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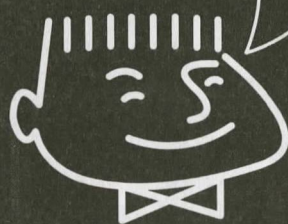
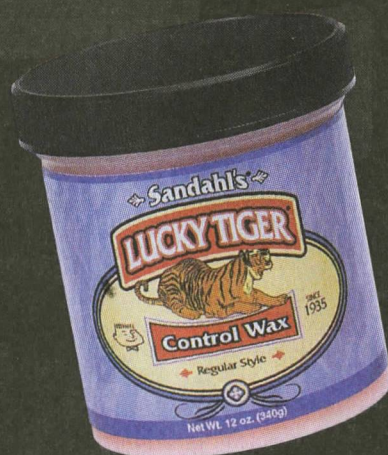
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Continuing A Fine Tradition Of Scrapped Editorials

A Letter From Your Editor



It's the weirdest thing. Every opening edi-
torial I have ever written has not seen
the light of day. Not the first version, any-
way. Every issue, I take time to sit down and
write out an editorial that I think is gang-
busters. Then I dump it at the last minute
and replace it with something I write off the
top of my head.

So, why should this issue be any exception?

The original version of this editorial was
a positive, first-person account of a very lavish
party I attended at the famous estate of a cer-
tain famous magazine publisher here in Los
Angeles. (All of my friends have heard that
version of the story already.)

The draft of this editorial that you are
reading now came after I called a publicist at
that magazine's offices.

I called to see if they had any stock pho-
tos of the estate or publicity photos from the
party that I could use with the article. After a
little phone tag, I got the publicist on the line
in and asked him about publicity photos.

"We don't even know who you are," he
said, "We've never worked with you before.
We've never even heard of you."

That's fine. Frankly, I'm surprised when
anyone *has* heard of Barracuda. I suggested
he visit our website and said I'd be happy to
mail him a copy of the mag with a press kit.

"Well, I looked at your website," he said,
"I don't mean to insult you, but your magazine
is nothing and frankly, it's not an audience
that we are interested in reaching."

He really said that. I'm not making that up.

People like this are so awesome. They say,
"I don't mean to insult you" and then go ahead
and insult you, as though the disclaimer some-
how neutralizes the actual insult—classic.

He could have just as easily said they
didn't have any photos, they're not authorized
to give them out to people they've never
worked with before or he was too busy. These
are all valid excuses that reach the same
result without the unnecessary shot at break-
ing my eggs.

I said, "Well, look, I'm working on a posi-
tive story about the nice time I had at the
party. I just wanted to see if you had some
publicity photos you could email me to go with
the article."

He got downright combative, saying, "Well,
you were at that party under false pretenses!"

"I'm sorry, what?"

"You were not invited as a print journalist,"
he said, "You were there under false pretenses."

"If I was trying to sneak in or do some
smear job on you, why would I be talking to
you—a publicist?" I asked.

"I don't know. We've been burned like
this before. If you want to tell me what this
article is all about, then maybe we can talk,"
he said.

"Well, that's why I just dialed your phone
number, sir," I said, "That's why we're on the
phone. I just told you what the article's
about—the party and what a nice time it was.
I think our readers would enjoy hearing about
what it's really like on the inside at one of
your parties."

"Well, I don't see why I should give you
anything. You don't have any bargaining
power," he retorted.

Having never claimed that I have any-
thing, I conceded, "No, I sure don't."

At that point he literally chided me to
"get to work!" finishing the article so I could
email it to him for approval and he'd see what
he felt like doing after he read it.

I'll get right on that.

So, in conclusion, I had a very nice time
at the party. It's a beautiful house with
lovely grounds. I sincerely thank the
publisher for his hospitality and for giving me
a great story to tell to my friends.

But to Mr. Publicist, I say—Barracuda
is small potatoes? I wouldn't be surprised. Not
worth your time to email me some photos? I
genuinely understand. You certainly don't owe
me a thing. But you don't have to get all
French with me about it, either.

A true sign of a person's character is how
he treats someone he doesn't *have* to be nice to.


I had a fun time at the party and I refuse
to let a crotchety publicist take that away from
me. (But I will let his uncalled-for dose of vine-
gar send what would have been a positive fea-
ture article about his company into the old
"circular file." Congratulations—you're defi-
nitely earning your paycheck as a publicist.)

So, dear reader, if you ever get the
chance to attend a party at that famous
estate, by all means do so. Dress up, tip the
bartender, be polite and enjoy yourself.

I'll be hanging out in an alley with my
friends. Toys That Kill will be playing nearby.
I'll bring enough beer for everyone.

—J.F.

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The First Great Bender of '04!

by Jeff Fox
photos by Todd Taylor

I fashion myself as the hard-working, responsible type. In general, this is a good thing, especially when you consider that this magazine sure ain't going to publish itself. Someone's got to run the ol' salt mine, and that person is me. But every now and then, even a big square like yours truly has to let go of the reigns of responsibility and cast off the shackles of self-discipline. The time always comes when you must answer the call of the wild and direct your feet to the rummy side of the street.

The call came at 10:31 in the morning. There was a message from my friend Todd, a publisher like myself: "Hey Jeff, are you there? It's Todd—I have a question for you. What are you doing today or this weekend? If you want to get drunk for about 48 hours, give me a call back before noon. My friend Davey from Tiltwheel is having a birthday. Tiltwheel is playing and one of our books is getting admitted to the public library in San Diego."

I certainly was sick of working, so I mulled the offer over for a little while. I know, you're thinking, "What is there to mull over?" But anybody who runs their own business or is self-employed knows that the biggest scam of that deal is the myth of being able to take off whenever you feel like it. If you work for someone else, or with other people, you can slack off and it's usually no skin off your nose. Or maybe someone else will pick up the slack. But when you work for yourself, if you keep putting stuff off, it just piles up. It never goes away or gets taken care of for you. (Don't get me wrong, I know publishing *Barracuda* beats the hell out of cleaning grease traps at T.G.I. Friday's. I'm just explaining why deciding if you should hitch your wagon to the boozehound express is not as easy as it might sound.)

Being the creative type, I decided I should be able to turn this argument on its head and make it work in my favor. I had a lot of work to do, but hell, publishing a magazine is like trying to hold back the ocean with a broom. So, I *always* have a lot of work to do. But if I'm not going to feel like I got made any headway, why *not* take the day off? I could run off, meet some new people, have a good time, and do my part to help out Pabst's quarterly sales figures or I could stick around and work like a sap. Either way, I was still going to have a mountain of work staring me in the face Monday morning. I should, nay, I *must* go out drinking all weekend!



Oh, yeah—the Jeff Fox Rationalization Machine was firing on all cylinders.

I called Todd and said, “I’m in.”

“Cool.”

“Need me to bring anything?”

“Just your drinking shoes.”

“Already wearing ‘em.”

“Cool.”

Once I decide I’m not going to work, I really want to get the heck out of Dodge. Every minute spent messing around or packing is a chance that the phone might ring or an email might come in. So, in less than 15 minutes, I bugged out the door, putting as many miles between me and my computer as I could.

Packing is for suckers. I wanted to keep it light for racing, so I had nothing on me for the whole weekend except \$80, a baseball hat, a sweatshirt and a pack of gum. (Sorry—like Farmer Ted from *Sixteen Candles*, fresh breath is a priority in my life.) I was in Southern California. Anything else I might end up needing was just a trip to Sav-On away.

An important lesson that a good bender teaches you is the beauty of traveling light. The whole point of a bender is to get away from it all (at least mentally), hang out with your friends and tell lies. Five changes of clothes and two different pairs of shoes would not be necessary to accomplish this goal. In fact, two different pairs of shoes are not necessary for a guy to accomplish *any* important goal except bowling.

By noon, Todd and I were on the road. Between the two of us, we had a AAA card, a gallon of Gatorade and two clean rap sheets. We were invincible.

I was really looking forward to the adventure by that point. One of my favorite things about having a lost weekend is the adventure of it, because that equals having good stories to tell later. I love telling and hearing good stories. It’s how I know I’m alive. The one thing that makes the finality of death so apparent to me is the realization that it is the one experience I wouldn’t be able to tell my friends about it after it happened. “Oh, dude—guess what happened to me yesterday? I was in line at the supermarket and I totally dropped dead! I hit my head on the candy rack on the way down. It was the worst!”

Davey’s birthday was on Sunday. He knew of a bar that opened at six a.m. and he wanted to be at the door, pre-stewed when they opened for business and sipping a birthday drink at the bar by five after. It sounded like a plan.

Tiltwheel played Saturday night. It seemed like everyone at the club knew Davey and knew it was his birthday (almost). Throughout the band’s set, beers were coming to Davey—either handed to him or thrown at him. By the end of the show, the stage was littered with plastic beer cups. Davey was clearly off and running.

After the show, we headed to a party at someone’s house. It was three in the morning or later by the time we got there. I knew I needed

to crash if I was going to be alive when we went to the bar at six for Davey’s “eye-opener” birthday drink, so I took a short nap in the van while Davey went into the party.

Of course at six on the dot, the van door was being pounded on by about nine completely blitzed people, all saying, “It’s six o’clock! Let’s go drinking!”

Davey’s friend Bearpaw, for some unknown reason, was supposed to be the designated driver. But for some obvious reason (he was wasted), he was no longer up to the task, and the dubious honor fell to me, since I had just slept one off. What the hell—I’d take one for the team to get Davey his drink.

We were at the bar five minutes later and the early morning barflies were not happy to see such a loud and rowdy bunch as Davey and all of his friends. But how could you deny him? After all, it was his birthday! The long night was catching up with everyone and things started to slow down a little.

One of the worst things about being awake and in some sizzly bar so early in the morning on a Sunday is that when biology kicks in, you can’t run down the block to a fast food joint to use their john. Not even the fast food joints are open that early. Of course, biology kicked in for me and, well, what are you going to do? You can’t fight biology.

Luckily, the bathroom at the bar had been recently cleaned. I wasn’t in the stall very long when some grizzled old boozier came into the bathroom. I heard him muttering to himself, but couldn’t make out what he was saying. He started rattling the stall door and whining that he

needed to use the john.

I was pretty beefed by this. It was not just rude, it was stupid. Even the most stewed prune should be able to figure out what even a five year-old can understand—a stall door locked, you can see shoes under the door means someone’s in there. But he kept rattling the door.

“Someone’s in here—occupado,” I managed to say politely.

Then he asked me if the bar had a women’s room. I was really annoyed by the question and by the fact that he wouldn’t leave me alone. In significantly more salty terms, I asked him how I would possibly know if they had a women’s room. He left.

Less than a minute later, the bathroom door opened again. I recognized the voice of the bartender as he rapped on the stall door and said, “Hey, someone’s gotta use the john.”

I was incredulous. That coot had narked on me to the bartender! I couldn’t contain my grouchiness and barked out “Well, I’m using it right now, aren’t I? What, do you think I’m doing in here, playing hearts? No, I’m [expletive deleted] [expletive deleted] a [expletive deleted]. When I’m done, I’ll come out, alright?”

There was no response. He didn’t tell me to shut up or get bent or anything. He just walked out without saying a word, and that was unnerving. It was a little less cool than I usually like to play things and I was sure I was going to come out of the bathroom to find the bartender waiting for me with a scattergun full of rock salt. But he didn’t seem to care. Compared to what he normally probably finds in that stall before dawn on a Sunday, I’m sure an



acrimonious geek was a welcome change.

Davey was asleep at the bar and the bartender didn't seem to care about that either, which is amazing. Not even the friendliest bartender will ever even let his regulars sleep at the bar. But Davey could get away with stuff like that. He's a real character. He's got the wit and affability Jackie Gleason topped off with the looks of The Toecutter from *Mad Max*. Every bar that we went to, no matter how gone he was, Davey had some schtick to lay on everyone. He could say stuff that would have gotten anyone else a face full of pepper spray and a restraining order. But somehow, he can pull it off.

By the time Sunday afternoon rolled around, I was getting pretty tired and didn't have much small talk left in me—especially since I was sobered up and everyone else was plotzed. The drunk talk was just too obtuse for me to deal with, but no one seemed ready to leave. So, I dropped the van keys on the bar and proudly announced that forthwith, I was abdicating my role as designated driver.

After a few belts, the drunk talk seemed slightly less inane, but I still didn't have much chit chat in me. Some way-too-peppy guy at the bar kept trying to engage me in different "witty" banter on a variety of topics. All I could contribute was a quote from that great thinker Rodney Anonymous, saying, "Sorry, I don't drink to be Dorothy Parker—I drink to get drunk."

Everyone was running out of gas, especially me. We piled the troops into the van and headed off towards Davey's house for a much-needed crash before making our way back to L.A.

Todd, Davey and I stopped at a burrito joint right before we got to Davey's. As Todd and I were eating, keeping with the weekend's tradition of sleeping in public places, Davey passed out in the restaurant.

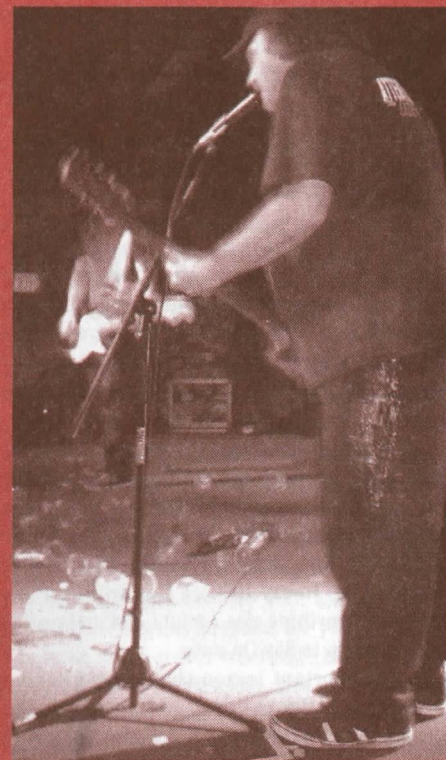
In the booth right next to him was a very proper-looking, older suburban housefrau who was waiting for her order. She spotted Davey and eyed him up and down. Then she looked at me and Todd. We shrugged at her and continued eating. It was really Davey's bender. We were just visitors. Anyway, I thought she was going to say, "Why, I never!" or something disapproving like that.

Instead, she very politely suggested that we should shave off his eyebrows and turned away.

We managed to rally Davey and get him into the van. We got him back to his house, where we left him passed out, dead to the world. And for the record—we left his eyebrows just the way we found them.

Remember how I said my favorite thing about a bender was the adventure? I'm going to amend that statement. My favorite thing about a bender is that I can write about it, delude myself that it is work *and* write the whole lost weekend off on my taxes. God bless America.

I told ya—the Jeff Fox Rationalization Machine is a force to be reckoned with.



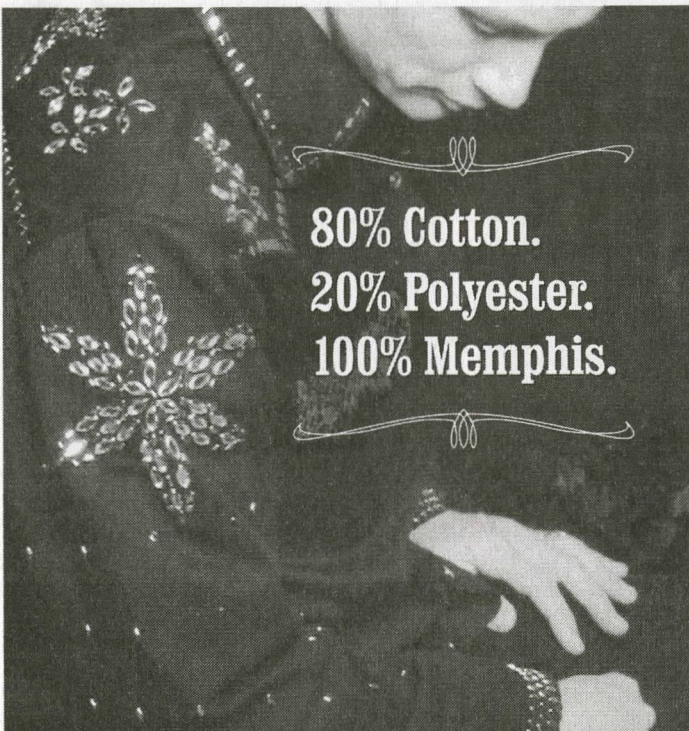
Birthday boy Davey, honored with a barrage of sometimes empty beer cups.



It's really scary when your photos actually look the same as your memories of a "lost weekend."



Davey: Is a beer at six o'clock in the morning on your birthday really so much to ask for?



