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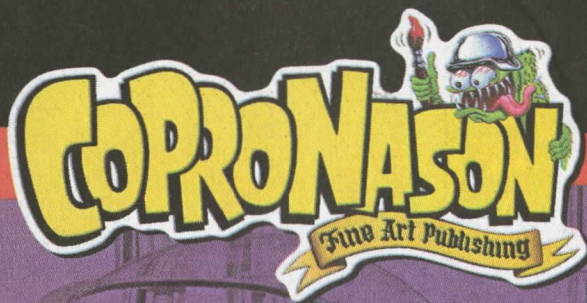


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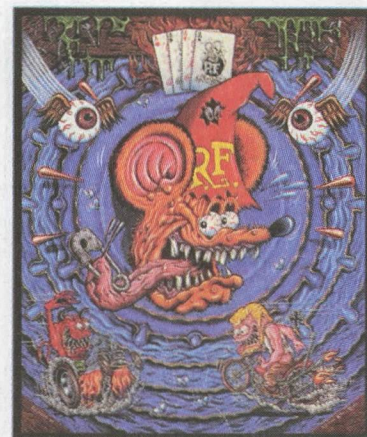
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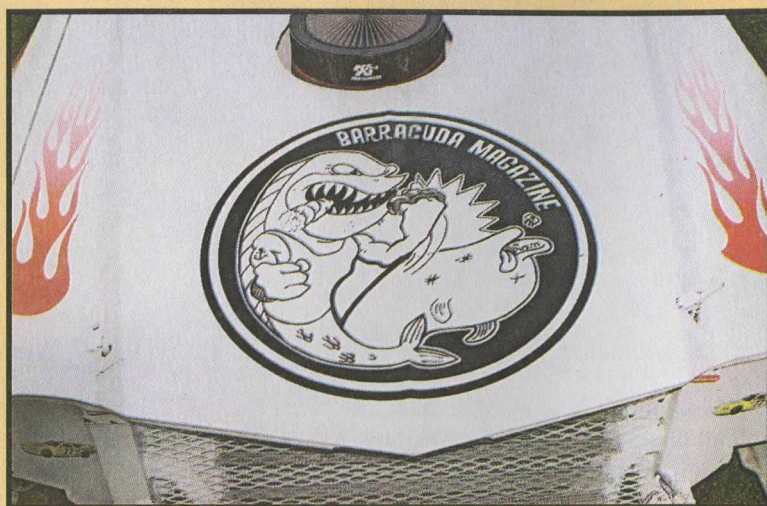


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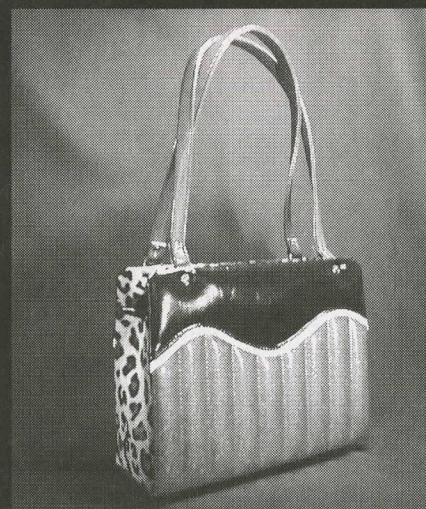
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Jeff Fox

Managing Editor ♦ Smitty Saeufer
Art Director ♦ Al Pastor
Cover Art ♦ Jim Krewson

Associate Editors
G.J. Caulfield ♦ Larry Harmon ♦ Eric
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The Devil Wears Dickies ♦ A Letter From Your Editor

It wasn't until very recently that it occurred
to me that this was going to be our fifth
anniversary issue. Five years—has it really
been that long? I said it out loud and counted
on my fingers to check if it all added up. Yep, I
have been doing *Barracuda* for FIVE YEARS.
Wow, how could one little sentence fill me with
so much pride and nausea simultaneously?

Oh, how things have changed in these past
five years. Now, I'm not exactly living the
lifestyles of the rich and famous, but man, dur-
ing the first couple of years, it was *tight*. For
those of you who don't remember or never
noticed, we started out completely black and
white except for the outside cover. This was not
an aesthetic decision. It was all we could afford.

When we did our first issue with spot red
ink, I think it cost about \$10 per page to add
spot red ink to a layout. I remember only hav-
ing enough money in the "budget" to use red
ink on six or seven pages per issue back then.
And even with so few pages having red ink, I
really felt like I was "spankin' it" artistically by
using spot color on that number of pages.

It was really difficult to justify \$60 or \$70
on "artistic indulgences" when I didn't have
money for silly stuff like food and rent. I'd do
up some layout I really liked, and if it had a
spot red design element in it, I'd think to my-
self, "I like it, but do I \$10 like it? That's
five gallons of gas, a package of reduced price
for quick sale chicken chests and maybe some
rice. Do I like that stupid pink trapezoid more
than dinner for three days and gasoline? Nah."
And then I'd delete the item. Things were *that*
tight. Art once again gets nurped by necessity!

Well, gentle reader, here's a little cat
that I will let out of the bag, now that
we've been together for five years—
issue #3 was actually the first issue of
Barracuda. Why did I do this? Well, so many
magazines go belly-up after their first two
issues, that some distributors will not pick up
a magazine until their third issue is out. So, I
skipped issues #1 and #2 and just started with
issue #3. In issue #3, I specifically made no
references to it being the premiere issue to
maintain the charade.

I've had collectors ask me if they can get
a copy of issues #1 and #2. I really wish I had
some because I have been offered pretty
ridiculous sums of money for them. I usually
reply with something vague, yet technically
true like, "It's not available," or "I don't have
any." I know it sort of bones collectors in that
a premiere issue #3 is not as exciting as a pre-
miere issue #1, but sorry, I had to do what I
had to do—collectors be damned.

At one point, I wanted to reverse-engi-
neer a real low-fi, xeroxed, 'zine-styled
Barracuda #1 and #2 and pass them off as re-

issues of the original, long-lost editions. That
would have been fun to do, but if I haven't
done it by now, it ain't going to happen.

My main goal when I started *Barracuda*
was to make a pretty decent men's magazine at
an affordable price with ads that won't make
the reader wretch. I think I have achieved that
goal. Our print run has doubled, we added more
pages and color pages since the first issue, but
I'm proud to say that we have never raised our
cover price once since 1998.

No, I haven't sold a gazillion *Barracudas*
and I don't know that I ever will or even if I
want to. But I've gotten slaps on the back, firm
handshakes and *atta boys* from readers from
all of the U.S. and from the most unexpected
parts of the world. That's pretty cool.

This magazine has also been a great
excuse to meet really good people in a world of
biffords. Many of the people I now call my good
friends are people I would have never met if I
didn't start *Barracuda*. These people have
made my life significantly richer and more
interesting. You can't argue with those results.



Barracuda at five years old

Although the magazine and our online
newsstand have found a nice little niche, I
wish I could say the same for several of the
less-successful side projects that we tried to
develop as a way of capitalizing on the
Barracuda brand name. In late 1999, due to
high production costs, we were forced to shut
down *Barracuda's* ill-conceived sister publica-
tion, the quasi-religious newspaper
Barracuda Science Monitor. And as you prob-
ably read in previous issues, the Barracuda
Wonderland family amusement park in
Lancaster, PA failed miserably, due to mis-
management (plus a complete lack of interest
from anyone within 300 miles of the place). It
was sold at sheriff's sale last year and was
bought by the county. They demolished it and
a brand new, state of the art prison has been
built on the land. Oh, well. We live and learn.

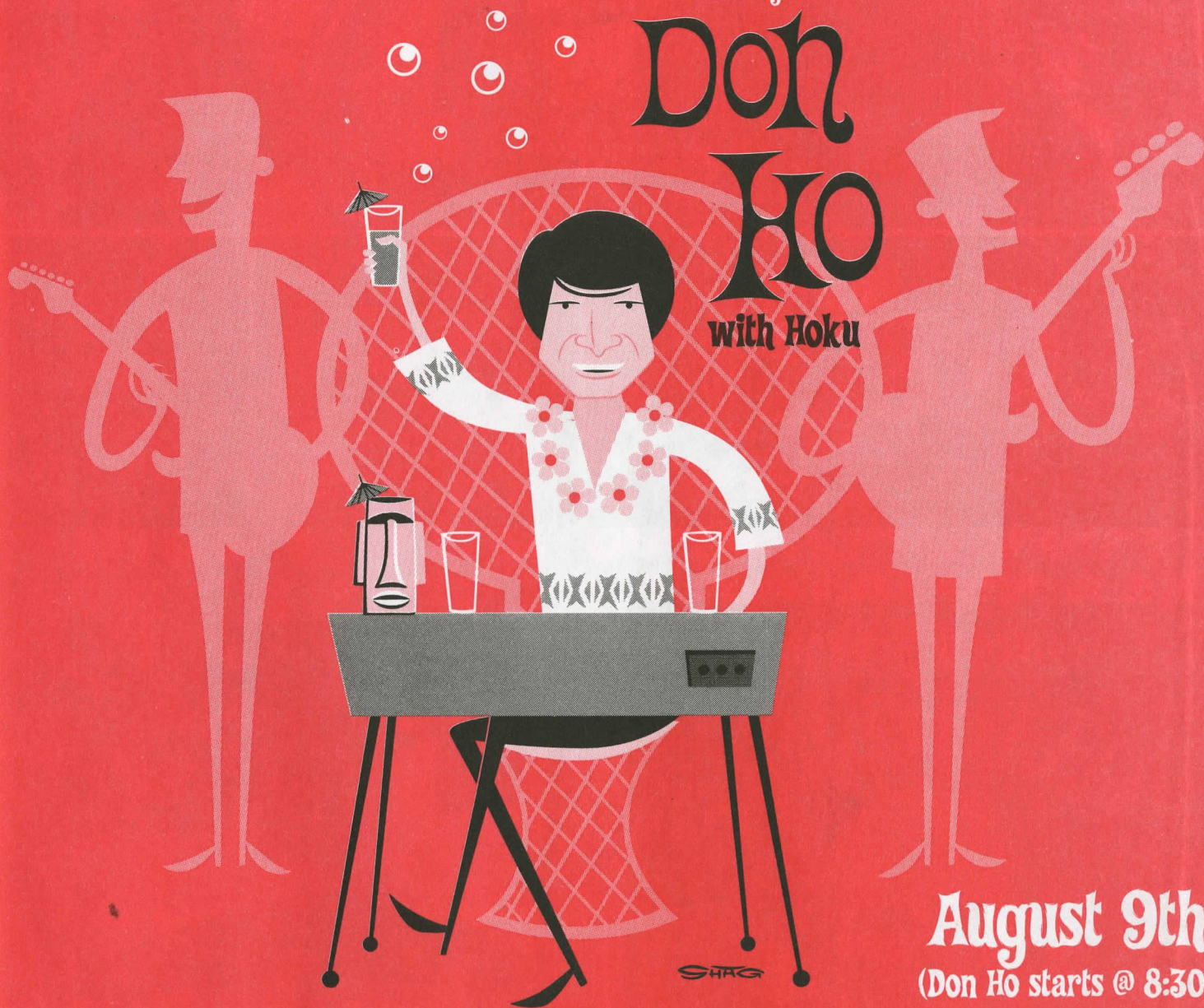
I guess I should stick to what I know
best—making the crackpottiest men's maga-
zine around! Enjoy! —J.F.

"Night Of The Tiki"

Barracuda Magazine's 5th Anniversary Party!

a live concert featuring

**Don
Ho**
with Hoku



August 9th

(Don Ho starts @ 8:30)

With The Dynotones, Tiki Goddess Burlesque Exotica & Special Guests!

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This is an early show! Don Ho will be going on at 8:30, with all other acts to follow him.

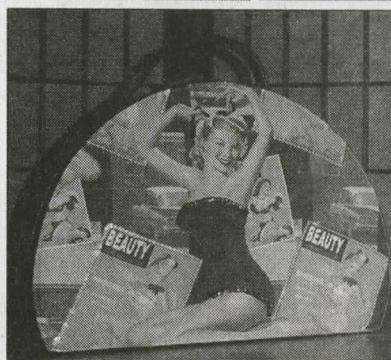
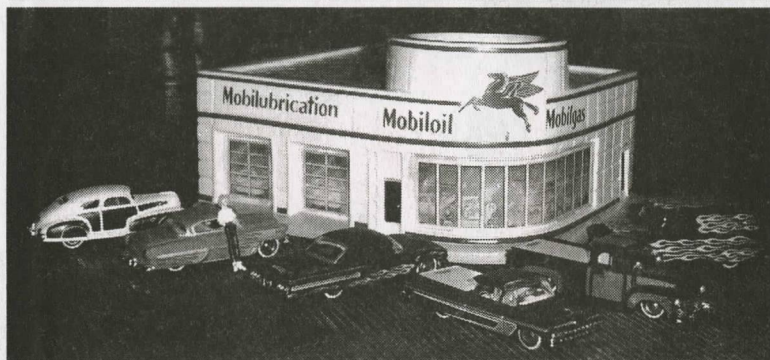
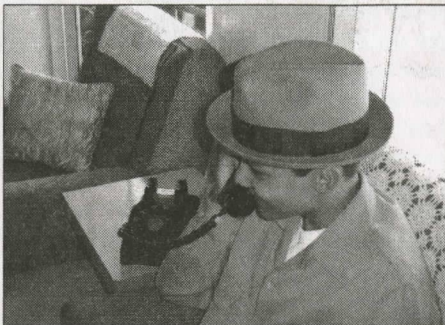
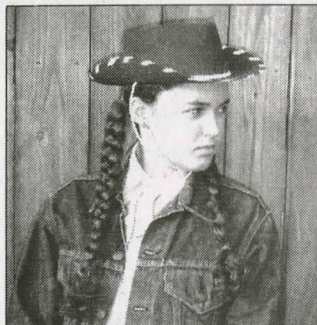
Admission is \$29.50. After Don Ho performs, admission will be reduced to \$18.

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MEET THE BARRACUDA MAGAZINE RACING TEAM!

The 2003 *Barracuda Magazine* Racing Team drivers Don Strouse and Bill English are ready to race! For this season, they are going to be driving mainly in the Outlaw Stock class, a new class of racing started at Bridgeport Speedway in Bridgeport, NJ. The Outlaw Stock class is

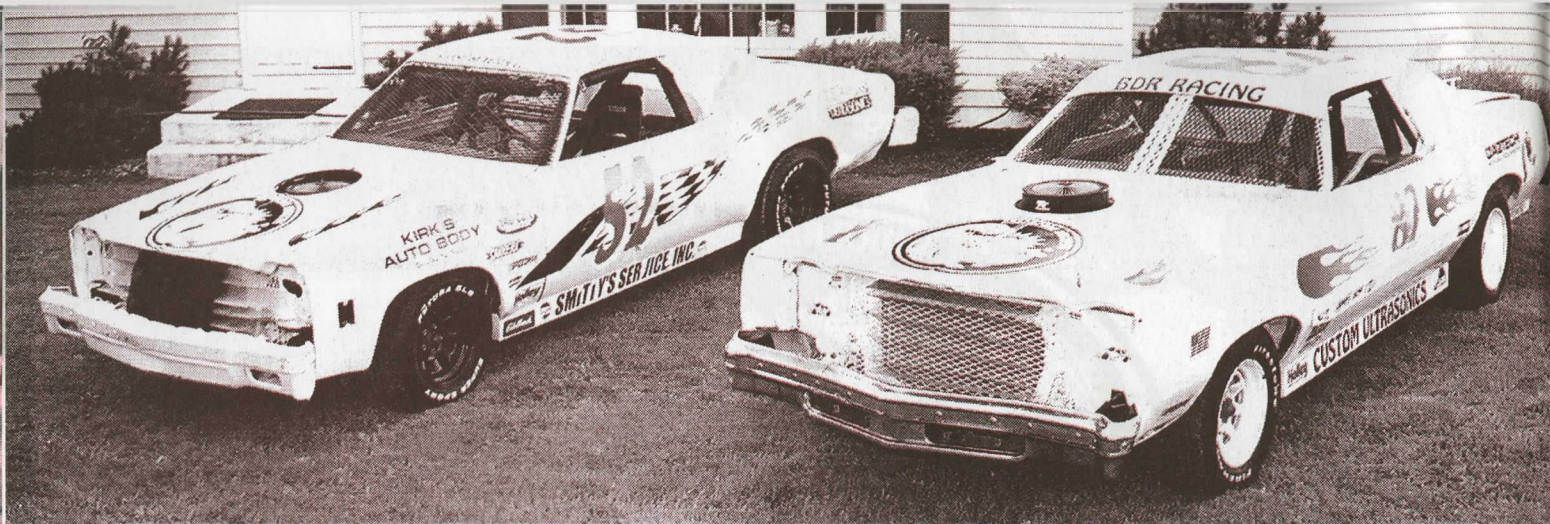
a variation of the Enduro class, which was created to limit the amount of modifications that could be made to a race car, in order to keep a level playing field and to keep racing costs down. (An article about Enduro class racing appeared in *Barracuda* issue #4.) The main difference

between Enduro and Outlaw Stock is the format of the racing. Two heat races are run to establish the field for the feature, which is a 20 or 25 lap race.

The rules for the class require that the engine you run must have been available in the stock version of the make and model car



Barracuda Magazine's Outlaw Stock class racing team. Don Strouse, #52 (left) and Bill English, #82 (right).



you are running. Many aftermarket, high-performance add-ons, like aluminum intakes, aluminum heads, headers and Holley carbs are not allowed. No locked rear ends are allowed, either, but positraction rears are allowed. Tire size is limited to 70 series tires, which causes a lot of roll-overs. The car must also have at least a 104-inch wheelbase and be an American car.

Don Strouse is running the 52 car, which is a 1974 Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna. Here are all the vital stats:

#52 Don Strouse

1974 Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna
350 cubic inch engine
4 bolt main
4 bbl 850 cfm quadrajet carburetor
Comp cam
3 speed automatic transmission
8-point roll cage

Bill English is running the 82 car, which has a similar set-up, but with some key differences:

#82 Bill English

1976 Chevrolet Monte Carlo
350 cubic inch engine

4 bbl 850 cfm quadrajet carburetor
Dart 2 heads
dual exhaust
posi rear
3 speed automatic transmission
12-point roll cage

Both drivers have three years experience racing and they both know that in this class of racing, being able to make it to the end of the race is just as important as going fast.

