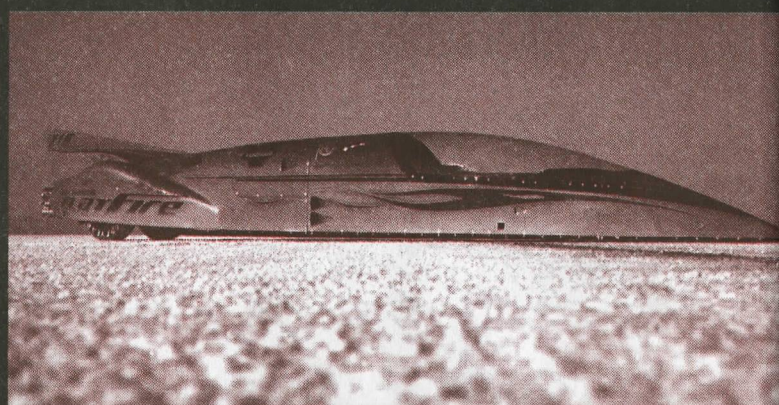
At Bonneville, two runs must be completed, then the two times are averaged to calculate the official speed. There was concern that the loss of a cylinder would affect his ability to complete a second run. But he took a shot at it anyway.

"At the 4 mile mark I glanced at the digital speed readout in disbelief," says Main, "Flatfire was doing 294 mph with only seven cylinders. Suddenly I thought, 'We can still do this

if the engine holds together one more mile!' I lost a second cylinder passing through the timing lights."

The Flatfire ran with an average time of 302 miles an hour, beating his record of the previous year and securing the Flatfire's place as the world's fastest Flathead. His top one-way speed for the week was 315 mph.

"We did this by the hair of our chinny chin chin," jokes Main, but ultimately giving credit to his crew. "The team is incredible. They are the reason we prevailed. It's not just the horsepower, it's also the design and shape of the car, the transmission and gearing, then it takes skilled people to put it all together and make work right be successful on the salt. Any team can get into trouble, but a great team knows how to solve the problems and get out of trouble."



FLATFIRE SPECS

1946 Ford Flathead, 301 cubic-inch block
Supercharger: V-1 T-Trim H. D. / Vortech Engineering
Bore - 3.307 inches
Stroke - 4.375 inches
Pistons - Domed forged 6.8:1 aluminum / Ross Racing
Rods - Steel billet / Crower
Valves - 2.02 inch titanium / Manly
Reversed intake and exhaust ports / Dick Landy Industries
Valve springs - 295 lbs. open, 165 lbs. closed / K-motion
Camshaft - "Inverse radius" roller cams / Crower
Crankshaft - Billet 4.375 inch stroker / Moldex
Cylinder Heads - Finned aluminum / Tony Barron
Fuel Injection - Digital M48 / Motec
Ignition - CDI8 / Motec
Coil - Individual, per cylinder / Cobra R Ford
Injectors - 96 pounds per hour / MSD

Spark plugs Two per cylinder / Champion
Data Acquisition - Advanced Data Logger (ADL) / Motec
Dry Sump - 70-psi oil system / Aviat

Drive Train

Transmission - 5-speed air shift / Jerico
Clutch - Triple-disc racing / Tilton
Differential - Mini-quick change w/rifle drilled axles /
Speedway Engineering
Wheels - Steel
Tires - Bonneville Racing / Goodyear

Chassis/Body

Carbon Fiber body designed by Aerosmith Engineering
Chassis - Chrome Moly tubing with tandem front steering / Rich Manchen
Length - 26 feet 4 inches
Height - 3 feet 2 inches
Width - 3 feet 8 inches
GVW - 3,100 pounds (dry)

Dixiefried

Defectable Fashions for Today's Glamour Queens

www.Dixiefried.net

photo by winkytiki.com

**"I WAS A GEEK. THEN
I BECAME AN
AVENGING SHAOLIN
SEX MACHINE!"**

Private eye fiction
kills time. Cool private
eye fiction improves
your sex life. Go cool.

Read the novel

PEEL

FREE AT:

WWW.EMBRACK.COM

PinStriper



Von Dutch
ORIGINALS

iwata
airbrushes

MACK
AIR BRUSHES

.Com

WWW.PINSTRIPER.COM

Books Brushes
Video's Workshops

LUCKY MULE SHIRTS



LUCKY MULE



THE AMERICAN HOT ROD
CHOPPED AND DROPPED



**KISS YOUR ASS
GOOD BYE**



**SHRUNKEN
HEAD FUN!**



SERIAL KITTEN



THE END IS NEAR


SILKSCREENED SHOW PRINTS FOR
THE MISFITS, THE VANDALS, NOFX, SNFU
SLAYER, SELECTOR, BAD BRAINS, RFTC
GAS HUFFER, MARILYN MANSON, QUEERS
THE DEMONICS, THE CRAMPS, THE MAKERS
MANORASTROMAN, WAYNE KRAMER, AND MORE

WHOLESALE PRICES 4 STORES
GIVE US A CALL OR CHECK OUT:
www.luckymule.com

**ALL THESE AND MORE
SEND SEND \$1 FOR A CAT.**

www.luckymule.com
IT'S NEVER BEEN EASIER TO GET LUCKY
WITH OUR NEW ONLINE SHOPPING CART

LUCKY MULE
PO BOX 23821
OAKLAND, CA 94623
PH/FAX 510-451-2177

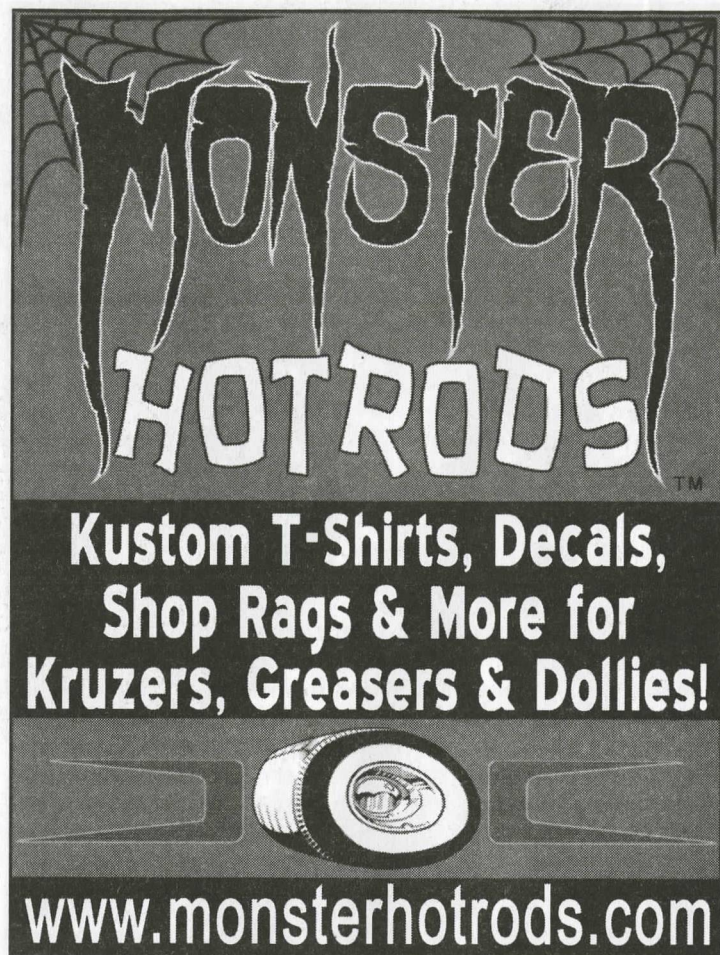


Fluffer VINCE RAY

"CUTE GIRLY GIRL CLOTHES
WITH A RETRO TWIST!"

