



Can't recall my thoughts on Ray Mumford's logo back in the day, but when I dug it out this image took me back to a wild night in Lafayette, Louisiana, and meeting two hot babes from New Orleans. We hit some Zydeco hot spots, boogieing the night away out in the swamp to the legendary John Delafosse where one of 'em whispered in my ear, "Laissez les bons temps rouler..." Let the good times roll indeed, an expression I'd long known but never heard in a Cajun accent! On joining Street Machine at the tail end of 1978 this was one of my first thoughts – but sadly it was all hard work, honest! Can you imagine being told to escort your

words & photos  
Mike Collins

Art Editor into the wilds of London's getting-trendy Covent Garden for our launch party? Either way, I sucked it up, or rather sipped it as you can see from our ace photographer Steve Saunders' shot of the delightful Susan Topping and I enjoying some good ol' fashioned hard work – and it didn't stop there! Despite a short deadline there were no complaints about on my first job, especially not from my daughter Sarah who happily devoured many a burger in our search for the best burger in Britain! She'd sat on my shoulders on my first visit to Santa Pod, an' drove me down the track in 1968, on

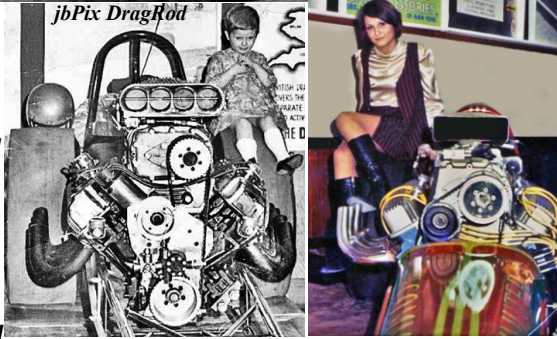
my lap in the "Dragreculturalmobile," before she was 4-years old! My good friend, long-time Santa Pod Chief Starter Stu Bradbury is seen driving that Olds with its plywood rear! Sarah's first official function was at the opening of Drag Racing '69; she also added some charm to the Tudor Rose, while my friend Jenny graced the Commuter. In 1979, after a sumptuous burger at the legendary Hard Rock, Steve wanted a shot of me leaving - this impromptu high-kick (better than a pose!), is not done very often now-a-days!



John Bennett  
DragRod photo

The nicest things happen on Saturday mornings; popped along to have a rap with Alan Seymour about shooting his 'Vette for our Dream Machine page, walked through the door and zap, I tripped, stumbled and almost fell over a cherry '65 Cobra of the 427 variety... Those were the opening words of the first Hot Gossip page! That car truly is a dream machine, and these images I love to this day.

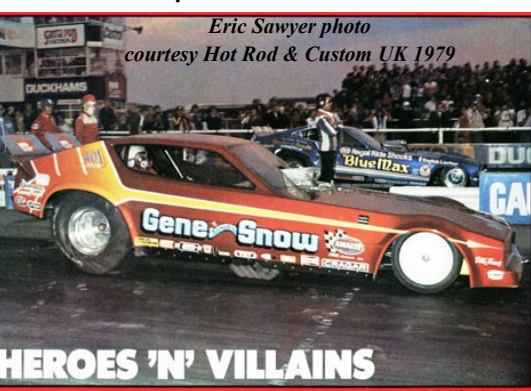
Another hard-working memory is driving to Cornwall to cover some surfing in a big ol' top-of-the range Jeep Cherokee Chief. With its cruise control set at 99, touching the "resume" button leaving a round-a-bout was an awesome thrill – almost like flying Star Wars' Millennium Falcon!



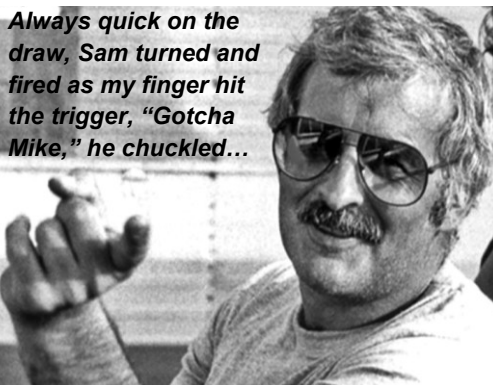
But first we went off-road at Blackbushe and our front end was eaten by soft soil – it took some effort to pull us out...