"Our basic strategy is to get the car back on the trailer under its own power. When you can do that, it's always a victory," says Strouse. The drivers are also

planning on concentrating more on the set-up of the chassis and messing around with tire composition. "We think we have plenty of horsepower," says Strouse, "We're just trying to figure out how to get through the turns without getting off the throttle."

The team shows promise. In the opening race of 2003, Strouse started in 72nd position and had worked his way up to 35th when a caution flag came out in the 41st lap. When he downshifted to slow down, his shift cable melted from the heat of the exhaust and he was done for the night.

If you live in the Northeast, be sure to come out and cheer the *Barracuda* team to a victory this summer!



2003 Barracuda Magazine Racing Team schedule

Outlaw Stock class

Bridgeport Speedway, Bridgeport, NJ

June 28th
July 5th
July 19th
July 26th
August 9th
August 16
Sept. 20th

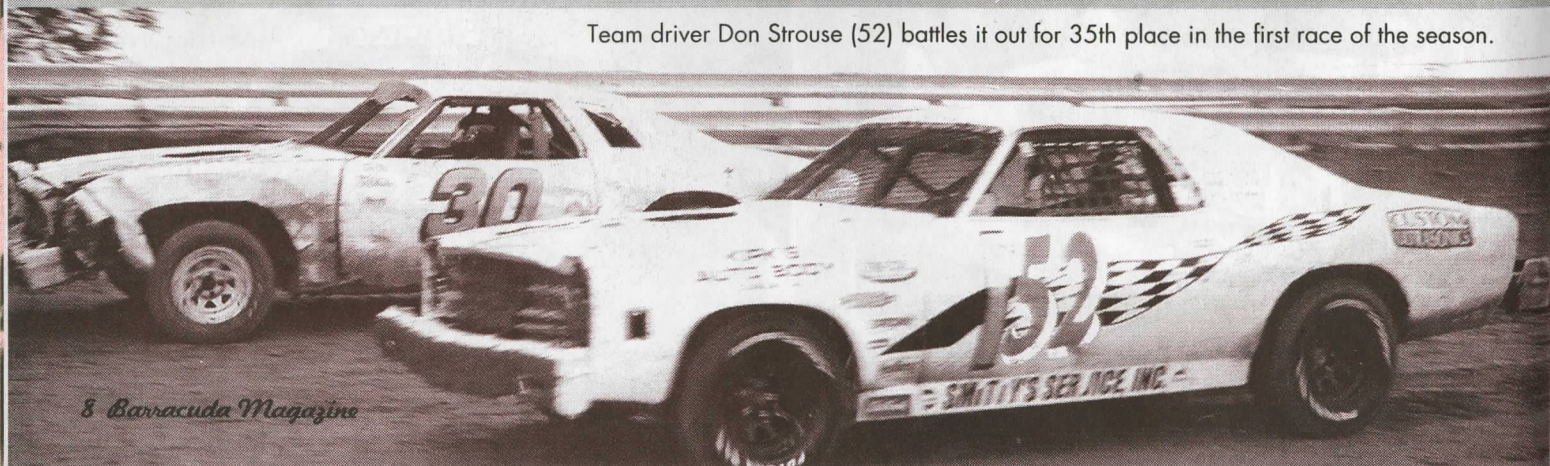
Sept 27th
October 19th
October 26th

Enduro class

Williams Grove Speedway, Mechanicsburg, PA
August 3rd (200 lap race)
September 5th (championship race)

For information about the *Barracuda Magazine* Racing Team's schedule and standings, including directions to the tracks, visit www.barracudamagazine.com/racing.htm

Team driver Don Strouse (52) battles it out for 35th place in the first race of the season.



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Be Car-Savvy: THREE WAYS TO MAKE YOUR CAR FEEL BRAND NEW FOR UNDER \$50

Are you sick of your car? Does it feel beat? Is it woeful to drive? Thinking of getting rid of it? Don't do it! Fancy it up and make it feel brand new the easy, cheap bastard way!

For some reason, people are impressed by a shiny, purty paint job. This doesn't make any sense. Paint just costs money and it only represents the car's personality, not its character. And as the owner, you can't see the paint from the inside when you're driving. A shiny new Earl Scheib doesn't really improve your driving experience.

You don't spend most of your time sitting on top of your daily transportation or looking at it from 10 feet away. You sit *in* your car. So, if you really want to turn around how it *feels* to drive your car, you have to work from the inside out! What you know about your car comes from your five senses when you're behind the wheel.

Clean your car cost: \$0-\$5

This is probably the cheapest, easiest and most effective way to make your car feel new. A simple car wash is the obvious answer, but if you're broke or lazy, even just hosing off your car with water can make a tremendous difference. Your car will look great (until it dries).

Start by simply cleaning all that junk off the floor and back seat of your car. You'll be surprised how much junk is lying around and how much cleaner your car will look just by scooping up all those discarded burger wrappers and dead leaves that are lying around.

If you're the kind of person who isn't super-fastidious about keeping your car clean, all your hard work removing garbage will not last. You'll just junk up the floor again. But that's OK. Your car will feel clean at least for the time being. But for the future, if only to make a little less work for yourself, make your garbage work for you. Take one of your fast food bags and designate it your garbage bag. Instead of just throwing junk over your shoulder while driving, try to stick it in the bag instead.

Vacuuming the carpet and seats is another cheap and easy way to really turn a car around. Shop vacs work great for this purpose, but if you

don't have one, super-powerful industrial strength ones can be found at most car washes these days. Just be sure to go through your car and do a quickie visual inspection to check for lost change first. Nothing is worse than seeing a couple of quarters get sucked into a vacuum that you're already paying to use!

Here's a very inexpensive, but often overlooked cleaning tip that will make a big difference. Wash your windows! What you see through your windows while you're driving is your perception of the world. It sounds dumb to say it, but clean windows will make your driving experience seems brighter and happier overall. It can even make your car feel bigger.

But here's the key—wash both the outside of the windows *and* the inside! Washing the inside makes all the difference in the world. You won't believe how much clearer everything will be.

Use just plain old window cleaner, but use newspaper instead of paper towels. Used newspaper is free and it won't leave any lint or residue on the windows. This is the key to clean windows.

While you're at it, use window cleaner or regular household cleaner to give a quick once-over to your dashboard and gauges and whatnots.

New speakers

Cost: \$5-\$50

Good tunes will make any piece of junk car seem like it's the carriage of a king. But an often overlooked fact is that good speakers are more important than a fancy stereo in terms of rocking out in your ride. Stereos have lots of different features and doo-dads that cause them to be different prices. But for the most part, the quality of the actual sound coming out of them really isn't any different as far as the average driver would notice—especially if you're talking about CD players. It's the speakers that make the difference.

So, for the slothful and budget-minded, keep your crappy factory stereo or fast-forward-only tape deck and think about replacing those sun-bleached, dead fly-filled speakers instead.

The sky's the limit, price-wise when shopping for brand new car speakers. But there are plenty of new speakers for \$50 or less that are probably better than what you have now.

There are a lot of terminal stereophiles out there who are need to have the latest greatest everything and consider anything slightly outdated to be junk. This is good for you. You can bottom-feed off of their obsession and get yourself a decent set of speakers for very cheap.

You can luck into car speakers at yard sales, thrift shops and pawn shops sometimes. But in these situations, try to stick to brand names that you've heard of. There are plenty of garbage speakers out there. And try to buy from a thrift shop that will let you test electronic items or return them within a few days if they turn out to be D.O.A. Many larger thrift shops like Salvation Army and Goodwill will let you

return defective electronic items.

Another good place to buy used car speakers cheap is on a website like half.com. There are tons of speakers to choose from and you can do searches by brand name. Just be sure that the person selling them says they work. Do not assume anything. If the listing doesn't say they work fine, email the seller before buying them.

When buying a speaker, first visually inspect it to look for any tears in the paper or cone of the speaker. This is not a guarantee that the speaker is not blown, but it's a good place to start.

For the record, junkyards are notoriously bad places to look for used speakers. Decent speakers, like decent stereos and carburetors, are easy to spot and easy to remove. So, they're one of the first things to get pinched out of a junked car. Don't even bother looking.

Crappy little interior accouterments

Cost: \$1-\$20

Treat the interior of your car like you'd treat a room in your house. Just as you might hang a new picture or get a new throw rug at home, get some junk to spruce up your car's interior. A new set of floor mats will hide your worn out carpet or spare what's left of a clean carpet from further wear. Carpet remnants or samples make great cheap or free floor mats. Door mats are another option for the budget-minded, as they are available, free of charge, on your neighbor's front porch.

And while we're making an analogy to home decor, consider putting a plant in your car. Just like a house plant, you could have a car plant! Nothing would be more soothing during the rush hour grind than to have a potted fern in the seat next to you.

Stickers and decals are always a good, cheap way to dude up and personalize your car. But remember, stickers aren't just for bumpers. Who cares about entertaining the people in cars next to you in traffic? Put them inside, where *you'll* enjoy them. Put a sticker on the interior of your driver's side door, where you'll see it every time you get in and out of your car. Or put a decal on your windshield inside out so you can see it.

There are tons of conventional interior car accessories available at any auto parts store—anything from a simple air freshener to replacement window cranks for sagging or lost ones. Cheapo seat covers are another way to mask your shoddy interior.

But don't be afraid to get creative, either. Just like you'd personalize a boring cubicle at work, you should personalize the boring interior of your car. Weird shifter knobs are an easy way to do this. These are available at speed shops and most run-of-the-mill chain auto parts store. Add a two-foot threaded post to the top of your gearshift and then put a skull shifter knob on top of that and all of a sudden, your four-cylinder sub-compact is shifting like a semi and providing you with hours of entertainment on the road.

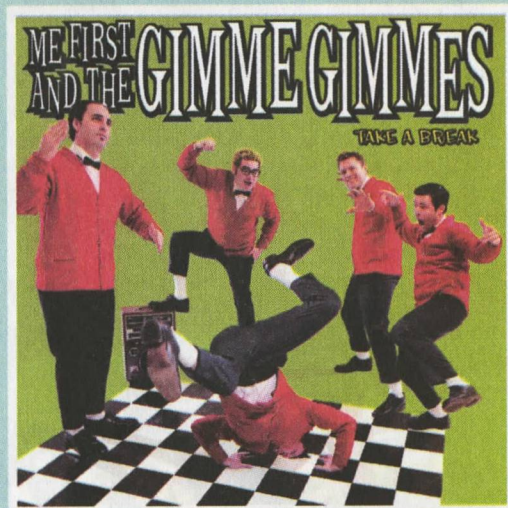
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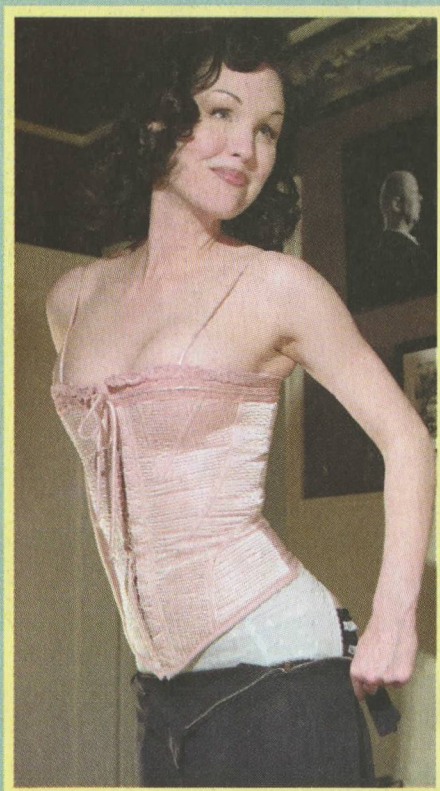


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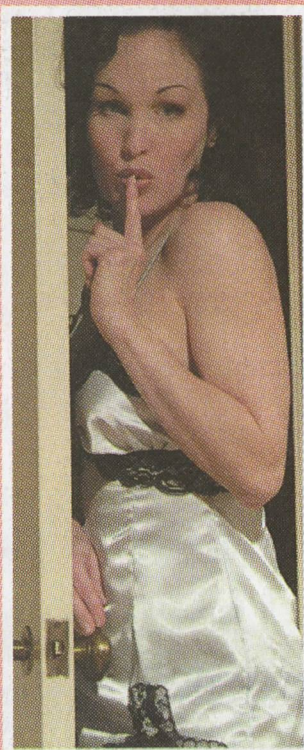
Beautiful Betty just walked in the door after working overtime at a downtown insurance agency for the fifth day in a row! She's not worn out from punching the clock so much as she's tired from slapping the boss! She has a sylph-like figure, and her grabby gray-haired boss doesn't think she should keep it to her sylph! Betty told him that at his age, he should be more interested in soaking his corns than sowing wild oats! It's hard to get her real work done when she's busy dealing with shorthand and fending off his long arms! So, at the end of a long week at work, it's...

Bedtime For Betty!





After a call to her bookie to check on some bets she placed at the dog track, it's time for our angelic actuary to go "Betty-bye!" Please try to keep quiet to as not to awaken this slumbering sweetie! Although from the looks of her, she sure must be getting her allowance of beauty sleep!



At age eleven, Art Arfons tore down his first engine. During his service in World War II, he rigged up a motor on his landing barge at Okinawa so none of his winchmen would be exposed to rifle fire. When he returned home from the war, he worked at his family's feed mill. He had an innate knack for engine repair, and regularly serviced tractors. He also became very adept at welding.

An avid pilot, while going to the Akron airport one Sunday in 1952, he found that the road was blocked and lined with people. He thought there was a plane crash.

"We got out, and walked over to see what was going on and found out it was drag races—the first drag race east of the Mississippi," says Arfons.

He was bit by the speed bug and focused his mechanical abilities on building race cars.

In the beginning of his racing career, there was Art and his two brothers Walt, and Dale. All of them made drag racers, working out of a barn.

The Arfons brothers' early cars looked feral and ran like they were infected with insanity.

"It was back in '54," Art reminisces, "My very first car was a six-cylinder, three-wheeled Oldsmobile. I took a six-cylinder Olds engine and welded it up to a Packard rear end. I didn't have a front axle, so I took an oleo strut off of one of my airplanes, stuck it out and split the scissors, and steered with the front wheel of an airplane.... We ran it at Akron at the drags. It would only go 80 mph flat out.... It really was a gooped up mess."

Since all the brothers had in the way of paint was green paint for Oliver farm tractors,

that's what was used on the cars. One car was nicknamed the "Green Monster," and the name stuck with him. Most of his cars would bear this name, even if they weren't actually green.

Unhappy, yet undaunted with the slow speed of the first Monster, the three brothers went back to the barn in the winter.

They decided that sheer brute force was the key to winning races. Their bread and butter, no-nonsense approach to practical engineering resulted in a very unorthodox design. Their vision evolved into a two-ton behemoth with a 1,710 cubic-inch, supercharged, 12-cylinder Allison engine that generated over 1,500 horsepower. Not only was the engine fast and powerful, its block was made of aluminum and therefore, it was relatively lightweight.

Allisons had been developed to power Mustang P-51 aircraft during World War II. Being that it was almost a decade after the gigantic military build-up in American firepower, there was a huge surplus of Allisons. The Arfons brothers were the first to put one into a car. "You could buy them for \$35," Art says, "and you couldn't even buy a magneto for \$100 at that time."

When an Allison was hooked up to a car, it became a tire-burning beast, especially with the centrifugal supercharger on top of it all. Now they had to make a chassis and drive train that could handle the engine. The power from the engine went through a gear set from an

army tank and then to the clutch. They were burning clutches left and right until they rectified the problem with an 11-disc, oil-immersed unit from a tugboat. They put dual rear tires on the Green Monster to handle the massive amounts of torque.

Total price for the utilitarian abomination that relied on thrust and stuck its tongue out at aerodynamics: \$500.

The engineering may have looked ludicrous on paper, but it worked on the drag strips. The result was a car so fast that the timers at the drag races disqualified the brothers.

"The first time we ran it," Art recounted, "it turned 132 mph in the quarter mile and they wouldn't give us the times because they thought their clocks were wacky. Our second run was an identical 132 mph, so they finally gave us the times."

The Arfons brothers proceeded to terrorize the competition with their ungainly, uncorked, piston-mashing Green Monster.

"It may have been the worst thing that ever happened to me," Art said jokingly, "because the first time out with this backyard mess we not only won that day, but we went near record times for then."

But it wasn't about the money. It was for the fun. The second year into drag racing, Art was making \$50 a week working for his parents. He also helped raise a family and built a house

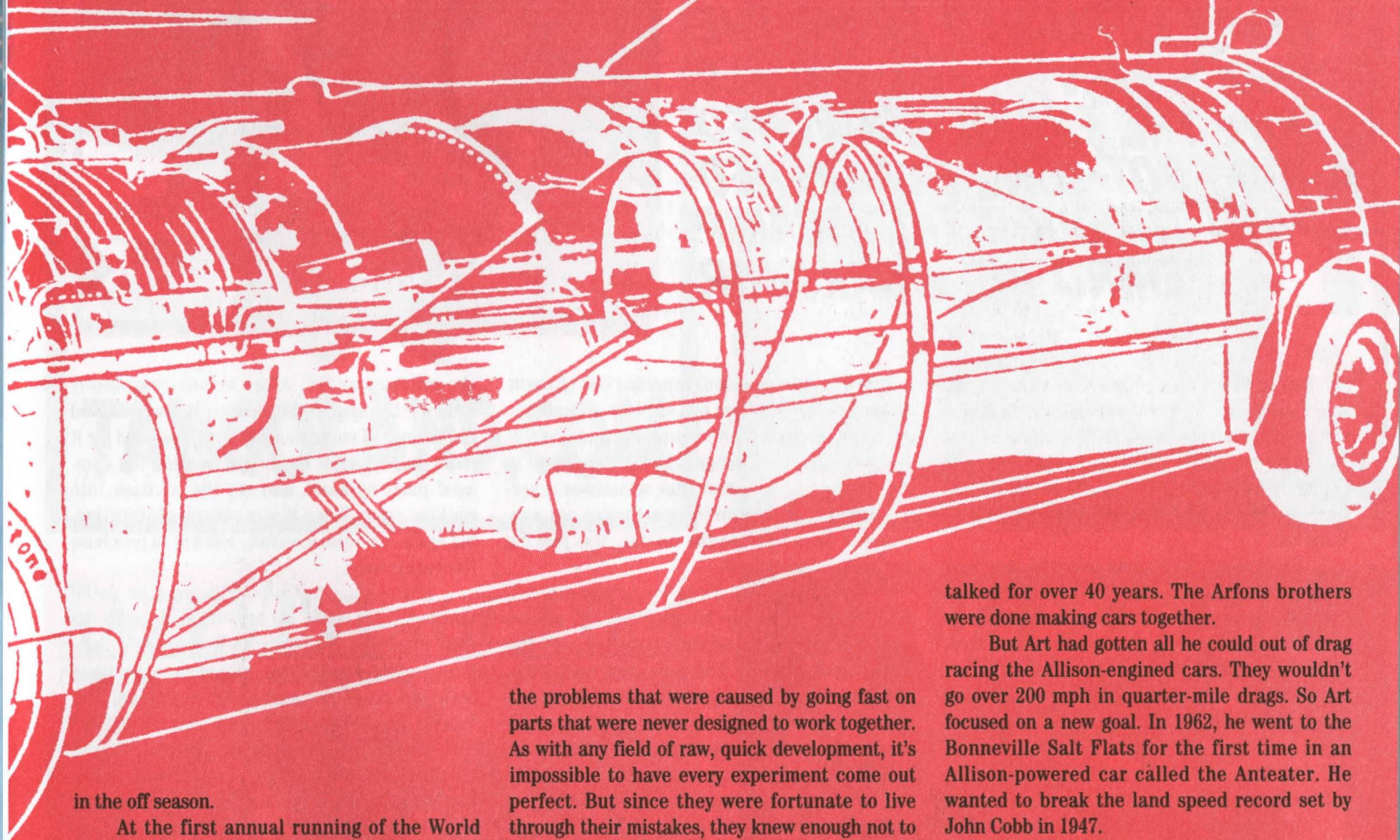


Real-Man Revisited

Art Arfons: Junkyard Genius

by Todd Taylor

The Arfons brothers' early cars looked feral and ran like they were infected with insanity. Right: The Allison-powered Green Monster. Allison had been used in Mustang P-51 aircraft during World War II. There was a huge surplus of Allison in the post-war years. The Arfons brothers were the first to put one into a car. "You could buy them for \$35," Art says, "and you couldn't even buy a magneto for \$100 at that time."



in the off season.

