

# BARACUDA

Issue #15



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IN THIS ISSUE:

## STATION WAGONS RULE!

ALSO:

ED ROTH'S "OUTLAW"  
BODIES RETURN!

"THE ART OF  
VON DUTCH"  
ART EXHIBIT

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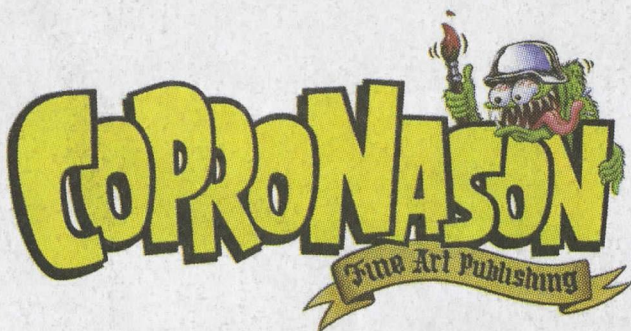
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WAGONS RULE

*Barracuda Haikus*  
p. 6

*The Art Of Von Dutch*  
p. 8

*Ed Roth's "Outlaw"  
Bodies Return*  
p. 10

*"Bird" Watching!*  
p. 12

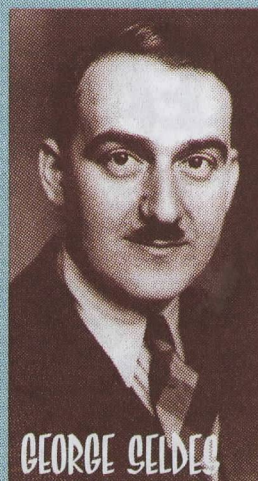
*Station Wagons Rule!*  
p. 14

*Barracuda Girl Fifi Le Donk*  
p. 22

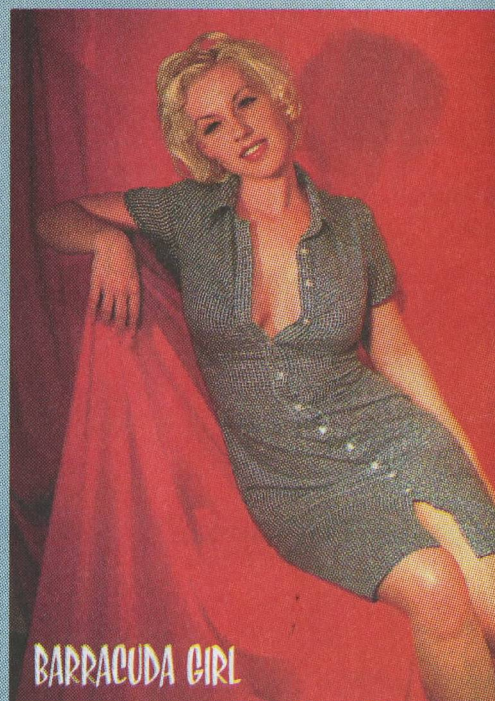
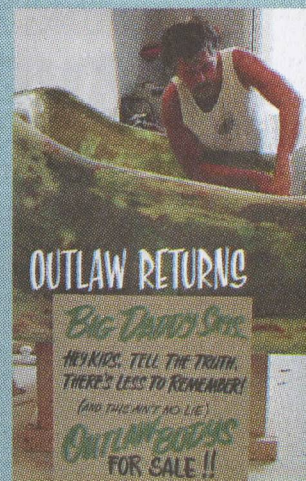
*Real-Man Revisited:  
George Seldes*  
p. 27

*So You Want To Be A  
Barracuda Girl...*  
p. 35

*Leave 'Em Laughing  
Cartoons by Chic Tongue*  
p. 48



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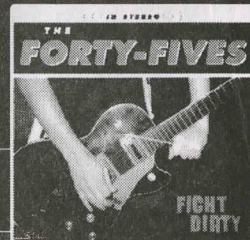
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**Dr. Do-It-Yourself**

**A Letter From Your Editor**

**T**he summer car show season is over. Although I have lots of fun at these shows, getting up so early and standing in the hot sun all day does take its toll. But overall, going to car shows was made a lot easier this year by my new station wagon, which you will read about at length later in this issue.

One of the wackiest summer show moments happened while I was loading my wagon for the Hootenanny. I inadvertently slammed not one, not two, but THREE fingers in one of the car doors. I only got one finger really good, but that finger swelled up really nice and the fingernail turned blue as it filled up with blood underneath.