WHOLESALE INQUIRIES:
AFTERBURN SALES (323) 667-2235

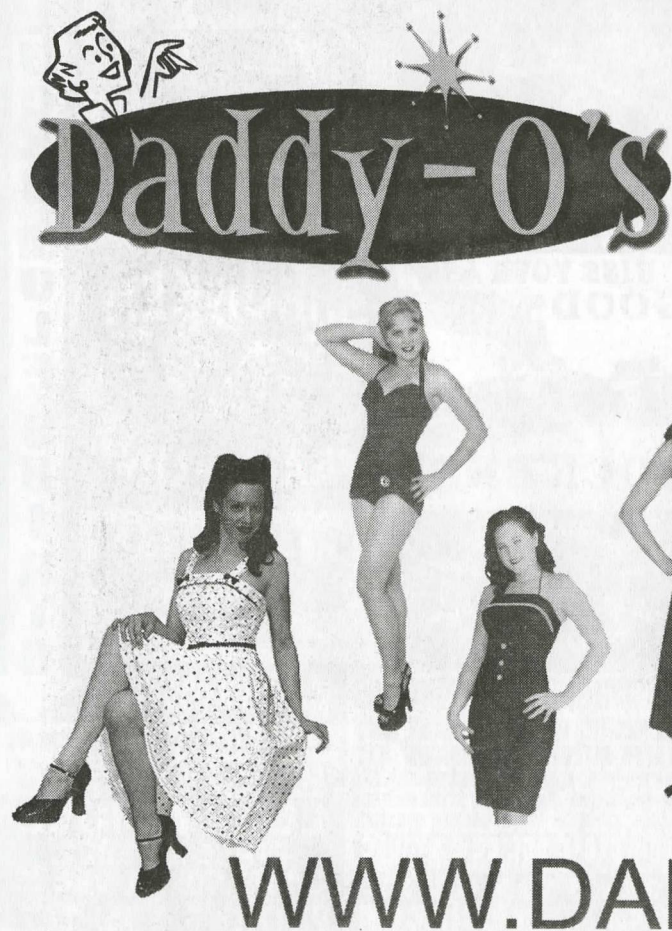
WWW.FLUFFERCLOTHING.COM



**MONSTER
HOTRODS** TM

**Kustom T-Shirts, Decals,
Shop Rags & More for
Kruzers, Greasers & Dollies!**

www.monsterhotrods.com



Daddy-O's

WWW.DADDYOS.COM

Your Retro Clothing "One Stop Shop"
Since 1996!

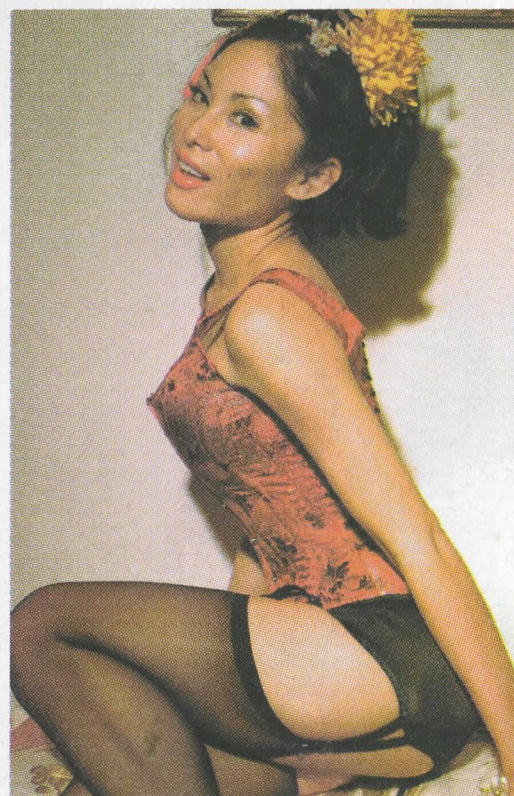


GENTLEMEN, START YOUR ENGINES!!!

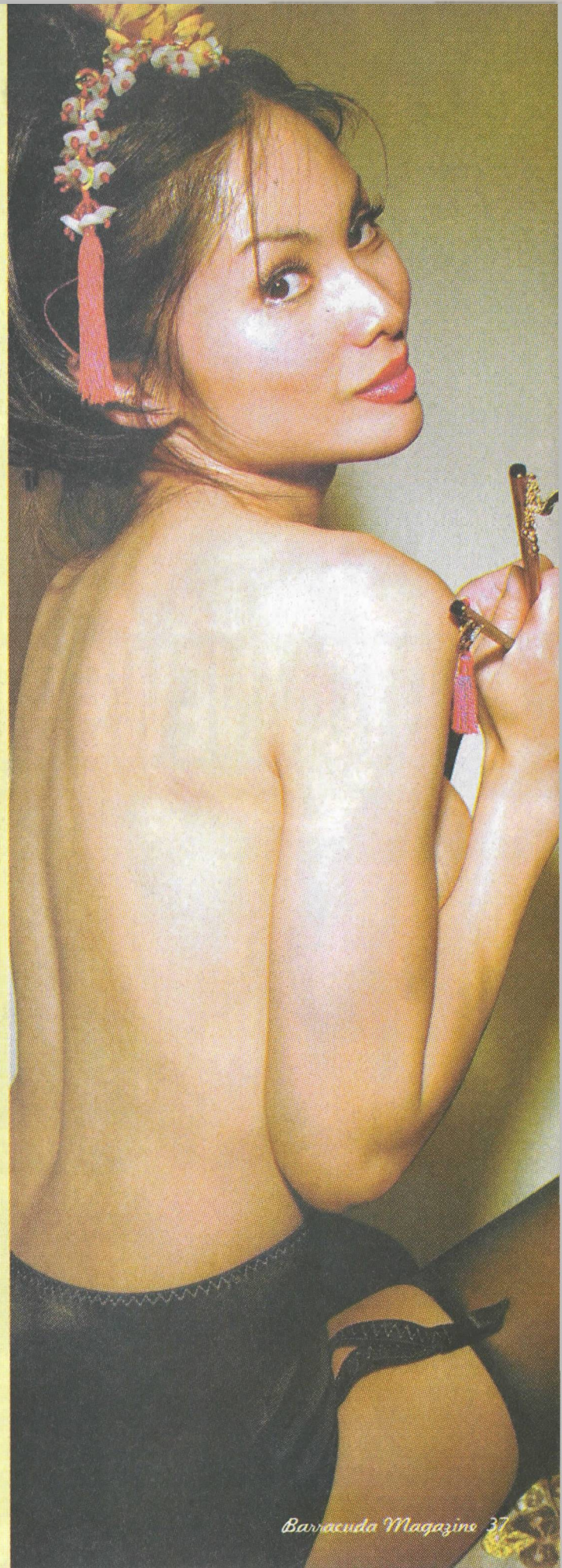
To look at her, you'd think this darling little dish is a model or an actress, but nope!

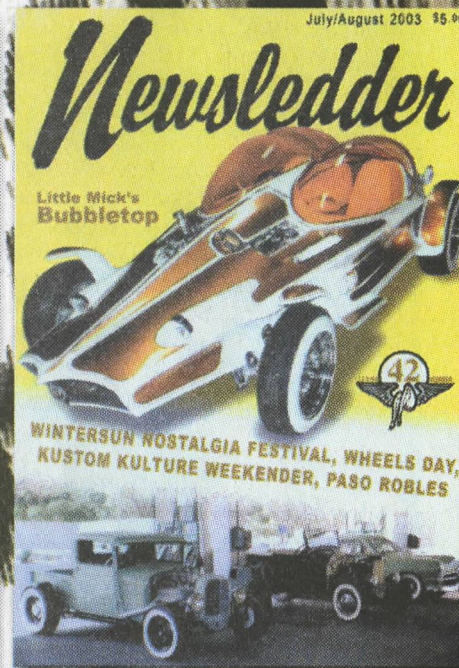
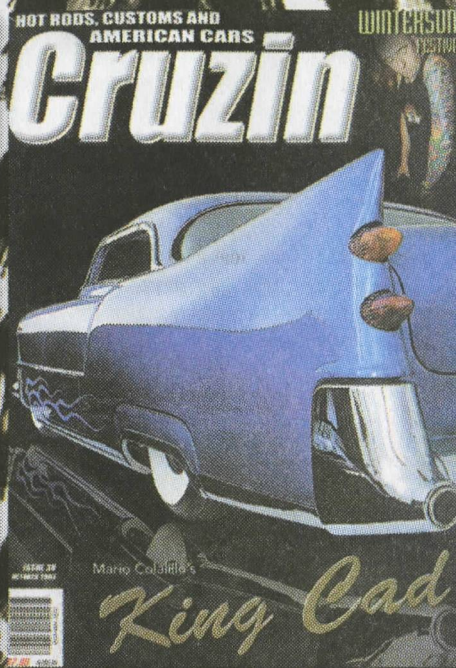
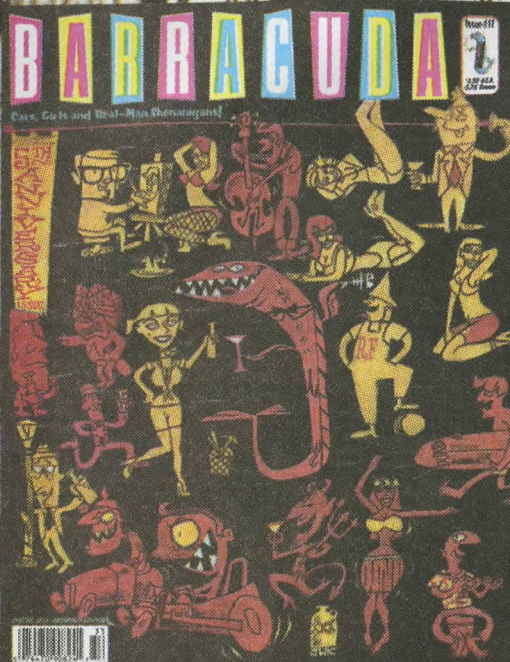
Believe it or not, gents, she's an aspiring stock car driver! But don't feel bad for being fooled. Her clothes are like her race cars—they hold fast going around the curves!