At the first annual running of the World Series of Drag racing in 1955, with a run of 151.35 mph, Art and his brothers took home a \$1,000 scholarship award and a gigantic trophy. The second car they had ever made, Green Monster II, set a world record its first official time out on the tracks.

An Illinois promoter, so taken by the Monster, promised \$500 for it to make an appearance. Trailer-less, the car was flat-towed over 300 miles to meet the engagement. In doing so, it was the first significant appearance money ever paid to a drag racer.

The Green Monster II went on to take three consecutive top speed National Championship titles, beginning in 1957—highlighted with its record-breaking 156.24 mph run in 1958 and ending with a blistering 172.08 mph in 1959. The Arfons brothers were also the first to run 180 mph in the quarter mile.

The Arfons brothers continuously tackled

the problems that were caused by going fast on parts that were never designed to work together. As with any field of raw, quick development, it's impossible to have every experiment come out perfect. But since they were fortunate to live through their mistakes, they knew enough not to repeat them. Art remembers a car named the Baloney Slicer. "I'm still carrying the scars. It almost killed me. I took a 1,000 horsepower air-cooled Ranger [airplane] engine, stuck it backwards in a frame and put a prop on it." From the rear, the car looked like a swamp buggy, and it ended up acting like one. "I ran it at the drags, but the dang thing got off the ground at Chester, South Carolina, in 1957 and did 14 end-over-ends with me on the front of it." Art shrugs it off. Experience is a brutal, but effective teacher.

The first several Green Monsters were joint Arfons brothers affairs. Dale dropped out of racing shortly after. For years following, Art and Walt made dragster after dragster together.

Then, one day, Art and Walt stopped working together. Walt was sponsored by Goodyear and Art was sponsored by Firestone. Art says that this started a rift between them. Although they had shops side by side in Akron, they rarely

talked for over 40 years. The Arfons brothers were done making cars together.

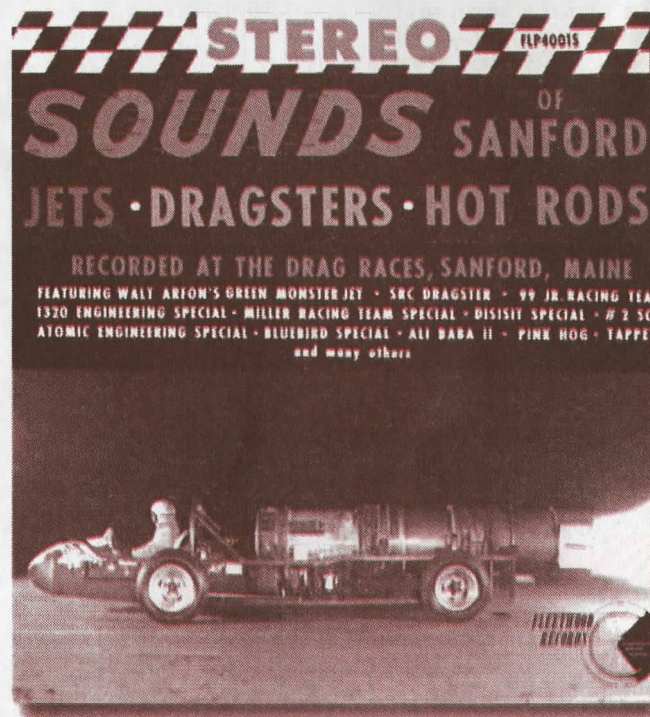
But Art had gotten all he could out of drag racing the Allison-engined cars. They wouldn't go over 200 mph in quarter-mile drags. So Art focused on a new goal. In 1962, he went to the Bonneville Salt Flats for the first time in an Allison-powered car called the Anteater. He wanted to break the land speed record set by John Cobb in 1947.

Although he didn't break Cobb's record of 369.70 mph, Art inadvertently set the record for open wheel/open cockpit cars at 342.88 mph—a record that is still in the books today.

Art started seriously poking around for a new power plant. Since many of the jet planes that had been developed directly after W.W.II were being mothballed, a jet engine could be bought cheap. He picked up a J-47, which was originally designed to for the North American XF-86 Sabre fighter jet. It only cost him \$400.

The price was right, but the power of unknown thrust potential and getting elbow-deep inside an engine that could blow his workshop sky-high made Art a little nervous. "I'd never seen one, never touched one until I got it. Matter of fact, I didn't really know what the engine would do when it was fired the first time. I had my first jet engine for a month before I had

HE CHAINED THE ENGINE BETWEEN TWO TREES OUTSIDE OF HIS SHOP AND TEST FIRED IT. WHEN HE HIT THE AFTERBURNER, AN OLD CHICKEN COOP 200 FEET AWAY EXPLODED FROM THE SHOCK WAVES. THE FLAMES FROM THE ENGINE SCORCHED A 100 FOOT-LONG BLACKENED PATH THROUGH THE SWAMP BEHIND HIS WORKSHOP.



the guts to pull it apart. I got it out of a can and it had more hydraulic lines and gizmos on it than you would believe. I didn't think I could ever do it. I took everything off and only put back the things it absolutely had to have—such as oil lines, fuel lines, and ignition—and that blasted thing ran."

He chained the engine between two trees outside his shop and test fired it. When he hit the afterburner, an old chicken coop 200 feet away exploded from the shock waves. The flames from the engine scorched a 100-foot-long blackened path through the swamp behind his workshop. (After several years, the swamp disappeared because Art and Walt would separately test fire their cars out the back bay doors, drying up the wetlands.)

Art was officially in the jet racing business.

He couldn't wait to race with the J-47 and in 1963, with a car named Cyclops, he set the world's drag record, jetting the quarter mile at 238 mph in Wingdale, New York. On the drag circuit, in Oswego, New York, traffic on nearby US route 34 had to be stopped when Cyclops ran.

Most men would be happy with the jump in horsepower, but Art, in his studies, had learned of an even more powerful engine that was much harder to find. It was called the J-79. As he discovered more about it, his vision glowed as bright as the cones of flame tonguing out of an afterburner. He knew that if he could get his hands on that engine, he could finally make a serious bid for the land speed record.

He went on a quest. His networking with junkyards all over America was already strong

because he was constantly running out of parts, either by wearing them out or blowing them up. At every junk yard he visited, he told them if they ever got a J-79 engine in any condition, to give him a call. He knew that sometimes a person could luck into an engine they're not supposed to have because the military was junking one without knowing it.

Months passed. Then he received a call from a surplus yard in Miami. They had a damaged J-79, taken out of commission due to foreign object damage. The junk man wasn't too sure how he got the engine. He'd bid on a binful of stuff and it was in the middle of it. Art drove down and looked it over. The engine wasn't completely lunched. He figured it could be repaired.

He bought the engine and brought it back to Ohio. The J-79, which had cost the government over a quarter of a million dollars to make, set Art back \$5,000. He became the first civilian to own one.

Arfons then called General Electric, the makers of the engine, in an attempt to procure a repair manual. GE was incredulous and didn't believe that he actually had the engine. He slowly convinced them. Their response was a threat; give up the engine. Art wouldn't budge.

Two days after the phone call, an air force colonel from Washington showed up at Art's barn door and saw the engine first-hand. "That's a classified engine," he said, "and you can't legally own it." As with any argument under dispute, Art simply showed the man his receipt. The colonel stormed out. For reasons unknown, that would be the last visit face-to-face visit from

the military or GE. After Arfons completely stripped the engine, he cleaned it and removed 250 pounds of controls that weren't needed for it to be used as a car engine. He remade the damaged parts by hand, and got the jet back into working order. When it was completely functioning again, GE unsuccessfully lobbied to purchase the engine back.

Although independent, it must be noted that Art didn't make his cars all alone after the split with Walt. His crew, over the years, comprised of Ed Snyder, his long-time, right-hand man and chief mechanic, Art's protégé, E.J. Potter, Nyles "Pop" Groff, a 60-year-old painter who walked unknowingly into Arfons's Akron shop one day, and Charley Mayenschein, a civilian jet engine technician. They all had the tacit understanding that if Arfons did win the land speed record, they would receive a minimal salary for their hard work. Sure, money was a factor to contend with, but it was a mildly restrictive nuisance instead of the team's ultimate goal.

"I wasn't a very good businessman," Arfons states simply, "I built cars."

Art Arfons never spent a lot of time drumming up sponsors to finance his land speed record attempts. Instead of drawing up fancy diagrams and concocting pitches to large oil and automotive companies, Art and Ed hammered at metal and constructed the framework to the Green Monster.

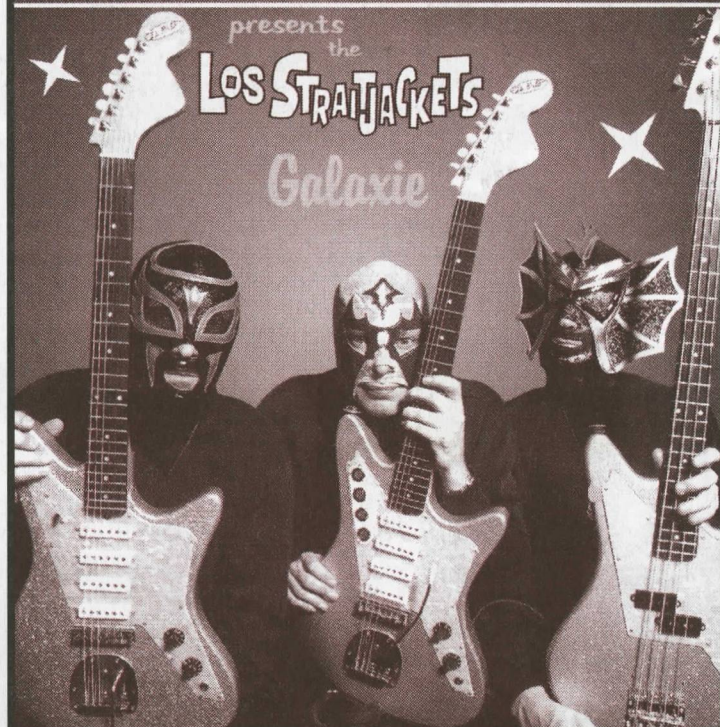
Over a full year, building it at a 12-hours-a-day, 7-days-a-week pace, they built fundamentally everything on the 6,500 pound car, body and all, with the exception of the wheels and tires.

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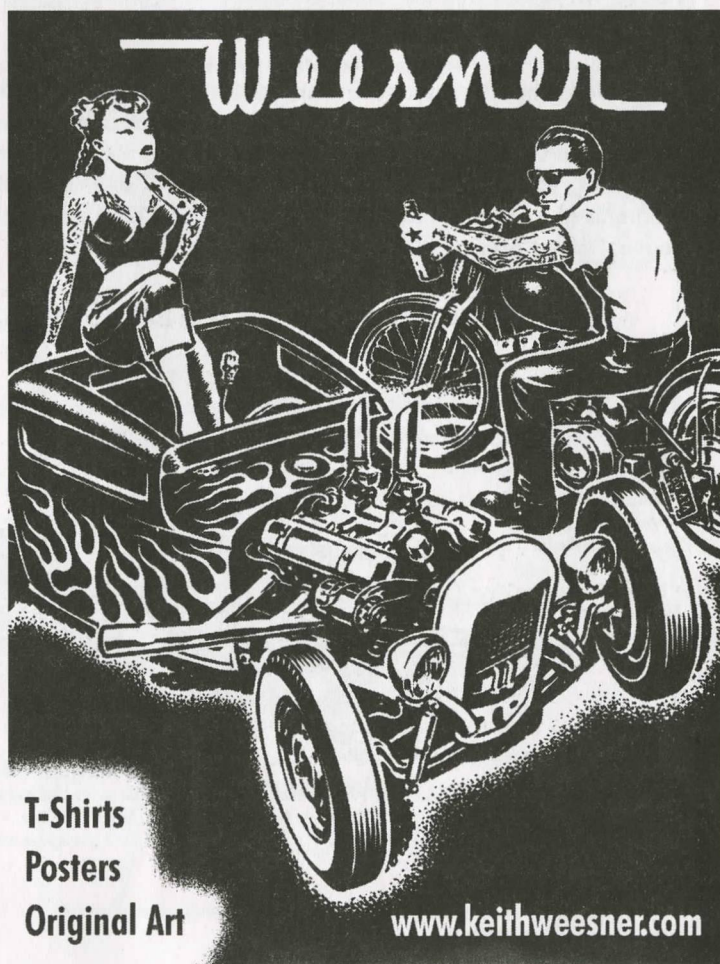
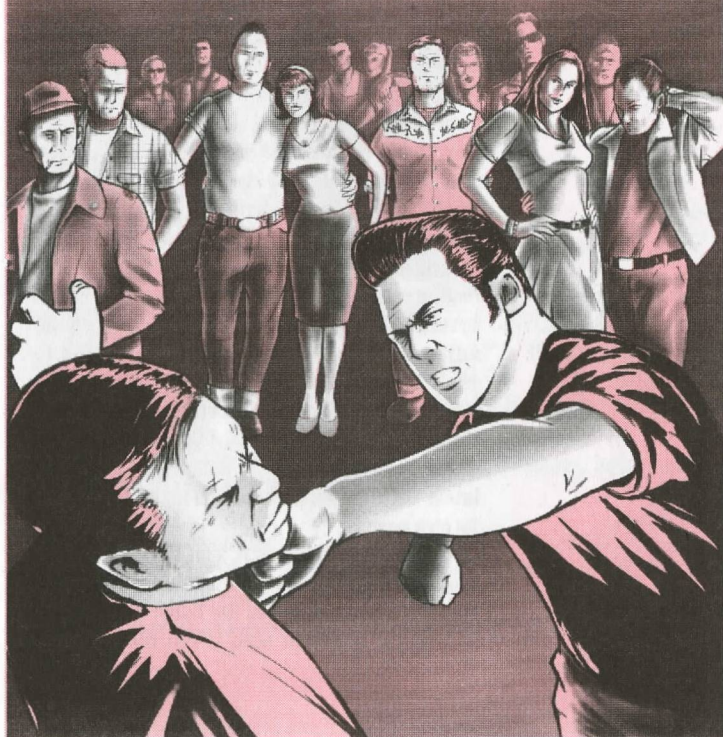


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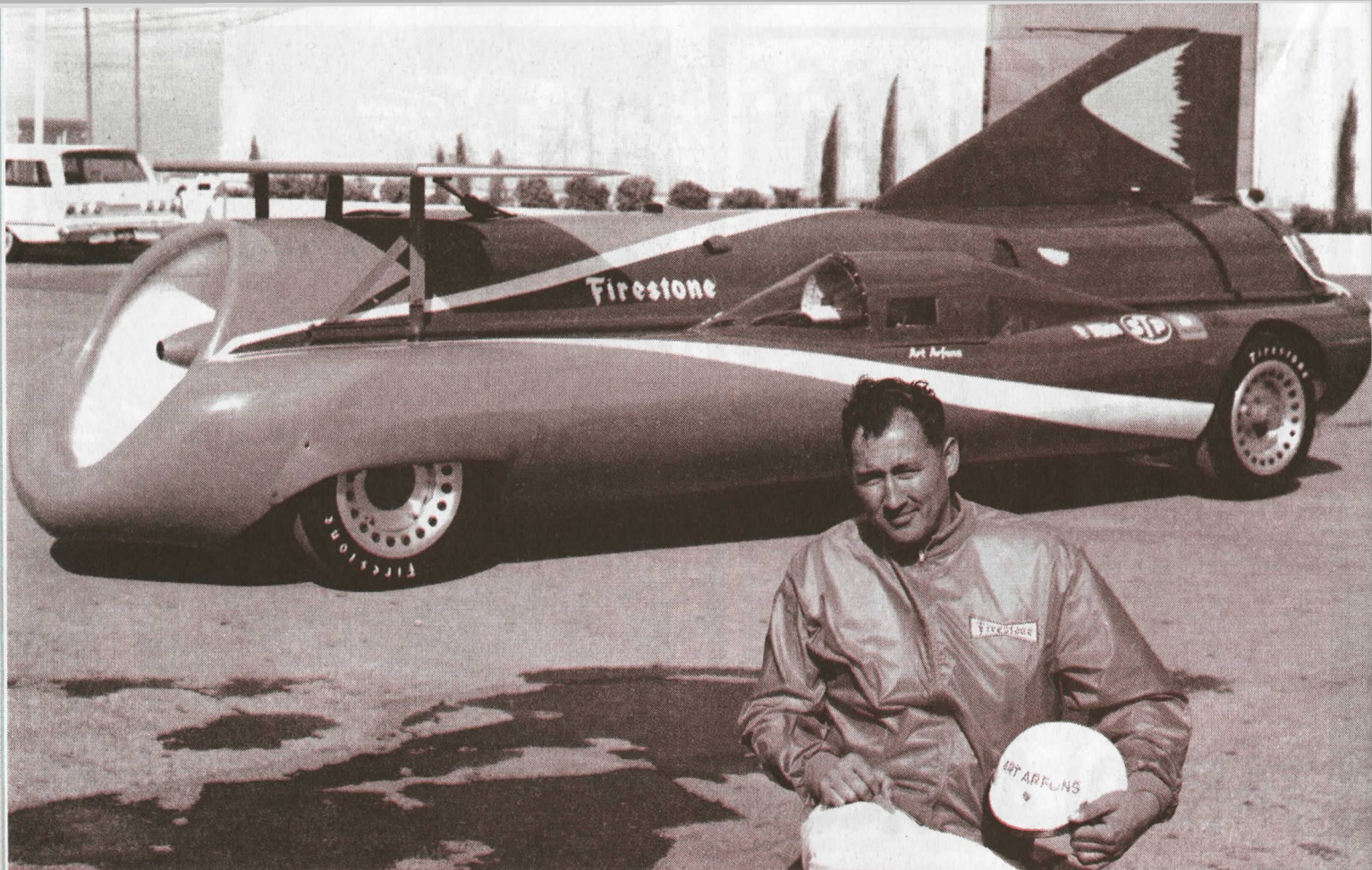
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Above: Art Arfons with the Green Monster at a Firestone facility. (Photo courtesy of the Firestone Corporation)