Of course, it was on the first trip of the load, so it made the rest of the loading really fun. Also, I had to leave the house at about 4:30 A.M. to go to the show and could get no sleep because of the throbbing pain coming from my fingers. I rooted through my medicine cabinet and actually found some 10 year-old Tylenol 3s, which, not surprisingly, had little effect.

At about 2:30 A.M., the gut-wrenching pain got the most of me and I decided it was time to dabble in one of my favorite pastimes—do-it-yourself outpatient surgery.

Imagine it, if you will. The pain was so bad that it seemed like a *good* idea for me to drill a hole through my own fingernail to let the blood out and relieve the pressure. That's how bad it hurt.

My first instinct was naturally to use my Dremel. They're so versatile! But I had an image of me punching a hole right through my whole finger and decided against a power tool,

opting instead to do the drilling by hand.

Drilling through my own fingernail was slow going and when I hit paydirt, man was it gross. It was like the opening of the *Beverly Hillsbillies*—"Up from the ground come a-bubblin' crude." But it worked. The pain was gone almost instantly.

Since this procedure, I've been told by several people that a doctor or nurse would have done the exact same thing. My doctor (by that I mean the medical information section of yahoo.com) concurred.

I was very proud of my craftsmanship on this job. What are procedures like these really, except having the right tools for the job and access to information? It's like installing a light switch except you need to be more concerned with germs.

Truth be told, I have always wanted to write an article about D.I.Y. medical procedures, but the potential liability from someone getting hurt while trying the dumb things I do to myself is staggering. So, now I have to make the disclaimer that no one should try this stuff at home. This information is for educational purposes only. Always consult a trained medical professional before doing anything—ever.

Nevertheless, I'll go ahead and congratulate myself for my efforts to take the strain off the overburdened healthcare system by taking care of my subungual hematoma at home.

Now, you know I *HAD* to take pictures of the whole messy ordeal. I wanted to print them in this column partly to show off my craftsmanship and partly to jokingly complain about what I go through to bring this magazine to you. But I have deemed the pictures too gruesome for print. However, if you'd *really* like to see the pictures of my smashed up finger, you can check them out



**MANNING THE BARRACUDA BOOTH AT BILLET PROOF 2002. SOMETIMES LIFE IS SO ROUGH.  
PHOTO BY FRANKIE NORSTAD**



on the *Barracuda Magazine* website at [www.barracudamagazine.com/finger.htm](http://www.barracudamagazine.com/finger.htm).

But, smashed fingers, lack of sleep, disgusting port-a-potties and baking hot sunshine notwithstanding, once everything gets set up at a car show and I sit in the booth with a beer in my hand, all is forgiven.

Anyway, I did more car shows this summer than ever before. And although I didn't make it to all the far and wide events that I wanted, I did finally manage to make it to the east coast for Philly's Hot Rod Hoedown, which was lots of fun. I am proud to say that I won the trophy for farthest traveled to attend to the show.

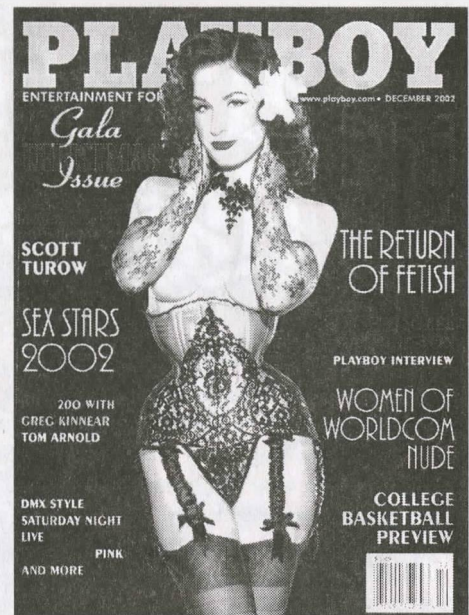
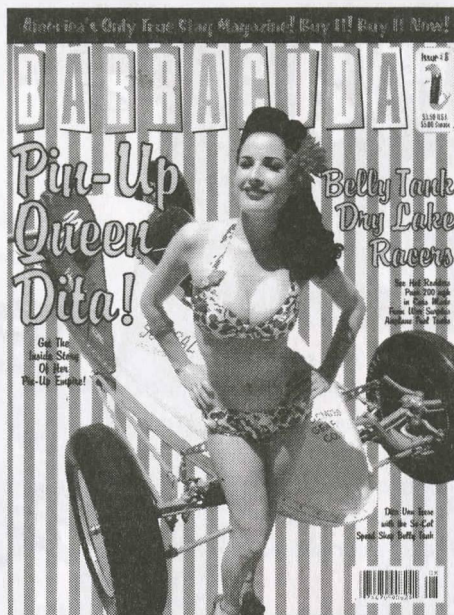
As you may have noticed, I have added more pages to this issue, while NOT raising the cover price! Hopefully, this trend will continue. (It needs to. I am getting long-winded in my old age and need more pages for my ramblings.) I'd like to be able to add more Barracuda Girl pictures or maybe a fourth pictorial each issue, but we'll have to see how that goes.