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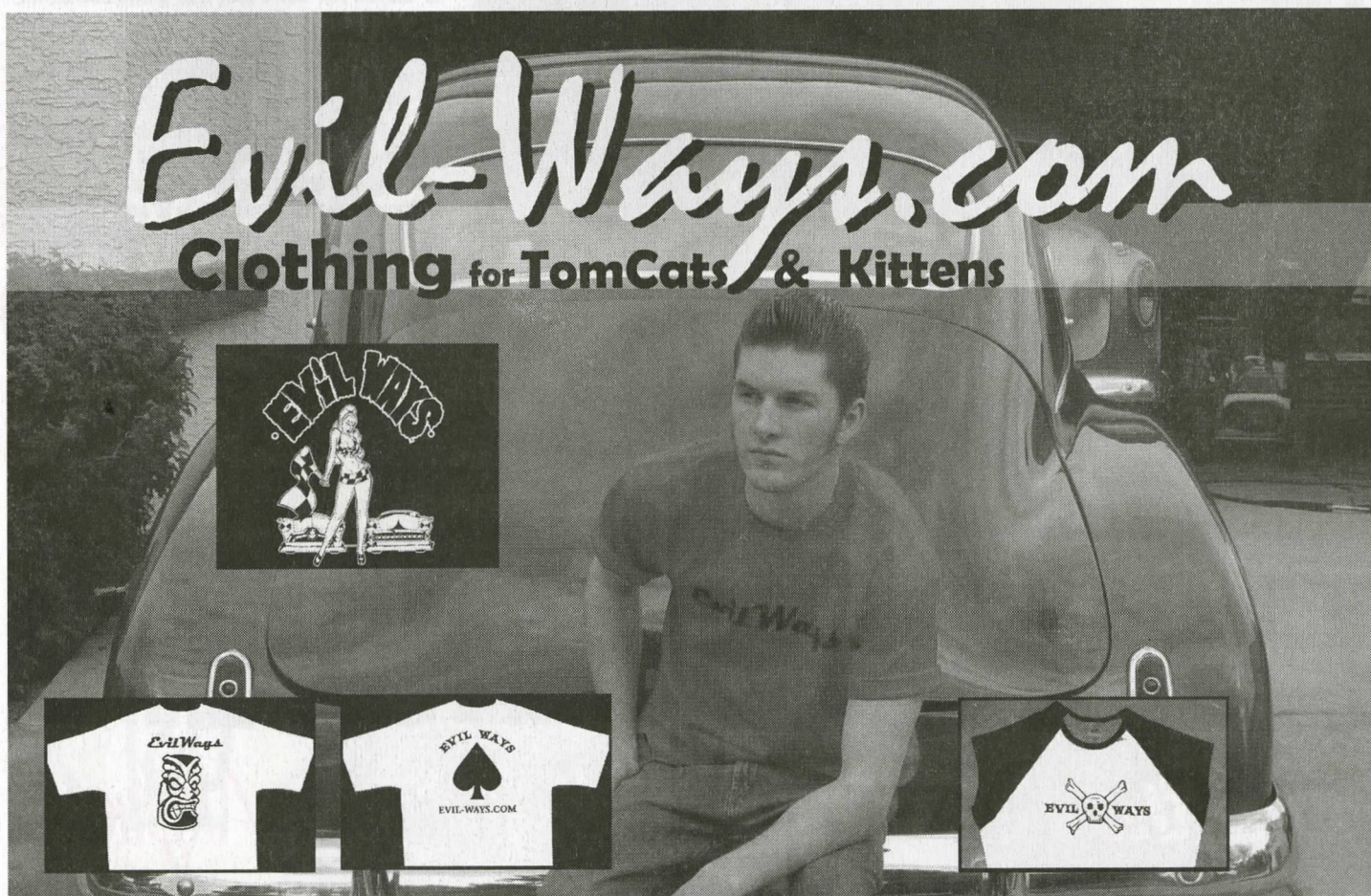



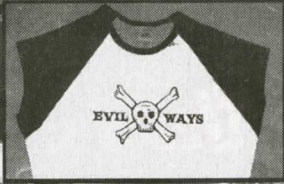


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There are even books on how to fix steam and electric cars from the turn of the century and service bulletins for Model Ts, just to name a few examples. Some of the oldest of these books have been out of print for 90 years or more and are probably nearly impossible to find—even from rare automobile literature dealers. But at the library, they are yours to check out, read and use. Many of the older, out-of-print books may be “reference” books, which means that the library will let you read them on the premises, but you cannot check them out. But there’s nothing wrong with using the photocopyers available on every floor to copy one or two important pages of information. Sometimes just one wiring schematic, specifications table or diagram can make the difference between a quick repair and a perplexing, teeth-clenching weekend laying under your car.

L.A.’s downtown central library is a particularly astounding resource. If you live in the area, you should take advantage of what it has to offer. But not every city has such a giant library, or maybe you don’t feel like going downtown. Investigate your local library branch anyway. You might be surprised at how many Chiltons or Motors manuals they have on hand.

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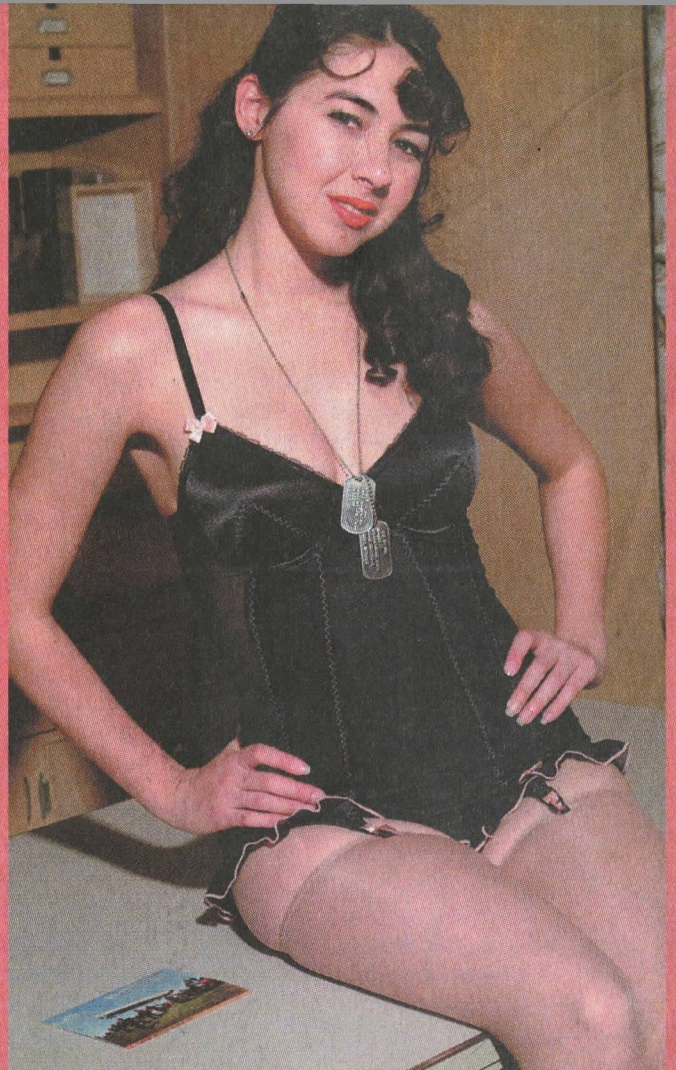
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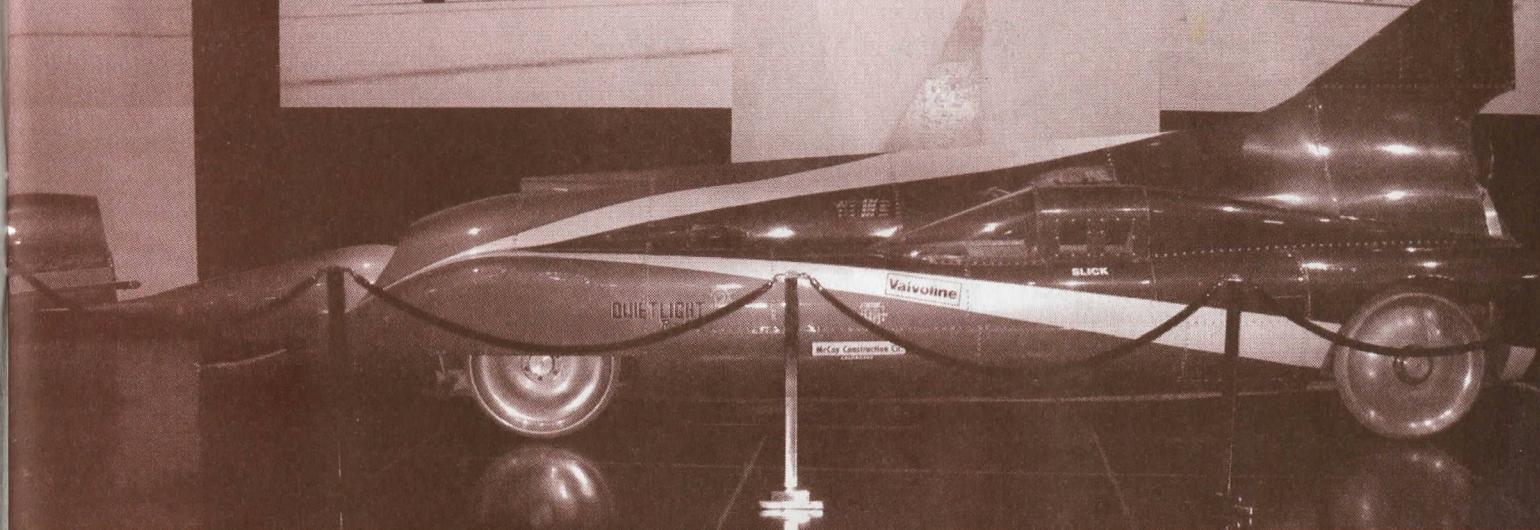
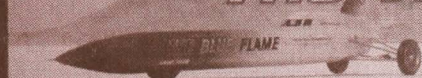
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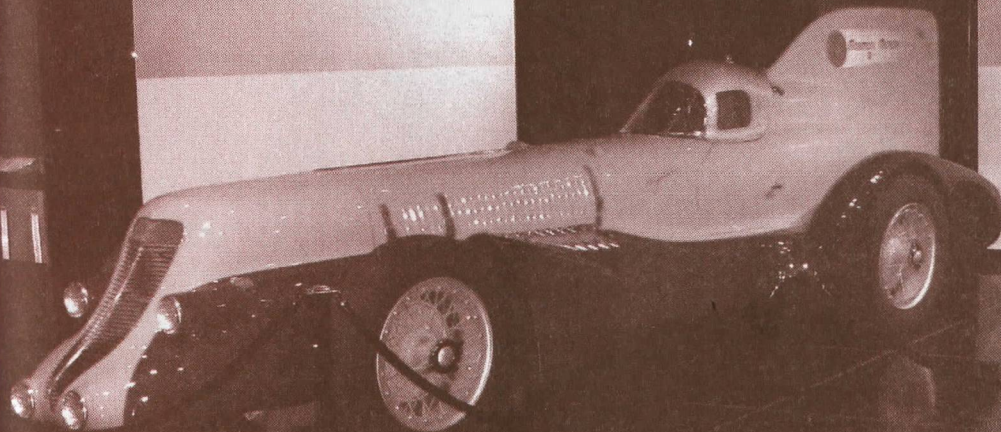
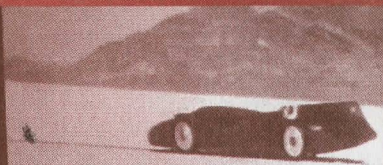
THE WORLD'S FASTEST CARS

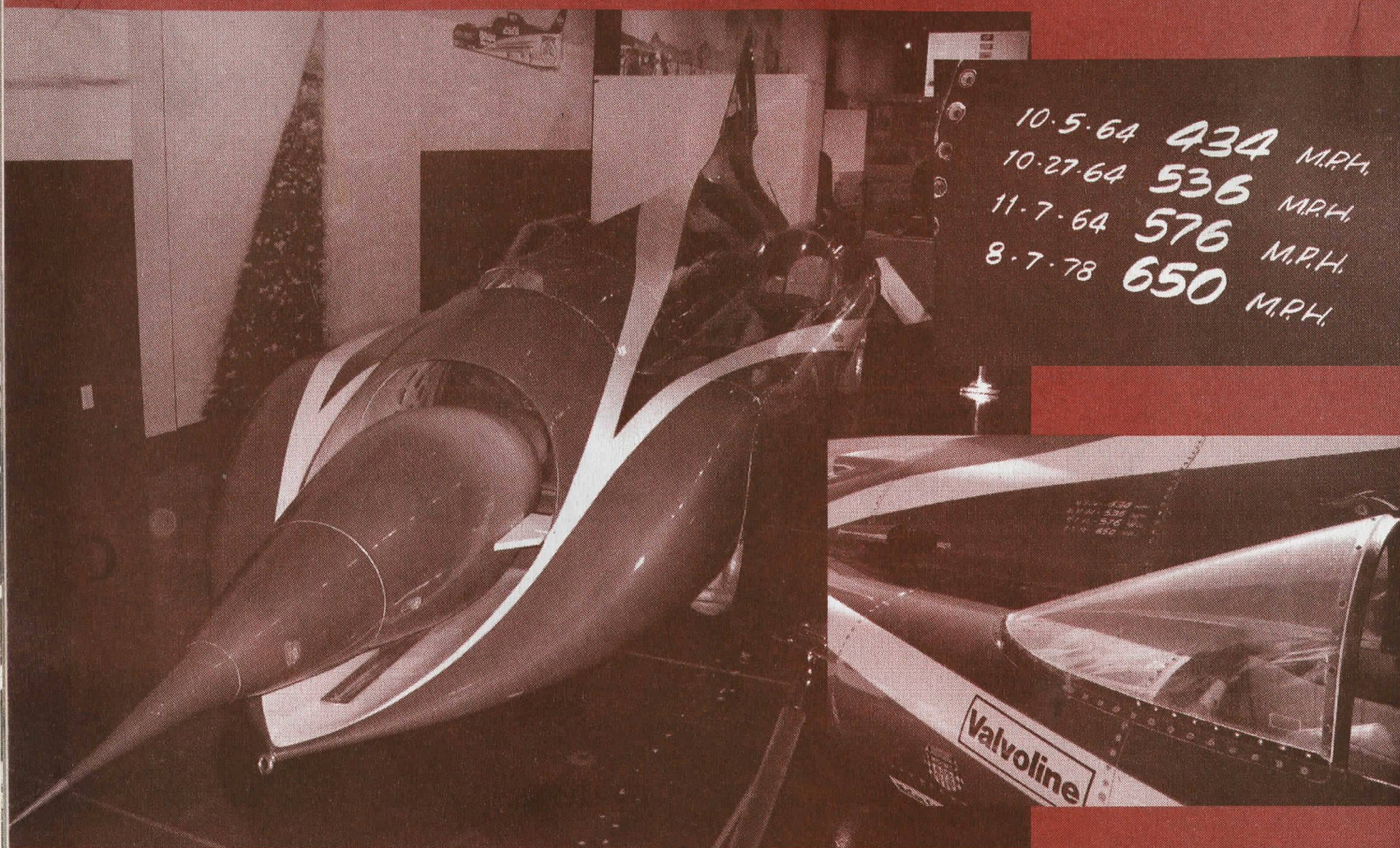
Land speed record racing started in France around the turn of the century. But as speeds increased, the banked tracks of the day (some of which were made out of wood) proved incapable of handling the cars. The centrifugal force created by running at speeds of over 145 mph would send cars flying off the tracks.

Land speed racing attempts were later moved to Daytona Beach, Florida, which had a nice, long straightaway, but wasn't very wide. The dry lakebeds of Southern California and Utah then became the primary battlegrounds in man's quest to beat existing land speed records.

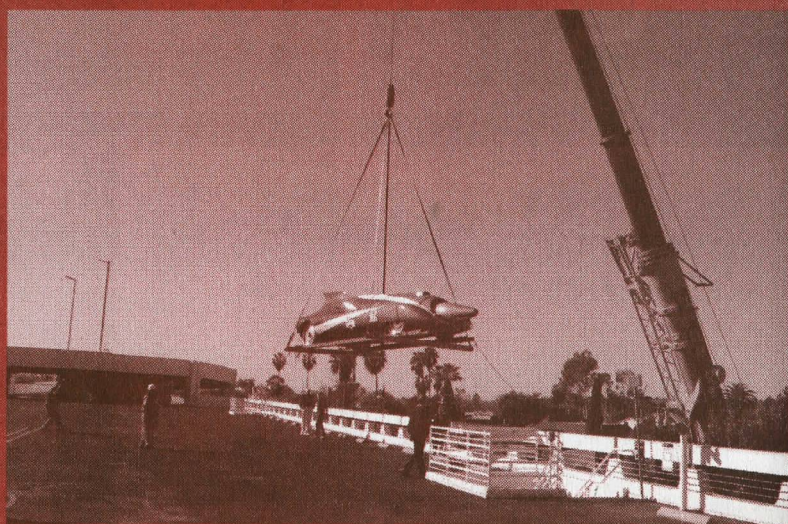
Built with more ingenuity than funds, these LSR cars continuously one-upped each other throughout hot rodding's golden age and continue to do so today. These cars that race against the clock at places like Bonneville are like no other cars in the world. That's because they are designed with an all-consuming, singular purpose in mind—maximum speed in a straight line. Nothing else matters. If land speed records were feeder fish in the sea, LSR cars would be the sharks chasing after them.

