

The

H.A.M.B.

Calendar

9th Annual

2012



DRIVE-IN

Join the Alliance!

What do Alliance members get?

It's simple. Your \$50 gets you a one year membership to the H.A.M.B. Alliance which includes a number of benefits such as:

1. A custom stamped (with your username) and vintage styled firewall tag. Outfit your hot rod and make your buddies jealous... These things are rad.
2. A custom user title so that folks on the H.A.M.B. know where ya stand!
3. Huge discounts from our supporting vendors. These companies have stepped up in their support and are dedicated to bringing their best deals to alliance members. Take advantage of this deal and make your membership money back in no time. View a complete list of participating vendors and their discounts.



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Hands Down, No Comparison

There are some things nobody needs in this world, and a tuned to the tilt, flathead powered, '29 roadster is one of them – but I want one anyway, and on some days I actually believe that I need one. That is why they are so dangerous.

Just a couple of days ago, I was working with an uppity publisher of modern high performance sports car content. They came to me because of my known and often flaunted sickness. They wanted to plot Italy's finest against 65-year-old American ingenuity. A mid-engined Ferrari 458 Italia against a 1929 Ford Roadster powered by a 300" flathead.

"Who better to bend over and spank than the poor bastard hiding behind The Jalopy Journal? And to add salt to his wounds, we can make him write about it!"

They had a point of course. When I showed up to the "proving grounds," the two cars sat together openly and created a kind of awkward contrast to each other. The sexy lines of a young Sophia Loren on one hand and the wrinkled skin of an old worn man on the other. The attending editors voiced their skepticism loudly.

"What's the point of this exercise exactly?"

The Ferrari fired like a symphony – small displacement filled and emptied with lots of tiny and optimized valves. The flathead cranked lazily and idled with a slow lumpy-lump. To most on the ground, there was no comparison to be made. To this sick bastard, there was.

Comparing the performance of the two cars was just as futile to them. The Ferrari scooted down the straight all the way up to 180 mph with ease – never showing any signs of sweat or labor. Conversely, the little Ford gave its heart and soul to the devil just to obtain the lowest of triple digits.

As you might imagine, the skid pad didn't go much better. The Ferrari broke some kind of North American record while the '29 broke a spring perch.

Clouded by generations of advancement like traction control, active suspension dynamics, variable valve timing, and other horseshit that no one seemed to be able to aptly explain, the editors simply gave up trying to love the roadster. They loaded their red masterpiece on a trailer and headed for home – leaving me and the broken '29 all alone on the largest asphalt blacktop I have ever seen in my life.

As I sat there and waited on the car's owner, I began to make sense of everything that had just happened. The Ferrari looked better. The Ferrari was faster. Everyone could see that, but I was the loan man in the little roadster's corner. I ran my hand down the door sides and felt the texture that only time can create. I sat in the driver's seat and looked over the cowl to see a view that only the truly passionate could.

Despite what the numbers said, the old Ford won that day in a hotly contested battle between new and old. Some people get it. Some people don't. It was as simple as that.

This year's H.A.M.B. calendar is dedicated to those that do.

Ryan Cochran
jalopyjournal.com





MAN 934

January

This is a shot of my "Hawaiian Coupe" as I call it. The car came from Honolulu Hi, and I'd like to think, it has spent all of it's life on the island of Ohahu and was witness to the Pearl Harbor attacks, but that's only speculation. I did however find a 50's era dive gear in the driver door. The car is basically waiting it's turn to be built, but it was begging to have it's picture taken, right then and there. The light was perfect, I couldn't even be bothered to clean up or pull the car cover off of it, it was one of those days

Chris Casny

Chris Casny

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Automotive &
Speed Eq.
DETROIT, MI

February

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I shot this picture during the 2010 Austin Lone Star Round Up. My first time in Texas, my first time at the Round up, and of course, my first time with this legendary truck thru my camera lens. Perfect truck, perfect light. I'm French, and a proud HAMB member since 2002. This visit to Austin was an intense experience for me... A chance to be in contact with the Hamb community, the people, the cars, and this time in person, not on a computer screen !