Also, I have been adding more and more magazines to our online newsstand. A lot of people have been asking for catalogs of what we have available. Unfortunately, we do not have a printed catalog nor do we have any plans to produce one. The kinds of magazines we sell are independently produced, underground, low-buck car mags. Or as I like to say, "Magazines for people who think rust adds character!"<sup>TM</sup>

Because these are the kinds of magazines we stock, it would be almost impossible for us to produce a printed catalog. By the time we got one printed and mailed out, half the stuff on it would be out of print!

So, the only way we can offer these mags is from the online newsstand on our website. I know, not everyone has a computer or internet access, but I'm sorry, this is really the only way that we can do it. If you want to call us up, we'll be happy to take an order for you over the phone, though. I know, it's sort of a pain, but like I said, that's the only way we can do it.

Until the next issue, I remain your humble word farmer. —J.F.



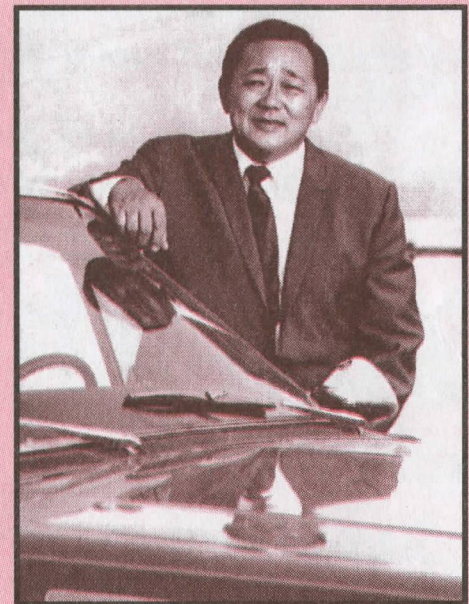
CONGRATULATIONS TO BARRACUDA ISSUE #8 COVER GIRL, THE LOVELY AND CHARMING DITA VON TEESE! DITA IS FEATURED ON THE COVER OF THE CURRENT ISSUE OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE! PICK UP A COPY!

R.I.P. to actor Kam Fong (born Kam Fong Chun), who died on October 18, 2002 at the age of 84. Chun was best known as Chin Ho Kelly, the pipe-smoking, jovial underling of Steve McGarrett on TV's *Hawaii Five-0*.

Chun was on the show from 1968 until his character was killed off in 1978. Although Chin Ho had been killed, he inexplicably appeared in a pilot for a (mercifully) never-released *Hawaii Five-0* remake shot in the 1990s.

In 1944, two American bombers collided and crashed into Chun's house while he, his wife and children were inside. He was the only survivor. Devastated by the loss, he spiraled into self-destruction and alcoholism and even attempted suicide. He later told the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* that he became a police officer because he wanted a life-threatening job. His experience as a police officer led to his role playing a cop on *Hawaii Five-0*.

He reportedly said he wanted to be buried with a cigar, a pack of cigarettes and a small bottle of whiskey, adding, "For God's sake don't forget to put in the matches or lighter!" He died of inoperable lung cancer.



#### Buffy the Velvet Painting Slayer

It has been brought to our attention that in the fifth season of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, the episode "The Replacement" concludes with an exchange between Buffy and Anya in which Anya is reading the Real-Man Profile of Velvet Painter Edgar Leeteg in *Barracuda* #6. This is no photoshop trick, kids. It's for real—and it's real funny! Watch for a *Barracuda* iron cross shirt being worn by a bully in an upcoming Disney kid's movie. No, seriously.