Below: The schematics for the Green Monster. Although there was plenty of complicated engineering involved, the basic concept is quite clear—cozy your keester right up against a jet engine and go fast as hell. If you linked up 50 big-block V8s, you still wouldn't have as much power as this car. Arfons drew up diagrams and blueprints for the cars after they had been built, not before. (Image courtesy of Art Arfons)

SCHEMATIC VIEW OF ART ARFONS'S "GREEN MONSTER" 17,500 HP JET ENGINE

LEGEND

1. Supersonic probe
2. Air intake
3. Variable pitch stators
4. Air over oil chassis
5. Temp. amplifier control
6. Wing
7. Hydraulic cylinder
8. 17 stage compressor
9. Exhaust for bearing cooling air

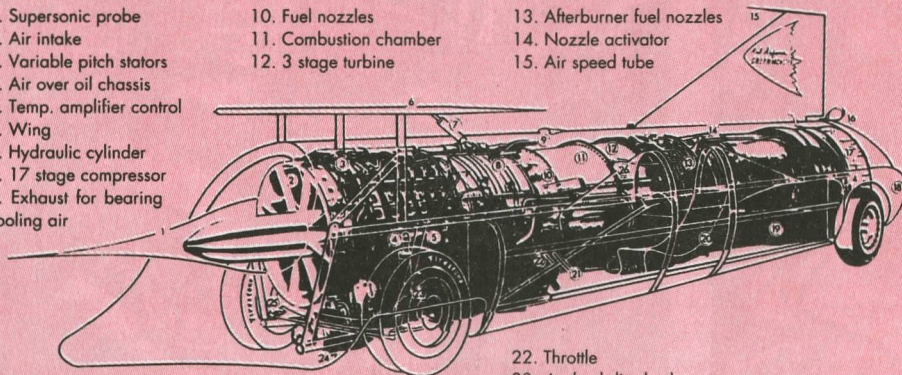
10. Fuel nozzles
11. Combustion chamber
12. 3 stage turbine

13. Afterburner fuel nozzles
14. Nozzle activator
15. Air speed tube

16. Chute attachments
17. Burner nozzles
18. Chute compartments

19. Afterburner
20. Reclining seat
21. Brake

22. Throttle
23. 4 wheel disc brakes
24. Gear box for fuel pumps and controls
25. Truck king pins
26. 3/8 plexiglass windshield



They were both furnished by Firestone.

During that year, the ever-resourceful Art, after looking at an intricate metal-forming machine that sold for \$10,000, got his hands on the blueprints of the machine. He then made one for himself for \$36. To raise money, Art ran in weekly dragstrip appearances.

"Art's system is simple," Ed said, "If it's needed, find it. If it can't be found, build it."

When the team placed the jet engine in the body of the Green Monster, it instantly became the most powerful engine ever mounted in any kind of car. The J-79 jet engine could deliver over 15,000 pounds of thrust.

When he started the engine for the first time in the car, it shrieked, and for miles around, windows rattled. There was initially a gaggle of spectators standing around. The engine ran very quickly up to idle and sent the bystanders running across the road and up an adjacent hill. They thought it was going to explode. Art knew better. He just stood back, soaked in the flames and vibrations, and smiled. He knew he had an honest-to-goodness chance at the land speed record. And, at that time, this latest Green Monster hadn't rolled a foot under its own power.

The Bonneville Salt Flats are 135 miles wide and 325 miles long—roughly as big as Lake Michigan. Bonneville has the honor of being the site where the most land speed records have

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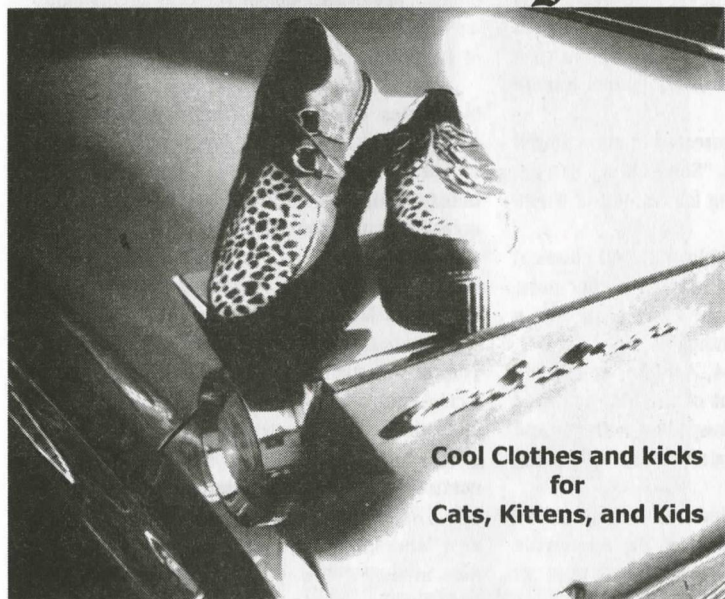
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been broken.

The bottom of an ancient lake, it is still submerged in water most of the year. During the summer, when the water evaporates, a rejuvenated layer of salt allows for greater speeds than are possible on dirt, concrete or tarmac. Perhaps its greatest asset is that the hardness of the salt ensures that if a car should take a high-speed tumble, the tires are less likely to dig in. The energy is dissipated in a long, high-velocity slide. So, the flats are big, relatively safe, grippy, and very fast.

On August 5, 1963, Craig Breedlove rolled the three-wheeled Spirit of America onto the flats, and with a speed of 407.447 mph, ushered

speed record for financial solvency—breaking the record in and of itself brings no purse.

"When everyone asks right off how much money the record will be worth to me, I've got to laugh," Arfons said, "The only thing I've realized so far is a free set of brakes from Airheart."

So why do it? Why did he have the almost desperate need to go fast, to bring the power of engines designed for supersonic flight to inches off the ground? His family members, in glimpses, display the bitterness and resignation, as well as the pride of supporting and being involved with someone with such an undiluted will.

His wife June is ultimately, at a loss: "I

who just came up, wheeled his car off his trailer, and ran for the record."

Craig Breedlove is a bit of a dandy and he considered Art "sometimes a little crude." Breedlove, although not coming out directly and saying it, considered Art and Walt (both on the salt with their own land speed record cars) as backwoods hicks and reviled the unscientific method in which their cars were made.

Art's achievement frustrated Breedlove even more because he knew that Arfons had built the fastest car in the world from once discarded junk. The land speed record was now held by a car comprised of a Dodge army truck rear axle, the stock front end of a Dodge truck, a Packard steering assembly, and bits and pieces of a Cadillac. Art had correctly gambled on the idea that the 15,000+ pounds of thrust (three times what Spirit of America could produce) would win out, no matter how pretty and aerodynamically sound Breedlove's car was.

Breedlove had to finally concede he was up against a formidable opponent. "With power like that, Art would be able to break the record driving the motel building."

Eight days later, on October 13, 1964, Craig Breedlove topped the Green Monster by over thirty miles per hour, and clocked a 468.719 mph run. Breedlove would better his own speed by being the first man to travel over 500 miles per hour on land, hitting 526.277 mph on October 15, 1964. At this speed, Breedlove could have outrun a .45 caliber bullet shot at him.

The salt had been freshly dragged and gone through the meticulous, hours-long visual inspection. Between Breedlove's record setting runs, in Art's first attempt to break 500 miles per hour, the Monster's right rear tire blew out. Arfons popped his chute, stayed on course, and stopped smoothly. The car was only slightly damaged but needed to return to Akron to be worked on properly.

Re-assembled by the focused pool of master mechanics, the Monster was fixed, better than ever. Arfons returned to the salt in the same month for the final time that year. He was cool before a big run, as always, and steered with quiet determination.

Near the end of his second run, with the shadow of his previous disaster hanging over him, the Green Monster blew a tire as the car's air speed indicator was reading in excess of 550 mph. The car was slightly damaged, and in the process, a chute was released. It failed. Art remained calm and collected. His steely nerve and expert driving skills enabled him to keep the Monster under control through the end of the run.

His two-way run yielded 536.71 mph—a new land speed record. Arfons had covered a mile in six seconds. He had bettered Breedlove once again.

For 16 years, no driver had been able to beat John Cobb's land speed record of 394.20 mph. In the span of a mere 25 days, the title had

Art Arfons continued on page 39

ONE EVENING, BREEDLOVE AND ARFONS, WALKING AROUND THE BACK OF THEIR HOTEL, HAPPENED UPON ONE ANOTHER.

ART LOOKED TO BREEDLOVE AND ASKED, "DO YOU INTEND TO COME BACK AND KEEP UP THIS GAME OF RUSSIAN ROULETTE WHERE WE GO BACK AND FORTH UNTIL ONE OF US GETS KILLED AND THAT'S THE END OF IT?"

"YEAH, I GUESS SO, ART."

"OKAY, THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW."

in a new era of jet-driven cars. Up until that point, most of the cars at Bonneville had been wheel-driven automobiles. Instead of relying on a piston-driven engine, Breedlove's car relied on jet turbine thrust for power. He used the wheels to merely steer and apply traction to the ground.

Breedlove boasted, "The salt flats belong to me." And, for a year, they did.

Breedlove approached racing in an almost opposite way from Arfons. He'd first been sponsored at the age of 21. At 23, Shell handed him a \$75,000 sponsorship. Breedlove rarely had any money of his own, didn't know how to work on his own jet engines, and The Spirit of America was unveiled at the Beverly Hills Country Club. When Spirit of America was rolled out to Utah, its entourage of engineers, public relations men, and crew was so massive it took 21 rooms to house them all.

Total cost of the car: \$100,000. It was ten times what Art had put into the Green Monster. Art's Green Monster cost less than a 1964 Cadillac Fleetwood 75 limousine.

Instead of a corporate dog and pony show kicked off with slick scale models and hours-long presentations and ending with hundreds of thousands of corporate dollars, Art traded thousands upon thousands of man-hours to make his dream come to fruition. He wasn't chasing the land

don't know why he does it."

Dusty, his daughter, adds, "I don't understand it."

Art just shrugs. "I don't have a clue."

Like other great achievers, he was simply helpless to do otherwise—he had succumbed and had a complete lack of resistance to a powerful idea: to be the world's fastest human on land.

"I've always been interested in and enjoyed piano music," says Arfons, "Some things can get under your skin and going fast is one of them. Good music is another..."

"Like a violin player playing good classical music, he keeps trying to reach a higher note, and just when you think he's there, he hits a higher note. It's all-consuming."

On October 5, 1964, Arfons backed the Green Monster out of the old, modified school bus that transported both car and crew and won the land speed record title, going 434.22 mph.

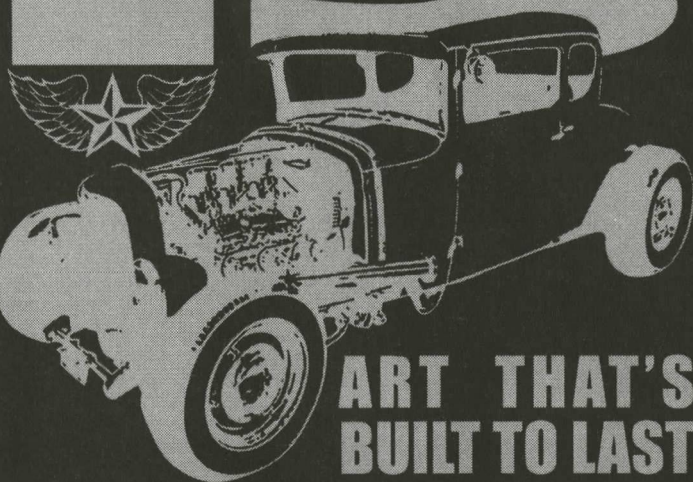
Breedlove was baffled by what he called Art's "happenstance attack" on the Bonneville Salt Flats because it was over in less than an hour—no fuss, no preening.

"I was tired of spending weeks on aerodynamic design and sophisticated systems," Breedlove puffed, "only to be blown off by Art,

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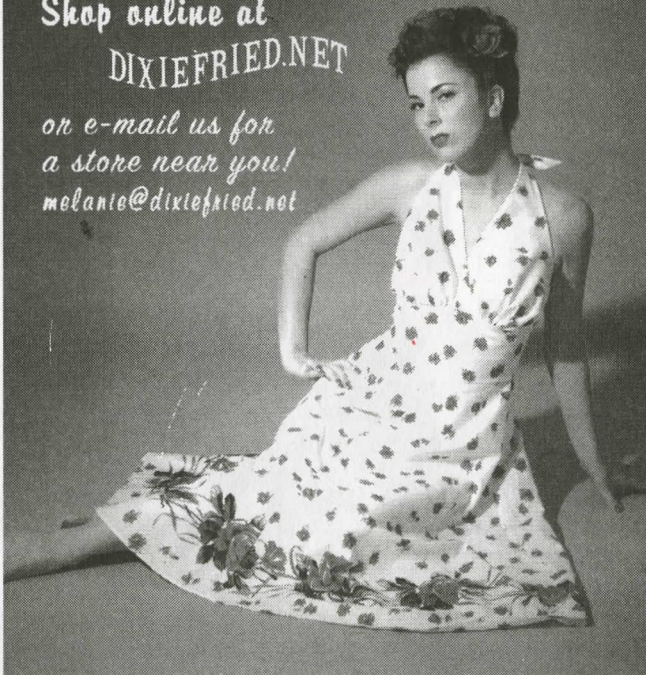


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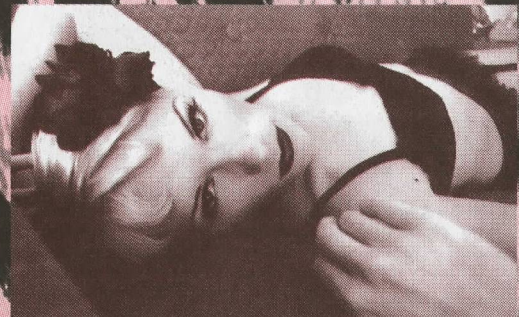




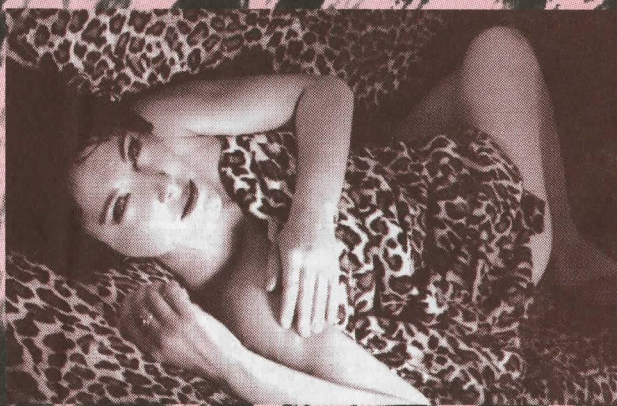
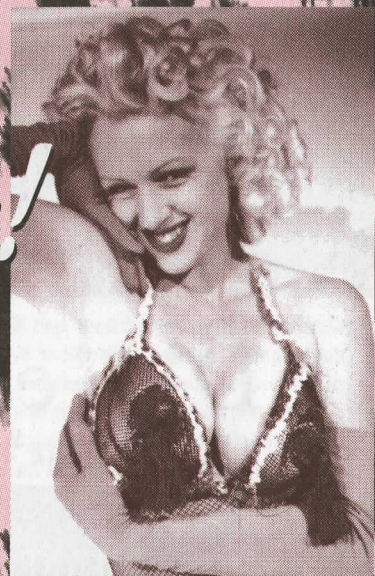
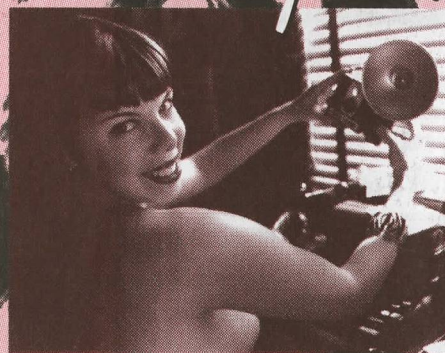
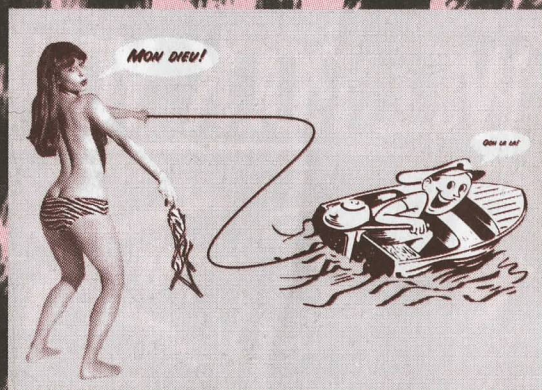
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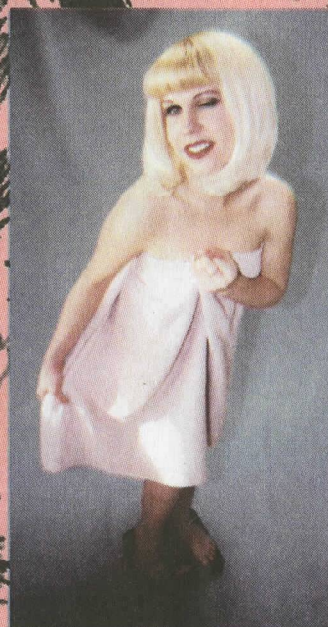
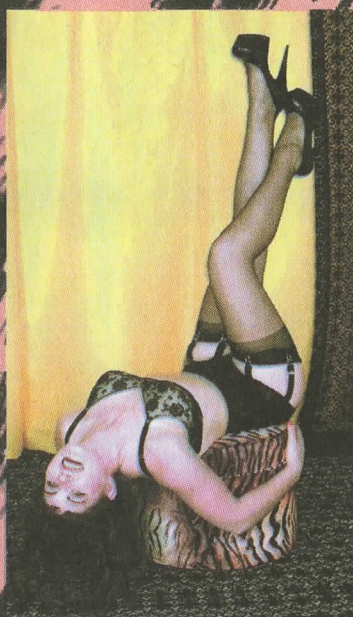
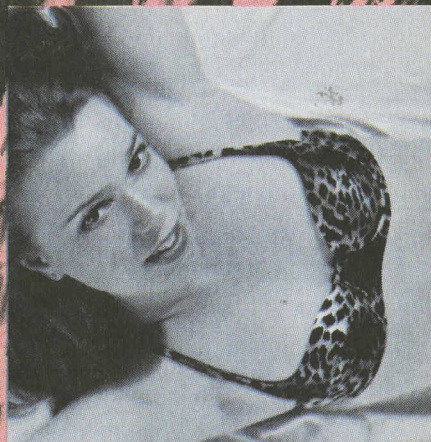
Since this magazine was started, over 40 lovely lasses, darling dames, kuruaceous kuties have graced the pages of our humble magazine. Sounds like it's time to raid the vaults and pay tribute to the girls and the photographers with...