photos by
Paget Brewster



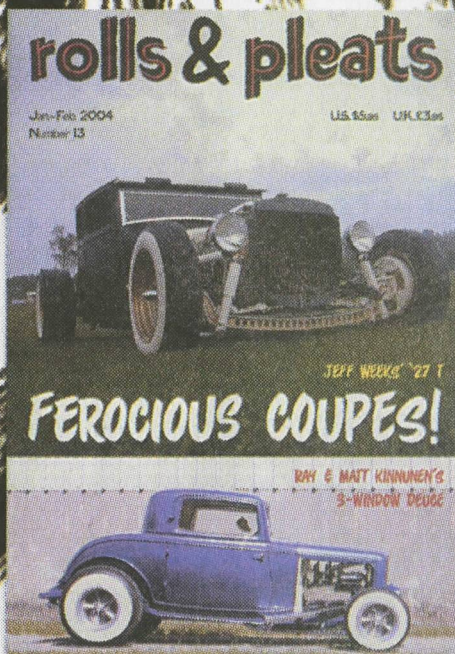
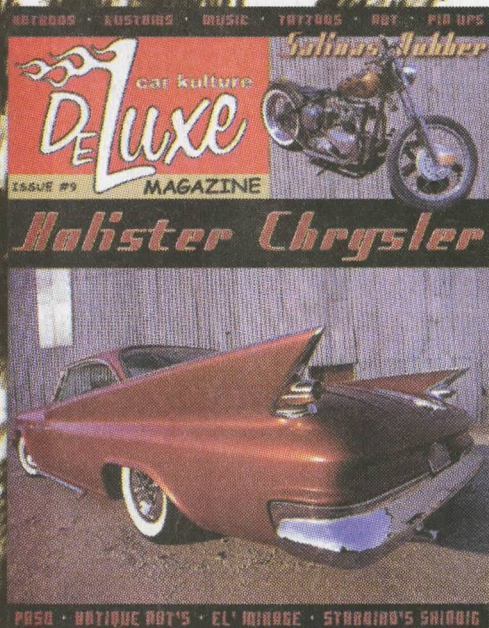
This is one lady who knows how to take care of herself. She'll scream at a mouse, but she'll get into a convertible with a wolf! The way she flips her hips and tosses her torso, this lovely lass has to be "sin" to be appreciated! When she is choosing a dress, she always goes practically "all out!" Sometimes, this beauty wears more clothes when she goes to bed than when she goes out in the evening! Give her an inch and she'll wear it as an evening gown!





KUSTOMNEWSSTAND.COM

OWNED AND OPERATED BY BARRACUDA MAGAZINE



CDS, BOOKS & NEW STICKERS BY SHAG, VINCE RAY, COOP & VON FRANCO!



E-Z ORDERING OF MAGS LIKE BARRACUDA, CRUZIN', CAR KULTURE DELUXE, GEARHEAD, GIRLYHEAD, GRINDSTONE, HOP UP, MAG-NETO, MOTORCYCHO, ROLLS & PLEATS, TIKI NEWS & WRENCH! SAFE, SIMPLE ORDERING PLUS T-SHIRTS, STICKERS, ROCKIN' MUSIC, BOOKS & OTHER KOOL STUFF! 24-HOUR FRIENDLY SELF-SERVICE & WORLDWIDE SHIPPING! VISA / MC / AMEX / DISCOVER / CHECK NO KOMPUTER? NO PROBLEM - WE'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER OVER THE PHONE @ 323-769-5630

first. The ice immediately reclaimed the hole where the *Endurance* had been held for ten months, as though she had never even existed.

One crewman wrote, "It gave one a sickening sensation to see it, for, mastless and useless as she was, she seemed to be a link with the outer world. Without her our destitution seems more emphasized, our desolation more complete..."

"When one knows every little nook and corner of one's ship as we did, and has helped her time and again in the fight that she made so well, the actual parting was not without its pathos, quite apart from one's own desolation, and I doubt if there was one amongst us who did not feel some personal emotion when Sir Ernest, riding on the top of the look-out, said somewhat sadly and quietly, 'She's gone, boys.'"

With the ship gone, the only chance of survival was to sledge the supplies and three tiny lifeboats north, skipping from floe to floe, hoping to reach the edge of the pack ice and sail towards the nearest land through open seas.

To lighten the load, they got rid of all but the most essential supplies. Setting an example for his men, Shackleton threw gold coins into the water.

"Many things regarded by us as essentials at that time were to be discarded a little later as the pressure of the primitive became more severe," wrote Shackleton, "Man can sustain life with very scanty means. the trappings of civilization are soon cast aside in the face of stern realities, and given the barest opportunity of winning food and shelter, man can live and even find his laughter ringing true."

Fearing monotony more than the actual dangers of the ice, Shackleton made sure the banjo did not get discarded.

Shackleton didn't want the boats separated in case the ice floe broke between the sledges, so they were hauled in a relay, one at a time for 60 yards. The three sledges weighed about ton apiece and dragging them across the floes was slow, back-breaking labor. The men would have to stop and take a break every 20 yards. At best, the expedition was moving about a mile a day. At worst, it would take them five hours to go 200 yards. To reach the nearest land at this rate would take them 300 days, and they only had 40 days worth of rations.

The men were continuously soaked, as they would frequently fall through the snow up to their waists, or even worse, fall through thin ice into the frigid water.

But after ten months of inactivity, the men were actually glad for any end to the monotony of being stuck on the ship, even if it meant grueling labor. One crewman wrote: "It's a hard, rough, jolly life, this marching and camping; no washing of self or dishes, no undressing, no changing of clothes. We have our food anyhow, and always impregnated with blubber-smoke; sleeping almost on the bare snow and working as hard as the human physique is capable of doing

on a minimum of food."

Strangely, the men did not long for warmer weather. They preferred and became somewhat accustomed to the cold climate. The colder it was, the less snow and ice would melt. This meant the sledging would be easier and their clothes and sleeping bags would not get soggy. If the temperature rose to 26° F, the men would complain about the heat and work shirtless.

The expedition trudged north to a point where the ice was too broken up and precarious to continue sledging over, yet not broken up enough to set permit safe sailing. Shackleton

One man searched in the snow for over an hour for a piece of cheese he had dropped days before. He located a crumb of the lost cheese about a half inch wide and considered the find well worth his effort.

ordered the men to set up camp and they were forced to wait for the right conditions. They established the aptly named "Patience Camp" on the edge of a floe. It would be their home for the next three and half months.

As their food supplies waned, the men hunted seals for both food and fuel. The crew would eat seal meat, seal blubber, penguins and anything else they could get their hands on. If they found undigested fish in the stomach of slaughtered game, this was considered a bonus treat that was cooked and eaten as well. They ate the dried meat that had been prepared as dog food, and then ultimately, they ate the dogs. One man searched in the snow for over an hour for a piece of cheese he had dropped days before. He located a crumb of the lost cheese about a half inch wide and considered the find well worth his effort.

By March 5, 1916, their ice floe had drifted to within 60 miles of Paulet Island. On Paulet was a hut and some stores which had been sent there by Shackleton during a rescue mission of another expedition back in 1904. But as Patience Camp reached its closest point to Paulet Island, the expedition had no opportunity to sail for it. The ocean was still too dense with ice to launch the boats.

"As one hope failed to materialize, our anticipations fed themselves on another," wrote Shackleton, "Our drifting home had no rudder to guide it, no sail to give it speed. We were dependent upon the caprice of wind and current; we went whither those irresponsible forces listed."

A week later, Joinville Island was spotted. But it was still not safe to set off in the boats. The men could do nothing but sit and watch the

island for three days as they slowly drifted away from it.

Their last chance would be to sail for either Deception, Clarence or Elephant Island. If they missed those islands, they would surely drift into the Atlantic Ocean.

The floe their camp was on was getting smaller every day and Shackleton knew a decision would have to be made soon. Launching the boats at the right moment would mean success or failure. The fate of his men depended on this decision.

"I confess that I felt the burden of responsibility sit heavily on my shoulders," wrote

Shackleton, "But, on the other hand, I was stimulated and cheered by the attitude of the men. Loneliness is the penalty of leadership, but the man who has to make the decisions is assisted greatly if he feels that there is no uncertainty in the minds of those who follow him, and that his orders will be carried out confidently and in expectation of success."

As they made preparations to head to sea, their floe split right under the boats and right underneath the tent where Shackleton had slept for months. The pack opened up and a channel appeared. The men quickly loaded the three small boats and rowed into the open sea.

For six days, the men pulled on the oars by day, with freezing rain and spray pelting their open boats and killer whales stalking them. Their clothing was covered with ice, which crackled as they rowed.