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March

Although I've had the opportunity to photograph a variety of really cool hot rods, not all cars say hot rod like the Grabowski Kookie Car. There is a reason this car is so well known throughout the hot rodding community past and present, not because it was on television, but due to the fact that it personifies what a hot rod is. Bright blue metallic paint, the perfect amount of flames, and hoards of chrome decorating the motor that is the centerpiece for this car. You don't need to see the whole car to know you are looking at a true hot rod that embodies what this passion is all about.

slammed58buick

Josh Mishler

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April

This photo is a true example of the mid fifties era of kustomizing, with Johnny Jarzen's 1954 Lincoln. Built the way it is, plus the styling and presence of Doris Mayday keeps the photo "period correct" which is the main focus of my photography. I'm very thankful to have taken this photo in which all participants are like family to me.

Trent Sherrill

Trent Sherrill

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May

This shot was taken in Arizona on our way back from Viva 14. I teamed up with my partners (Devils Brigade, an active duty only chapter of the Road Devils Car Club) and took our hot rods from North Carolina to Vegas and back. Along the way we were trying to raise both money and awareness for our Nation's wounded veterans. Scott took advantage of the trip and locked on a killer deal through eBay on this coupe body, and hauled it all the way back from Vegas!

DownShift Studios
Chris Daidone

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June

This is Chris Hosegood from the Executioners Car Club in his 97 Speedster, throwing it into the top corner at The Hot Rod Hayride. Chris built this car from his crap pile with a whole bunch of inspiration taken from 1920's specials. Originally built to go fast in the Flathead Meltdown class at the drags, it took well to the dirt and looked like whole heap of fun. Based on a modified T chassis with a 276 ci Flathead, it certainly scoots! I love events like this and this photograph epitomises everything I like about them.

Rottenpop

Russ DeBarr

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July

This image was shot in Sydney, Australia, half way through a 1200 mile round trip with some great friends and memories. One week prior to this photo, the car was in bits and roof unpainted. The day before this photo was taken, Gene Winfield and John D'Agostino signed the dash. Might not mean much to some, but means the world to us.

Ausbotrods

Sean Hammond

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August

For some people the quintessential hot rod is the 32 Ford, for me, it is hands down the 33/34 Ford. HAMB member Mike Hamel owns this magnificently done Bonneville styled 33 three window. If the matte black paint and seven inch chop isn't menacing enough, the sky that day at Bonneville certainly was. Thunder, lightning, and hells own fury accompanied Hamel's '33 during the photo shoot out on the salt flats. The pictures of this hopped up Ford on the salt flats are among my personal favorites to date.

Buick59

Michael Harrington

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The Danny Sakai modified at El Mirage Dry Lake, To me the Dry Lakes are the birthplace of Hot Rodding. In 1941 Sakai's modified was the fastest in the history of the SCTA with a top speed of 125.52 mph.

Sakai was killed later that year in a motorcycle accident. The modified is owned by Jim Lattin. In the photo: Billy Lattin in the Sakai car and the Deluxe Car Club out of Colorado provide a push.

This photo was meant to capture the feel of a 1940's era Dry Lakes Starting Line.

Danwal215

Dan Waldrop

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October

This picture was taken in Indiana on the 2 day of our trip to the Bonneville Salt Flats from the Rolling Bones Shop in New York. We had to over come many obstacles on this trip from heavy rain, wind, hail, 1 tornado and a hand full of law officers handing out some costly written literature. If you were to ask if we would do it again in our Hot Rods... HELL YES!

Hotrod3w

Ron Hickman

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November

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Sometimes I'm frustrated with the fact that money is tight. I can't go out and buy like I've done in the past. I now own a house, I have to pay bills and make repairs. I'm forced to spend time doing yard work rather than shaping aluminum. It takes images such as this to remind me that I've played my cards well. I have a shop with history oozing from its seams, filled with almost every vehicle I've ever dreamt of owning. It makes me realize how happy I am.

SuhrSC

Zach Suhr

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December

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One day, the stars aligned and the kustom-gods smiled down and made my phone ring. It was Paul Hoffman, "You're not gonna believe this shit." And I didn't -until I saw it. Kirk Hammett's infamous '36 Ford coupe, (built by Cole Foster in case you've been in a coma for the past few years) on its way home from Mooneyes Tokyo, was being stored for a few days at Fullerton Fabrications; home to Rudy Rodriguez and birthplace of Paul's recently-finished '40 Mercury coupe "Nachtfalter", which was awaiting its debut at GNRS 2011 just a week away. A rare encounter ensued. I call it 'Modern Masters'. A pair of landmark cars, built by extremely talented artists at the top of their craft. Somewhere Sam is smiling.

ShortBus

Rick Amado

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Church
Coby Gewertz



25 blank pages



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