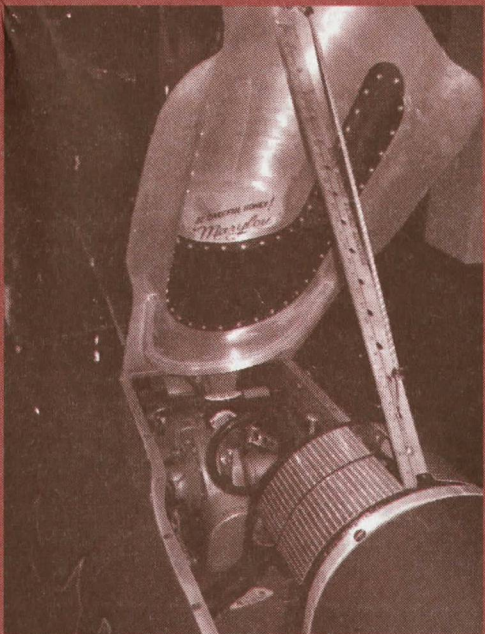
And now, at the Petersen Automotive Museum, some of the most famous and fantastic LSR cars that have ever run have been brought together for the exhibit "Speed: The World's Fastest Cars." The exhibit is a historical overview of the quest for speed that consumes the men who build and drive these cars. (cont'd)



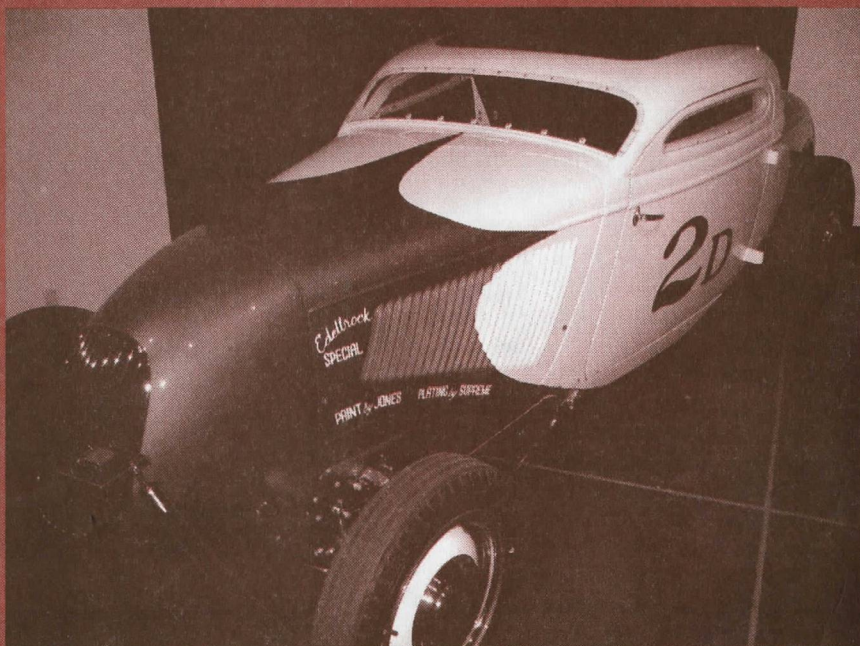
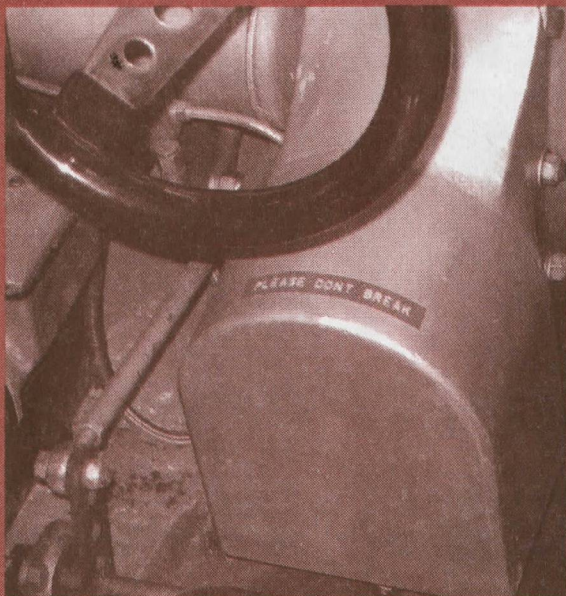
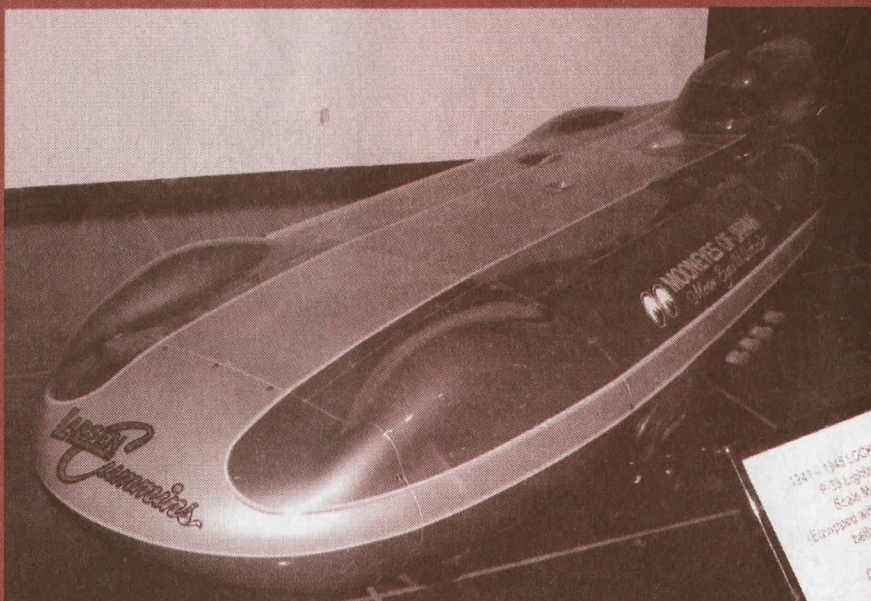


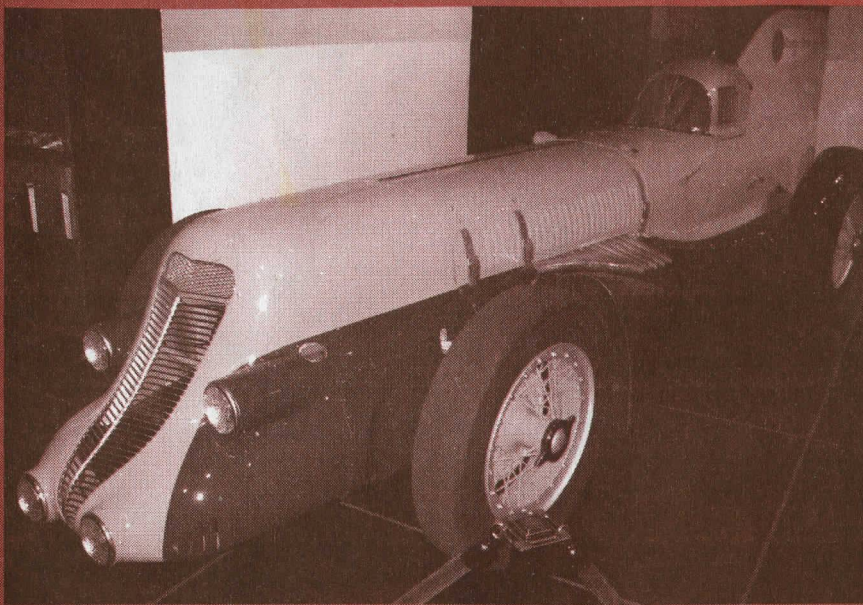
Above: The legendary Green Monster jet car, as featured in *Barracuda* #17. We were under the impression that it had been scrapped after a serious wreck at Bonneville in 1966, but here it is! Rumor was that it "turned up in a barn" somewhere up north. Sure, who would notice a car like this next to the manure spreader? Getting to see this baby is worth the price of admission to the exhibit alone. Below: How do you get a Green Monster into a museum? With a crane! Bonneville land speed record-holder Seth Hammond also happens to run a crane company and lifted the Green Monster and a few other cars onto the top level of the Petersen's parking garage. It was quite a show, as baffled rush hour drivers on Fairfax wondered what they were looking at. They probably wished they had the 650-mph car for their morning commute.



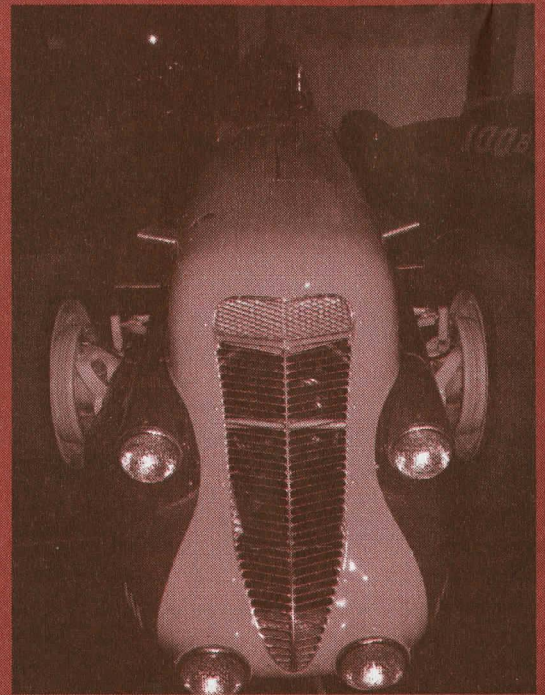


Top right: A Knucklehead-powered, streamlined Harley. In 1937, this bike set a record of 136.183 mph in Daytona, Florida. After fuel injection was installed, the bike ran at Bonneville in 1951 and set a record of 155 mph. Middle right: the Larsen & Cummins Mooneyes Streamliner. This is a home-built car that first hit the salt in 1966 and captured records until 2000. It still holds two records in the blown fuel streamliner class, one of which is 307.977 mph. (Detail photos of the cockpit are top left and bottom left.) Below right: The 1934 Ford Pierson Brothers Coupe. This car started out as a stock coupe the brothers bought for \$25. After being chopped and channeled, the nose from a sprint car was added. The racing rules of the day said the windshield had to be seven inches, but it didn't say at what angle, so the brothers tilted it back for a low profile. At its best, it ran almost 150 mph.

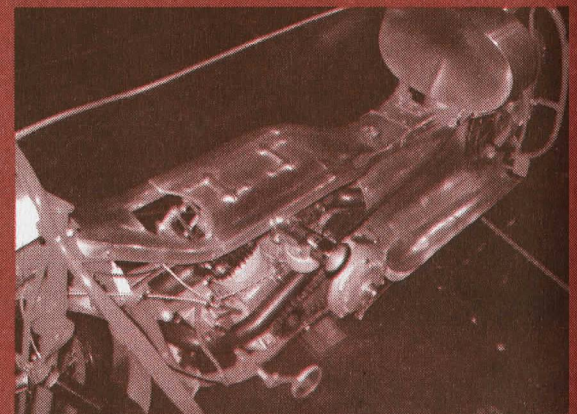
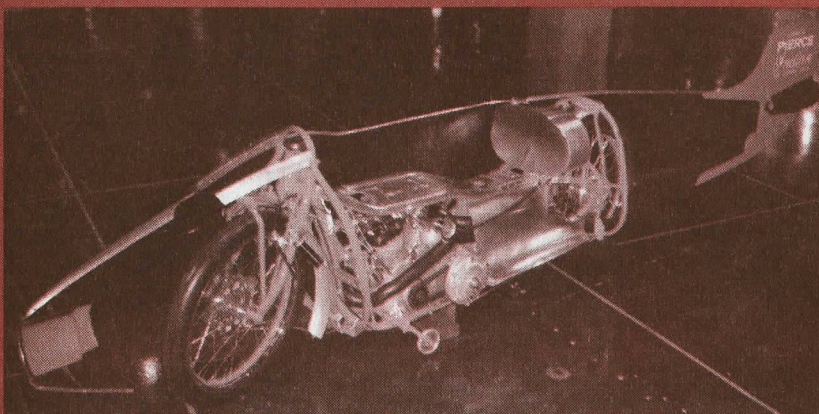
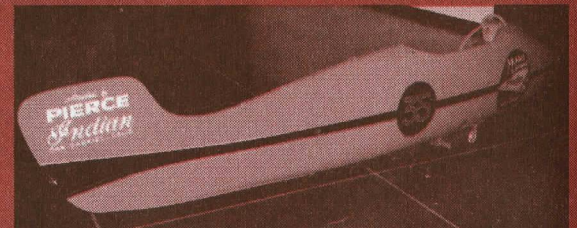




Above: One of the oldest cars in the exhibit also happens to be one of the most valuable cars in the whole world—the Mormon Meteor III. The car was driven by Ab Jenkins (profiled in *Barracuda* #11) and his son Marv. Ab Jenkins is often referred to as "father of the salt" because he was an early proponent of land speed racing at Bonneville. The Mormon Meteor III held dozens of land speed records in its day, including 81 it captured in 1940, and still holds many of those records. The car is actually a Duesenberg created on a hand-built frame that was fabricated by Augie Duesenberg himself. In addition to that, it is the last Duesenberg ever built. Because of its rarity and because it was the last Duesenberg, the car's value has been estimated at \$5 million. At the end of its racing days, the car was loaned by Ab Jenkins to the state of Utah to be placed on display in the state capitol for the enjoyment of Utah's citizens. Through years of neglect and vandalism, this beautiful and rare car was nearly destroyed. After being used by the state in a parade, the car was left outside in a truck wash, where it was found by Ab's son Marv, in a state of ruin. After battling with beaurocrats, Marv managed to reclaim ownership of the Mormon Meteor III. He invested over 7,000 man hours restoring the car to its original running condition, including rebuilding its 700 horsepower, 1,570 cubic inch Curtis Conqueror airplane engine. Don't miss the chance to see this car.



Below: The Munro Special. This two-wheeled streamliner is built around a 1920 Indian motorcycle. Built by New Zealander Bert Munro, it ran at Bonneville in 1967 with the engine bored-out to 955 cubic centimeters, setting a new record for its class of 183.586 mph. During one run, Munro was having problems and sat up to try to slow the bike down. As he said, "The wind tore my goggles off and the blast forced my eyeballs back into my head—couldn't see a thing. We were so far off the black line that we missed a steel marker stake by inches. I put her down—a few scratches all round but nothing much else."







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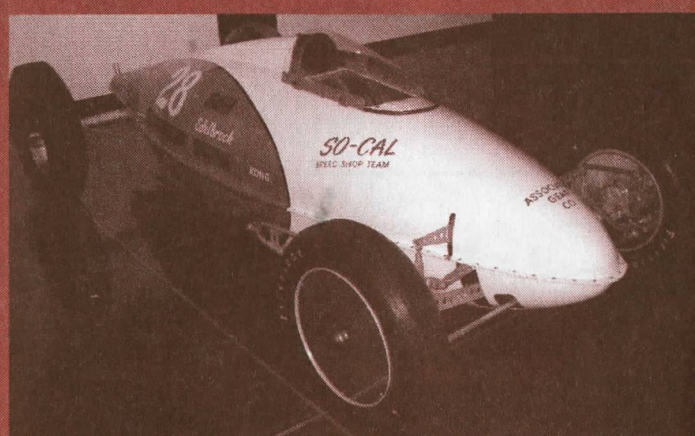
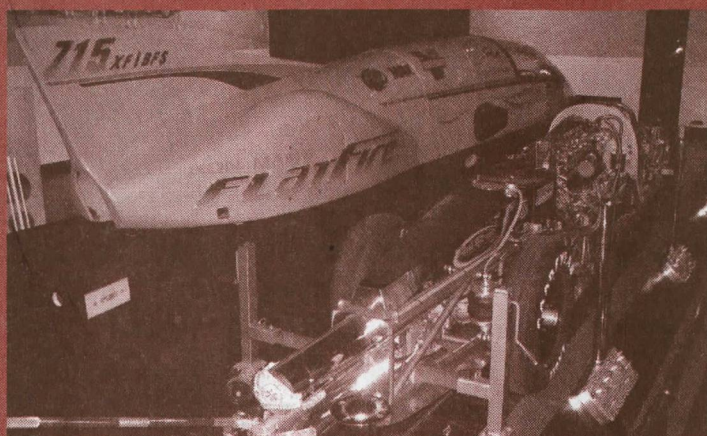
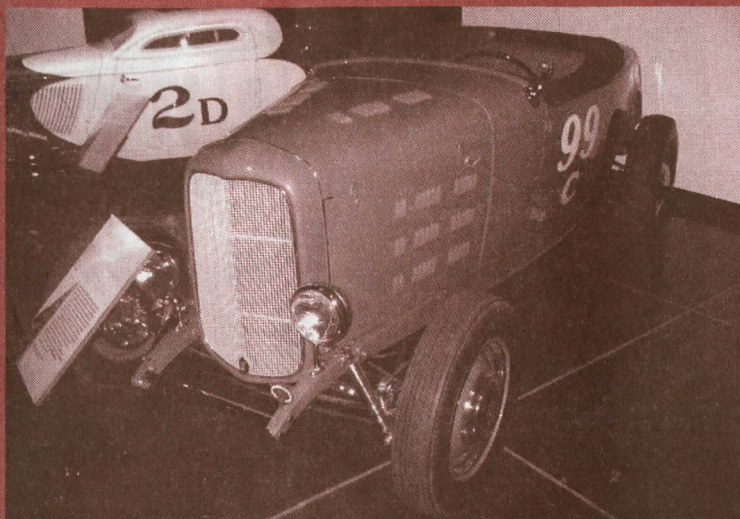
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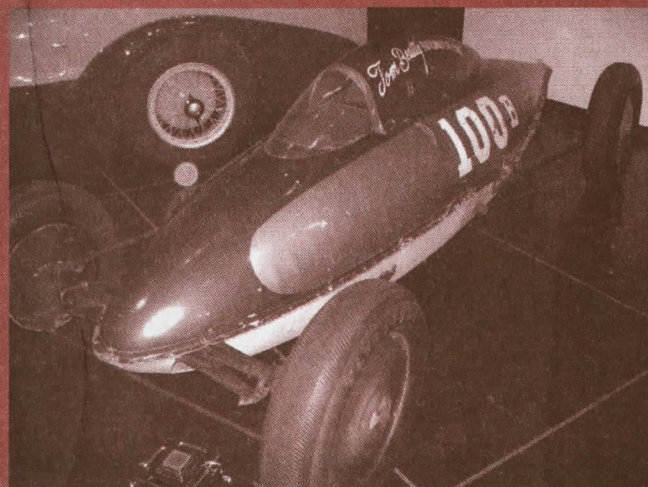




Clockwise from top right: 1932 Ford Ray Brown Roadster. This car raced at Bonneville in 1947 and reached 123.620 mph. In 1991, this car was found after 42 years of storage and restored to original condition. The Lattin Gillette Redhead Streamliner is easily recognizable because of its unique body design. The So-Cal Speed Shop Belly Tank is one of the most famous cars to have ever run at Bonneville. It, like the Tom Beatty car, uses

a P-38 aircraft fuel tank for a body. The Vesco Turbinator holds the current record for the world's fastest wheel-driven vehicle. The Turbinator is powered by a gas turbine engine that was originally designed for use in military helicopters. In 2001, the Turbinator set a world's record, going 458.44 miles per hour. Tom Beatty's belly tank was the fastest open-wheel car at Bonneville in 1951, at 188.809 mph. In 1955, it was the first car in its class to run

over 200 mph. The Flatfire features a highly-modified flathead engine and holds the title of the world's fastest flathead at 302 mph. The exhibit "Speed: The World's Fastest Cars" is showing in the Petersen Automotive Museum's grand salon and runs through June 1st, 2004. The Petersen Automotive Museum is located at 6060 Wilshire Blvd. (at Fairfax) in Los Angeles, CA. The museum's phone number is 323-964-6356 and more info is available at www.petersen.org.