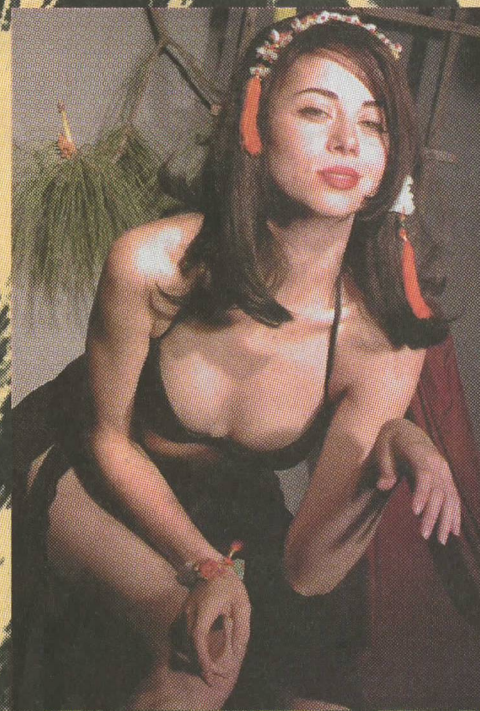
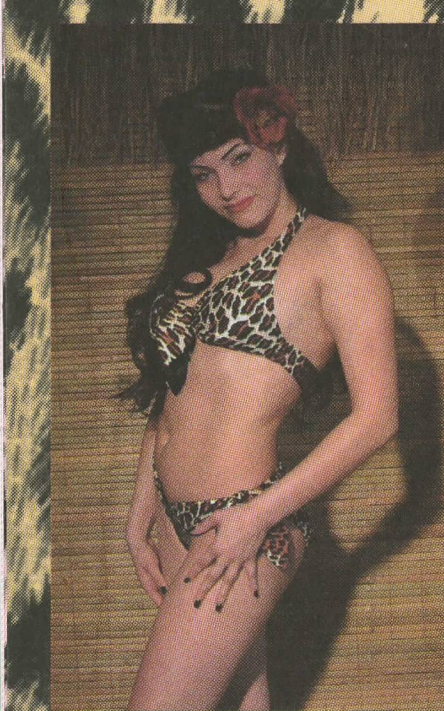
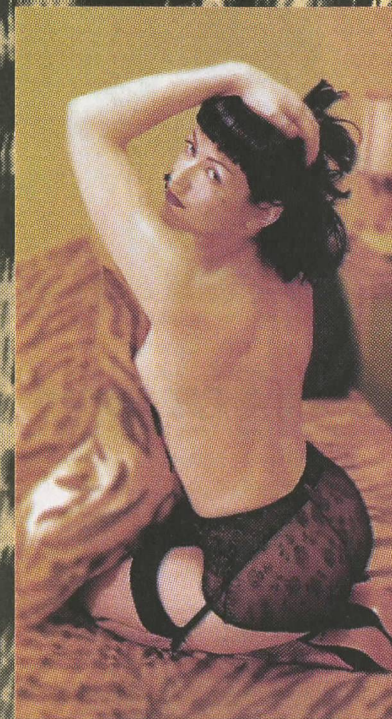
A Barracuda Girl Retrospective!



All photo descriptions are left to right, top to bottom, listed by pictorial title, issue of appearance and photographer: "Rock-A-Billie," issue 3, Ramona Rosales. "Wild West Filly," issue 3, Ramona Rosales. "Cooking With Sherry," issue 3, Reggie Casagrande. "Honolulu Honey," issue 4, Ramona Rosales. "Bad Girls Are People, Too," issue 4, Ramona Rosales. "Which Does A Gentleman Really Prefer?", issue 4, Ramona Rosales. "Fifi Visits The French Riviera," issue 5, Abby Gennet. "Hold The Presses," issue 5, Ramona Rosales. "Va-Va-Va-Vroom! It's Kitten DeVille!", issue 5, Ramona Rosales. "Burn, Hollywood, Burn," issue 6, Paget Brewster. "Is It Art Yet?", issue 6, Julie Pavlowski. "The Happy Homewrecker," issue 6, Paget Brewster.



"Squeaky Clean!", issue 7, Julie Pavlowski. "Reading [Barracuda] Is Fundamental!", issue 7, Kevin Burke. "Queen Of The B's!", issue 7, cover photo shown by Jeff Fox, pictorial photos by Harry Langdon. "She's Only A Cartoonist's Granddaughter, But She Sure Is Well-Drawn!", issue 8, Julie Pavlowski. "Dial 'D' for Dita!", issue 8, cover photo shown by Jeff Fox, pictorial photos by Ramon Estrada and Sean McCall. "The Camper Queen!", issue 8, Julie Pavlowski. "Oh, Canada!", issue 9, Roy DesPingres. "You Don't Have To Be A Rocket Scientist To Be A Barracuda Girl," issue 9, Jeff Fox. "Hot Rod Girl!", issue 9, Julie Pavlowski. "Darling Kate!", issue 10, Hubby. "Lefty Lucy: Girl Mechanic!", issue 10, Jeff Fox. "Scarlette Fever!", issue 10, Paget Brewster.



"Wash Away All Your Guilt With Cardinal Sin!", issue 11, Paget Brewster. "She's A Drop-Dead Cutie!", issue 11, Roy DesPingres. "All-American Girl!", issue 11, Julie Pavlowski. "Lights, Camera, Augusta!", issue 12, Paget Brewster. "Play Me A Melody!", issue 12, Paget Brewster. "Muy Bonita!", issue 12, Julie Pavlowski. "Sea Shelly!", issue 12, Paget Brewster. "Mamie Van Edsel!", issue 12, Paget Brewster. "What's Cookin', Good Lookin'?", issue 13, Thomas M. Burns III.

"A Shake In The Grass!", issue 14, Paget Brewster. "Queen Of The Junkyard," issue 14, Paget Brewster. "Good Golly, Miss Molly!", issue 14, Paget Brewster. "Bird Watching!", issue 15, Don Parker. "Fifi Le Donk!", issue 15, Paget Brewster. "So You Want To Be A Barracuda Girl...", issue 15, Paget Brewster. "Someone's In The Kitchen With Dinah!", issue 16, Paget Brewster. "Life On The Other Side Of The Lens!", issue 16, Don Spiro. "She's A Briny Beauty!", issue 16, Paget Brewster.





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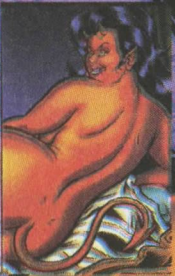
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A Study Of The Thermodynamic Efficacy Of Portable Beverage-Insulation Devices OR "DO BEER COZIES WORK?" BY SMITTY SAEUFER

It can be difficult to embrace using a beer cozy. It's like wearing gloves while working on your car. Sure, the benefits are obvious. But something gets lost. It's like a middleman gets positioned in between the beautifully uncomplicated relationship between man and can o' beer.

But while on vacation last summer, I decided to try out a beer cozy in an effort to keep a chill on my beer during a particularly hot day. As I drank my beer, each time I took a sip, the beer was much cooler than I had anticipated it would be. Much to my surprise, the beer cozy I used appeared to not only make a difference, it appeared to make a significant difference!

But despite all of my excitement, I reserved my official judgement on the matter, even if the physics that would make a beer cozy work were apparent and seemed quite simple to me. A beer cozy around a beer is a simple matter of insulation that inhibits the transfer of heat from your hand or the air to your cold beer. This is the same principle as the fiberglass insulation in the walls of your house or the styro-foam inside a thermos.

But my perception of a cooler-than-average beer was, at that point, nonetheless strictly anecdotal. It was a hot day and I was, after all, drinking beer. A beer or two has been known to skew senses and perceptions just a little bit.

The beer cozy's worthiness would need to be borne out with scientific analysis before it could be endorsed. Only through rigorous clinical trials in the controlled environment of the Barracuda Consumer Product Testing Labs would we be able to collect empirical data that would prove whether or not beer cozies actually are effective.

For our first clinical trial, we took two beers and chilled them side-by-side to a temperature of 49°. We put one in a beer cozy and left one uncozied and placed them in a constant environment of 79° (we left them sit in the shade on and average day). The temperature of the beers was checked at 10-minute intervals over a

90-minute period and then compared.

At the end of the first interval, the cozied beer was already cooler than the non-cozied beer. The cozied beer was only 53°, while the other beer was 55.8°.

During the normal consumption of beer, there is a factor of body heat transfer from hand to can that was not addressed in the first clinical trial. We felt it was necessary to also test the beer cozy with a constant heat source directly applied to the test beer, just like in a normal beer drinking environment.

To get results that more closely match real-world results, ideally, we would have conducted the second series with a test subject holding a beer in their hand. However, we were faced with the problem that our original tests were measured over a 90-minute period. In order to be able to properly compare results, our second trial would need to be run over the same period of time. No one available was interested in holding a beer for 90 minutes without drinking it. So we opted, instead, to run the second series of tests using the hot sun as the constant heat source.

We felt this was an appropriate test, as we were trying to demonstrate the efficacy of cozies in general. We were not necessarily trying to show exact temperature changes in real life situations. There are too many variables, such as amount of beer consumed and body temperature combined with climate temperature. This needed to be in a controlled environment for the data from the different tests to be comparable.

For the second trial, we used two identical beers, chilled to 44° and left them in the direct sun for 90 minutes, checking their progress at 10-minute intervals. Once again, starting at the first interval, the cozied beer was maintaining its low temperature much more than the non-cozied beer. Whereas the first interval of shaded beers showed a variance of 2.8°, in the second trial, the cozied beer was a full 4° cooler than its uncozied counterpart. At the end of 20 minutes in the hot sun, the cozied beer was a significant

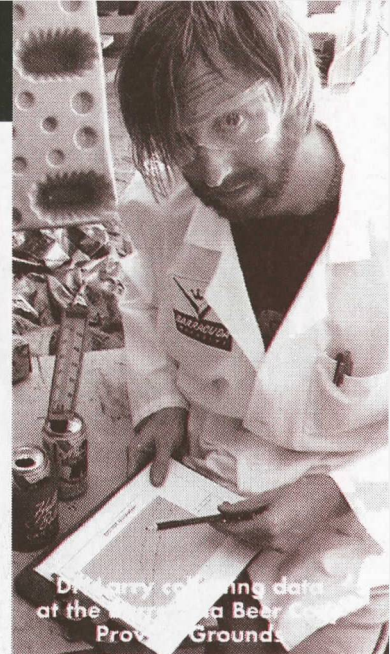
9° cooler than the uncozied beer.

The most noticeable difference in the rate of change in temperature between cozied and non-cozied beer occurs in the first 20 minutes after removal

from the refrigerator. In this time interval, the ratio of the slopes (between non-cozied and cozied beer) is 1.56 in the shade and 1.60 in direct sunlight. Non-cozied beer increases its temperature 58% more rapidly on average than cozied beer over this critical time period. Beyond the 20 minute mark, the ratio of the slopes approach unity, implying little difference in the rate of change in temperature between cozied and non-cozied beer.

Another way of measuring the efficacy of the device is by comparing the length of time in minutes at which the beer reaches an unpalatable temperature, both with and without a cozy. Assuming that a temperature of 65° is unpalatable, then a cozied beer in the shade takes twice as long to reach this point than the non-cozied beer (60 minutes vs. 30 minutes). In direct sunlight, it takes 1.6 times as long to reach this point than the non-cozied beer (30 minutes vs. 18 minutes). The value of the cozy is apparent, both in the shade and in direct sunlight.

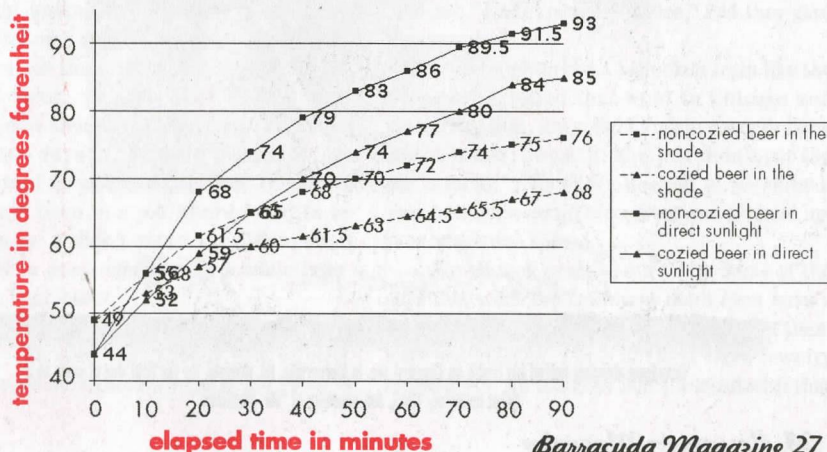
It is our sincere hope that you are able to apply the knowledge here to your own life. All we ask is that our research be used for the betterment of mankind and not for evil purposes.



time elapsed	uncozied beer temp. (shade)	cozied beer temp. (shade)	uncozied beer temp. (sun)	cozied beer temp. (sun)
0	49	49	44	44
10	55.8	53	56	52
20	61.5	57	68	59
30	65	60	74	65
40	68	61.5	79	70
50	70	63	83	74
60	72	64.5	86	77
70	74	65.5	89.5	80
80	75	67	91.5	84
90	76	68	93	85

RAW DATA

BEER CHILL LOSS ANALYSIS AND COMPARISON



Riding The Rails

STORIES FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF RAILROAD TRAVEL
BY GRANDPOP JACK



TICKET COLLECTOR - 1943

Grandpop standing behind his house on Concord Ave. in Mercerville, NJ, dressed for his first day of work as a ticket collector, 1943. Job courtesy of "Mr. Matthews."

Before I started working on the railroad, I was delivering milk for Borden's in Trenton. Things were starting to go bad because of the war. The government was taking all the cream and butter and things like that we had to sell. That meant that we only had milk left, which wouldn't make any profit.

Instead of daily deliveries to the houses, the company was going to change to every other day. People just didn't have big enough ice boxes or refrigerators in those days to go on every other day. Then the company was talking about making deliveries every third day. So, I decided that was the time to get out of there.

I figured the railroad was the business to be in in those times. I had heard from one of my milk customers that they hired on the fifth floor at the company office in Jersey City. When I got on the train to Jersey City to try to get a job, it was the first time I had ridden on the train in years.

On the trip over, I met another fella that was trying to get a job on the railroad. We got off the train in Jersey City and there must have been 2,000 people in line! I said to a guy standing in line, "What's this line?"

He said, "We're waiting in line to get jobs on the railroad."

If I got in that line, I wouldn't get into the office for five days, let alone get a job. Finally, I said to the kid, "Come on with me."

So, we went over and we walked right in the front door. I knew they were hiring on the fifth floor, so we started walking towards the elevator. The guard in there says, "No, you gotta get to the end of the line."

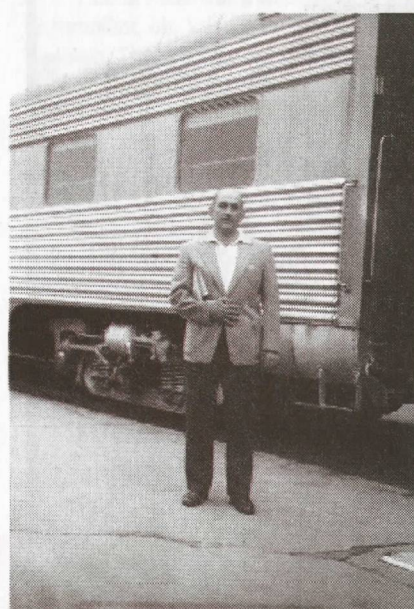
"Not us," I said, "We work for the railroad. We have to go up to the sixth floor to see Mr. Matthews," which is a name I just picked out of the air.

He said, "Oh, O.K."

So, we got on the elevator. We're going up and I'm making a lot of bugaboo speeches to this other fella to let me do the talking and all that. We got dropped off at the sixth floor. As soon as the elevator came back, we took it down to the



Grandpop with another trainman, Harvey Wardell (left) in 1952. And looking sharp in street duds, 1959.



"Railroad men were rough, crude guys in those days. They didn't want to get dressed up and stuff like that."

fifth floor. It was one of those elevators that didn't have an enclosure. Everything was open—it was all lattice work made out of metal, so you could hear what was going on in the offices. Just as we got to the fifth floor I heard a guy say, "I need ten freight brakemen for Trenton."