By night, they would camp on the most seaworthy ice floe they could find. One night, they could not find a suitable place to land the boats, which meant the men could not properly rest and a hot meal could not be prepared. The men had become desperately dehydrated and Shackleton wondered if they would survive much longer. Knowing that his men were growing weaker every day, he made a desperate run for Elephant Island.

Miraculously, all three boats managed to reach the island, although the men had gone without rest or a hot meal for two days and nights. A small, rocky beach was found and the boats all landed. This was the first time any man had landed on Elephant Island, and it was the first time the crew of the *Endurance* had set foot on solid ground in

almost a year and a half.

The frostbitten and exhausted men climbed out of the boats stumbled around the beach jubilantly like a bunch of drunks, scooping up handfuls of pebbles and letting them run through their fingers. Shackleton said, "The smiles and laughter, which caused cracked lips to bleed afresh, and the gleeful exclamations at the sight of two live seals on the beach made me think for a moment of that glittering hour of childhood

tally unhinged.

Their grim physical condition after the boat journey, coupled with the decreased activity and confinement, eroded their spirit. The cook collapsed and one man admitted he now welcomed death. Shackleton wisely fixed both problems by forcing the cook to rest and making the despondent man the new cook—knowing that having a job would take his mind off his problems.

But his keen management of the men alone

sea seething at their feet," wrote Shackleton, "But they waved to us and gave us three hearty cheers. There was hope in their hearts and they trusted us to bring the help they needed."

Shackleton, Worsley and the four other men battled toward for South Georgia Island through the frigid Antarctic seas. They lived cramped and chilled under the makeshift canvas deck. There was never a moment of rest. Worsley described trying to sleep in the boat as "indescribably

Setting out for South Georgia Island in The *James Caird*.



when the door is open at last and the Christmas tree, in all its wonder bursts upon the vision."

In spite of the fact that they were still in great danger, Shackleton made sure that the crew got a hot meal, enjoyed a smoke and relaxed, if only for a short time. He described the men as "a cheerful company" and declared, "Life was not so bad." The cook was the only person who got no rest that day, as the men went on a day-long feast of fresh seal meat and blubber.

Although they were on solid land, Elephant Island was far from pleasant. The beach was very tiny, stark and rocky. Above their bleak campsite was a steep, glacier-topped cliff that threatened to rain boulders down on them at any time. The crew turned the boats upside down for cover and piled inside the pitch-black shelters, literally laying one on top of the other. Their only source of warmth was their caustic-smelling, blubber-burning stove.

Several of the men were in very bad shape and required medical attention. Many of them had frostbitten toes. All of them suffered from open sores due to being constantly soaked by freezing sea water. One man had suffered a heart attack and several men had become men-

would not keep them alive. Since there was no chance of being found on the uninhabited Elephant Island, their only chance for survival would be to head back out to sea, in search of help. The closest port was 540 miles away in the Falkland Islands, but it would be nearly impossible to reach it in one of their weary little boats, against prevailing winds. Although South Georgia Island was over 800 miles away, the winds normally pushed in that direction.

Shackleton was uneasy about leaving 22 of his men behind, but it was the logical thing to do. If they made it to South Georgia, he would be able to coordinate a rescue effort faster than anyone else. And besides, he always felt he should endure a hardship before one of his men did.

The crew's carpenter outfitted their heaviest boat (which had been dubbed *James Caird*, in honor of one of the expedition's financiers) with a makeshift canvas deck and a small sail. Shackleton set out with Worsley and four other men in the *James Caird* and set to sea through the ice pack with as many supplies as they could carry.

"The men who were staying behind made a pathetic little group on the beach, with the grim heights of the of the island behind them and the

uncomfortable." Icy sea spray and waves constantly sent a stream of frigid water down their backs. They continually bailed freezing water from the bottom of the boat. Their skin was rubbed raw from their soaked clothing that had not been changed or completely dried for months.

Worsley was particularly maddened by the hair from their molting deerskin sleeping bags, which was everywhere. It got into their eyes and noses, preventing them from getting any sleep. It even got into their precious food supplies. "One day while Crean was stirring the hoosh... he suddenly stopped stirring and peered intently into the cooking-pot," wrote Worsley, "A shudder of apprehension ran through us at any threat to our vital food. Next moment, his great hairy grimy paw shot into it, and he triumphantly abstracted a handful of reindeer hair. Having carefully squeezed this over the pot so as to get all the hoosh out of it, he threw it away. We couldn't help dirt, but we drew the line at eating hair."

They became so thirsty that their tongues swelled and ultimately, they could barely eat. Instead, they chewed on raw seal meat, hoping to absorb moisture from the blood. Food rations

TH' LEGENDARY SHACK * SHAKERS

'CockADoodleDon't'
Hillbilly hellfire, blues brimstone, and devilish debauchery. When Iggy Pop, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Elmer Gantry show up for a bar fight, the best move might be to head for the back door but the Shakers will compel you to stay and join the fray. Grab a pool cue and a cold one... BS 096 \$14



WAYNE HANCOCK 'Swing Time'

"The Train" whips his brand of juke joint swing to a frenzy on this one. Some want to put America's musical heritage on a shelf and keep it safe and clean. Wayne and the boys will have none of it—they aim to air it out every night and let it run... Recorded where Wayne is most at home, the stage of the Continental Club in Austin. More infectious than poison ivy. BS 097 \$12

Write us for a free catalog ... BLOODSHOT RECORDS
3039 W. Irving Park Rd., Chicago, IL 60618 www.bloodshotrecords.com

BLOODSHOT
RECORDS

KEEP THAT SPARKLE
IN YOUR LADY'S EYE
THIS HOLIDAY SEASON
WITH THESE NEW
RELEASES FROM
GEARHEAD
RECORDS.



SWITCHBLADE TONGUES, BUTTERKNIFE BRAINS
The might new release from this legendary Ohio quartet is made up of several amazing (and often ferocious) until now unheard of recordings made between 1999 and 2003, with a few out of print oddities deemed to good to be left out thrown in for good measure.
(RPM046) 16 track LP \$9 / CD \$11



VARIOUS ARTISTS GREASEBALL MELODRAMA

16 killer cuts compiled by Eric of the New Bomb Turks. Features The Cuts, Baseball Furies, Mystery Girls, Lost Kids, Colombian Neckties, Chargers Street Gang, Rock 'n' Roll Soldiers, Goddamn Gentleman, Blowtops, The Hunches, High Beams, Gypsy Witch, Geraldine, Exxon Valdez, Diversers and Scat Rag Boosters.
(RPM047) 16 track CD \$7.98



P.O. BOX 421219
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94142
www.gearheadrecords.com



★ *Glory* ★

SALES & SERVICE

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE
GLORY UTILITY LINE OF CLOTHING

- UTILITY -
Glory

FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF
AMERICAN MOTORCYCLING,
GLORY UTILITY CLOTHING
WAS BORN FROM A DESIRE TO
RECAPTURE THE SPIRIT AND
QUALITY OF THE MOTORCYCLE
CLOTHING OF YEARS GONE PAST.
ALL OF OUR PRODUCTS ARE MADE
WITH PRIDE IN THE USA BY
AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN WHO STILL
BELIEVE THAT QUALITY IS NOT
A THING OF THE PAST.

NOW AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES.



Tuned and Tested

VIEW OUR CATALOGUE ONLINE
WWW.GLORYUTILITY.COM

for everyone were incredibly small. Yet Shackleton would try to secretly add his own biscuit to the meals of the weaker men.

"We were a tiny speck in the vast vista of the sea," wrote Shackleton, "The ocean that is open to all and merciful to none, that threatens even when it seems to yield, and that is pitiless always to weakness. For a moment, the consciousness of the forces arrayed against us would be almost overwhelming."

Their only comfort was the knowledge that they were making progress toward land.

Finally, they approached South Georgia Island. They were desperately tired and dehydrated and solid land was just a stone's throw away, but they were forced to spend another

months and months of being beaten by weather, starvation and exhaustion, they hiked for almost 36 hours straight over ice and snow, sometimes at an elevation of 4,000 ft., to try to reach the whaling station.

Early in the morning on the last day of their hike, the men heard the faint sound of the whaling station's steam whistle. It was the first sound they had heard that was made by a human outside of their crew in about 18 months. The three men quietly shook hands, not saying a word.

They climbed down the last hill only with an axe, the cooking stove and their logbook. "That was all, except our wet clothes, that we brought out of the Antarctic, which we had entered a year and a half before with well-found

mane of wild hair, and in clean clothes.

The whalers looked at the little *James Caird* with great curiosity. When the rescue ship returned to the whaling station, with the *James Caird* in tow, every sailor there wanted the honor of helping to haul it ashore. A huge reception was held in honor of their safe arrival. "I think I enjoyed this more than any honour bestowed upon us afterward," wrote Worsley, "For these fine seamen were men of the Viking brand who for years had been weathering the self-same storms through which we had come in our little boat. Congratulations from them meant something."