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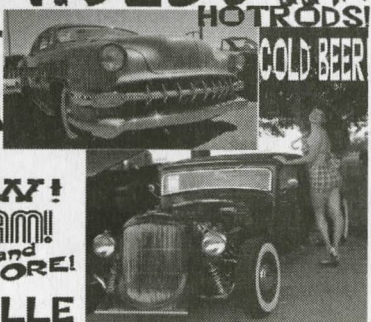
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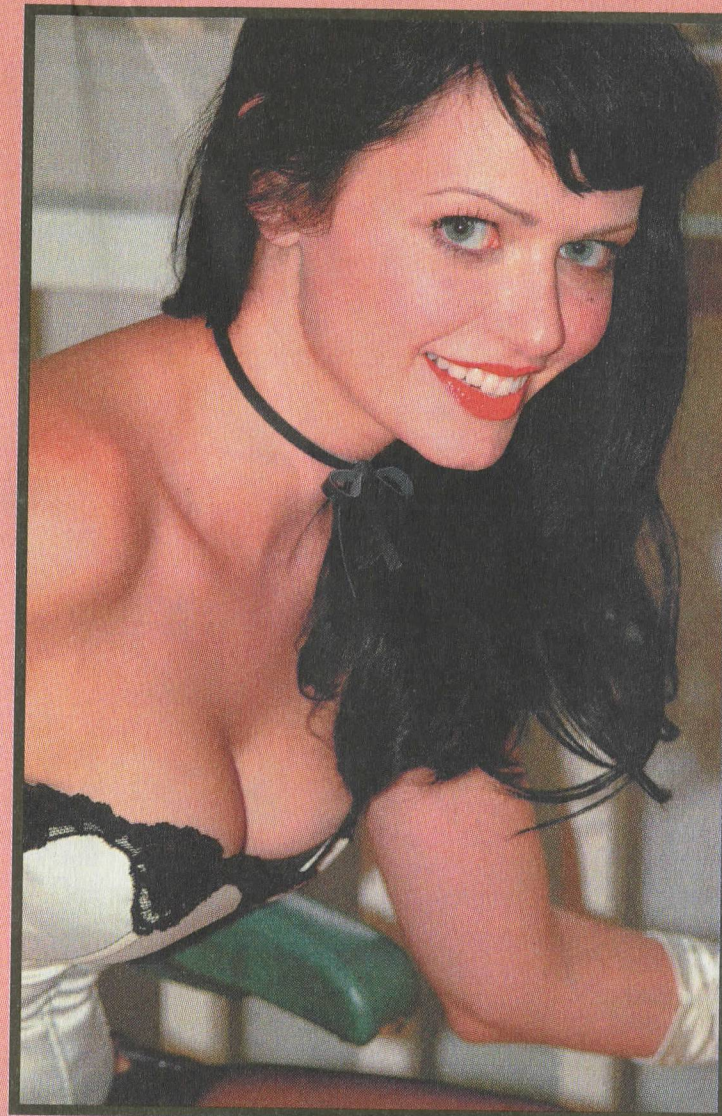
Professor Sexy

to you, pal!

With a Ph.D. in comparative literature, this brainy beauty clearly has more thoughts on her mind than she has clothes on her body! With looks like these, you'd think she'd have no trouble finding a beau. But this college professor says meeting a person with the proper proportion of perspicacity is as hard to do as it is to say! She asked her last suitor if he liked Kipling and he said, "I don't know. I've never kipped before!"

photos by
Paget Brewster

22 Barracuda Magazine



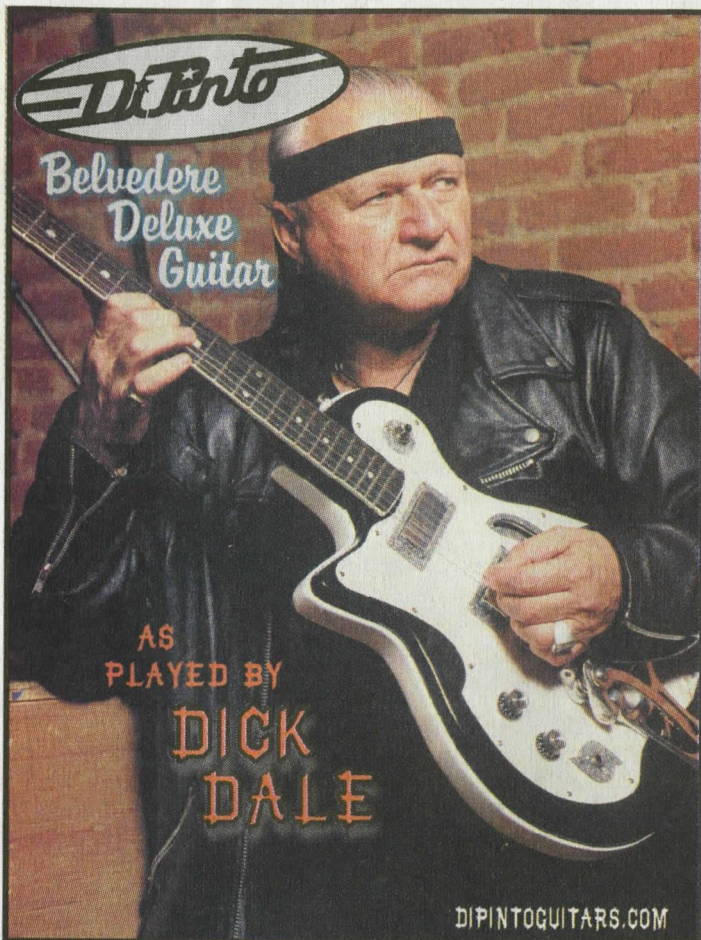


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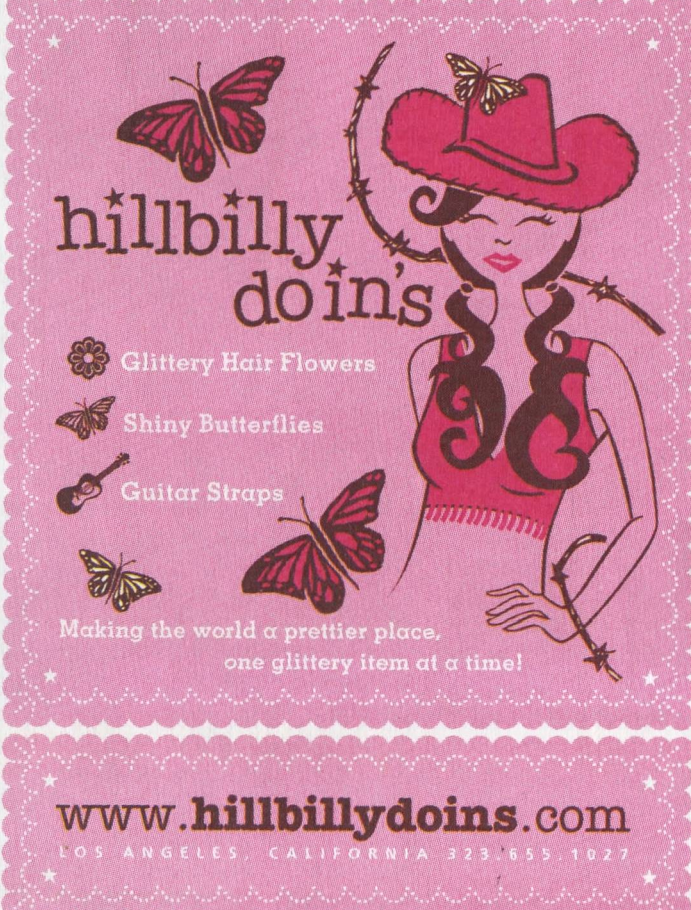



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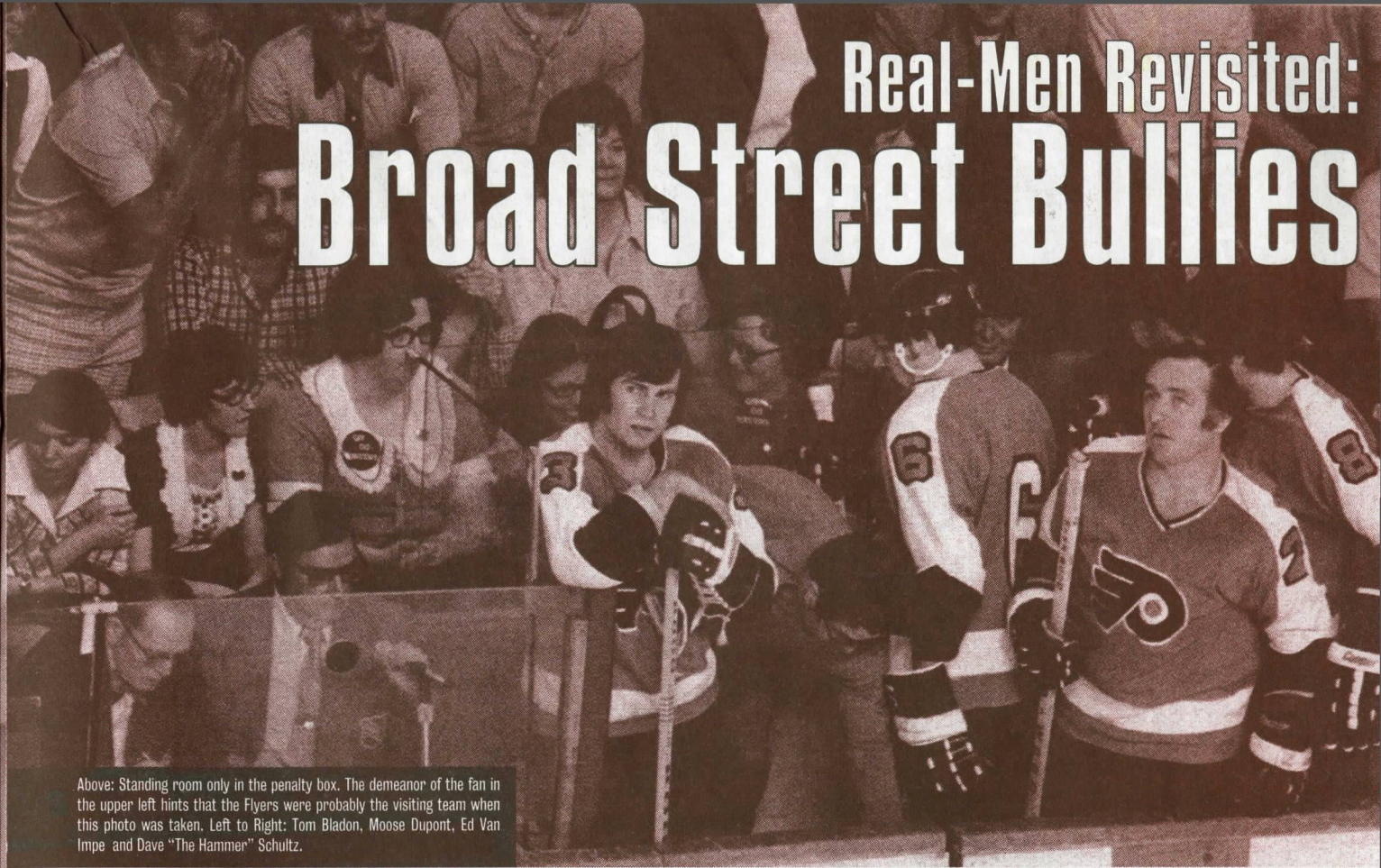
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Real-Men Revisited: Broad Street Bullies



Above: Standing room only in the penalty box. The demeanor of the fan in the upper left hints that the Flyers were probably the visiting team when this photo was taken. Left to Right: Tom Bladon, Moose Dupont, Ed Van Impe and Dave "The Hammer" Schultz.

Today, the National Hockey League has teams all over North America, but it was not always that way. The original NHL was formed on November 26th, 1917 and consisted of only five teams, all of which were based in Canadian cities—the Montreal Canadiens; Montreal Wanderers; Ottawa Senators; Toronto Arenas; and Quebec Bulldogs. In the 1920s, two teams were added in the United States—the Boston Bruins and the New York Rangers.

Over the next 40 years, teams were added to the NHL, but other teams disbanded. By 1967, there were still only six franchises in the entire NHL—and all of those teams were located in Canada or the northern part of the U.S. Despite having been in business for 50 years, the league had shown very little growth outside of a small region.

So, in the summer of 1967, the NHL added six teams in an effort to expand the league and increase the popularity of professional hockey across Canada and the United States. The new expansion teams were the Pittsburgh Penguins; Minnesota North Stars; Los Angeles Kings; Oakland Seals; St. Louis Blues and

Philadelphia Flyers.

Hockey was not very popular nationwide in the U.S., much less in Philadelphia at that time. Philadelphia was the only city of the six expansion cities that did not already have an arena for a professional hockey team. It was best known as a basketball and boxing town. Most Philadelphians did not know much (or care much) about hockey.

The Flyers had managed to draft some quality players for their first season, including goalie Bernie Parent and defenseman Ed Van Impe. But good draft choices and hearty play weren't enough to make a good team. The Flyers were in for a rough start. At their home opener, a mere 7,812 spectators showed up, barely filling half the capacity of the newly-built Spectrum arena.

The first Flyers victory came in October of 1967—a win against the St. Louis Blues. Near the end of the game, Ed Van Impe speared Blues defenseman Noel Picard with his stick. Van Impe made his way to the penalty box, while a furious Noel Picard was restrained by officials.

This incident marked the start of the first Flyers rivalry. Van Impe was detested in St.

Louis and in Philadelphia, Flyers fans returned the favor. Noel Picard became the first great villain in Flyers history. The vilification spread to the entire Blues team.

When the Blues played in Philadelphia, covers had to be constructed over the entrance to the visiting team's lockerroom. Otherwise, Flyers fans would rain beer cans and garbage down on the Blues at the end of every period. Or possibly, the covers were built to protect the fans. Blues players Bob Plager and Phil Roberto once literally led their team on a charge into the stands at the Spectrum to take on fans that were heckling them. Even the coach of the Blues got involved.

The Flyers-Blues rivalry intensified, as these things tend to do. The physicality of the games increased as well. The problem was that the Flyers were usually on the receiving end. The Blues were trampling all over the Flyers, who were largely incapable of retaliating or defending themselves.

In addition to Noel Picard, the Blues had players like the infamous Plager brothers, whose style of hockey has been referred to as "gang warfare." Bob Plager once said of his own broth-

The 1973-74 Philadelphia Flyers



Left: The Flyers in their first season as an NHL expansion team. What a nice group of clean-cut young fellas. Too bad they were getting their asses handed to them by pretty much every team in the league, especially the St. Louis Blues. Gary Dornhoefer (second row, fourth from the right) had his ankle broken during a fight with a Blues player and Claude LaForge (top row, third from the left) had his major league hockey career ended when he was knocked unconscious by a sucker punch from a Blues player.

Below: Will the defendants please rise? In response to the escalating level of aggression and violence in the NHL, the Flyers came onto the ice at the start of the 1973-74 season a significantly bigger and meaner team. Their philosophy was: "Take the shortest route to the puck carrier, and arrive in ill humor." They were dubbed "The Broad Street Bullies," "The Mad Squad" and "Freddie's Philistines."



ers, "When we were young, Barclay used to beat me up, so I used to beat up Bill who'd go across the street and beat up our little cousin, all in the same day."

Commenting on the Plager brothers, Blues general manager Lynn Patrick admitted, "I've never seen guys like them. All they talk about is hitting."

All of the expansion teams were being out-gunned by the "original six" teams, who had more experience, better rosters and more dedicated fans. (The so-called original six NHL teams refers to the teams in existence before the expansion in 1967—the Chicago Black Hawks; Detroit Red Wings; Toronto Maple Leafs; Boston Bruins; Montreal Canadiens and New York Rangers.)

The Flyers lacked ferocity and an identity. Their offense was made up of capable, talented, finesse players, but they weren't very aggressive and they didn't exactly strike fear into anyone's hearts. No team in the league, especially not the Blues, was scared of the Flyers. So, in addition to being regularly whipped by the older teams, now the Flyers were getting kicked around by the other expansion teams as well. And they were number one on the Blues'

hit list—arguably the toughest of all the expansion teams.

As if the situation wasn't grim enough, toward the end of the this first season, wind caused damage to the roof of the Spectrum. Since the Flyers were just a fledgling team with few fans, the city wasn't in a hurry to repair the stadium and simply declared the building unsafe. So, the Flyers were forced to play their last 14 games of the season on the road at stadiums in the cities of their rivals.