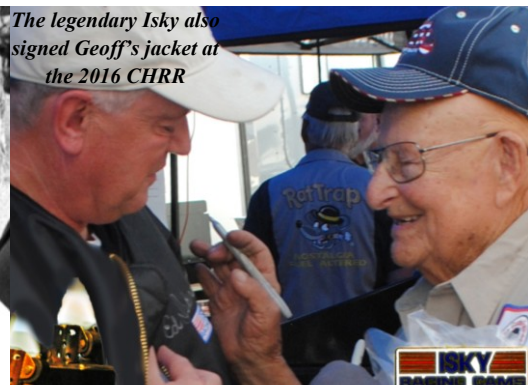
However, it won on the track, ran strong and our journey to Land's End was truly luxurious, but even with Quadra-Traction the loose shingle of Loe Bar beach was too much, and I had to turn the big Chief back. On our next trip, its tougher brother, a fully loaded J10 Honcho pick-up took us across the treacherous beach – after literally kicking out my two gal pals to make them jump up and down on the rear bumper to get us through the last 200 oh-so-soft yards! Sadly, by going surfing we missed the quickest fuel coupe race on the planet! But Eric Sawyer's great photo of Snowman's hole shot launch to a 6.04 beating the 6.00 from the Blue Max at the Pod is forever! And the race is on Nick Pettitt's Time Travel DVD 19. We missed Vanishing Point's 317mph record run too, but Slam'n Sammy rode in the first real street machine I ever drove – a truly wild 350hp Renegade with an Isky cam! Talking of which, soon we'll have some LSR tales from BDRHoF sponsor Geoff Stilwell on his Ed Iskenderian backed Bonneville record attempt. But for now let's go Slam'n with Sam...



Eric Sawyer photo  
courtesy Hot Rod & Custom UK 1979



Always quick on the draw, Sam turned and fired as my finger hit the trigger, "Gotcha Mike," he chuckled...



The legendary Isky also signed Geoff's jacket at the 2016 CHRR

HEROES 'N' VILLAINS

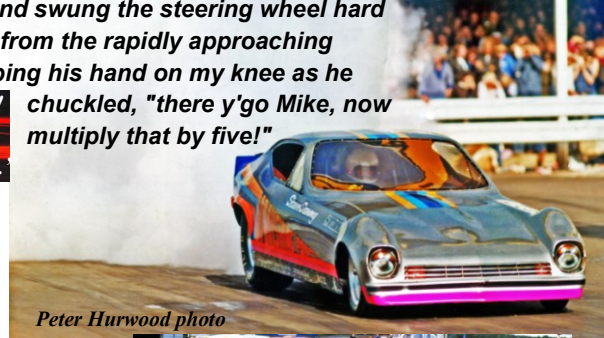


The highway was empty when I asked, "What's it like getting out of shape at 350mph, and how'd you control it?" Sam chuckled as a wicked glint appeared in his eyes, "D'y' r'lly want to know what it's like Mike?" "Why not," cinching up as I added, "Bang," pulling the trigger on an invisible 357, "Gotcha!" "No way Jose," Sam chuckled wildly, lifting his finger and pointing me right between the eyes with a fantasy 9mm, "I got you." Laughing out loud, his thumb clicked the safety off, "like this," his index finger squeezing the trigger as he spoke, "P't choo." At the same time he mashed his foot to the floor and swung the steering wheel hard right with his left hand. Milliseconds later he began fighting the Thunderbird away from the rapidly approaching barrier, taking all four traffic-free lanes to get the rogue machine back in line, slapping his hand on my knee as he

*Vanishing Point 2002/R Mustang 0-109mph in 32feet!*

chuckled, "there y'go Mike, now multiply that by five!"

*"I just walk off on another highway in the sky man..."*



Peter Hurwood photo

## Fast Facts!

**Slam'n Sammy Miller - the World's Fastest Accelerating Man**  
 0-60mph in 0.28secs, 0-100mph in 0.36secs -Vanishing Point 2002/R Mustang

### Quarter Mile World Records

Fastest track terminal: 386mph - Oxygen rocket dragster  
 Quickest Elapsed Time: 3.58secs - Vanishing Point 2002/R Mustang

### Eighth Mile World Records

Fastest: 319mph in 2.54secs - Vanishing Point 2001/R Vega  
 Quickest: 1.60secs at 298mph - Vanishing Point 2003/R Trans Am

### World Ice Record

247mph in 1.6secs over 200ft - Oxygen rocket dragster

### Outlaw Desert Thunder

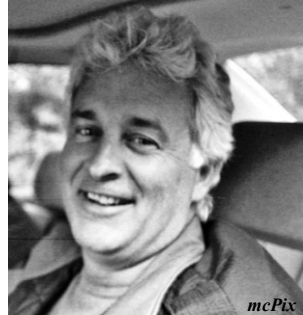
3.85secs at 395.4mph - Vanishing Point 2002/R Mustang