They were fed five meals a day by the sailors. "The Norwegians seemed to think that they could make up for all that we had gone through if they could only persuade us to eat continuously," wrote Worsley, "And they did their best."

Shackleton immediately coordinated a rescue effort to reach the men he had left on Elephant Island. He commandeered a ship and headed back south on May 23rd, 1916. But winter was once again setting in and the ice surrounding Elephant Island was impenetrable. When the ship had used up six of its ten days worth of coal, Shackleton was forced to give up the rescue attempt, having gotten to within 70 miles of his stranded men.

He went to the Falkland Islands to secure another ship for a second rescue attempt. The ship left on June 10th and this time got within 20 miles of island before being forced back by ice. A third attempt was made on July 12th, but this was in the middle of winter, and Shackleton only got within 100 miles because of ice and bad weather.

The worry for his men and frustration of getting so near to them, only to be turned back again took a heavy toll on Shackleton's spirit. "Lines scored themselves on his face more deeply day by day," wrote Worsley, "His thick, dark, wavy hair was becoming silver... Shackleton was very human—human enough to become irritable with me and to treat me rather as though I could have prevented the gale had I so chosen. So far from minding this I was glad that he should have some little outlet for his misery."

Shackleton confided to Worsley, "Skipper, if anything happens to me while those fellows are waiting for me, I shall feel like a murderer."

The fourth attempt was made on August 25th towards the end of winter. Their ship was met with very fair weather and luckily found the ice around the island to be light. They approached the island in a fog. As they got closer, the fog lifted and the camp was located. Shackleton strained to spot the men with his binoculars. In a low voice, Shackleton told Worsley he only saw two men. Then he saw four, six, then eight men. He finally cried out, "They are all there! Every one of them! They are all saved!"

The men ran to the beach and waved wild-

After months and months of being beaten by weather, starvation and exhaustion, they hiked for almost 36 hours straight over ice and snow, sometimes at an elevation of 4,000 ft., to try to reach the whaling station.

night on the *James Caird*. They could not find a place to land the boat before night fell. Dawn came, and brought gales and hurricane-force winds with it. The weather threatened to sink the boat or smash it against the cliffs of the island. Just as Shackleton thought they were about to be drowned, the winds backed off and spared the weary men. But they would have to spend yet another night at sea.

The next morning, after 14 days at sea, they spotted a tiny cove and were able to land the boat. As they got out, they found a small, freshwater stream almost right at their feet.

"I have marveled often at the thin line that divides success from failure and the sudden turn that leads apparently from disaster to comparative safety," Shackleton wrote.

But the journey was still not over. Shackleton had been forced to land on the uninhabited side of the island. The whaling station on the opposite side of the island was 150 miles away by sea. But neither Shackleton nor his boat were in any shape to head back into the ocean. He would have to attempt to climb over steep mountains and glaciers and cross the island on foot.

No one had ever ventured more than a mile inland on South Georgia, so they didn't even know if crossing the island was possible. But the thought of the men awaiting rescue on Elephant Island weighed on Shackleton's mind.

After a few days of gathering stores and strength, Shackleton, Worsley and another man set off to trek across South Georgia. After

ship, full of equipment and high hopes," wrote Shackleton, "We had suffered, starved, and triumphed, groveled down, yet grasped at glory, grown bigger in the bigness of the whole. We had seen God in His splendours, heard the text that Nature renders. We had reached the naked soul of man."

They tried to clean up their decrepit appearance in case they ran into women at the station. But it was a fruitless attempt—they hadn't changed clothes or shaved in about a year, their clothes were tattered and stained.

The first people they encountered were two young boys. Shackleton asked them where the manager's house was. The boys said nothing before running away in terror. The next person they encountered was an old man who did the same.

They found the station manager, who could hardly believe that the foul ruffian standing before him was the same Sir Ernest Shackleton he had seen when *The Endurance* originally set sail from South Georgia. It was now May 1916—the manager hadn't seen Shackleton or his crew since December 1914.

The men bathed, shaved and were fed as the station manager made plans for a ship to pick up the three men that had been left on the other side of South Georgia.

Worsley went along to pick up the men. They were happy to see that Shackleton had made it across the island safely, but some openly wondered why no member of the party had come along with the relief ship. Worsley's own men didn't recognize him without a beard, without a

Satisfying All Your Cravings for Nostalgic Exploitation Sinema!

Featuring the Films of:

David Friedman Sexploitation
Harry Novak 70's Smut
H.G. Lewis Drive-In Trash
Doris Wishman Sexy Shockers
Barry Mahon Horror! Sci-Fi
Joe Sarno Movie Trailers
A.C. Stephen Intermissions
The Findlays Kiddie Matinees
William Grefé Wrestling Women
Bettie Page 60's Go-Go Chicks
Burlesque Scare Films
Nudie Cuties and much more!

THE Defilers

OLGA'S HOUSE SHAME

BLOODY PIT OF HORROR

TEASERAMA

DOWN BROKE - THE FOUR
A WAY TO MAKE MONEY!

SHANTY TRAMP

WARM-BAM-THANK YOU, SPACEMAN

ALL VIDEOS
AND DVD-R
\$15 EACH!

Special Edition
DVDs available!

SEND \$5 FOR
OUR HUGE CATALOG OR
VISIT US ONLINE AT
WWW.SOMETHINGWEIRD.COM!

**SOMETHING
WEIRD
VIDEO®**

POB 33664
SEATTLE, WA 98133
NEW PHONE # 425-290-5830
NEW FAX # 425-438-1832

Rockit Baby

KEEPS CRITTERS ROCKIN' 'ROUND THE WORLD

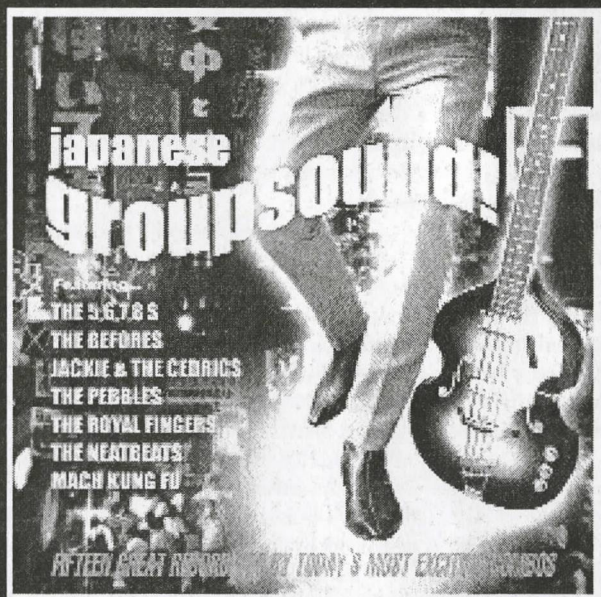
Rock your stockings with...
ROCKIT BABY GEAR

INCLUDING DESIGNS FOR
BARRIS KUSTOMS
AND
FRANCO

GREAT GIFTS
FOR MOM AND
BABY!

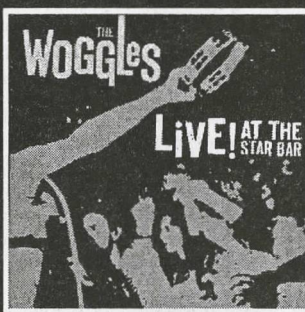
ROCKIT BABY
AUSTIN, TEXAS
WWW.ROCKITBABY.COM

BLOOD RED VINYL & DISCS!



JAPANESE GROUPOUSOUND!

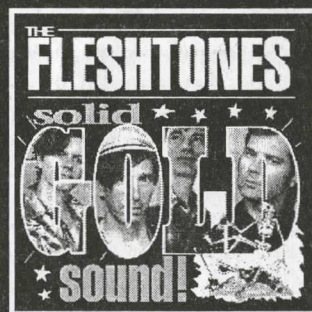
Fifteen big hits by the hottest combos from the Land of the Rising Sun! Hear faves like the 5-6-7-8's, Jackie & the Cedrics, The Neatbeats, Mach Kung Fu and more! Pressed on glorious black vinyl! LP: \$10.