At the end of the opening season, the Flyers faced the Blues in a seven-game playoff series. The Blues were dispatching the Flyers pretty easily when Noel Picard sucker-punched Flyer Claude LaForge from behind. The hit knocked LaForge unconscious and left him lying on the ice in a pool of his own blood. Both benches emptied, and complete mayhem erupted. The hit effectively ended Claude LaForge's major league hockey career.

From 1968 through 1972, the Flyers suffered through some of the worst seasons in franchise history, losing more games than they won each year. The press was not very kind to the listless Flyers during this period.

But there was something going on behind

the scenes. Ed Snider, one of the owners of the Flyers, had been incensed by the brutal hit on Claude LaForge in the opening season. Something had to change.

"We may not be able to come up with the great skaters, the great shooters and real great talents because we're an expansion club," he said, "but we could come up with guys that could beat up other guys, if that was what was necessary.... I don't ever want a Philadelphia Flyer team intimidated ever, ever again."

The team's management slowly built and redirected the Flyers over the following years. Following Snider's orders, they let their "gentlemen" go and replaced them with bigger, tougher players. The result would be one of the meanest and colorful bunch of characters that professional hockey had seen.

The Flyers got exactly the heavyweight they were looking for with Dave Schultz. He was known in the minors as an enforcer—a brawler who would protect the smaller players and pick fights on the ice to rally his team. He was huge, had an intimidating presence and led the minor leagues in penalty minutes.

But he had skills to back up the brawn and was capable of producing goals—especially in

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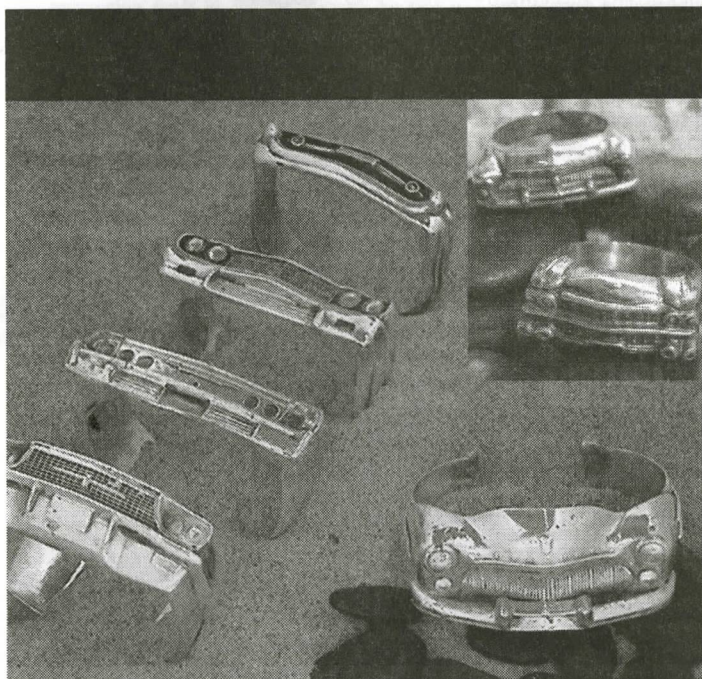
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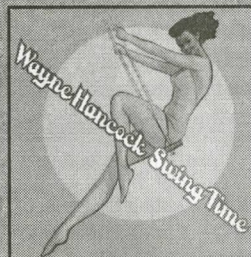
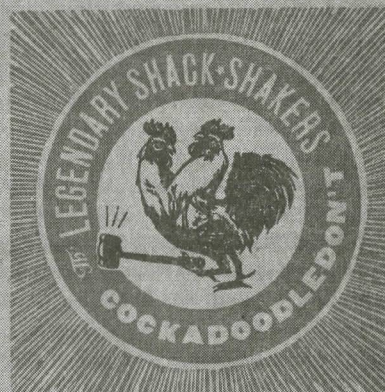


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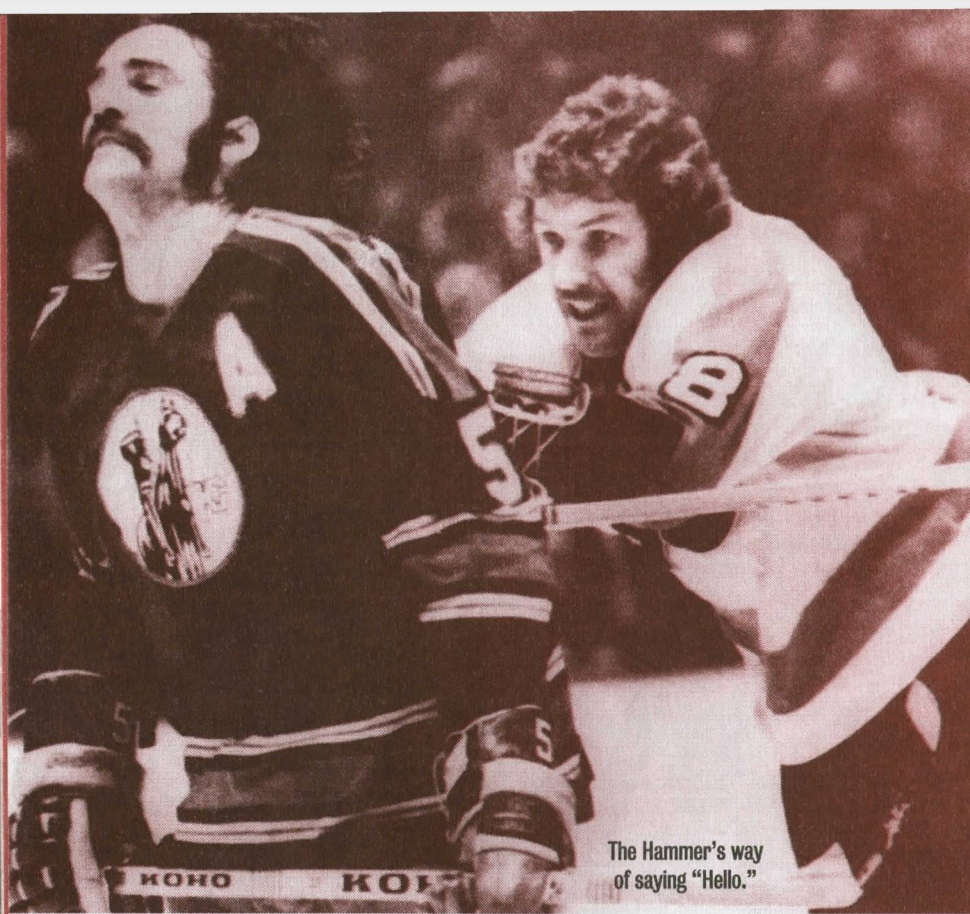
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clutch situations. A normally shy and private person off the ice, the tough guy routine was something that didn't come naturally to him. So, while in the minors, he had considered dropping the goon persona and playing clean hockey. However, his fights made headlines, brought fans to the rink and allowed his teammates to stand tall. "I had become a celebrity because of my fists," said Schultz. "There's no way I was going to go straight."

The headlines and records in penalty minutes are also what had gotten the attention of scouts from the Flyers. "Any latent thoughts I might have retained about keeping to the straight and narrow were well concealed behind this glittering opportunity to jab and uppercut my way into the NHL," said Schultz.

To Schultz, fighting was an art form. He would work himself into a frenzy before games. Using a sort of positive visualization technique (if pre-visualizing beating the hell out of a stranger can really be called "positive"), he would get into an almost meditative state, then imagine who he would fight and how he wanted it to go.

Although Schultz became the most notorious enforcer on the Flyers because of his furious, almost rabid antics and his willingness to drop the gloves, he claimed that Bob "Hound" Kelly was actually the toughest member of the new lineup. Kelly was on the team to be tough, hit and fight. He would never tell you any different.

Center Bobby Clarke was picked up in the

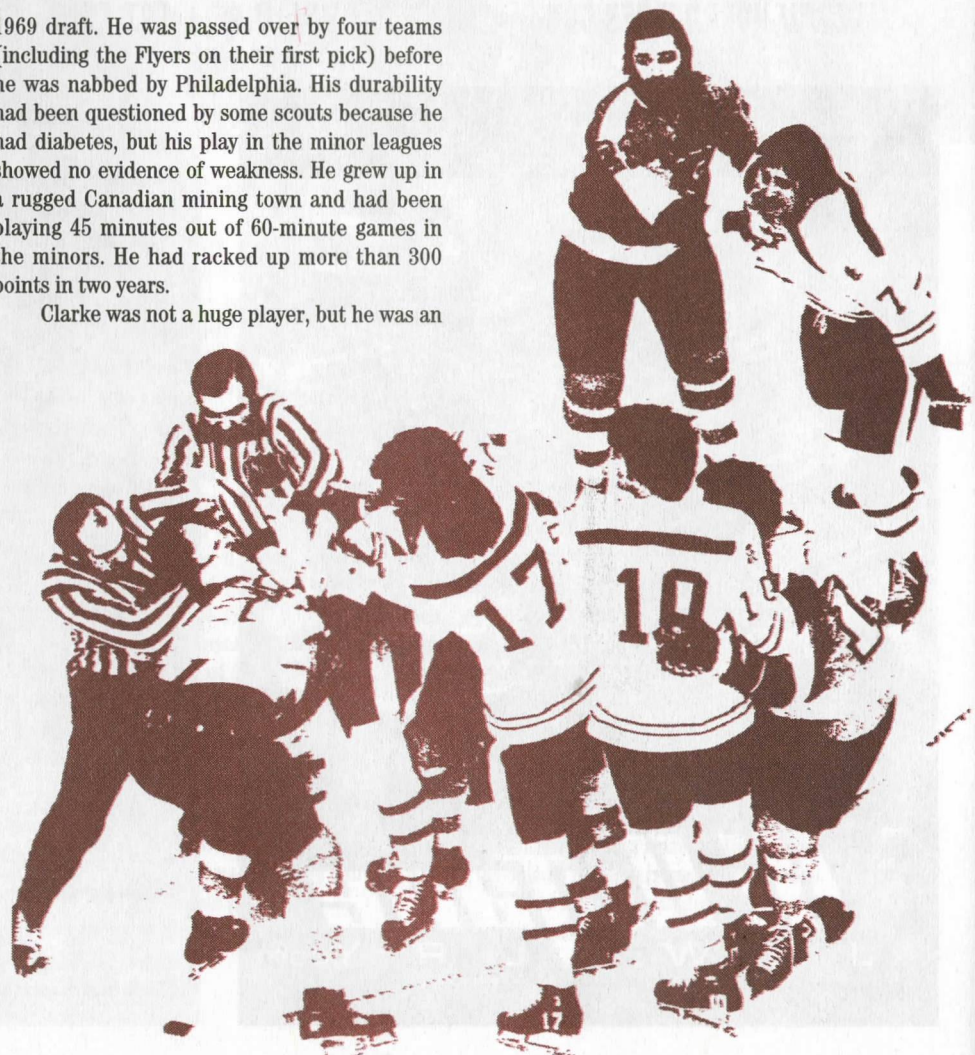
1969 draft. He was passed over by four teams (including the Flyers on their first pick) before he was nabbed by Philadelphia. His durability had been questioned by some scouts because he had diabetes, but his play in the minor leagues showed no evidence of weakness. He grew up in a rugged Canadian mining town and had been playing 45 minutes out of 60-minute games in the minors. He had racked up more than 300 points in two years.

Clarke was not a huge player, but he was an

excellent candidate to be the new team leader. He was skilled, tough and always single-minded in his dedication to his team. In a statement not necessarily intended as a compliment, Dave Schultz said Clarke would "run over his own grandmother if it meant getting two points in the standings." He would be the youngest player ever to be named captain of an NHL team.

Ed Van Impe had been with the Flyers since the team's inception and was not dealt away with the softer finesse players. Van Impe was a hard-hitting, solid-as-a-rock veteran who could take care of himself on the ice. He was certainly not timid. After all, it was his spearing of Noel Picard that had started all the animosity between the Flyers and the Blues. He probably didn't get as much credit as he deserved, due to his understated style of play, but he was a strong team leader and was team captain from 1969 through 1972.

Gary Dornhoefer was another one of the original franchise players who stayed through the lean, building years of 1968-72. He was constantly injury-riddled, but never gave in. His ankle had been broken while brawling with one of the Plager brothers in the first season. His other ankle was broken by a chop from a goalie's stick the next year. But none of this, not even torn cartilage in his knee and pinched nerves,



could keep him off the ice.

Another addition to the Flyers new lineup of goons was Andre "Moose" Dupont. He was tough, always positive and didn't mind getting penalties. But the Flyers players were not so quick to accept the Moose. A popular teammate had been traded away to acquire him, and even worse, the Moose came to the Flyers from the hated St. Louis Blues. In fact, he was one of the players that had charged into the stands at the Spectrum.

Brawn is important in hockey, but no team can ever be great without a solid goalie. Luckily, the Flyers had all of their hot-tempered play backed up by the unflappable net-minder Bernie Parent. Parent was cool and laid-back, in stark contrast to the rest of his fight-prone teammates. After being bombarded by shots, Parent would skate over to the other Flyers and calmly talk about how they should all go fishing on the weekend. One NHL fan wrote to Parent, asking if he felt guilty that he never got into fights. Parent politely wrote back and simply said, "If my name was Mohammed Ali or Joe Frazier, I'd feel real guilty. But since my name is Bernie Parent, I feel innocent."

Ironically, the team's new, highly aggressive style hinged on the reliability of their most peace-loving player. Without such a confident player in goal, the Flyers would have been forced to play a much more conservative and restrained game.

Parent had been chosen by the Flyers in the expansion draft in 1967. Although he was a very promising, talented goaltender, the Flyers offense was so feeble in those early years that Parent was traded away for an offensive player, Rick MacLeish. MacLeish was unproven at the time, but he developed into a valuable, productive addition to the team (even though coaches disapproved of his long hair). He would be the first Flyer to score 50 goals in a season.

The controversial Parent trade ultimately paid off for the Flyers in a way that no one could have predicted. Parent had gone to the Toronto Maple Leafs, where he played alongside his idol, hall of fame goalie Jacques

Plante. Parent learned from his hero and improved greatly under his supervision.

But Parent's wife was from Philadelphia and was not happy in Toronto. To ease her homesickness (and because they offered him a boatload of cash) Parent left the NHL and signed with the Philadelphia Blazers of the newly-formed World Hockey League. When the league became financially insolvent and failed to pay Parent, he moved across town and came back to the Flyers—ultimately a far better player than when he had been traded away.

As the Flyers fans would say, "Only the Lord saves more than Bernie."

Other players on the team for the 1973-74 season were noteworthy both for their contributions to the team as well as for their unique personalities. Barry Ashbee was drafted onto the Flyers from a minor league team in Hershey when he was 31 years old and was not above punching a referee. Don Saleski was nicknamed "Big Bird" because his tall, gangly appearance reminded teammates of the character from *Sesame Street*. Don't be fooled by the innocuous nickname; Big Bird was a ferocious warrior who racked up penalty minutes and goals. Bill "Cowboy" Flett earned his nickname because of his trademark beard, sideburns and cowboy hat. (There are many more greats than can be named here.)

All the big, mean pieces had been gathered, but it would take Fred "The Fog" Shero to make them into a team. Shero had never coached an NHL team before, but he was uniquely qualified to lead the kind of two-fisted squad that Ed Snider wanted. Shero had been a boxer in the Canadian Navy, so he knew how to use aggression and intimidation against an opponent. But he had also been a defenseman in the NHL and understood that sheer brute force would only get a hockey team so far. The Flyers would need a solid foundation of teamwork and hockey fundamentals. These two ideas merged and resulted in Shero's simple philosophy on what would be the key to success for the Flyers: "Take the shortest route to the puck carrier, and arrive in ill humor."

Shero got the nickname "The Fog" from his unconventional coaching style and his eccentric personality. He pio-



Fred "The Fog" Shero, the mysterious and eccentric coach who made this broken-toothed band of ruffians into a cohesive and winning team.

neered coaching techniques that are still used today, like analyzing game film and using assistant coaches.

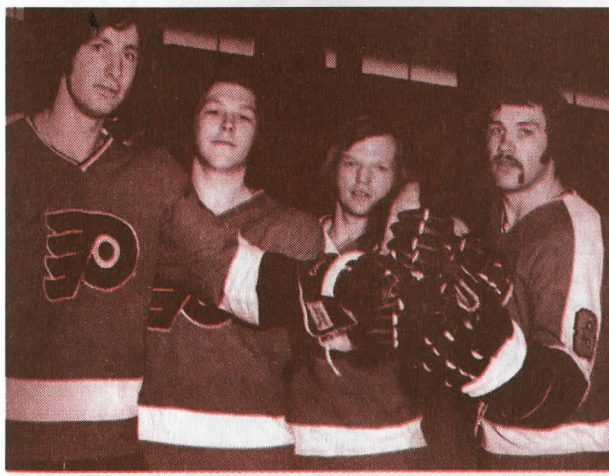
But many of his methods were a bit more unorthodox. He sent players to faith healers to cure injuries and to gypsies to have their tea leaves read. He used some form of numerology and believed that through strong mental concentration he could affect the outcome of a game.

At a game in Atlanta, Shero once paced the corridors of the arena, so engrossed in thought that he accidentally walked into the parking lot. A door closed behind him, and he was locked out of the stadium in the middle of a game.

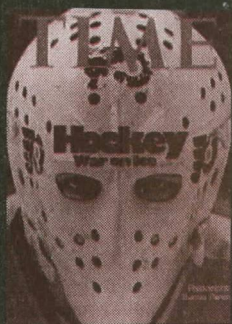
In practices, he would invent his own exercises, like making the goalie sit in a folding chair while four players pushed him around the ice. He even studied the exercise program of the Apollo astronauts to see if any of it could be applied to hockey.

