



Model Ashley Kerr poses with the recently restored Jungle Jim Mini Camaro Funny Car at the 2007 California Hot Rod Reunion. Look for a full feature of the car in the next issue of *Camaro Performers* magazine. And Ashley? You can find her roaming the pits of the nostalgia drags.

## She Sartered It!

Girls and cars. For some reason they just go together. Sort of like peanut butter and jelly. Bad analogy? Probably. But it's part of what got me started in the whole car thing (the girls, not the PB&J). And did you happen to notice the guys with the coolest cars at your high school always seemed to get the hottest chicks. At least that's the way it was at my alma mater.

While I'm on the subject of girls, if you look back at vintage *Hot Rod* magazines, I'm talking all the way back to the '50s, many of the car features have stunning women decked out in bathing suites standing next to, or sitting in, cars. Did this compromise the car feature? Not to me. Did any readers scream aloud about how offended they were by the fact that there was a nice-looking female posed next to a '32 Ford High-boy? If so, I wasn't aware of it. Did they stomp up and down on their proverbial soapbox only to voice their opinion on how such practices were degrading to women? I don't remember reading any letters to the editor where readers threatened to cancel their subscriptions unless the magazine ceased publishing this "unethical exploitation of women."

Hell, back in "the day" not only did the magazines, *Hot Rod* and other prominent car-related publications, run images of women with cars, but the advertisers relied on images of gorgeous gals to sell their products within those same magazine pages.

So it got me to thinking. How cool it would be to compile a list of the magazine advertisers who used women to sell mostly high-performance, automotive products.

By thumbing through just two issues of *Hot Rod* magazine from the late '60s I was able to come up with a list of prominent advertisers who employed women to get the readers' attention.

Here's what I came up with: Cragar Mags, Aqua Velva aftershave, Hai Karate, BSA Motorcycles (they used not one, but two smokin'-hot blondes), Firestone Tires, Cal Custom, Rocket Wheels, Stewart Warner, Chevron Gasoline, Goodyear Tires, Alcoa, Suzuki Motorcycles, Fenton Wheels, Coca-Cola, Columbia Record Club, and, finally, you guessed it, even Chevrolet posed a hot model atop the hood of a '67 Camaro in hopes of grabbing every male's undivided attention. Needless to say, it got mine.

Now, was I offended by the advertis-

ers' blatant attempt to sell me their product by using scantily clad, sometimes provocatively posed, beautiful women?

Not in the least. In fact, it got me to splash on some Hai Karate (it may have been Aqua Velva), take the last swig of my Coca-Cola (classic of course), hop in my 1967 Chevrolet Camaro with Rocket Wheels (Fentons would look cool too), and Firestone tires. I then peered at my Stewart Warner gauges when I noticed the oil pressure was low, but I was good on Chevron gas. So I popped in my Columbia Record Club-purchased eight-track of Deep Purple's "Machine Head" (early metal for you younger readers) and headed over to the Suzuki dealership to check out their new line of bikes. Not much there for me, so I drove by Alcoa on the way to BSA. But that was only after I hit Cal Custom to get my new Goodyear Tires mounted on my extra set of Cragar Mags.

So does this make me a sucker for attractive advertising?

It must.

I think I'll do it again tomorrow.

You in?

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