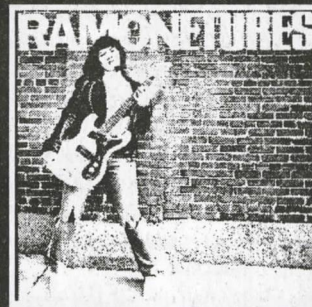
THE WOGGLES "LIVE AT THE STAR BAR"
23 sweat-drenched hits fuel this high-octane live smash! CD, \$13; LP, \$10



RAMONETURES "JOHNNY WALK DON'T RUN PAULENE"
Your fave X tunes! Featuring Billy Zoom and DJ Bonebrake of X! CD, \$13

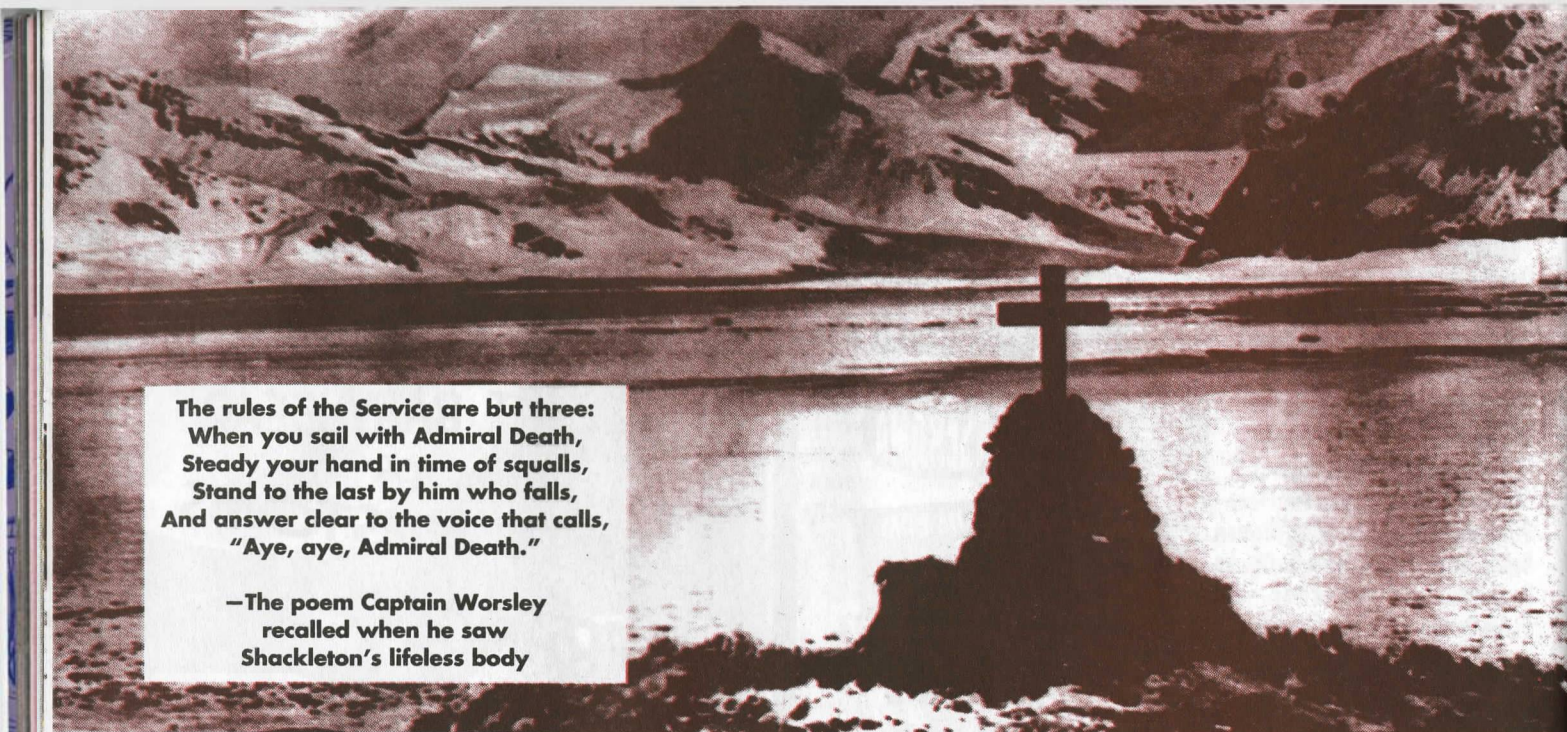


THE FLESHTONES "SOLID GOLD SOUND"
Super Rock! Garage kings kick out their greatest album ever! CD, \$13; LP, \$10



THE RAMONETURES
16 Classic Ramones tunes played Ventures style!! CD, \$13

Get all this stuff at your fave record shop or order direct from BLOOD RED VINYL & DISCS, PO BOX 12549, PORTLAND, OR 97212



**The rules of the Service are but three:
When you sail with Admiral Death,
Steady your hand in time of squalls,
Stand to the last by him who falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls,
"Aye, aye, Admiral Death."**

**—The poem Captain Worsley
recalled when he saw
Shackleton's lifeless body**

Above: Shackleton's grave on South Georgia Island

ly. Shackleton called out to the men. "We are all well, boss," a voice replied.

Shackleton tossed packs of cigarettes onto the shore and the men pounced on them.

No time was spared—all men and essential gear were onboard in an hour and they sailed off before the ice might have a chance to close in on them.

The whole time the men had been stranded on Elephant Island, they had been constantly freezing cold and soaking wet. Some of the men had become completely immobilized with illness. All were frostbitten and one man's toes had to be amputated. But, after four and a half months alone, they were still alive. The man Shackleton had left in charge never gave up hope. Every day, he packed up his gear in anticipation of Sir Ernest's return. Every morning in August, he gave his men the order, "Roll up your sleeping bags, boys; the boss may come today."

The rescue ship arrived in Punta Arenas, Chile to a hero's welcome. The entire town turned out to greet them. Each crewman, smelly and unshaven, was triumphantly carried off to be a guest in the homes of local aristocrats.

A dinner was thrown in their honor by the Chileans. When some of the exhausted men tried to leave as the dinner ran on late into the night, they were confronted by soldiers brandishing bayonets. The soldiers told them that they were under orders that no sober gringo was to leave the building. When the men said they weren't sober, the soldiers told them that they were not drunk enough and sent them back to the dining hall.

The celebration did not last long. The reality of World War I cast a shadow over the festivities. The men of the *Endurance* were shocked to

learn that the war had not ended. They could hardly believe that it had turned into a world war and men were dying in battle by the thousands every day. "We were like men arisen from the dead to a world gone mad," said Shackleton.

Antarctic exploration suddenly seemed like folly when compared to what was happening on the battlefields of Europe. All hands were eager to join the war. Shackleton was given the position of Director of Arctic Equipment and Transport on the Russian front of Murmansk. He was even assigned Worsley and several of his crewmen for military operations. As Worsley put it, "The old gang was on the war-path!"

Ironically, several of Shackleton's men had survived the Antarctic and nature, only to return to Europe and be killed by man and machine in World War I.

After the war, Shackleton assembled another Antarctic expedition with Worsley as the ship's captain. Many of the old *Endurance* crew signed on as well. But Worsley felt the voyage was ill-fated from the very beginning. He didn't care for the ship they were sailing on. Shackleton had apparently suffered a heart attack before they left and lacked the fighting spirit he once had. Problems mounted for the expedition, creating more worries for Shackleton. The ship's boiler cracked, the water tank and the ship itself developed leaks.

While en route to Antarctica, Shackleton suffered another heart attack. But he never complained and he assured his crew that he was alright. Worsley felt the heart attack was brought about by Shackleton's worries about the journey. He stayed in his cabin a lot and seemed defeated and weary.

"He liked me to join him for a smoke and

a yarn," wrote Worsley, "It struck me that he was thinking a good deal about the past, which was unusual for him, since he was a man who liked to leap forward mentally and who would generally dismiss memories in favour of speculations about the future. I was vaguely worried by this strange and new attitude, which seemed to me to have a significance that I could not define."

Shackleton used to talk with Worsley about the two of them sailing to the South Seas as though it was a forgone conclusion that they would go someday. Now he wondered if it would ever happen.

Early in the morning of January 5th, 1922, Shackleton desperately summoned for the ship's doctor. Five minutes later, Worsley was woken up and told that Shackleton was dead.

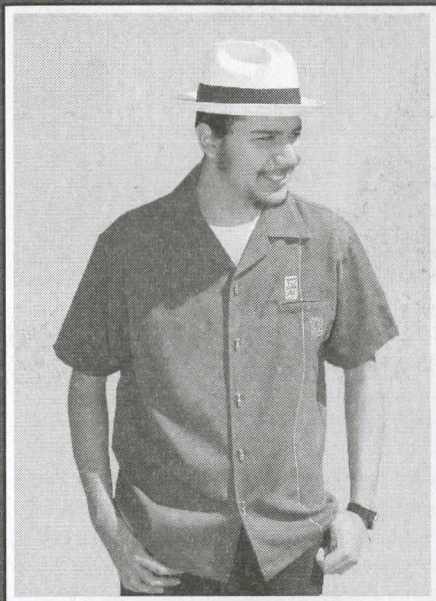
"Good God, not the boss!" he exclaimed.

He went to Shackleton's cabin. "Already there was a great change in his appearance," wrote Worsley, "His stillness was startling to me, for stillness was the one thing that I found it impossible to associate with him. And as I stood there I felt that I was looking at a statue of a man, not Shackleton himself."