Once, he made the team skate on one foot. The players followed his orders until Bobby Clarke complained that the drill was pointless. Shero smiled and said he had been waiting for someone to tell him how ridiculous the exercise was. Was this a Zen-like riddle devised to teach his players to think for themselves? Was he just pulling a prank to lighten the mood of the practice? Or was he just off his rocker? No one ever knew for sure, but his players believed in him. They felt that everything he did was designed to make them a better team, even if they didn't exactly understand what was going on.

"The amazing thing was that whatever Freddie predicted inevitably happened," said



The 200 Club—Don "Big Bird" Saleski, Moose Dupont, Bob Kelly and Dave Schultz. Each had over 200 penalty minutes.



"A hockey player in Philadelphia was as important as the mayor. A hockey player who punched out the enemy was more important than the mayor."
—Dave Schultz

Dave Schultz. "Just as many people don't question a good thing, I decided to live with it, although I must confess that sometimes that 'Fog' image was so thick I couldn't even see the person behind it."

"Coaches are a dime a dozen," Shero would say. "I found out a long time ago that only one thing wins for you—the players." And to show the players that they were his first priority, he shunned an office in the executive area of the Spectrum and set up his desk in a small, cinder-block space in the team's lockerroom (which is now a stick closet).

His office was sparsely decorated. There was a small chalkboard, where he scrawled inspirational quotes and cryptic abbreviations. Hung on the wall was a memo that read, "If you continue to park in the wrong space in the Spectrum parking lot, your car will be towed." Again, was the memo a lesson about the consequences of repeating past mistakes? Or could The Fog just not remember where his damn parking spot was? It was all a mystery. Not even Shero claimed to understand his own methods. He likened himself to a duck, "calm above the water, and paddling like hell underneath."

Since the Flyers were now relying heavily on intimidation, it might seem like only a stern taskmaster could keep these mooks in line. But The Fog actually coached in a very personable, sincere way—giving his men all the respect he felt they deserved. Other coaches in the league were known for using fear and humiliation to motivate players, but Dave Schultz said that Shero could get more out of him with a little tap on the shoulder than those other coaches could get with all of their shame and tirades. If he had something to say to a player in a slump, he would write it on a note, quietly hand it to the player and walk away.

"Freddie treats you like a man, which a lot of coaches won't do," said Bobby Clarke. "He won't tell you you can't have a bottle of beer, or that you have to be in bed every night at ten. We're adults, we know what we have to do to win hockey games. And he doesn't ream you out in public. That's really it. He respects you."

Under the guidance of The Fog, the players were transformed from just a bunch of mean players into a mean *team*. Shero believed that to keep the Flyers from being pushed around any-

more, they would all have to be completely committed to standing together as a single unit. He stressed the importance of teamwork in fine Fog fashion, saying, "When you have bacon and eggs for breakfast, the chicken makes a contribution, but the pig makes a commitment."

The Flyers were taking on a strikingly different identity than the 1967 team. Dave Schultz, now nicknamed "The Hammer" said, "I knew my job was to beat the hell out of people, and I waited impatiently for that first fight."

He got plenty of opportunities to do his job. Enforcers from other teams eagerly went toe-to-toe with Schultz. The Hammer certainly didn't win every round. But his willingness to mix it up with anyone who messed with a Flyer sent a clear message that his team would no longer be pushed around. "Our team motto was that everyone on the Flyers gets backed 100 percent," said Schultz. "Guys who normally would not have played tough suddenly became brave."

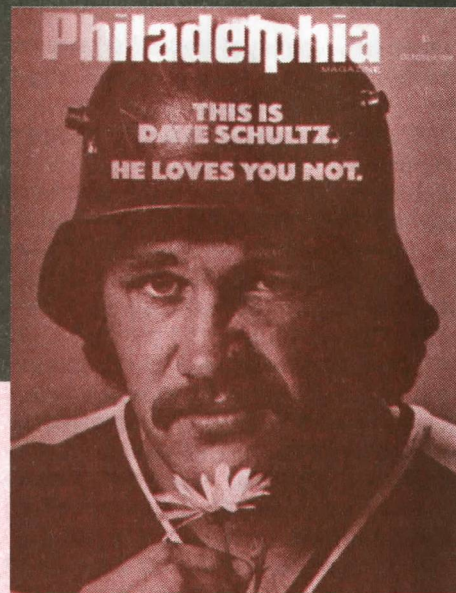
Plenty of other Flyers were ready to back him up. "We had 20 guys that went on the ice together, 20 guys that left the ice together," said Bob Kelly. "Not everybody was as a good a player as everyone else, but they skated taller and skated stronger knowing that there's 20 guys on that ice together."

"If you beat me, it's no big deal," said Kelly, "but as soon as I get out of the box, Schultzie's going to run after you. And if you beat Schultzie, then Moose will hit you."

The Flyers were even tough on each other in practice. Moose Dupont cross-checked a new Flyers player into the boards and explained in his thick French-Canadian accent, "Dat was just to show dat you're not wit dem pansies anymore in Vancouver."

In addition to just protecting the team, they hoped their new, highly aggressive tactics would have an effect on the offense of their opponents. "Caspar Milquetoast had turned into Al Capone," said Schultz. "Employing the collective use of force, we would diminish a team's desire to hold onto the puck. Once the enemy relieved himself of the puck, he could not score."

In late 1972, just as the Blues had once done in the Spectrum, the Flyers started a brawl in the stands in Vancouver and were facing criminal charges as a result. When the Flyers returned to Vancouver just over a month later, they



refused to tone down their aggressive play, even though there was a threat of getting jail time from the local police department. The rematch turned into a slugfest that the Flyers won 10-5.

In the lockerroom after the game, a reporter asked Moose Dupont for a comment. The Moose, who was sitting buck naked except for his helmet, puffed on a cigarette and said, "Great trip for us. We don't go to jail. We beat up dere chicken forwards. We score ten goal. We win. An' now de Mooze drink beer."

The Flyers didn't invent goon squad hockey, but they certainly set a new standard for it, earning themselves the nickname "The Broad Street Bullies." Their rough style was paying off. Goals and wins seemed to increase in relation to the number of penalty minutes. Players with more than 200 penalty minutes were proudly inducted into the "200 club," which would later be called "Schultz's Army."

But for all the brawling, Shero always said that hockey was a child's game played by men, so he insisted that the players ought to at least have fun. This helped to foster a sense of unity and brotherhood among the players. After a game in Chicago, instead of taking the team back to their hotel, Shero told the bus driver to head downtown so the boys could go out for drinks. "We're already paying for this bus," said Shero, "so, let's use it to take them some place they like."

Another time on the bus, the players went to drink some beer and found that the cans were the old-fashioned kind that did not have pull-tabs. The players were starting to panic when The Fog calmly produced a church key from his jacket pocket, saying, "First thing you learn when you turn pro is to carry one of these."

The Flyers were winning, and fans in Philadelphia loved it. Dave Schultz said, "A hockey player in Philadelphia was as important as the mayor. A hockey player who punched out the enemy was more important than the mayor."

But outside Philadelphia and in the NHL's

Broad Street Bullies cont'd on page 44

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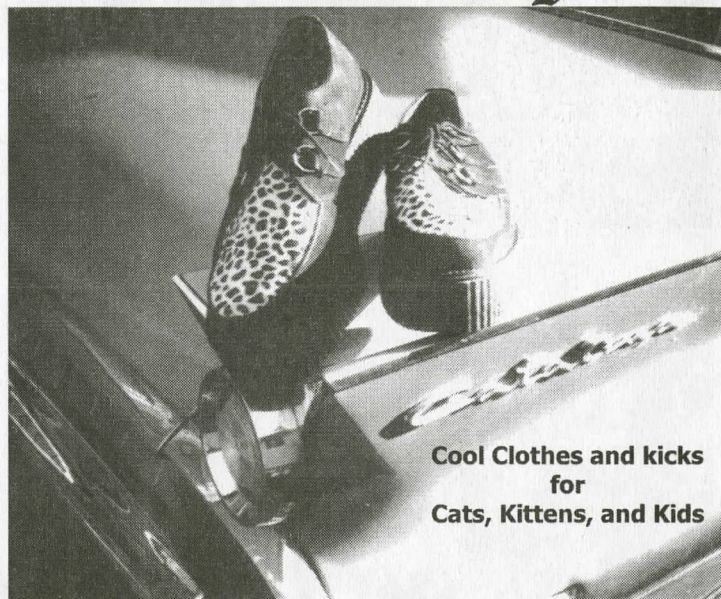


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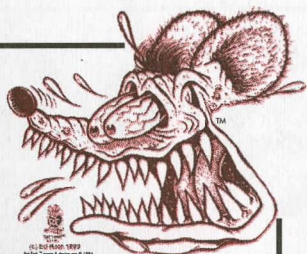
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a log on the hearth and this
vivacious kitten purrs like a

Fireside Cat!

photos by
Paget Brewster



This smitten kitten likes a night on the town, but prefers to be at home, curled up in front of a fireplace with her favorite bella! She considered her last boyfriend a perfect gentleman. "If I dropped something, he'd kick it to where I could pick it up easier." That cad was truly homeless. "No one was home less than him!" But he was truly her greatest

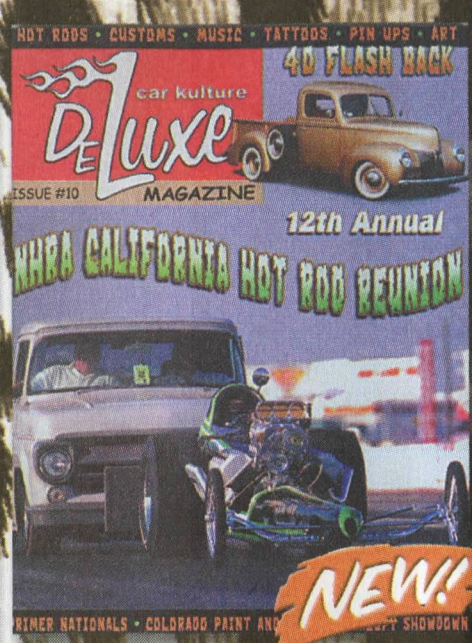
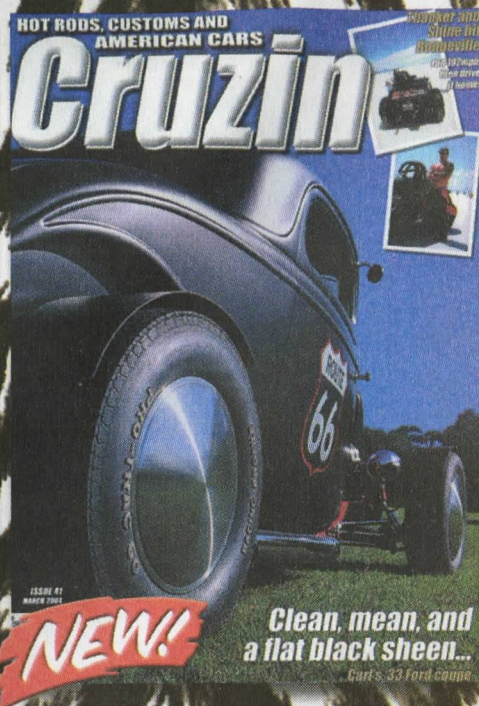


admirer. He would place her on a pedestal—so she could reach the ceiling with a paint roller!

That's when this lovely lass decided it was time to start dating other dudes. As she says, "A girl who won't lie to her boyfriend doesn't have very much consideration for his feelings!"

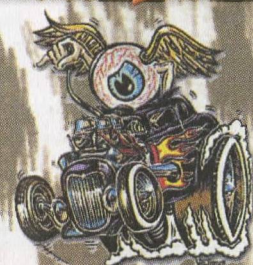
All of her time spent looking for "Mr. Right" at local taverns has taught her a few things: "The one form most men like their liquor in is the form they can put their arms around!"



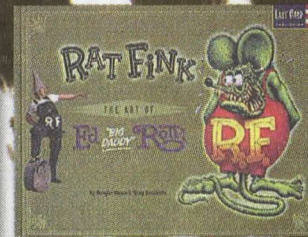
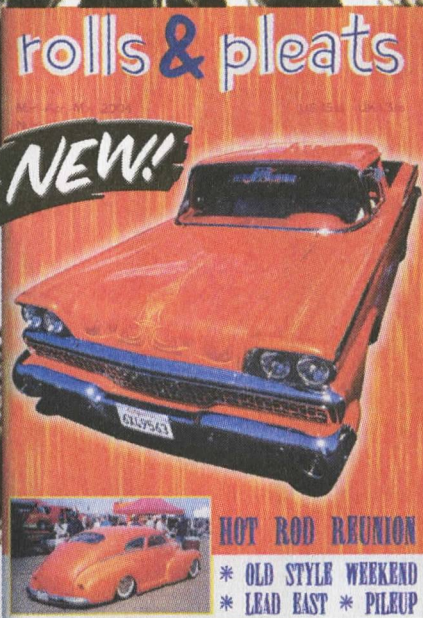
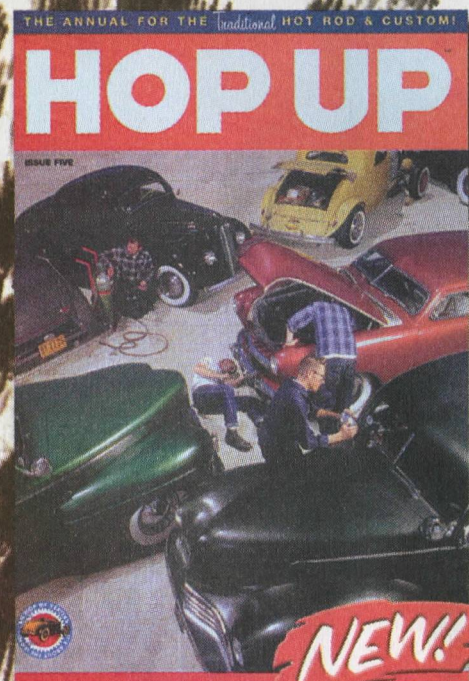


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REAL-MAN ROADTRIP

Armstrong's Tower

In *Barracuda* issue #7 was Ken Smith's article about engineer Edwin Howard Armstrong, the inventor of FM radio. During World War I, Armstrong invented superheterodyning, a revolutionary technique that greatly improved the quality of radio reception and is still in use in most radios to this day. The superheterodyne helped change radio from an experimental curiosity into a practical method of communication. This, in turn, helped create giant broadcasting networks like Westinghouse and RCA.

In the 1930s, Armstrong experimented with FM (frequency modulation) broadcasting. He theorized that it would deliver a much clearer signal than the AM (amplitude modulation), which was the standard of the day.

In AM broadcasting, the strength of the radio signal is directly proportional to the audio signal that is being transmitted. But signals modulated in this way exist in abundance in the world at large, and these natural signals come through as static or noise. This is why you hear can lightning strikes, appliances, etc. while listening to AM radio.

But FM radio varies the frequency of the signal, rather than the strength (or amplitude). These kinds of signals are less common in nature, so there is less static or noise to interfere with a broadcast. The result is a clearer, less noisy signal.

In 1933, Armstrong created the first FM radio and presented it to executives at RCA, who were providing him space for his experiments. RCA was not impressed. In spite of its superior quality, RCA was already heavily invested in AM networks. AM radio sets were pretty much in every home and RCA controlled large stakes in AM broadcasting and radio manufacturing. Plus, the idea of re-tooling their networks and trying to get consumers to buy new, more expensive FM radios in the middle of the depression apparently didn't appeal to them.

RCA also said they were more interested in developing television. They moved Armstrong and his FM transmitter out of choice laboratory and transmitting space in the Empire State Building to make room for an experimental TV station, called W2XBS.

But Armstrong believed in the superior quality of FM radio and was willing to back up that faith with his own finances. In 1937, he bought property in Alpine, NJ, overlooking New York City. There, he built a radio tower and a transmitting station.

In 1938, while most of the world was still listening to scratchy AM broadcasts, Armstrong was transmitting a clear FM signal. His station was picked up in Connecticut and even as far away as Virginia.

The FCC eventually reassigned FM broadcasts to a different, higher band (where it remains today). This was a good idea for techni-

cal reasons, but it instantly made all of the very expensive FM receivers of the day obsolete. This, in turn, shook consumer confidence in FM.

But in 1941, the FCC also approved FM (which Armstrong held the patent on) as the standard for the audio portion of TV broadcasts. This should have made Armstrong a lot of money, but he and RCA got into a dispute over the royalties that RCA would have to pay for using his invention in their radio and television equipment.

A lawsuit followed, which dragged on. It became a war of legal attrition that he could not win. Although Armstrong was quite wealthy from the superheterodyne and other inventions, RCA was a mammoth corporation.

His obsession with the lawsuit weighed heavily on him until he finally committed suicide.

Armstrong's FM station went off the air shortly after his death, but his radio tower still stands today. It can be found near the 8 mile marker along New Jersey's Route 9W, or near exit 3 of the Palisades Parkway, just outside of New York City.

Hidden among the trees, at the base of the tower is the building that housed Armstrong's FM station, with his station's call letters, W2XMN still engraved over the doorway.