### Maximum Power

Vanishing Point 2001/R Vega: 5,000lbs thrust - 10,000bhp  
 Oxygen rocket dragster: 10, 000lbs thrust - 20,000bhp  
 Vanishing Point 2002/R Mustang: 12,000lbs thrust - 24.000bhp  
 Vanishing Point 2003/R Trans Am: 14,000lbs thrust - 28.000bhp



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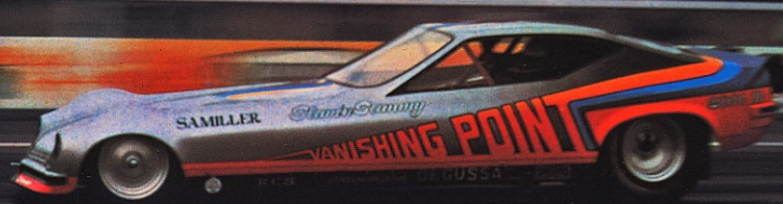
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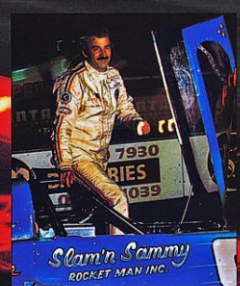
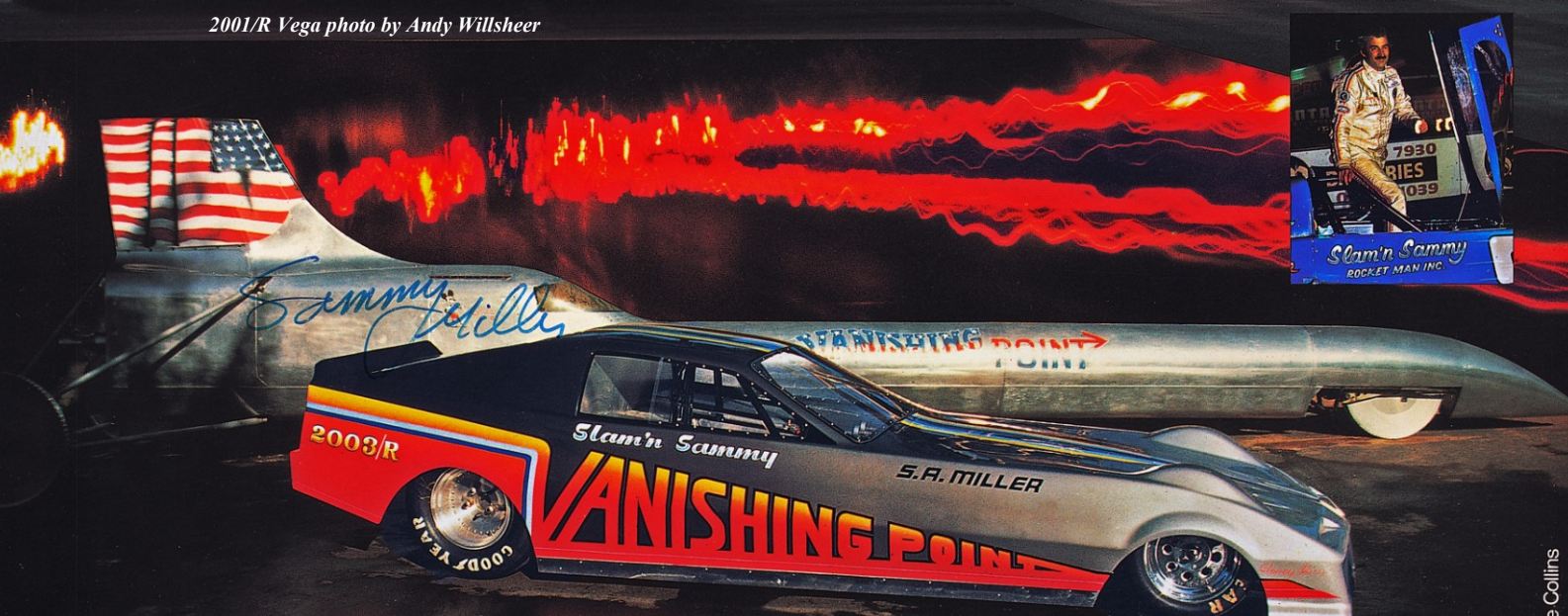
We'd been running about 75mph when he'd swung on the steering wheel - can't possibly imagine it five times faster! Sam once told me, "It doesn't matter how fast you're going, 20mph is just like 350, if you're maxed out, that's it, 'ceptin' of course, you've got a little less time to react at 350!" As understated as ever! Still miss you my friend, especially the warmth of your smile. We lost Sam on October 29, 2002, yet the legend continues to grow, his amazing numbers unmatched to this day...

# BLAST OFF

## Slam'n Sammy Miller



2001/R Vega photo by Andy Willsheer



**The world's fastest accelerating man**