Shackleton was laid to rest on South Georgia. His men spent two days dragging stones from the hillsides of the sparse island to build a monument in his honor at his gravesite.

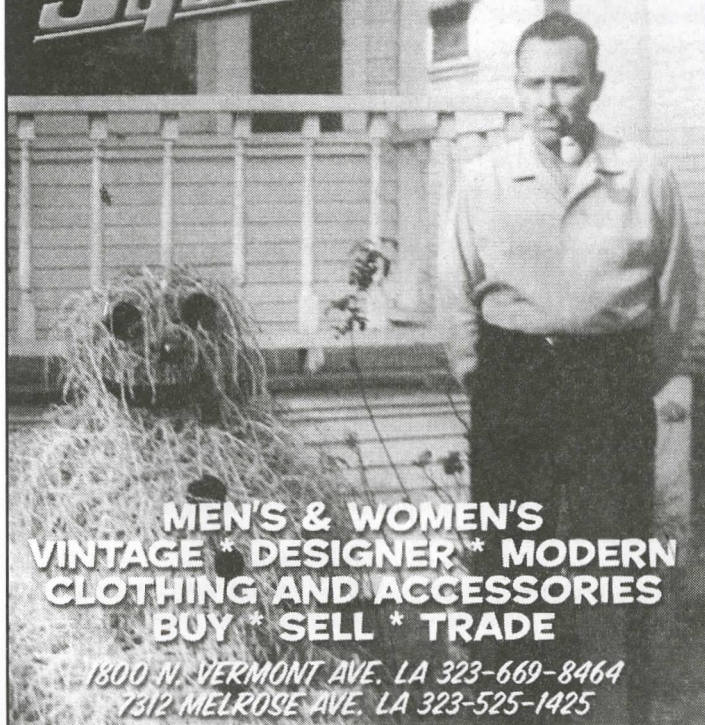
"During the days that followed it happened sometimes that I would forget for a moment that Shackleton was dead," wrote Worsley, "I found myself waiting for the sound of his voice, listening for the familiar encouraging exclamation of 'Good old Skipper!' that I was never to hear from him again."

www.mybabyjo.com



10418 1/2 National Blvd
Los Angeles, Calif. 90034
310-558-9244

Season's Greetings
from
Squaresville



**MEN'S & WOMEN'S
VINTAGE * DESIGNER * MODERN
CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES
BUY * SELL * TRADE**

1800 N. VERMONT AVE. LA 323-669-8464
7312 MELROSE AVE. LA 323-525-1425

Johnson Motors, Inc.

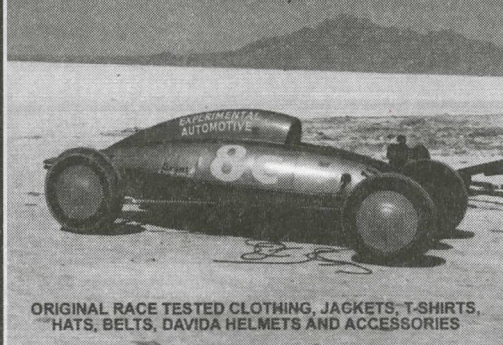
DISTRIBUTORS OF QUALITY MERCHANDISE SINCE 1938

SPECIALISING IN AUTOMOTIVE BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.
FOR THE DISCERNING COLLECTOR AND AVID ENTHUSIAST.
HOT RODS, CUSTOM, NASCAR, F1, MARQUEE HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES,
DRAG RACING, LOW RIDERS, SPEED TUNING AND MOTORCYCLE BOOKS

**M
O
T
O
R

B
O
O
K
S**

A NEW STORE IS OPENING IN OLD TOWN PASADENA
OCTOBER 15, 2003.



ORIGINAL RACE TESTED CLOTHING, JACKETS, T-SHIRTS,
HATS, BELTS, DAVIDA HELMETS AND ACCESSORIES

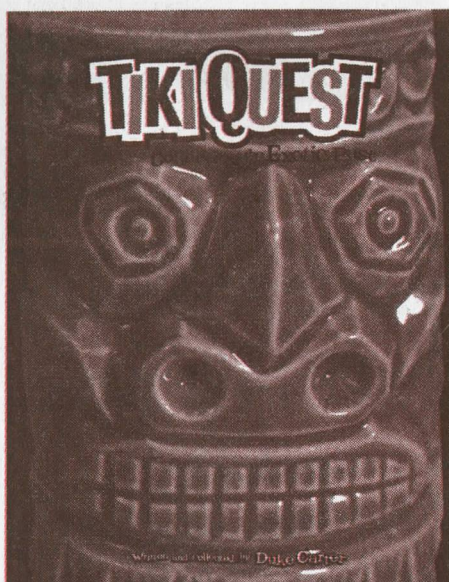
**M
A
G
A
Z
I
N
E
S**

ALSO STOCKING ART AND BOOKS. FEATURING MARK RYDEN, GLENN BARR, JOHN BELL,
ERIC WHITE, GARY BASEMAN, TIM BISKUP, CLAYTON BROTHERS, KEITH WEESNER, ETC.

THIS MONTH'S FEATURED ARTIST IS TIM BISKUP
SHOWING IN NOVEMBER ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, CURRENT AND RARE SOLD OUT PRINTS
AND ALL OF TIM'S TOYS, CARDS, AND GIZMO'S FOR SALE.

36 WEST COLORADO BLVD., #7, MILLS PL., PASADENA, CA
626.796.JOMO (5666)

SUN. - THURS 11am TO 7:30pm FRI, SAT 11am TO 9pm



Tiki Quest
Collecting the Exotic Past
by Duke Carter
Pegboard Press
192 pages, full color

It was bound to happen. Someone was going to make a book about collecting tiki stuff.

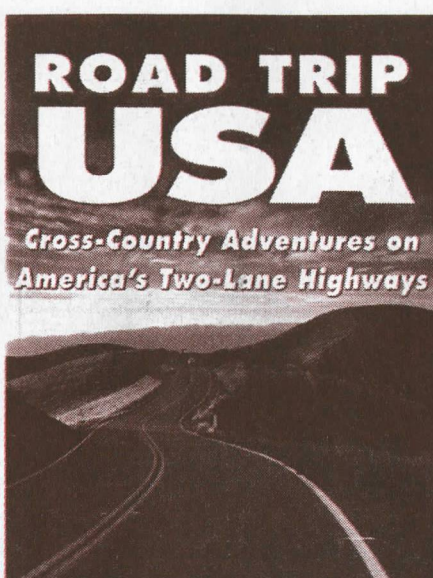
Tikis and exotica have everything a collector looks for when turning something light-hearted and fun into a life-consuming obsession. It's fun and it's campy, there's an aspect of craftsmanship, and more importantly, there is a seemingly endless number of items to collect.

The main focus of this book is the most well-known and probably most collected tiki ware—tiki mugs. Once the mainstay of Polynesian-themed restaurants and bars across the country, tiki mugs were widely produced in a tremendous number of different versions by many manufacturers. Tiki mugs can be found in popular collector venues for ridiculous sums of money, however, they can still occasionally be found for reasonable prices at thrift shops and flea markets.

But this book also covers other ceramics, like ashtrays, coconut mugs, teapots and salt shakers. There are also sections on tiki matchbooks, postcards, stirrers and tchotchkes.

Author Duke Carter, thankfully, limits the focus of his book to historical documentation of the different designs and their manufacturers, never opening up a can of worms of putting a value on all of these tiki wares. That could have easily driven up prices and taken any last trace of fun out of collecting tiki stuff.

The book is fantastically produced with 192 pages, featuring over 1000 well-shot, full-color product photos in festive layouts. *Tiki Quest* is tons of fun and very informative as well—a winning combination!



Road Trip USA
Cross-Country Adventures on America's Two-Lane Highways
Jamie Jensen
Avalon Travel
963 pages!!!
b/w and color

Whoa, mama! This book is, without a doubt, the bible of non-interstate travel! This baby measures an inch and a half thick and is jam-packed with information.

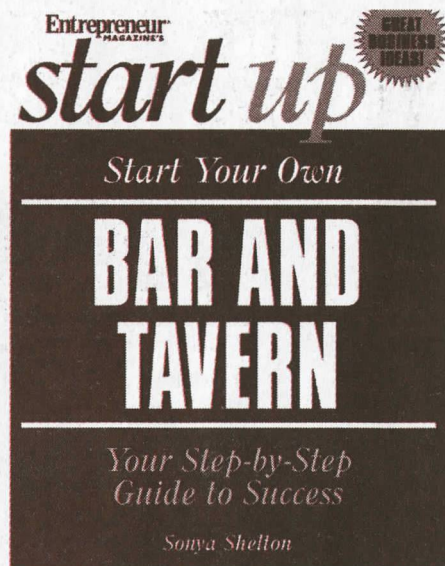
Sure, you can drive from coast to coast on an interstate, making great time and finding a Starbucks and Taco Bell every time you stop. But sometimes, it's more fun to take the slower route and see something a little different and more interesting. This book will show you just how to do that.