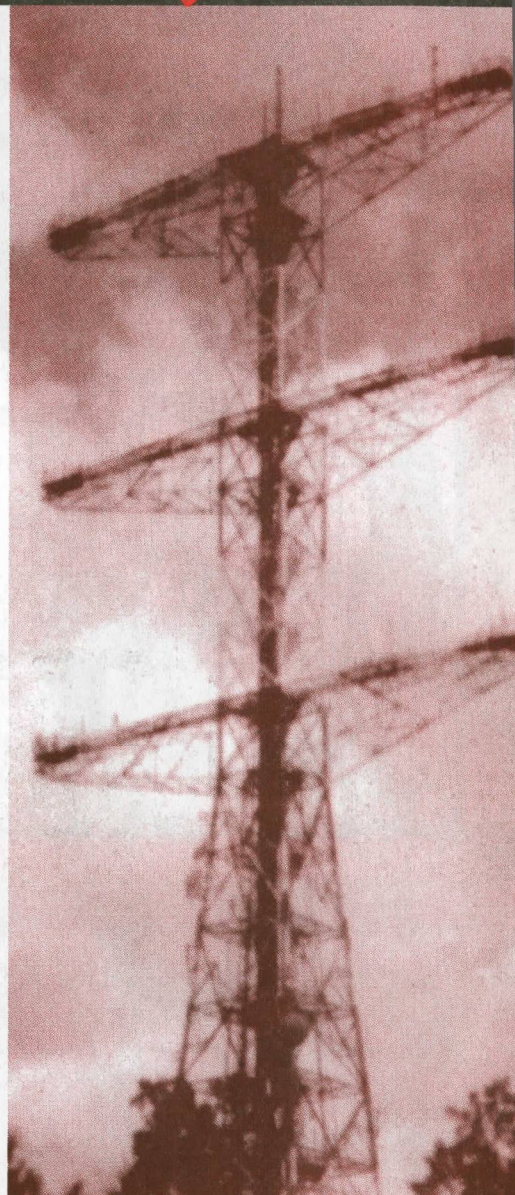
The tower itself is hard to miss. Now painted orange and white and adorned with small radio antennas along each of its three horizontal arms, the 425-foot tall tower lords over the flat, rustic landscape like a giant robot from a sci-fi movie. It can also be clearly seen from across the Hudson River.

The tower's three-armed design is quite unusual for a radio tower. Armstrong wanted plenty of room for additional antennas and expansion in the future. The cluster of antennas hanging off of it shows that at least *this* vision of his came true. (He also envisioned that some day the tower would be used for television transmissions, but because of his dispute with RCA, that never happened in his lifetime.)

A little-known fact is that when the Twin Towers collapsed, an array of broadcast transmitters on top of them were destroyed. Many local TV stations, radio stations and other communications were knocked out.

Stations scrambled to find new locations for their transmitters, and Armstrong's tower in Alpine was an obvious choice. At least five TV stations and many others broadcasters placed transmitters on the tower after 9/11.

Ironically, one of the TV stations that moved its transmitter to Armstrong's tower was New York City's WNBC. WNBC had evolved from RCA's W2XBS—the experimental television station which had forced Armstrong out of the Empire State Building in 1936, causing him to build the tower in Alpine in the first place.



Above: Edwin Armstrong's still-functioning broadcast tower today, as seen from the highway in Alpine, NJ. Below: Armstrong, the inventor of FM radio. He built the tower, but ultimately got the shaft.





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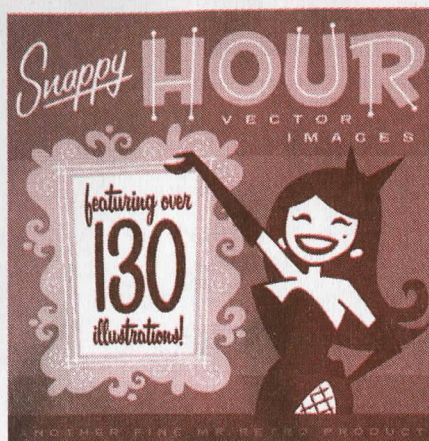
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Snappy Hour
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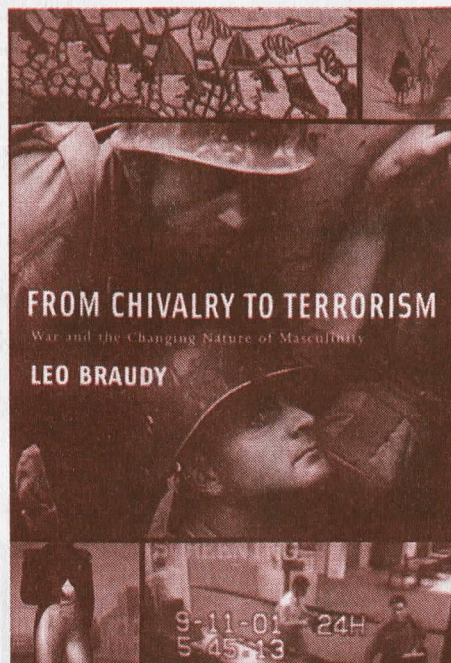
Instead of having to dig for hours through moldy stacks of 50 year old magazines for all those great retro-styled doodles and clip art for the invitation for your next shindig, illustrator Derek Yaniger (it was his twisted take on a moonshine-filled hoe-down that graced the cover of *Barracuda* #18) has compiled a CD full of booze, dames and dozens of other cheeky, retro ready-to-use clip art images.

The majority of images here lean heavy on the cocktail imagery of the '50s and '60s—bongos, martini shakers, fez hats and tikis—with nearly 140 color and black and white illustrations, Yaniger has a drawing or icon for just about every occasion.

From a technical standpoint, the images are set up smartly as vector files, which allow for easier color changes and other graphic design manipulations for you computer pros. They are also well set-up in layers, which makes it easy to modify the art to suit your own needs.

But if talking about tiff files or digital output makes your eyes glaze over, Yaniger had the foresight to make all the images friendly to use and as hands on as possible for even the most novice cut-and-paste artist. Each image comes in a full-color and black and white version.

We liked the clip art from this cd so much, we used some of it in this very issue! A bargain at twice the price!



From Chivalry To Terrorism: War and the Changing Nature of Masculinity
Leo Brady
Alfred A. Knopf Publishing
555 pages

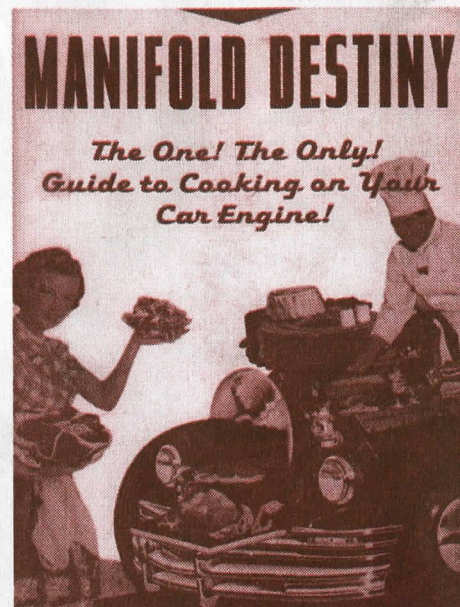
This is an in-depth, historical overview of war and masculinity that starts with warrior ideals of the Middle Ages and follows through to today's age of stateless terrorism and limited international conflicts.

Author Leo Brady challenges the idea that war and masculinity are simple, fixed concepts that are a part of human nature. He shows that the methods of warfare (weapons, tactics, technologies) have changed significantly in the last 500 years. Along with those changes has come a change in values and acceptable conduct in warfare. By extension of that, the definition of masculinity and what is expected from a man has changed. (He does not that argue war provides the sole definition of masculinity, his book is just a study of the relation between the two.)

One of the most interesting concepts in this book is Brady's theory about how the repeated appeal to the masculine warrior has been a key component in the propaganda of fascist and terrorist regimes against the United States and the west. Basically, the west is vilified by these factions because our men do not act like men should.

Brady also has interesting studies of different rituals of war. For example, he speculates that the military victory parade is an ancient tradition that comes from trying clean up the vicious warriors of ancient times and present them with a place in peaceful society.

This is a thought-provoking book with a wide scope. It's good reading for anyone who thinks there's more to masculinity than the gags on *Home Improvement*.



Manifold Destiny: The One! The Only! Guide To Cooking On Your Car Engine
Chris Maynard and Bill Scheller
Villard Books
151 pages

Is your daily commute cutting into your cooking time? Do you find yourself relying on drive-thru windows and fast food? There's no need to anymore.

As authors Chris Maynard and Bill Scheller point out, every car is driving around with a perfectly usable oven right under the hood. That's right—it's your engine.

Although engine cooking was once only a mainstay of truckers, who would use their engines to crudely heat up a can of beans, this book shows you how to use your motor to actually cook a meal from scratch. As the authors point out, there's a big difference between actually cooking and just heating something up!

It starts out by answering the question "Why bother?" and moves on to a diagram that points out the best places on an engine to use for different kinds of cooking. There are charts for both old cars and late-model vehicles.

There are many recipes included, ranging from very simple to very complex. There's Merritt Parkway Scallopini, Speedy Spedini, Cruise-Control Pork Tenderloin, U.S. 17 Stuffed Crabs, Donner Pass Red-Flannel Hash and Melrose Avenue Chicken, just to name a few.

The back of the book contains a breakdown of recipes by geographical region and approximate distance/miles needed to cook the dish. This is not a gag book! These recipes are serious business!



Heidi, Heidi, Heidi!

You know, fellas, we spin quite a few yarns in the pages of this magazine. But every now and then, truth is even better than our 99 cent wine-induced Barracuda Girl fiction. This is one of those circumstances. The truck pictured on the cover of this issue is "Molly," a 1960 Ford F-100 pickup, and yes, it really is owned by Barracuda cover girl Heidi! It is her daily driver.

The truck has an aftermarket 351, an automatic transmission (although it still has the original three-on-the-tree shifter) and no power steering. As for our Barracuda Girl Heidi, she's definitely 100% original!

Come meet Heidi and get your copy of this issue autographed at the Barracuda booth at the Shifters car show, outdoor in the parking lot on Saturday at Viva Las Vegas 2004!

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offices, the tone was quite different. The level of violence in hockey was escalating, and the Flyers were a lightning rod for criticism. People said hockey was being ruined and turned into a circus.

Shero's response to the criticism was succinct: "If it's pretty skating people want, let 'em go to the Ice Capades."

Schultz, in particular, was cited as a gross offender and scrutinized for obvious reasons. He was hardly a sinner in a league of saints, but at the end of the 1972-73 season, he had led the NHL in penalty minutes with 259. By the end of

the game into sudden death overtime. As if to silence the critics who said he was nothing more than an ape, Dave Schultz scored the game-winning goal that clinched the series against the Flames.

The Flyers met the New York Rangers in the next round of the playoffs. The Rangers had a reputation as a classy organization with well-groomed, erudite players—a stark contrast to the rough, Joe Lunchbox image of the Flyers. And the Rangers were favored to beat the Flyers.

The Flyers went up 2-0 in the series, but

their respective positions. They had plenty of great players, but they were also known as "the big, bad Bruins." Unlike the Rangers, the Bruins had the muscle to take care of themselves against anyone in the league.

As if that wasn't enough, the Flyers seemed jinxed against Boston. Until their last game of the 1973-74 regular season, the Flyers hadn't beaten Boston in 27 games against them. Their last win against the Bruins had been in March of 1969. And they hadn't won a game in Boston since November of 1967! To top it all off—no



The Bruins weren't pushovers and they weren't saints. Ed Van Impe gets a nice stick to the mouth as Bernie Parent stops a shot by Boston's Wayne Cashman.

the 1973-74 season, with the "Mad Squad" in high gear, Schultz had beaten his previous year's penalty minutes total and set a new league record of 348 minutes in a single season.

It was hard to argue with their results, though. In the 1972-73 season, the Flyers had 37 wins, 30 losses and 11 ties. Yet, they finished the 1973-74 season in first place in their division and headed into the playoffs with a record of 50 wins, only 16 losses and 12 ties. Plus, they sure were selling tickets. People were coming to Flyers games, either to cheer them on or to curse them out. They had sold out 70 of their 78 games that season, including all of their home games.

The first round of the playoffs that year was against the Atlanta Flames. The Flyers were leading the series with three convincing wins. But the night before the fourth game, The Fog literally went missing. He turned up the next morning so badly beaten up that he was sent home and his assistant coach took his place for one game. No one knew what happened and even The Fog couldn't say whether he had gotten mugged or was in a bar fight. (To this day, no one has ever gotten the real story.)

Without The Fog behind the Flyers bench, Atlanta was able to go ahead by three goals. But the Flyers tied it up in the third period and sent

the Rangers battled back to tie it up. Even worse, the Flyers were plagued with injuries. The series went to a seventh game, which would decide who went to the championship. With only five minutes left in the game, the Rangers closed a Flyers lead down to 4-3. With very little time left, the Rangers were penalized for having too

**"If it's pretty skating
people want, let 'em go
to the Ice Capades."**

—Fred Shero

many men on the ice. Left short-handed by the penalty, all hope of beating the Flyers was lost, and the Flyers were going to the next round.

The Flyers faced the Boston Bruins in their first trip to the NHL championship. The Flyers had upset the Rangers, but the Bruins were considered unbeatable. They were a long-established franchise with experienced players, including center Phil Esposito and defenseman Bobby Orr—arguably two of the best players at

expansion team had ever won a championship game, much less the entire series.

The Flyers lost game one in Boston by a score of 3-2 when Bobby Orr scored a soul-crushing goal in the last minute of the game. But in game two (also in Boston), the Flyers battled back from a 2-0 deficit to tie the game and send it into overtime. Bobby Clarke scored to give the Flyers the win, and more importantly, to send the series back to Philadelphia. This is significant because Flyers hadn't lost a playoff game in the Spectrum the entire season.

The Flyers won both of the home games and the series went back to Boston, leading the series three games to one. Boston once again won on their home ice, and the series went back to the Spectrum for game six. The Flyers were leading the series three games to two and it gave them a chance to win the Stanley Cup at home.

Someone had figured out that when a record of Kate Smith singing "God Bless America" was played at the start of a Flyers game, the team's record was 37-3-1. As an ace in the hole, Kate Smith was convinced to come and sing live at game six. Before the start of the game, the message on Fred Shero's chalkboard read, "Win together today and we walk together forever."

The Flyers had never, ever shutout the

Bruins, but they did that night, winning game six by a score of 1-0 and making them the champions of the NHL.

The Spectrum and the win-starved fans of Philadelphia erupted in total pandemonium. The Flyers were once an anemic team that played in front of less than 8,000 fans. Now, this scrappy bunch skated triumphantly in front of a capacity crowd, hoisting the NHL's championship trophy, the Stanley Cup.

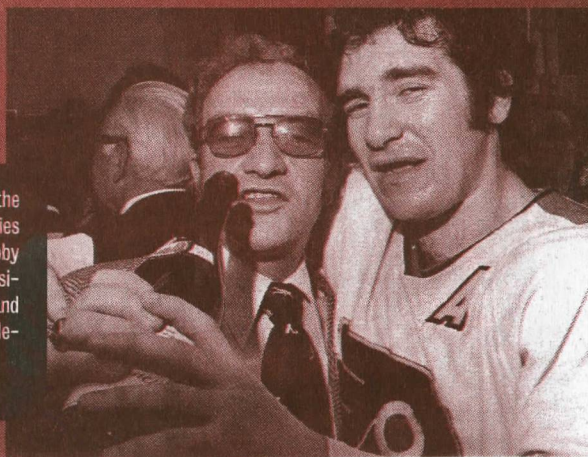
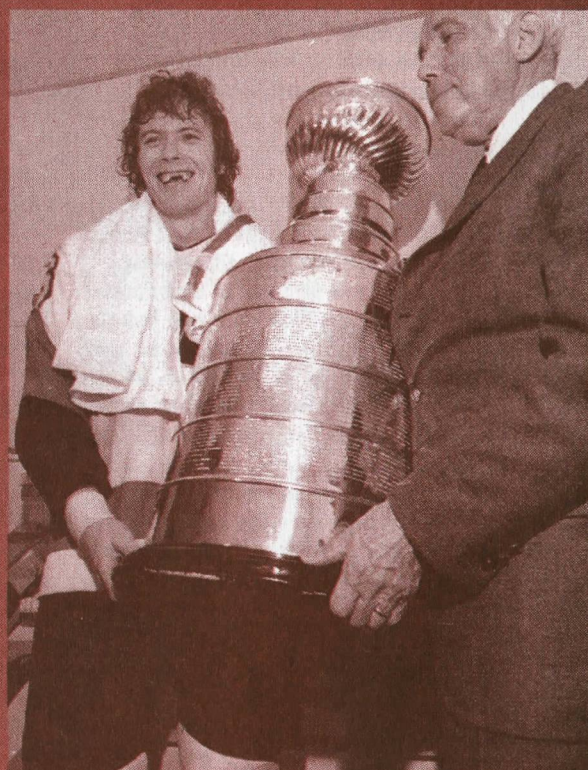
Only three days after the Stanley Cup win, Fred Shero shunned accolades and media attention, opting instead to fly to Russia and study the play of teams behind the Iron Curtain. When asked why he didn't stay around to bask in the victory, Shero said, "I've already taught them everything I know. The only way they're going to get better is if I get smarter."

The Flyers went on to more glory (if not more penalty minutes) the next season, where they won the Stanley Cup once again. But just as the Flyers had gotten bigger and tougher in response to being roughed up by the Blues, now other teams beefed up their rosters in order to take on the Broad Street Bullies. Meaner enforcers were drafted to stand up to The Hammer, Hound, Big Bird, Moose and company.

The war that the Flyers had proliferated and escalated was ultimately brought back to them in spades. Inevitably, other teams became the new, dangerous club in town. Even the once-fearsome Dave Schultz eventually found himself looking over his shoulder, wondering which new, young heavy was about to run him into the boards. He ultimately acknowledged he was "an enforcer getting older and more vulnerable—no more, no less."

As the years went on, players from that 1973-74 championship team got older, were traded away and retired. Finally, although they were a beloved team, the Flyers no longer resembled the shaggy bunch of palookas who brought pride into a city of sporting ne'er-do-wells. As Gene Hart, play-by-play man for the Flyers said, "A city may possess a world renowned symphony orchestra, it may possess a celebrated museum of art, it may be openly envied for its historical legacies and artifacts, it may be a center of commerce, a port of note, a hub of finance.