We wanted to be firemen so we could be engineers, but I said to the kid, "How about a freight brakeman's job? You want that?"

He said, "Let's go."

So, we went in and the guy was just starting to sit down. He says, "Who are you?"

I told him, "We're two of the freight brakemen you wanted for Trenton."

"How the hell'd you get up here so fast?"

"Well, we were going to hire out as firemen, but they don't have any openings, so I heard you say you needed freight brakemen for Trenton."

"O.K.," he said, "Sit down and fill out the application."

So, we were the first two hired that day.

That was in 1941. You had to go into freight service before you could go into passenger service. To get into passenger service, they took freight brakemen according to seniority. But the older men didn't want to go into passenger service, so that left it wide open for the younger element.

Railroad men were rough, crude guys in those days. They didn't want to get dressed up and stuff like that. Of course, I had always been in a job where I had to be dressed up, so it didn't make any difference. I transferred to passenger service a while later. That's how I got into it.

The youngest men got assigned to undesirable jobs—the ones that nobody else wanted. Because everyone wanted a regular job close to

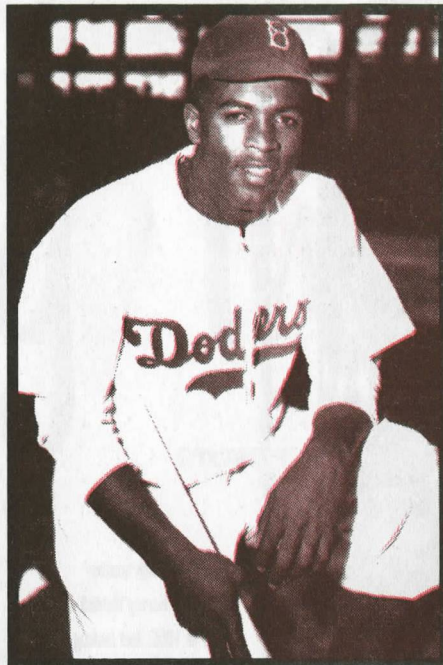
home, they didn't want to work what was called "the extra list." I got assigned to Chestnut Hill. I had to leave the house at about quarter of five in the morning, catch a train out of Trenton and dead head to North Philadelphia, get off there, catch another train to Chestnut Hill and then work up there all day long. I finally got home at about 6:30 or 7:00 at night. And that was a *real* paying job. I made \$6.97 a day for that—for that long of a day. The first raise we got, boy, we thought we were in heaven. We got raised from \$6.97 to \$7.11.

But then, as they started hiring more men, I exercised my seniority to try to get near home like at Trenton. But there were too many men in Trenton that were ahead of me. So, I had to work the extra list out of New York. So, I worked out of New York until I built up enough seniority to hold myself a regular job.

Working on the train was a prestige job back then. They wouldn't take you unless you stood at least 5' 9" or 5' 10". They stood you up against the wall and measured you. Back before I started, if the conductor didn't like your looks, he'd say, "I want somebody else," and they gave him somebody else.

When you worked a high-class train like the Broadway Limited that went to Chicago and places like that, if you didn't come down dressed and polished, forget it. You just didn't get the job. I mean, your shoes needed to be shined, your buttons were all nice silver and cleaned up, your badge was shined.

We all took pride in our work. Some of the guys that work the train now don't even have a hat on. Some of them have beards, some of them have sunglasses, some of them have jewelry hanging out. All the guys that I worked with that



Sports greats of the day that Grandpop met on the train: Ken Kavanaugh (left) was always ready to buy a round of drinks, Jackie Robinson (middle) was shy, Emlen Tunnell (right) swore he'd reach out of his casket at his funeral and grab teammate Jim Katcavage.

are still working, they just can't wait to get out.

Working on the train, I would see a lot of ball players. They used to ride the train from New York to Philadelphia. They would take the train to games because you could get to New York faster by train than you could by going to the airport and catching a train from there.

I would see guys like Roy Campanella and Jackie Robinson on the train when they were playing with the Dodgers. This was right after Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier. I guess it was Larry Doby first, and then Jackie Robinson, but Jackie Robinson was the one that was most publicized. I think Jackie Robinson was a little shy with white people because his teammates over there, they treated him like dirt. But he just made it clear that he was going to stay. Roy Campanella was a real likable guy, too.

Then I had Stan Musial on the train one day and he was going from Philadelphia to New York. I guess they were probably going to play the Dodgers from Philadelphia and I was talking to him. I said, "Stan, you know, you're a nice guy. You never seem to get into any arguments. You ever have any trouble with the umpires or anything like that? The other guys are always screaming and fighting and kicking dirt on 'em."

He said, "No, I only had one argument. I was up to bat and the ump called a third strike on me. I just turned around and looked at him and said, 'Dusty, I think you missed that one,'

and he just looked back at me and said, 'Stan, if I had a bat, I wouldn't have.'"

Wilt Chamberlain, the basketball player, used to get on in New York when he was on the 76ers and go to Philly. His legs were so big, he couldn't sit in the coaches. The seats were too close together. So, he would always go in the parlor car, where he would have more room. The parlor car is the better part of the train. They only had 28 seats in the car and they had an attendant in there that took care of you. You got just a little more attention. It's like first class on an airline.

Anyway, he would always come up on me from an angle and tap me on the shoulder when I was loading the train because he wanted to know where the parlor cars were. When he touched me on the shoulder and I turned around, I was looking at his solar plexus and, boy, my head would snap up to look at him and he would stand there and laugh like hell. He'd say, "You know what I'm looking for."

I'd say, "Yeah, last car on the train." He was a real nice guy.

Then I had some football players, like Johnny Unitas. He was the quarterback for the Baltimore Colts, and Jim Katcavage. He was a defensive back for the New York Giants. Emlen Tunnell and Ken Kavanaugh played for the Giants, and later they were coaches.

This Emlen Tunnell, I think he had records with the Giants that still stand. He was real nice.

He used to ride many times with me from New York to Philadelphia and we'd sit down and have conversations, and the same with Kavanaugh. He always liked to go in Philadelphia and have a drink after we got in. Boy, he always wanted to buy.

Katcavage was a monster. They usually all were in those days. They were like 6' 4" or 6' 5" 250, 260 pounds. Katcavage told me one time they went to training camp and they were all there—Katcavage, Emlen Tunnell and Kavanaugh. Emlen was laying on a cot, resting between workouts. He said to Katcavage, "Come here, Kat."

Kat came over, and Tunnell just said, "Lean down here." Kat didn't know what was going on. Tunnell jumped up real quick and grabbed a hold of him and he says, "When I die, you come to see me in my coffin and I'm gonna jump up and grab you just like this!"

And you know what? When Emlen died, Katcavage told me he couldn't go near the coffin. These guys, they could break telephone poles in half. But he said he couldn't go near the coffin. He was just too afraid Tunnell was going to grab him.

Tunnell had gone down to Alabama or Mississippi to sign up a couple bruisers once. Down there, in those days, everybody made moonshine. They went back in the woods and they all had their bottle of moonshine. Instead of each one drinking their own moonshine, they just poured all of it together into this

big container, and if someone wanted some, they'd open a spigot and drain it out. And on top of that, their favorite thing to cook was possum.

"Man," he says, "Jack, moonshine and possum? Oh, boy I had to eat it. We did sign the two guys, but can you ever imagine moonshine and possum together?"

I had another fella on the train, whose name was Dick Maylander. He was All-American end for Virginia. He worked in later times for Time-Life in New York. I guess he was an advertising man. I stayed friends with him for years and years and years.

Maylander was just one of those sportsmen who could have played four or five sports. Everybody knew him. He was always a real good person on the train and the other guys all took care of him. He was one that always made good

I think there was a time when he owed the government, oh, I don't know how much money in taxes. The government knew what had happened to him, and instead of putting him in jail for income taxes, they said they'd let him work it out. But I think what happened was that they forgave him because they knew that the other guys were the ones that got his money.

I had this guy they used to call "Two-Ton" Tony Gallento. He was a fighter—a bruiser. He was one of those guys who fought and I guess could take a real good punch. He'd run around the ring after people, Christ, just wanting to swing at 'em and knock 'em down. He was never what you'd really call a *great* fighter.

I used to have Frank Sinatra on the train when he was young, real young. This was when the fellas all used to wear their topcoat over

"I used to have Frank Sinatra on the train when he was young, real young. He was playing in Philadelphia at the Fox or the Earl, one of the really big theaters. He was alright. He always traveled with bodyguards, cause the women would kill him. They'd ruin him."

friends. Boy, if you had him on the train, you never had a problem.

I had one incident where a fella wanted to pay his fare with a hundred dollar bill. The fare might have been four or five dollars. I said, "I can't change a hundred dollar bill. I'll keep it and the company will send you your change."

Oh, man, he didn't want any part of that, but he wanted to ride for free. I guess this must have been something he'd do all the time. Maylander was in the car and he heard the conversation going on. So, he came up and said, "What's the problem?"

I said, "This guy's got a hundred dollar bill and I can't change it."

So Maylander said, "I can change it." I don't think the guy wanted that. So Maylander says, "Do you have any identification?"

He says, "Why do you want that, sir?"

"Because this hundred dollar bill better SPEND. If it doesn't SPEND, I think you've had about as long a life on this Earth as you've ever had."

You could see the whites of his eyes come up and he wrote down his name and address and changed his bill.

I had Joe Louis and Ice Williams on the train. Ice Williams was a lightweight champion. He lived in Trenton. Joe Louis, he was a real nice guy. Boy, you could talk to him and he'd hold a conversation with you. But poor Joe Louis, he never had an education, you know. Somebody found him and made a champion out of him. Christ, they robbed that poor bastard blind—those managers and all that stuff.

their shoulders and never put their arms in the sleeves. He was playing in Philadelphia at the Fox or the Earl, one of the really big theaters. He was alright. He always traveled with bodyguards, cause the women would kill him. They'd ruin him. The girls went for him the way they went for the Beatles later. He was up and coming. He felt he was good and he flaunted it.

I had Dick Clark and Ernie Kovacs. Ernie Kovacs lived right down the street from us when we lived in Mercerville in 1950. Sometimes you'd go into the deli and he'd be in there and he'd talk to you, it was no problem. And Dick Clark, oh, God, he used to have the young girls. They used to follow him all the time.

Then I had Nat King Cole. He was a great guy. He was real nice. He used to travel with his wife. Just like in his pictures, he was always smiling and happy.

I would see Ed McMahon sometimes. He was with the Johnny Carson show. We used to talk all the time. He said Johnny Carson would let you get laughs. He said when you were on talk shows with certain people, there was no way you could get a laugh above them. Johnny Carson always felt as though if you can get a laugh out of someone, great, because he always got his share.

I had Mitch Miller from the old sing along. Mitch Miller played in different places around in Philadelphia. They used to have nightspots he'd play. He was a real little guy, too. But he had a nice band. He used to talk to you all the time.

Boris Karloff, I had him on the train one

Physicist Robert Oppenheimer had been the director of the Manhattan Project and was the director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. But to the fellas on the railroad, he was just another "dumb bastard" from Princeton who couldn't even take care of a train ticket.



night. He was going from Philadelphia to New York for some reason. And he was sitting in the last seat on the right side in the coaches. I said, "Mr. Karloff, what are you sitting here for? In the middle of the train it rides much nicer. You're riding over top of the wheels."

He says, "No, I'll stay here. I'm by myself. People scare me."

I said, "People scare *you*? All you have to do is look at people and they could have a stroke or heart attack!"

On the train out of New York, when you went into Princeton, you got off at Princeton Junction. And we used to punch the ticket, so you'd have a ticket to ride from Princeton Junction to Princeton.

Some fella got off the train at Princeton Junction and went on up to Princeton. He lost his ticket, I don't know where the hell he put it. The kid that was working up at the Princeton branch was complaining about it: "I think mostly all of the stupid people in the world live in Princeton. The dumb bastards, you give them a ticket and put it in their hand and they can't even take care of it."

The guy he was talking about was Robert Oppenheimer. So, boy, we all got a big charge out of that. The conductor said, "You know who the hell you were talking to?"

He says, "I don't care who the hell I was talking to, he's a dumb jackass. Can't take care of a ticket..."

This one guy I worked with, his name was Hal Pappitch, he was the other trainman on the job, and he says to Frank Perdue, the chicken guy, "I'd like to try your chickens, maybe you could send me a case of your oven roasters and I'll try them and I can let you know how they are."

Boy, this Frank Perdue had some mouth on

him. Oh, God, those words he used, you wouldn't put in print. He says to him, "Why you f***in' cheap bastard," or something like that, "You can't go to the store and buy your own gawd-damned chickens? You gotta ask me for a case of 'em?" He says, "You go sh*t in your hat."

Needless to say, he never got the chickens.

Well, this Pappitch, no matter what you said to him, you couldn't irritate him. He'd just sit there and laugh at you.

The nicest person ever was Mary Tyler Moore, she was great, she was perfect. It would be like talking to your sister, no matter what you asked her, she was just great. She never pushed to get something just a little bit better. No matter what you said to her, that was just fine. A real nice person.

I never asked these people for autographs because I just didn't want to bother them. If somebody saw you getting an autograph and they knew it was a celebrity of some kind, then everybody would be up after it. You weren't an autograph hound in those days. You just shook hands with them and that was it.

I retired from the railroad in May of 1978. I don't really miss the work. The only thing I miss now is the pay! The money these guys are making today is unbelievable.

We have a retired

railroadmen's dinner every year where I get to see all the old fellas. We talk about different things that happened on the railroad—the good old days—and tell funny stories. We had 315 at the dinner this time. But every year, there are two or three less guys around.

At the dinner, we always give away a case of whiskey. One bottle goes for the guy who came from farthest away, or the guy with the biggest family—things like that. I'm the master of ceremonies and I was giving away a bottle for the oldest guy there and they said, "You're the oldest one now!" The oldest guy last year was 92, he would've been 93. If I keep living, I think the railroad pension board is going to send someone around to make sure I'm still alive!



Grandpop calling "All 'board!" for the last time. His last day of work on the railroad in 1978.

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VINCE RAY

Meet our wholesome, down-on-the-farm
 Barracuda Girl Violet! We're not sure if it's
 because of her work in agriculture or because of
 her attractive figure, but Violet says she's had
 to deal with every "rake" in the county!

**FARMER'S
 DAUGHTER!**

photos by Paget Brewster

Barracuda Magazine 35



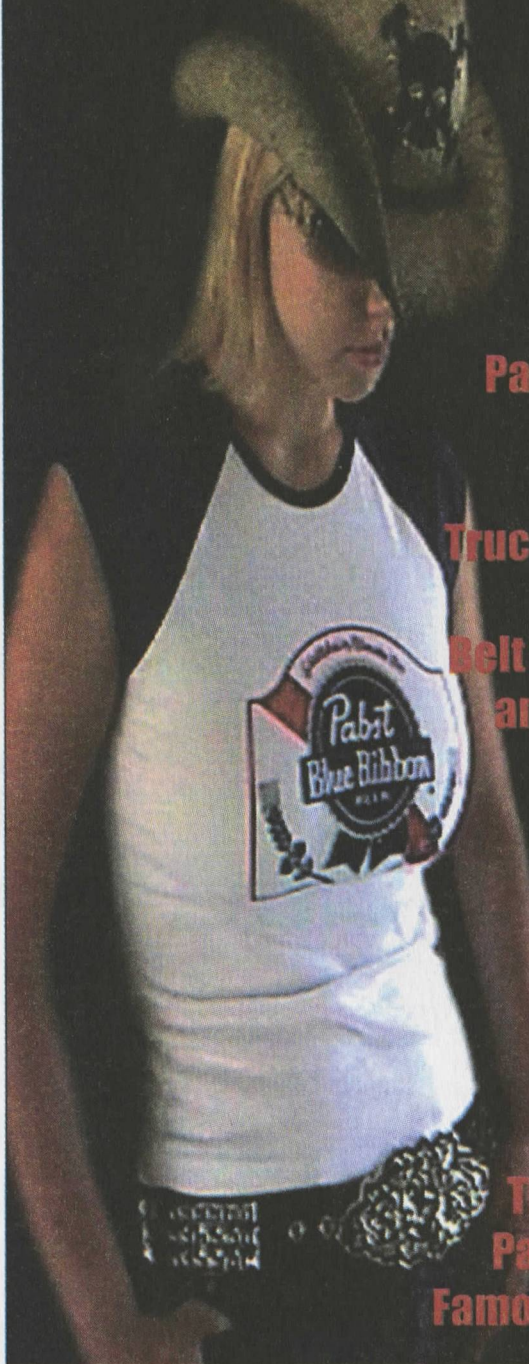
She and her father don't always see eye-to-eye on matters of agronomy. He planted watermelons along a nearby highway and called it "expansion." She called it philanthropy!

When it comes to dating, you can be sure this is no "shrinking" Violet! This flower has been known to grow wild in the woods! And after taking a gander at these pictures, it sure doesn't look like this stripling is afraid to strip! The only thing that will make her blush is the drug store in town!

"I will have a lot of respect for a boy who doesn't try to kiss me on the first date," says this curvaceous cropper. "But I'll probably ask someone else to the barn dance!" 📧



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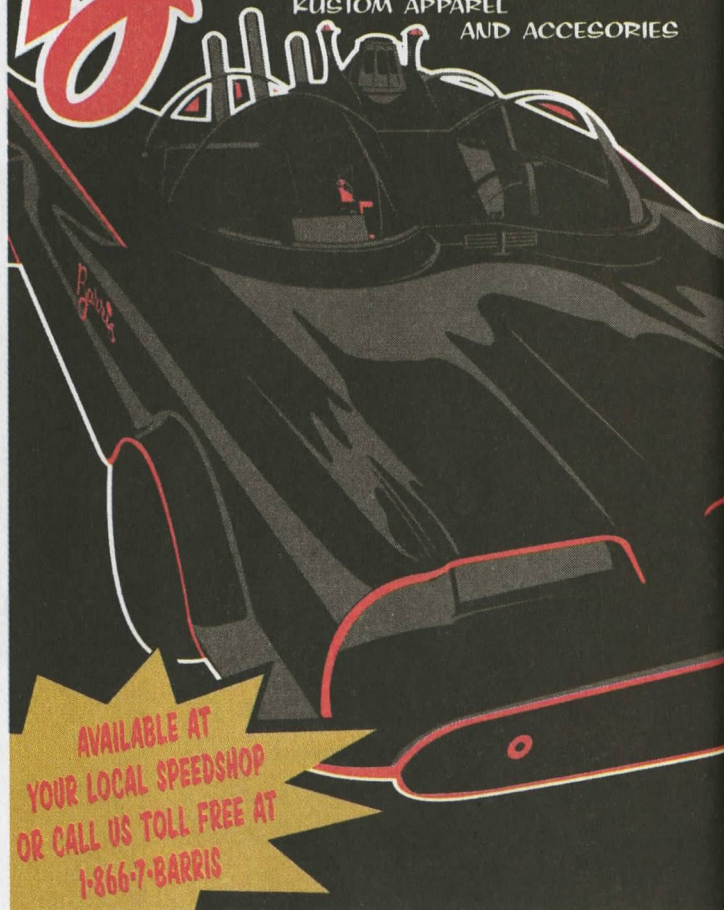


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not only been in the hands of three different drivers, it had been pushed 142.51 mph higher.