This book is broken down into 11 sections, each one representing the main highways that were the arteries across the U.S. in the days before interstates and crappy chain fast food joints on every corner.

There's Coastal West Coast, Highway 93: Border to Border, US-83: Road To Nowhere, The Great River Road, The Appalachian Trail, Coastal East Coast, US-2: the Great Northern, US-20: The Oregon Trail, US-50: The Loneliest Road, US-80: Southern Pacific, Route 66: The Mother Road.

With two fold-out maps, *Road Trip USA* is both highly practical and good for fueling fantasy. If you're looking for a book to keep under your car seat, to help you make the most of a cross-country trip, there is no better choice than this one. Or keep it in a desk drawer at your soul-crushing job to fuel your vagabond, wanderlust fantasies during your darkest hours working for the man.

Lots of current and historical photos accompany the substantial volume of text.



Start Your Own Bar or Tavern
Your Step-By-Step Guide to Success
Sonya Shelton
198 pages

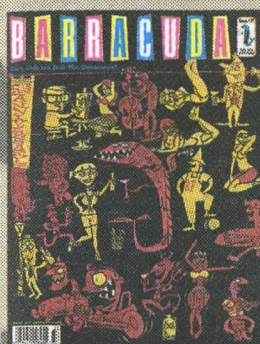
This book is published by *Entrepreneur* magazine, as a part of its *Startup* series of books which cover how to start various kinds of businesses—everything from a wedding consultant business to a car wash.

But how much sweet, sweet drunk talk ever results in a half-baked plan to open a coin operated laundry? The answer is none. So, if you're dopey enough to follow through on drunken boasts about opening your own bar, this book is a good place to start.

Although this book is full of nuts-and-bolts, practical ideas to ponder, it seems that running a bar, much less opening up a new one from scratch is infinitely more complicated and expensive than this book would lead you to believe. Maybe not.

Now, if we may get off on a rant here, if you ever wonder why big glossy magazines are so boring, take note that the real story behind this review is that the literary publicists who sent us this book were kind enough to even provide us with questions to ask the publisher! Thanks so much! The list of questions included such gripping, hardball queries as "What is the *Startup* series all about?" and "Where can people get the books?"

One of the titles offered in the *Startup* series is how to start your own self-publishing business. Maybe they recommend that publishers pass off regurgitated press releases on their readers as "new product reviews" as a cheap and easy way to fill pages with pabulum. Maybe not.



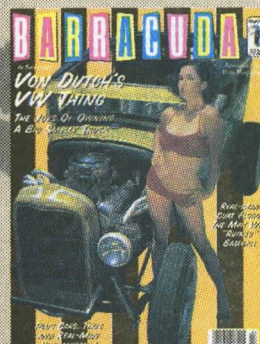
Issue #17
5th Anniversary! Real Man Art Artists, Barracuda Girl Retrospective!



Issue #16
Inside The Batmobile! Barracuda Girl Paget Brewster, More Station Wagons Rule



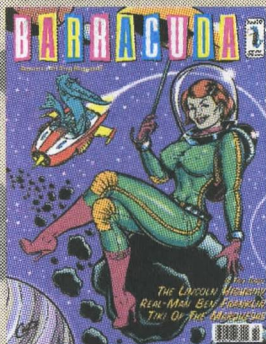
Issue #15
Station Wagons Rule, Real-Man George Sables, Van Dutch Art Show, Ed Ruff's Outlaw Busty Rescues



Issue #14
The joys of Owning a Big, Smelly Truck, Van Dutch's VW Thing, Real Man Curt Flood



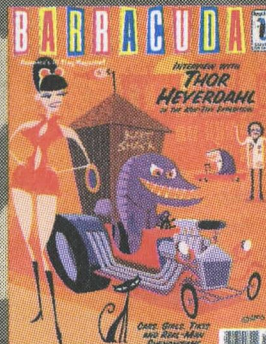
Issue #13
Real Man Duke Kahanamoku, What Happened To the Morrison Motorist III, How To Find A Good Mechanic



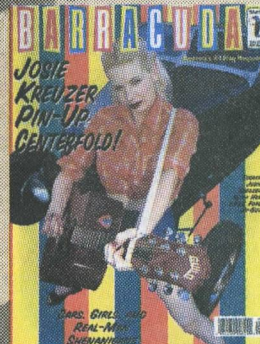
Issue #12
Cover by Coop, The Lincoln Highway, Real Man Ben Franklin, Toki Of The Marquesas



Issue #11
Sail Pin-up: Ab Jenkins, Chris Honeyman, Hideaway, Dangers of Cell Phones and Driving!



Issue #10
Cover by Shag, Shag and His Thunderbird, Real-Man Thor Heyerdahl plus interview!



Issue #9
Josie Kreuzer, Charles Goodyear-Propheet of Rubber, Pinstriper St. John Morton

ALL OF THESE MAGS AND MORE AVAILABLE WITH E-Z, SAFE CREDIT CARD ORDERING AND WORLDWIDE SHIPPING FROM OUR ONLINE NEWSSTAND AT WWW.BARRACUDAMAGAZINE.COM OR CALL 323-769-5630 AND WE'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER OVER THE PHONE! VISIT OUR WEBSITE OR GIVE US A CALL TO CHECK ON THE AVAILABILITY OF OTHER BACK ISSUES!

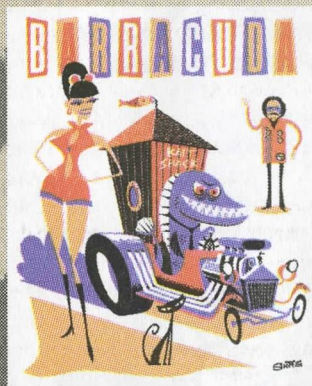
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____
Email _____
☐ check or money order (in U.S. funds only, please) ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ Amex ☐ Discover
card # _____ exp. date _____
signature _____

- ☐ 4-issue subscription (\$12 U.S., \$24 everywhere else)
Single copies/back issues: (\$5 each U.S., \$7.50 everywhere else)
☐ #17 ☐ #16 ☐ #15 ☐ #14 ☐ #13 ☐ #12 ☐ #11 ☐ #10 ☐ #9
☐ Barracuda V8 t-shirt ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S (\$15)
☐ Shag Barracuda t-shirt ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S ☐ Lt. blue girlie tee (\$18)
☐ Coop Barracuda t-shirt ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S ☐ Girlie tee (\$18)
☐ Iron Cross t-shirt ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S (\$16)
☐ Barracuda V8 vinyl sticker (b/w) (\$1 each)
☐ Iron Cross vinyl sticker (black & red) (\$2 each)
☐ Dolphin Puncher vinyl sticker (b/w) (\$1 each)

TOTAL AMOUNT _____

CA residents must include 8.25% sales tax and international orders must include proper shipping or your order will not be filled.

For ordering multiple quantities or anything complicated, just use another sheet of paper. We'll call you if there's a problem or something doesn't make sense. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Mail orders to: Barracuda Magazine / P.O. Box 291873 / Los Angeles, CA / 90029 / U.S.A. Prices subject to change without notice.



"Shag Barracuda" t-shirt by Shag four-color design on white shirt \$18 US / \$25 outside U.S.



"Coop Barracuda" t-shirt by Coop four-color design on ash grey shirt also in white girlie baseball tee w/black sleeves \$18 US / \$25 outside U.S.



"Barracuda V8" t-shirt antique white on black shirt \$15 US / \$22 outside U.S.



"Skull & Iron Cross" t-shirt white & red on black shirt - also comes in girlie tank and girlie tee \$16 US / \$23 outside U.S.



"Dolphin Puncher" Sticker by Jim Krowson \$3.5" wide vinyl sticker - \$1

Leave 'Em Laughing

with Chic Tongue



"YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, DOCTOR.
I'VE LOST THE WILL TO SPEND!"



"WELL, I BORROWED THE MONEY TO GET MARRIED.
CAN'T YOU JUST REPOSSESS MY WIFE?"

COUNTY
MORGUE



"WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, IF YOU THINK ALL
OF US BARRACUDA GIRLS ARE THE SAME, HOW
EXACTLY DID YOU FIND OUT?"



www.LittleCartoons.com
Whatnot and other items from-
ragnar



Little Cartoons- 1048 Irvine Ave #618 Newport Beach CA 92660



SHAG

GARY BASEMAN

TIM BISKUP

SEONNA HONG

PAUL FRANK

MARION PECK

MILES THOMPSON

AND MANY MORE

MODERN LOVE GROUP SHOW OPENING VALENTINES DAY 2004



modern gallery

448 NORTH PALM CANYON DRIVE PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

760.416.3611 www.mmoderngallery.com