"But often all of this largesse is lost on the inhabitants... If a city has a team that is winning, no matter what the calendar says, then it is eternal spring, and the citizenry has a sense of continuing rebirth and hope."



Top: Don Saleski and Bobby Clarke react to the win in game six of the NHL championship series as a fan tries to pinch a souvenir. Middle: Bobby Clarke holding the Stanley Cup with NHL president Clarence Campbell. Bottom: Fred Shero and defenseman Joe "Thundermouth" Watson celebrate victory in the locker room.

The Barracuda Gourmet Loves His Ketchup!

Isn't it just amazing how ketchup captures so many different flavors? It's sweet, salty, tangy and even has a hint of spice. And it goes with *everything*. Can you name a more perfect accompaniment to almost any food? Fish, eggs, burgers, hot dogs, steak, grilled cheese sandwiches, chicken and macaroni and cheese are all ketchup-friendly. It's the one condiment that can make anything deep-fried even more heavenly. It also serves as the perfect rescue to any burnt, bad tasting, or ill-textured meal—just douse it with ketchup instead of choking it down. It becomes a flavor experience.

Ketchup is actually a descendent of the Chinese condiment "ketsiap," a soy sauce-like salty substance. Dutch and British sailors discovered the sauce in the 1600s and tried to emulate it back home. Somehow, over time it evolved into the tomato-based sauce we all use today.

Now, there are all sorts of new-fangled gourmet ketchups out there with frou frou flavors and wacked-out colored ketchups for kids, but the Barracuda Gourmet sticks with the one and only tried and true ketchup out there: Heinz. Why mess with perfection? It has the perfect consistency, taste, the price is right, and it comes in a variety of packaging—old school glass bottles, plastic squeeze bottles for the more clumsy folks, small bottles, large bottles, and for the hardcore ketchup lovers, there's the gallon jug.

So, ketchup tastes good, we all know that. But did you know it's healthy? A study at Harvard determined that men who had greater amounts of lycopene (an antioxidant found in tomatoes) in their diet showed a significantly decreased risk of cancer, compared to those whose intake of lycopene was much

lower. What is truly so fantastic is that ketchup has a higher concentration of lycopene than even raw tomatoes, because the tomatoes in ketchup are cooked, thus making the lycopene easier for the body to absorb. Even science and medicine prove that you need to eat more of this wonder food!

So eat up! Put it on everything. And if you happen to run out of your bottle of Heinz, here is a ketchup recipe that will make do in a pinch. This recipe will produce the equivalent of an old fashioned Heinz 12-ounce glass bottle!

Heinz-like Ketchup

One 6-ounce can tomato paste
1/2 cup light corn syrup
1/2 cup white vinegar
1/4 cup water
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon onion powder
1/8 teaspoon garlic powder

Put all ingredients in a medium saucepan over medium heat and stir until smooth. When it comes to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes, stirring almost constantly.

Remove pan from heat and cover until cool. Keep it in the fridge in a covered container.

The reason BBQ sauce is so good is because ketchup is the main ingredient in it! And this BBQ sauce is even better than most because it has bourbon in it, too!

Bourbon BBQ Sauce

1/2 chopped onion
4 cloves of garlic mashed
1 cup of bourbon

ground pepper
salt
2 cups ketchup
1/4 cup tomato paste
1/3 cup cider vinegar
2 tbs. liquid smoke
1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. Tabasco sauce

Using a big skillet, sauté onions and garlic in the bourbon over medium high heat for about 10 minutes. Add the rest of the ingredients and heat to a boil, then reduce to a simmer for 20 minutes. You can eat this right off the stove or let it cool and store it in the fridge.

99.999999% of all hamburger eaters eat their burgers with ketchup on them. Here's a fancier version of the usual burger with ketchup.

Burgers with Ketchup Gravy

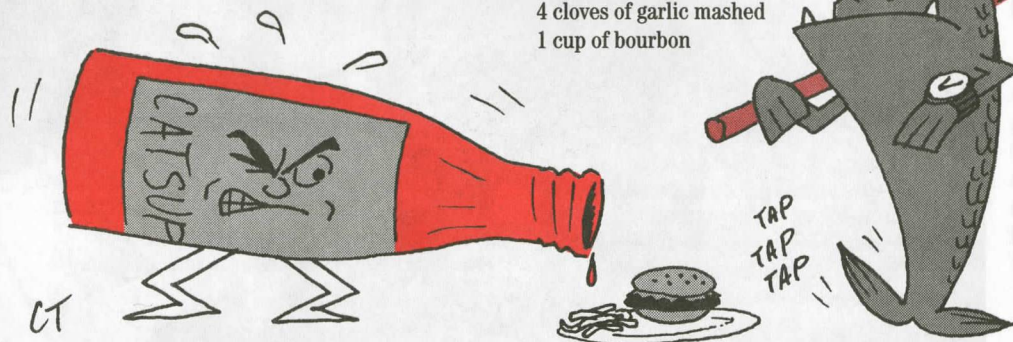
1 pound ground beef
1/2 cup ketchup
1/2 cup bread crumbs
1/2 teaspoon steak seasoning, or salt and pepper to taste
2 teaspoons vegetable oil
1 large onion, cut into chunks
1 cup ketchup
1/2 cup water, or as needed

In a medium bowl, mix together the ground beef, 1/2 cup ketchup, bread crumbs, steak seasoning, salt and pepper. Form into small fat hamburger patties. Heat oil in a large heavy skillet over medium-high heat. Place the patties in the skillet, and cook until browned on both sides. Remove patties to a plate, and drain grease from the skillet. In the same pan, slowly stir together the remaining ketchup and water if the mixture seems thin, add a bit more ketchup, or if it is thick, add more water. Add the onion, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium-low. Return the patties to the pan, cover, and simmer for 30 minutes. Stir after the 30 minutes, and if the gravy is still thin, continue simmering with the lid off until gravy thickens.

Sweet and Spicy Kielbasa

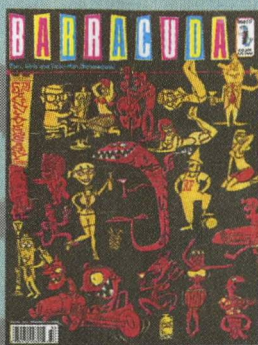
3/4 cup packed brown sugar
1/2 cup ketchup
1/4 cup BBQ sauce
few dashes Tabasco sauce
1/4 cup prepared horseradish
2 pounds kielbasa sausage, sliced thin

In a greased 13" x 9" inch pan combine the sugar, ketchup, BBQ sauce, Tabasco and horseradish. Add the sausage and mix well. Bake for approximately 90 minutes in a preheated 350° oven, stirring every 30 minutes or so. This makes a good appetizer or a meal served with pasta or rice.

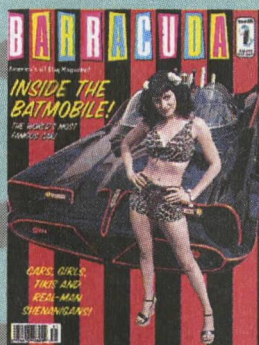




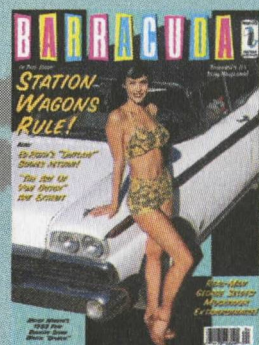
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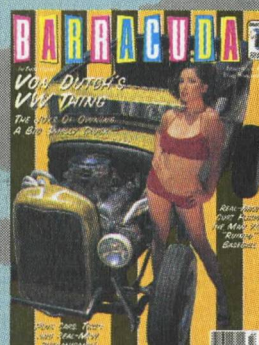
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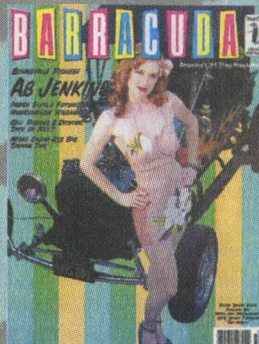
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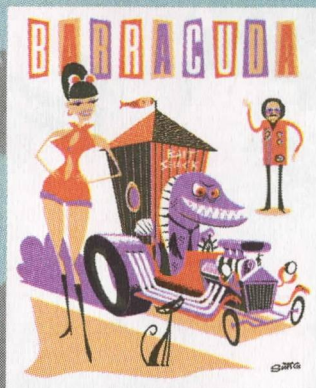
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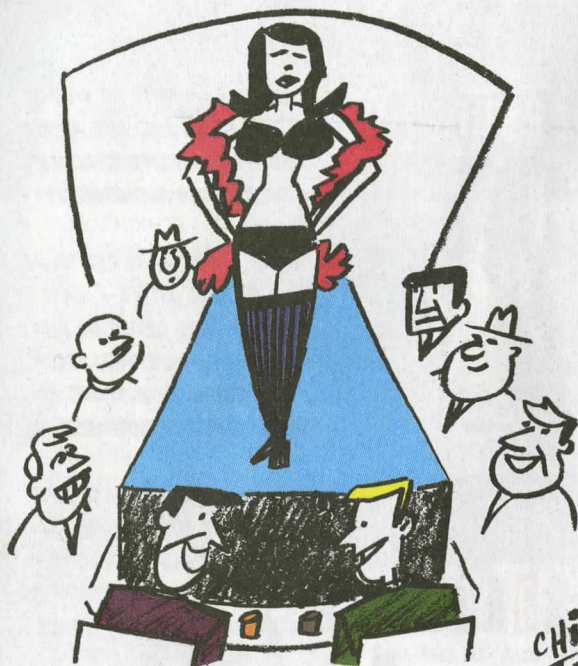
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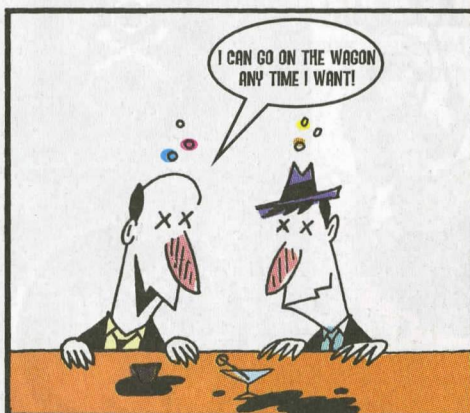
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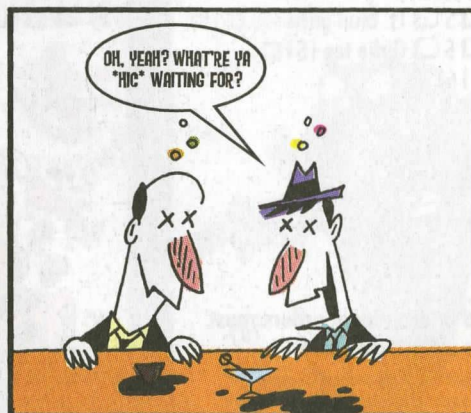
"AH, THERE'S MY LITTLE
SHRIEKING VIOLET!"



"LOOKS LIKE OSAMA BIN LADEN'S COME OUT OF
HIS CAVE. OH, WAIT, IT'S YOUR MOTHER."



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ANY TIME I WANT!



OH, YEAH? WHAT'RE YA
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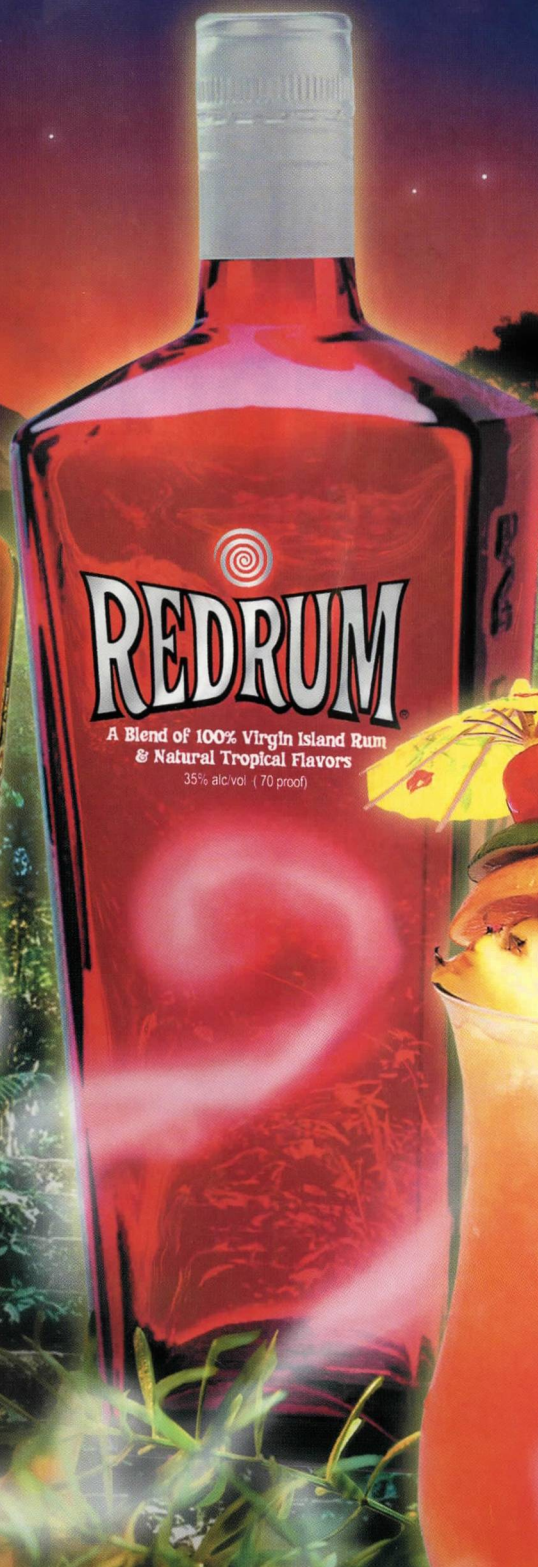


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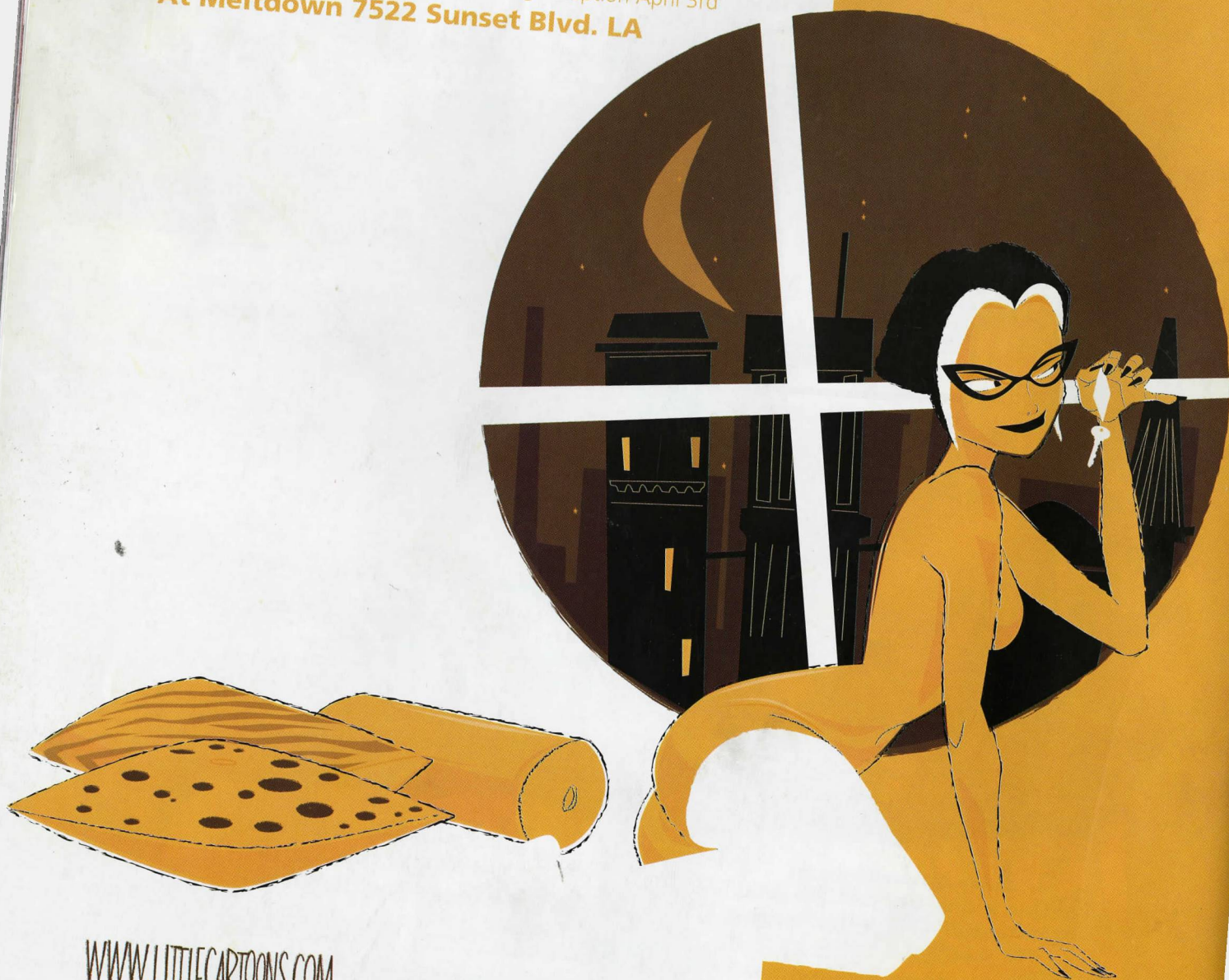


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