Breedlove sulked that his record had been taken. He derided Arfons. He said he felt as if he were "following a seal act," and vowed to return to the salt the next year with a completely new car.

With Arfons unexpectedly beating Breedlove so late in the year and the rains moving in, Breedlove would not get a chance to try to recapture the record. He was forced to shelve both a scale car model that was to be made depicting the Spirit of America and a feature motion picture deal that was already in the works. Both opportunities evaporated when Art beat him. No one wanted to make a film about the world's second-fastest man.

Arfons, on the other hand, had no plans to slow down or gloat over his innovations. That winter, he continued to forge ahead with further refinements to the Green Monster.

One evening, Breedlove and Arfons, walking around the back of their hotel near Bonneville, happened upon one another. Art looked to Breedlove and asked, "Do you intend to come back and keep up this game of Russian roulette where we go back and forth until one of us gets killed and that's the end of it?"

"Yeah, I guess so, Art."

"Okay," Art said. "That's all I wanted to know."

As promised, Breedlove went right back to work on making a new car, which would eventually be named Spirit of America, Sonic I. Breedlove was understandably concerned about his Spirit of America's lack of thrust compared to the Green Monster and wanted the same power plant that Art was using. It just so happened that Breedlove's sponsor Goodyear was purchasing \$40 million of GE's appliances each year. With one phone call, Goodyear's chairman of the board convinced GE to send their head engineers from the jet engine division to Breedlove's shop to rebuild and install a J-79 in Sonic I. (If you recall, Arfons had repaired and installed his J-79 on his own, and without so much as an owner's manual.)

In 1965, Breedlove was experiencing some extreme difficulties with his newly-installed engine in Sonic I. GE flew in one of its jet mechanics to fine tune the engine. Through brokering, Breedlove was also given exclusive use of the Air National Guard's hangars and some of its personnel, during two weeks of constant test runs and refinements.

On November 2, 1965 with sun shining down and virtually no wind, Breedlove set the land speed record with Sonic I at 555.127 mph. Breedlove still had the flats reserved for seven

more days. He tied the salt up with non-land speed activities in the hopes that the first snows would close the season and he would, at the very least, have the land speed record back for a year.

As soon as the weather turned bad, Breedlove was sure he had the record sewn up and hopped on a plane to New York for the first of many scheduled television appearances,

down the track. The accident was so violent that parts of the car were strewn over a four-mile area. One wheel snapped off the axle with such force that it went airborne and flew between the rotor blades of a press helicopter. It then bounced until it came to rest three miles away.

Arfons survived, not entirely due to luck. One of the almost-invisible advancements that

ON NOVEMBER, 17 1966, THE 40-YEAR-OLD ARFONS WAS SURE THAT HE'D PUNCHED BREEDLOVE'S TICKET WHEN HE GLANCED DOWN AT HIS AIR SPEED INDICATOR. IT FAR EXCEEDED 600 MPH. MOMENTS LATER, HIS RIGHT FRONT WHEEL BEARING SEIZED. WHEN IT DID, THE WHEEL WELDED ITSELF TO THE SPINDLE AND YANKED THE WHOLE WHEEL ASSEMBLY OFF OF THE CAR. THE MONSTER DIPPED, POPPED UP END OVER END, AND FLEW 527 FEET IN HALF A SECOND BEFORE IT CAME BACK IN CONTACT WITH THE SALT.

Art Arfons is a patient, rugged man. He felt rooked by Breedlove keeping him off the salt. But Arfons also knew that he had one hell of a fast car that was extremely dependable. He sat and waited. Rain came down in sheets. Wind howled. It looked dismal. Then it cleared for a moment. The timing lights were tested.

The Green Monster was rolled out of the back of the bus. The engine was fired. In less than an hour, Art held a new land speed record of 576.553 mph in just two passes and without time-wasting preliminaries.

But the weather held out even longer than Art's allotted salt time. Breedlove returned, determined. To his credit, in the midst of bad weather, a small pocket of sunshine opened up. He cranked on his afterburner, and on November 15, Breedlove reclaimed the land speed record title with combined runs averaging of 600.601 mph. It snowed the next day and the '65 season ended.

The men would return a year later.

On November, 17 1966, the 40-year-old Arfons was sure that he'd punched Breedlove's ticket when he glanced down at his air speed indicator. It far exceeded 600 mph. Moments later, his right front wheel bearing seized. When it did, the wheel welded itself to the spindle and yanked the whole wheel assembly off of the car. The Monster dipped, popped up end over end, and flew 527 feet in half a second before it came back in contact with the salt.

Within grasp of Sonic I's 600.60, mph, the Green Monster flipped, rolled, was mauled, and the biggest chunk of it came to rest nearly a mile

Art had ushered into his cars was the development of roll cages. He had prepped the ground crew by telling them if he were to crash, to look for a capsule of steel tubes, which was the driver's compartment. Art had designed the compartment to break away from the engine and keep him safe.

When the crew got to the crash site, they went right to the mass of tubes, looked inside, and found Arfons. He was put on a plane and was tended to by doctors in flight. He miraculously suffered no broken bones, just facial cuts, abrasions, slight damage to his eyes from salt being ground into them and a mild concussion. This was even more exceptional when you consider that his helmet had delaminated. Many of the layers of its fiberglass construction had separated and his head was exposed through it. Yet, he was more or less fine and was released the next day.

He'd inadvertently set a new lump-in-throat record: the first human to survive a near-600 mph crash.

Immediately following the accident, offers came in for Art to make appearances with the mangled corpse of the Green Monster, as a symbol of man's most remarkable survivor.

"I couldn't do it," Art said at the time, "I turned them all down. The crew and I cut up what was left of the Monster. She's piled there now, outside my shop. Looking at that pile I choke up. There was a lot of me in that car... an awful lot."

Arfons also scrapped any plans to better Breedlove's record and instead used the surviving Green Monsters for drag racing exhibi-

tion runs.

One to never give up, Art continued to experiment with speed, with peaks marked by trophies and valleys of failures to be learned from. In 1969, he established the world quarter mile record of 267 mph. At one race in Detroit, Art's chutes didn't open after an exhibition drag. He was found five miles past the end of the drag strip, unhurt. The car was repaired.

On many occasions, Art had taken a passenger along on his fast-moving machines. Charley Mayenschein, one of Art's crewmen, snuck into the Green Monster and was carried along for a 413 mph ride without incident. In 1971, Art had taken a passenger for a ride in another car with a J-79 engine, going over 296 mph in the quarter mile.

Later that year, on a routine exhibition drag in Dallas, driving a jet engine car called Super Cyclops, he was almost through the quarter mile when the car started smoking and suddenly veered. Eugene Alred, a news reporter who was a passenger in the car, seated on the opposite side of the huge engine, was killed when the car hit the railing. Two members of the staff of the International Hot Rod Association were also killed as the car hurtled over them and plunged in the swamp area in the back of the finish line.

Art retired from racing after the terrible, tragic accident. He became haunted by the fact that he had killed three people, even though it was entirely an accident. Art was crestfallen, understandably shaken, and filled with remorse. The worst had happened. He hadn't killed himself. That, he was prepared for—he understood the risk. He'd killed innocent people who had just come to see a fun show and it weighed heavily on his soul.

People whose lives are filled with speed react in wildly different ways when they reach the end of any available racing surface. When Sir Malcolm Campbell (the man who earned the title "Fastest on Earth" more than anyone else) reached retirement, he rarely spoke of racing again. He turned to gardening and dog breeding. Craig Breedlove, shortly after the land speed record duel, became a tire salesman. (Breedlove is, in 2003, once again currently seeking more funding for another land speed record car.)

After a long hiatus, having driven on that fine line between healthy obsession and mania, taking large steps back from what was his single reason for living, Art came to grips with the idea that there's more to life. For a brief time, he spent his free hours flying airplanes. Then he had a garage sale. His workshop housed one of the largest surplus engine stockpiles in existence. He sold a Lycoming helicopter turbine engine to Don Vesco, who, in 2001 won the wheel-driven land speed record in the Turbinator with it.

In the late '70s, a neighbor convinced Art to attend a tractor pull at a nearby county fair. He

watched tractors pull a set weight over a measured distance. Art was intrigued by the engineering involved. He was hooked when he saw one of his first loves—an Allison motor—powering a tractor. "I had 12 or 13 of those motors out in my shed and I never dreamed that they would be used for this type of sport," Art said.

Tractor pulling held the thrill of power without the absolute danger of speed. He took up tractor pulling, along with his daughter Dusty Spraggins. As in drag racing, he started with Allison, yet this time advanced to helicopter turbine engines. Not only did Art and Dusty become the most feared team in the sport within three years, he set several standards that may never be equaled again. In one season, Art won all four of his weight classes. At one point during the '81 season, Art had won 12 straight classes without a loss.

Although extremely happy with his progress with tractors, Art couldn't get salt and speed out of his blood. Against the wishes of his wife, Art threw his hat into the land speed record arena once again.

He went against the theory that the car had to be extremely heavy and implemented a wholly different design of attack. He designed a light car with solid wheels instead of tires, to prevent them from failing like they had in the past.

At 64, when most people are looking forward to retirement, Arfons crashed a two-wheel land speed record vehicle at 300 miles per hour. It had taken flight in a steep climb, rolled, and plunged into the salt. "When the horizon disappears, or it's on the wrong side of your windshield, you know you're in trouble," the unflappable Art surmised after he'd become airborne. Unhurt but shaken, he went back to the drawing board and made another lightweight, mini land speed racer, this one with three wheels.

In 1991, 20 years after the fatal accident that ushered his first retirement, Art became the oldest man in the lightest car ever to attempt to break the land speed record. He hit the Bonneville salt once again, this time with his son, Tim. After extremely squirrely runs, it looked like Art had locked in sync with the car. He put it to the wood, and pulled a 301 mph run.

However, at the other end of the track, Art was deeply dissatisfied. The cockpit had filled with salt dust and the vibration from the solid wheels was so severe that he was having difficulty following the course. Undaunted, he steeled his nerve, and headed back for the return run 40 minutes later. The car swayed terribly, its afterburner blipped in and out, then finally stabilized with a huge roar.

Tim Arfons was worried. "We've got a serious howl problem with the afterburner; it's a destructive resonance and could destroy the engine."

With that, Art looked at his son, took a deep breath, and without fanfare, announced his final retirement from land speed record racing.

He realized that it was a clear time to stop his quest before it outright killed him.

At a casual glance, people like Art Arfons defy conventional wisdom and sometimes seem like reckless hellions bent on their own destruction. But the truth is that Arfons is almost a direct opposite to the fire-breathing, gear-mashing, loud-as-thunderstorm cars he made and raced.

Outwardly, he is a quiet, simple man, but inside was a whirlwind of curiosity seeking practical solutions. He belies a calm, easy-going disposition. Casual and not easily excited, under that veneer of sly, Midwestern unflappability, it seems that Arfons has inherited the Buckeye inventorship that has been a gift to such thinkers and tinkerers as Thomas Edison and the Wright Brothers.

Many people obsessed with speed achieve their self-set goals. In their finest hours, their ability to design, build, and experiment with new ideas creates important advancements in automotive engineering and mechanics.

All along, Arfons did it for all for the right reasons, fueled by nothing more than a deep, obsessive drive that burns below his stoic surface.

His life paralleled the races he was addicted to. It's not all about being the fastest. It's knowing how to pop the chute and return another day. He's not only a legend, but a happy and contented, living legend.



Von Dutch

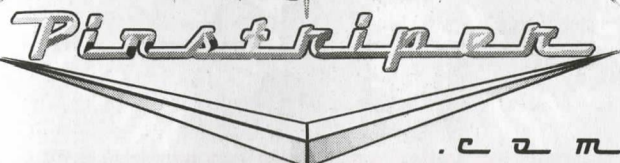
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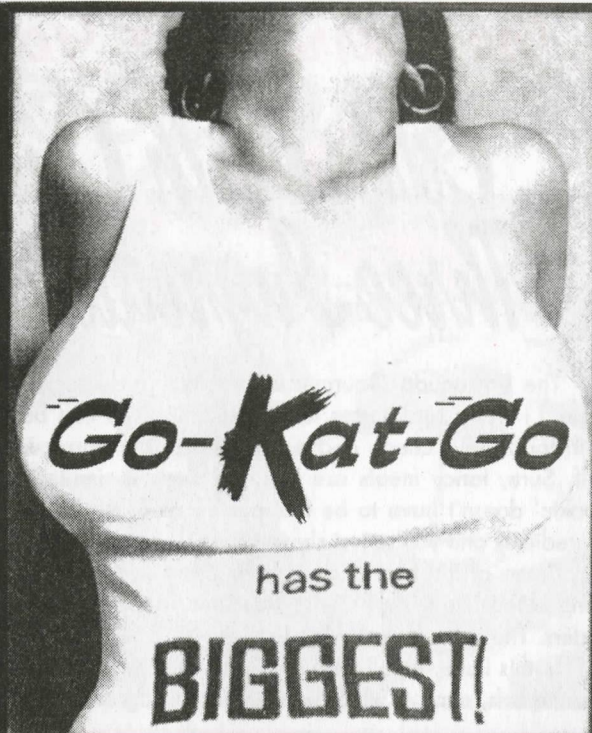
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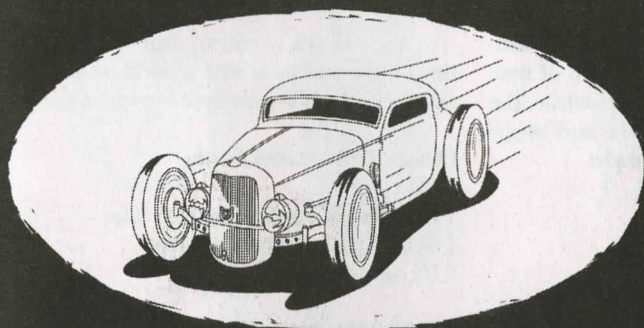
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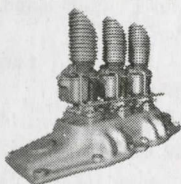
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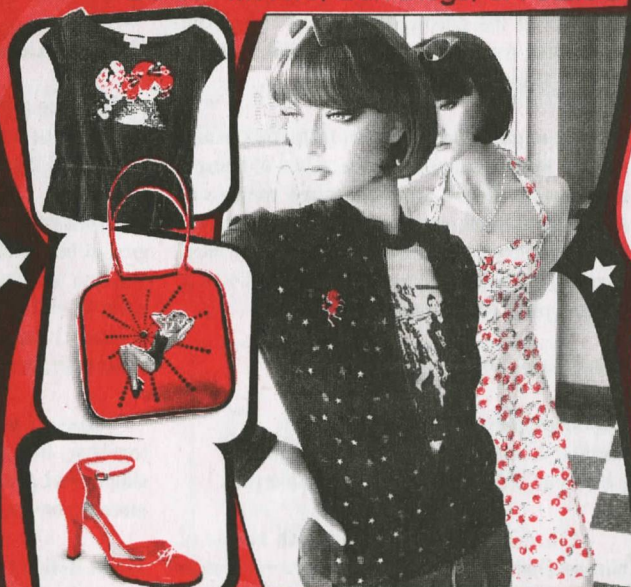
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The Barracuda Gourmet

Cooks With Only Three Ingredients!

The Barracuda Gourmet knows that good recipes don't need to have 11 herbs and spices to be delicious. You can be perfectly happy with food that's cheap and easy, just like the Barracuda Gourmet himself. Sure, fancy meals are fine, but keep it simple, stupid. Everyday cookin' doesn't have to be that complicated. Anything more than three ingredients and you're just showing off.

Some of the best things in life come in threes: wine, women and song; Moe, Larry and Curly; true love, pepper spray and restraining orders. The same goes for food.

In this issue, the Barracuda Gourmet shows you how to put together great meals, each of which uses only three ingredients!



No one likes a good steak more than the Barracuda Gourmet. But for those times when you're so broke, you can't even afford to tip your hat, try this low-budget recipe for:

Poor Man's Steak

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup cracker crumbs (Saltine or Ritz are best)
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup

Combine the ground beef, cracker crumbs, and 1/2 cup of water. Form the mixture into patties and brown them in a skillet over medium high heat. Remove the browned patties and put them in a 9 x 13 pan (any size baking pan will do). Spread the mushroom soup on top of the patties and cover the pan with tin foil. Bake at 325° for 45 minutes or until done.

Some party snacks are so tasty, they really deserve to be bumped up to the status of being a main course. Here's a party-inspired recipe you can make at home without any special occasion. With this recipe, every moment in even the most squalid, broken-down rat trap will feel like a cocktail party on the French Riviera!

Dinner-sized Pigs in a Blanket

- 8 hot dogs, partially split lengthwise
- cheddar or American cheese cut into strips
- 1 8-oz. can refrigerated crescent dinner rolls

Fill each sliced hot dog with strips of cheese. Divide and separate crescent roll dough into eight triangles. Place one cheese-filled hot dog on each dough triangle and roll it all up.

Place the rolls cheese side up on a greased

cookie sheet and bake at 375° for 10 minutes. Dip in mustard or ketchup and enjoy. (If you want to get fancy with this, you can add sauerkraut to the rolls before baking.)

Gourmet note: Start your day off right with the tasty breakfast version of this treat! Simply substitute the hot dogs with precooked breakfast sausage.

You might not know it to look at me, but the Barracuda Gourmet is big on traditions, especially where recipes are concerned. Traditional dishes have stood the test of time and have proven themselves to be delish! The ancient Incans used to whip up this next recipe on all of their special family occasions.