# Barracuda Haikus!

Haikus are an ancient form of Japanese poetry with five syllables in the first line, seven syllables in the second line and five syllables again in the third line. Haikus are known for their simplicity, directness and depth. What could be a more appropriate way to express the Barracuda lifestyle? Meditate on these Barracuda haikus as a daily affirmation on your path toward enlightenment and to help you understand your place, as a Barracuda reader, in the cycle of life.



*damn this rusty bolt  
don't you know? lefty loosey!  
liquid wrench for you*

*you're an o.k. guy  
but please keep your meat hooks off  
my pabst blue ribbon*

*buy a brand new car?  
I won't drive a jellybean  
a V-8 for me!*

*over you, my friend  
gravity has no power  
you are jack lord's hair*

*you say it's broken?  
I don't know what I'm doing  
but I can fix it*

*the meaning of life?  
ponder this another time  
flyers game is on*

*new tire costs too much  
just five bucks at pick-a-part  
off to sun valley!*

*absorb high culture  
wine, art, classical music  
please, someone shoot me*

*they work miracles  
ruptured hose on broken bones  
zip ties, they fix all*

*pop idol, yeah right!  
boy bands can kiss my rear end  
learn to play guitar*

*check unit pricing  
cheapness is it own reward  
more money for beer*

*carb rebuild complete  
extra pieces-why is that?  
throw them in the trash*

*gross, dirty laundry  
respect its right to exist  
leave it for later*

*they bust my knuckles  
those ho chi minh tough tonquers  
craftsman tools are best*





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# The Art Of Von Dutch

**ABOVE: AN OVERVIEW OF THE VON DUTCH ART EXHIBIT AT CAL STATE NORTHRIDGE, INCLUDING HIS "KENFORD" TRUCK, MOTORCYCLES THAT HE CUSTOMIZED AND RESTORED, AS WELL AS SIGNS AND ODD GADGETS HE CREATED FOR THE BRUCKER BROTHERS AT THEIR CARS OF THE STARS MUSEUM.**

**LEFT: A HI-FI STEREO FEATURING TWO SUR-REAL paintings BY VON DUTCH,**

**BELOW, THE POSTER FOR THE SHOW. THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY BARRY FEINSTEIN IN 1966.**

Cal State Northridge's art gallery recently hosted a show featuring the works of pinstripping pioneer Von Dutch. The show was entitled "Von Dutch: An American Original."

If there was ever a question about the influence that Von Dutch had on hot rodders, that question was answered by the huge turnout at the show's opening. People of all ages stood in a line that wrapped around outside the building. The crowd waited patiently in heat that had to be pushing 100 degrees just to check out the exhibit.

It was well worth the wait. The show had an excellent cross-section of Von Dutch's work. There were examples of his paintings and his striping. The show also had signs and weird contraptions that Von Dutch made while working for the Brucker Brothers at their Cars Of The Stars Museum.

There were also examples of his best work, his craftsmanship with metal. Von Dutch was said to have considered himself a machinist more than an artist, but he blurred the line between artist and artisan with his amazing hand-crafted guns and knives. All of them were ornate, but many of them were intricately decorated with etchings and hand-punched details.

It was impressive to see so much of Von Dutch's handiwork in one place. It was a great representation of Dutch's way-out style.

The show also featured Von Dutch-inspired art by Peter Alexander, Linda Bark'karie, Bird Betts, Bob Burns, Jimmy C, Coop, Jeffrey Decker, Tom Fritz, Makoto Kobayashi, Charles Krafft, Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, Mark Ryden, St. John Morton, Tim S. Morton, Savage Pencil, Shag, Jim Shaw, Steve Stanford, C.R. Stecyk III, The Pizz, Von Franco, Keith Weesner, Herb Weiland, Nicola Wood and Robert Williams.

A book inspired by the show is supposed to be in the works. For more information about the show and the upcoming book, visit [www.theartofvondutch.com](http://www.theartofvondutch.com) on the internet.