Cheesy Mexican Meatballs

- 1 pound lean ground beef
- 1 package taco seasoning mix
- Velveeta (1/2 package cut into 1/2" cubes)

Mix ground beef with taco seasoning. Take ground beef and roll into balls around a cube of Velveeta, shaping into 1" meatballs. Brown meatballs in skillet over medium high heat. When cooked through, place meatballs on a paper towel to drain off excess grease. (Or don't.)

Now, if you've got a few nickels to rub together, that doesn't mean you can't still eat simple and good. Here's a recipe that is a little more expensive, but it's worth it!

Texas Boiled Beer Shrimp

- 2 lbs. unshelled large raw shrimp, de-headed
- 2 12-oz. bottles beer

- 2 tbsp. crab boil seasoning

In a large pot, bring beer and seasonings to a boil. Stir in the shrimp and cover the pot. Return to a boil, turn down heat and simmer for five minutes. Turn heat off and leave shrimp in hot beer for about three more minutes. Drain shrimp and eat immediately!

Some recommended condiments for this are lemon wedges or cocktail sauce.

And you will, of course, want to follow-up a three-ingredient meal with some three-ingredient sweets to follow your three-ingredient meals?

Chinese Butterscotch Candy

- 1 12-ounce package butterscotch chips
- 1 6-ounce package chocolate chips
- 2 1/2 cups chow mein noodles

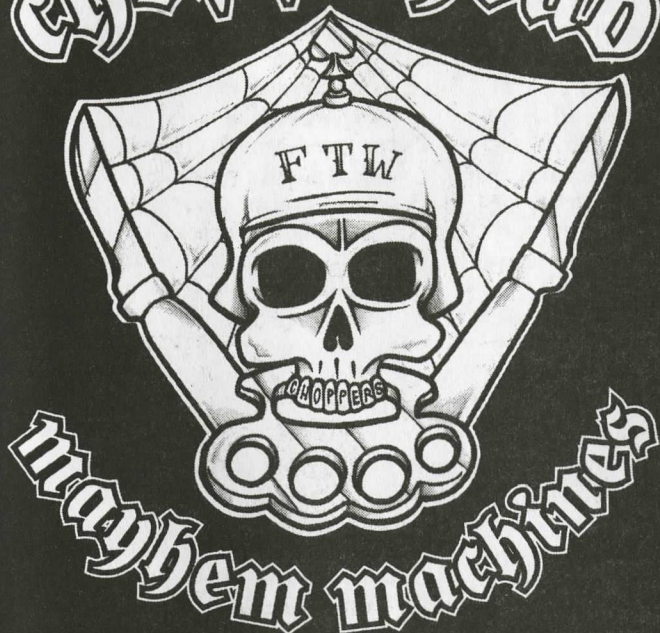
Combine butterscotch and chocolate chips in a microwave safe bowl and microwave on high for two minutes. Chips should look glossy when you take them out of the microwave. Mix them together with a spoon and add the chow mein noodles. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper and let cool completely.

Chocolate Chip Coconut Cookies


- 1 14-ounce package coconut
- 1 12-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 14-ounce can sweetened condensed milk

Mix all the ingredients together and drop by tablespoonful onto lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake at 325° for 13 minutes. Cool completely on a wire rack before scarfing down.

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Rat Fink
The Art of Ed "Big Daddy" Roth
by Douglas Nason & Greg Escalante

The main creative force behind this book is Douglas Nason, a frequent *Barracuda* conspirator and one of the head potentates of the Copro/Nason Gallery in Culver City. Nason is an educated and erudite author and officially a grown-up, at least in terms of his mathematically-calculated age. But luckily for us, he approaches the subject of Roth (and everything else he deems important) with the all of the genuine fascination and enthusiasm of an eight-year old who just found a glow-in-the-dark toy in the bottom of a box of Count Chocula. The result, in terms of this book, is a fitting tribute to Roth that isn't afraid to appreciate him in a slightly hoity-toity, artistic context but also acknowl-

edges that this stuff is also just cool and gross—no explanation needed.

The list of contributing essayists reads like a social register of hot rod and monster art. But the icing on the cake is that all of these people have something wonderful and interesting to say about how what a serious effect Ed Roth and his rabid, yet lovable monsters had on their world.

This book gets full marks for quality of writing and production. Nason went the extra mile every step of the way with this one. The captions alone contain more content than you find in most books. Every page has either eye-popping images or interesting copy—usually both. With about 600 images in it, this book would have been well worth the cover price without a single word in it. But due to the editorial contributions from people who know how important Roth was, this 220-page behemoth works as a casual-glance coffee table art book and as a real honest to goodness readin' book.



Scorched Art: The Incendiary Aesthetic of Flame Rite Zippos
by Tom Hazelmeyer

What a better medium for lowbrow/working class art than on a Zippo lighter? After all, Zippos are a paramount of simplicity, sturdiness and pure function! Plus, every Zippo made comes with a lifetime free-repair warranty. And why not? With maybe three moving parts, there's not too much to break.

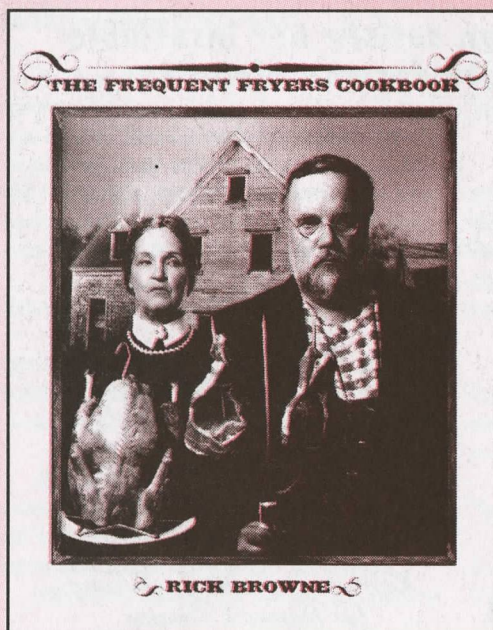
This book is a collection of the art "published" on Zippo lighters by Flame Rite, an offshoot of Minneapolis-based Amphetamine Reptile records. The company started out with a boxed set of lighters featuring the art of Coop, Frank

Kozik, Dan Clowes, Peter Bagge and Robert Williams.

Since that time, they have produced high-quality little masterpieces on these bomb-proof lighters by the likes of Derek Hess, Chris Mars, Ed Roth, Shag, Glenn Barr, Evan Dorkin, Von Dutch, Basil Wolverton, R.K. Sloane, Suzanne Williams and plenty of others.

The work of 35 artists total is featured in this fun little book. Just like a Zippo, this is a well-designed package with no fat on the bone.

Consider yourself warned— if you have collector tendencies or an affinity for chrome, the kool images in this book could well set you on the path to becoming an obsessive Zippo collector.



The Frequent Fryers Cookbook: How To Deep Fry Anything That Walks, Crawls, Flies or Vegetates
by Rick Browne

In general, it's a good idea to think about what you eat. But there's a fine line between being health conscious and being an obsessed control freak who is trying to eek some semblance of control out of life by overly scrutinizing every little thing that goes in and out of your body. Control is an illusion. Let go. Arteries be damned! If this notion rings a bell with you, here is your new bible.

The *Frequent Fryers Cookbook* contains frying recipes for every meal of the day, as well as every season of the year, although most of this style of cooking lends itself well to outdoors cooking like picnics and barbeques.

The book covers the basic techniques and technical info, then launches into over 100 recipes, covering appetizers, breads and

pastries, poultry (including deep-frying a whole turkey!), pork and beef, fish and shellfish, vegetables and desserts.

A favorite recipe from this book is the pitchfork steak. You impale four seasoned ribeyes on a pitchfork and then submerge the pitchfork in the fryer. (The author acknowledges that a pitchfork actually has three curved tines, while a manure fork has four straight tines. It is actually a manure fork that is needed to do the job correctly. But he concedes this misuse of farm nomenclature was necessary, since a recipe called "manure fork steaks" is not quite as appealing.)

Some of the recipes might seem a little bit overboard. Although it probably tastes great, does fresh corn on the cob *really* need to be fried? Such are the deep philosophical questions raised by this book. Fire up a deep fryer with your friends and talk about it over some stumptown oysters 'n' bacon or some fillet-wrapped prawns.

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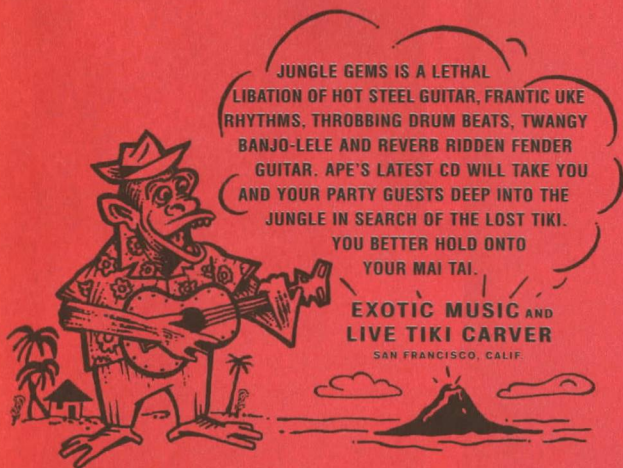
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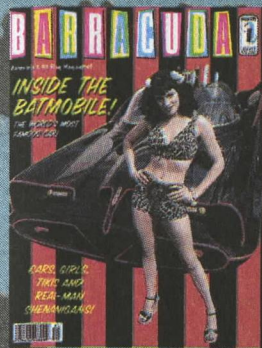


It's a

Barracuda Girl Bonus!

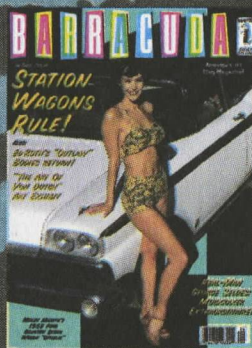
Rounding out this issue is our shapely Barracuda Girl Jami! This beauty's a real cutie who's not afraid to leave an impression on a fella—with her looks as well as her lipstick!





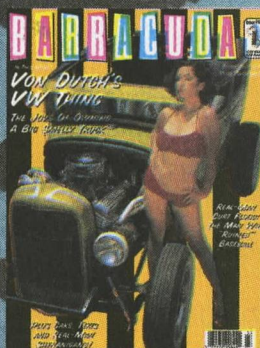
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Inside The Batmobile, Barracuda Girl Paget Brewster, More Station Wagons Rule



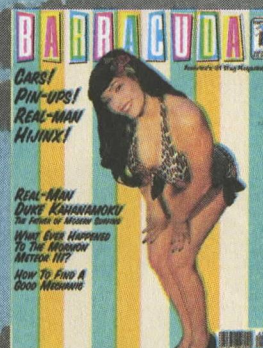
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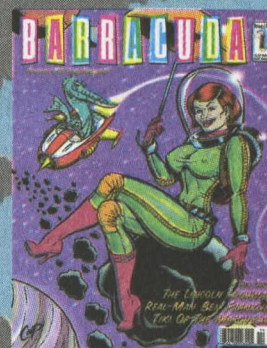
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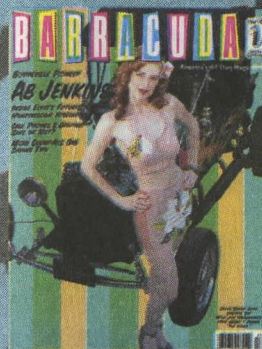
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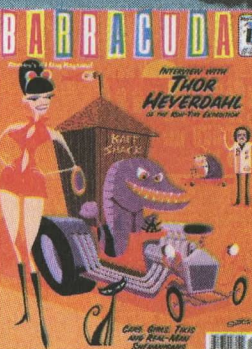
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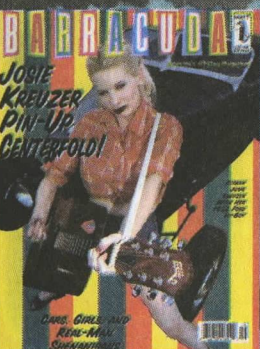
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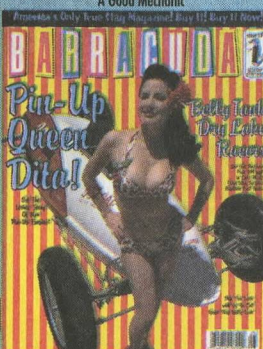
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Josie Kreuzer, Charles Goodyear-Prophet of Rubber, Pinstriper St. John Morton



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Pin-up Queen Dita Von Teese, Belly Tank Lakesters, Real-Man Rocket Richard



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Inside Von Dutch's Work Truck, Julie Strain as Bettie Page, Real Man Edwin Armstrong

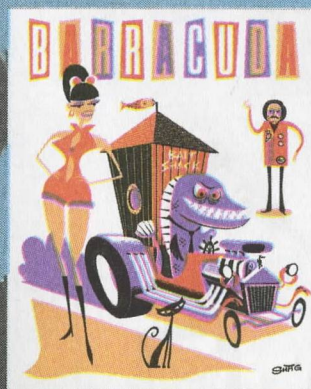
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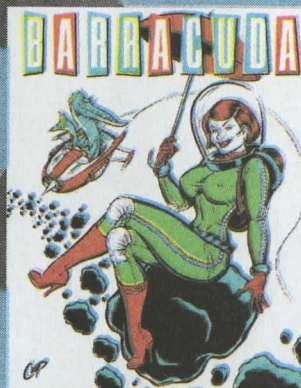
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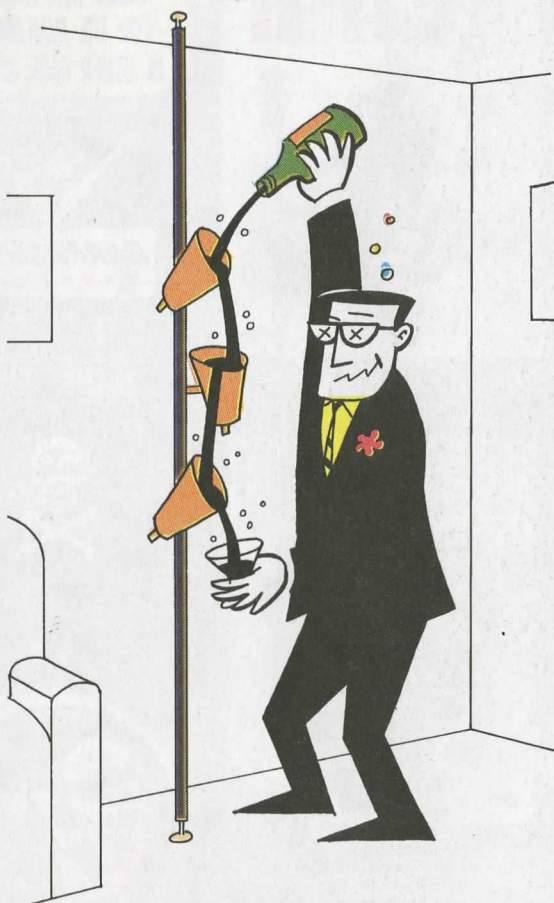
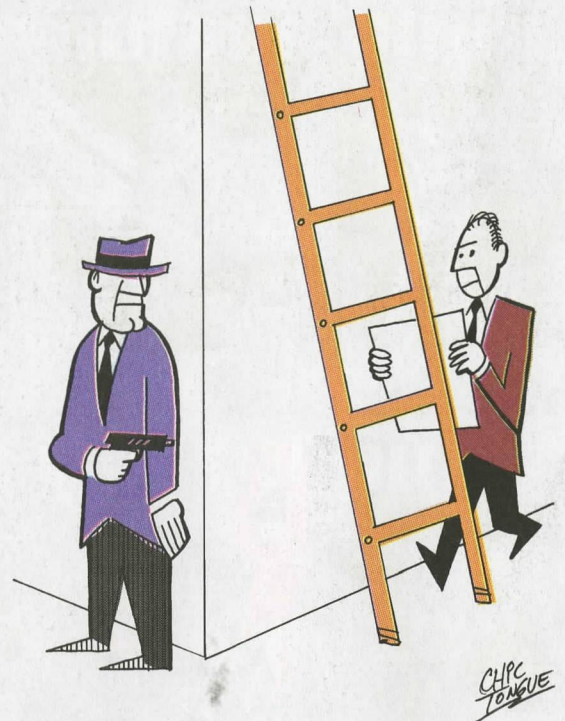
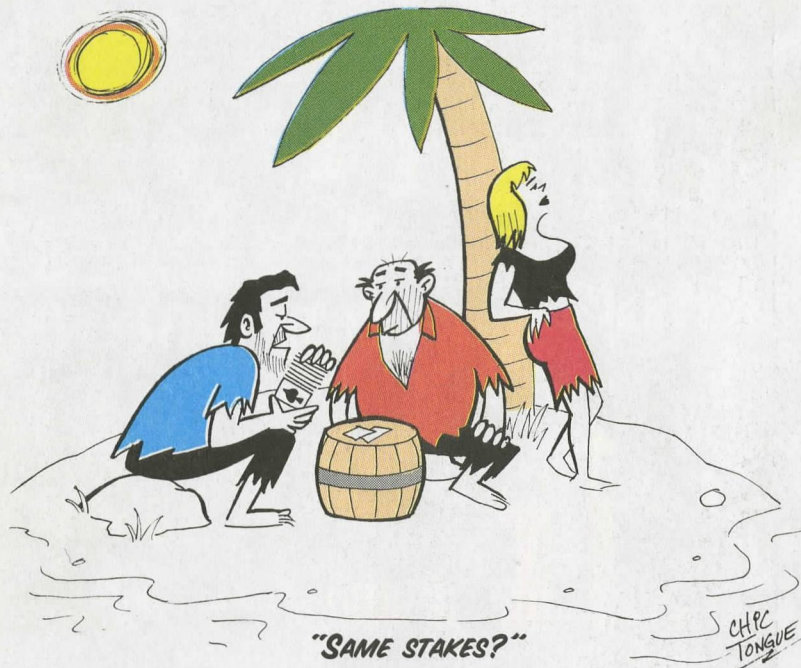
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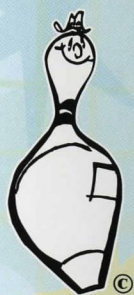


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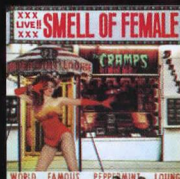
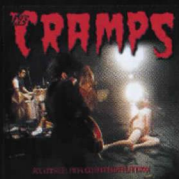
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