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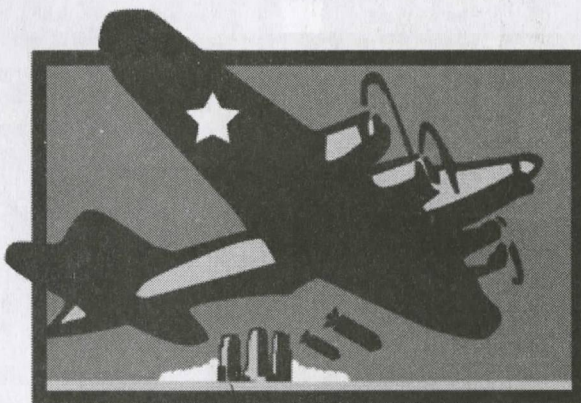
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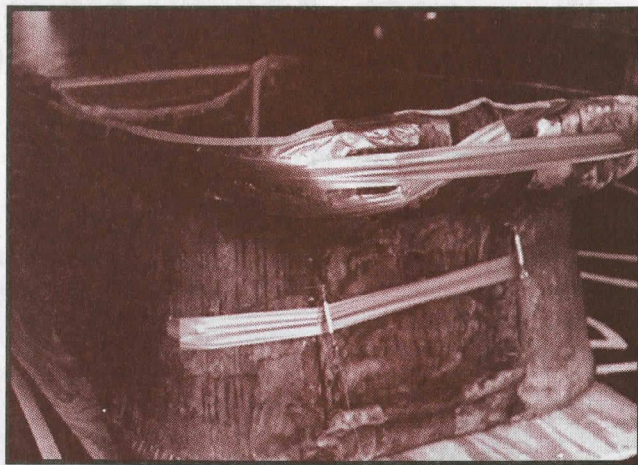
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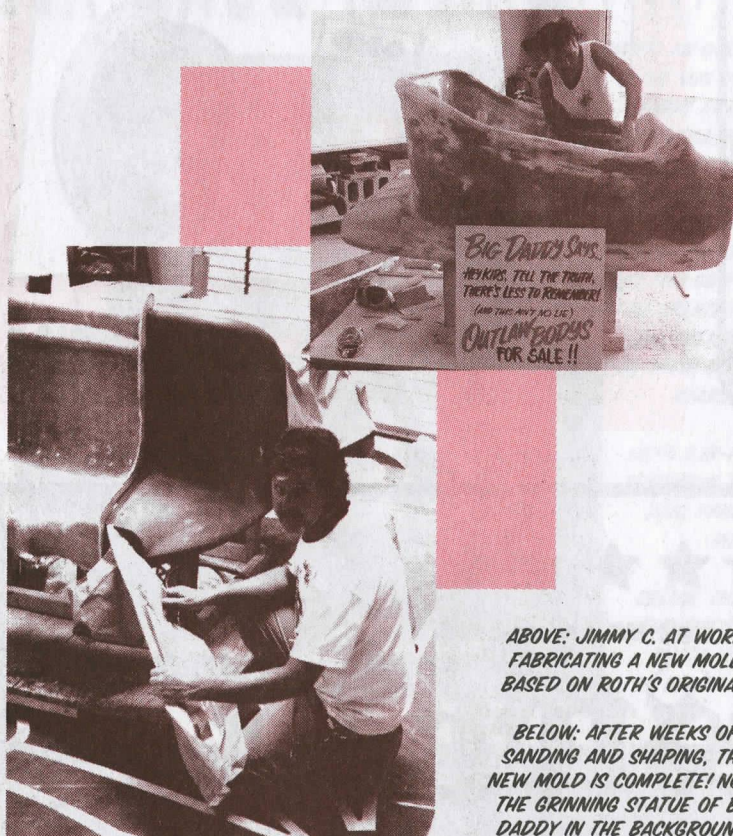
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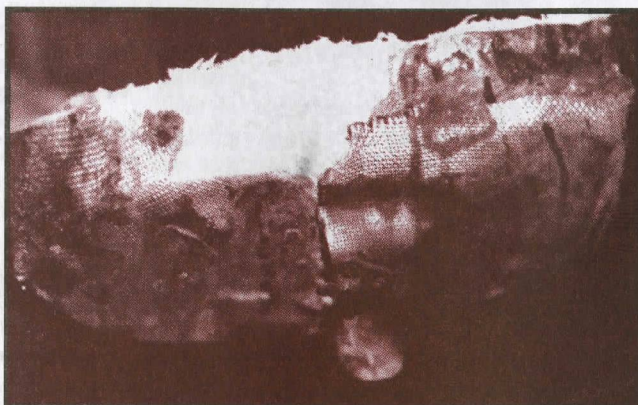
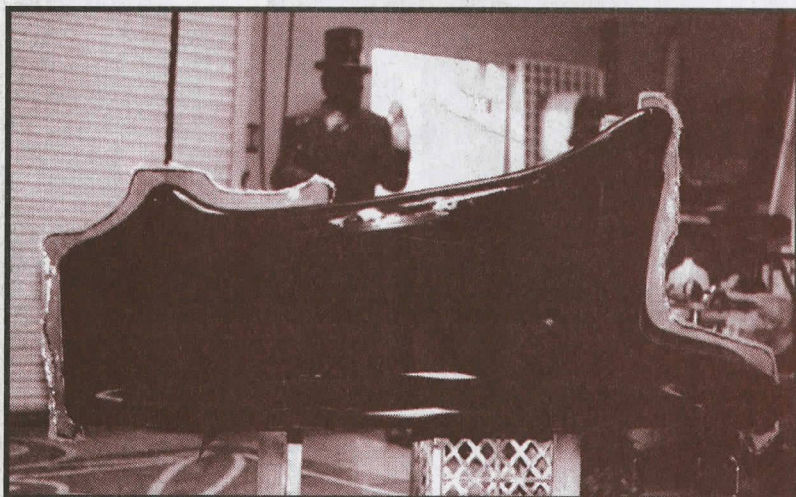


**ABOVE: ROTH'S ORIGINAL MOLD, HELD TOGETHER WITH DUCT TAPE AND A PRAYER. THE 40+ YEAR OLD MOLD ACTUALLY HELD UP PRETTY WELL. THE SAME CANNOT BE SAID OF ITS RINKY DINK LATCHES (BELOW).**



**ABOVE: JIMMY C. AT WORK FABRICATING A NEW MOLD BASED ON ROTH'S ORIGINAL.**

**BELOW: AFTER WEEKS OF SANDING AND SHAPING, THE NEW MOLD IS COMPLETE! NOTE THE GRINNING STATUE OF BIG DADDY IN THE BACKGROUND.**



**Y**ou can now own an Outlaw body, just like the one used by Ed "Big Daddy" Roth on his famous kustom show car! Copies of the Outlaw's body are being fabricated by artist Jimmy C. under license from the Roth family.

The original Outlaw was built in 1958 and was the first show car ever to be created out of fiberglass. The Outlaw was also the first of Roth's show cars to be used as Revell model kit and was their best-selling model kit of all time.

According to Jimmy C., Roth had originally planned to make copies of the Outlaw body and sell them. But for one reason or another, no more than a couple of the bodies were sold. This may have been due to the fact that they were made out of fiberglass, which was not a commonly used material at the time.

Roth threw the Outlaw mold on the roof of his shop. One day while cleaning, Roth was about to send the mold to the dump. Robert Williams, who was working for Roth at the time, said he should hang onto it. The mold sat around for years and eventually ended up in Williams's possession and he hung onto it for years.

After Roth's death last year, his estate agreed to have Jimmy C. make and sell copies. But a lot of prep work had to go into making it happen. Williams loaned the mold to Jimmy C. Jimmy said it took about six weeks worth of work to fabricate a new production mold from it. He created another body out of the old Outlaw production mold. That body was cleaned up and a fresh, new mold was made from it.

This new mold will be the one used to make the new Outlaw bodies. A short run of no more than 100 bodies is planned. Each of the bodies will come with a numbered plaque.

For more information on the Outlaw bodies, visit [www.kustomart.net](http://www.kustomart.net) on the internet.



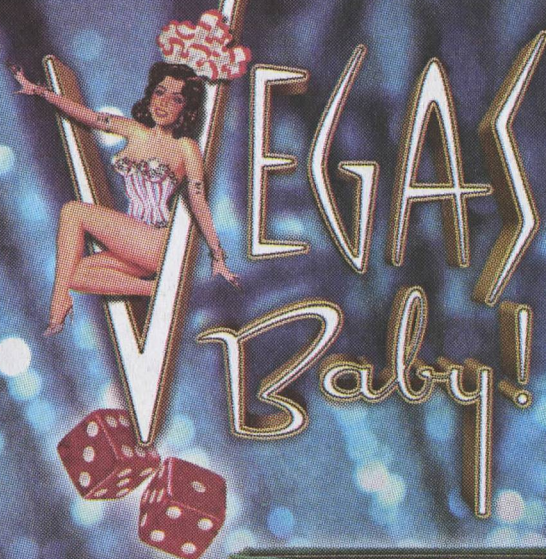


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# Bird Watching!

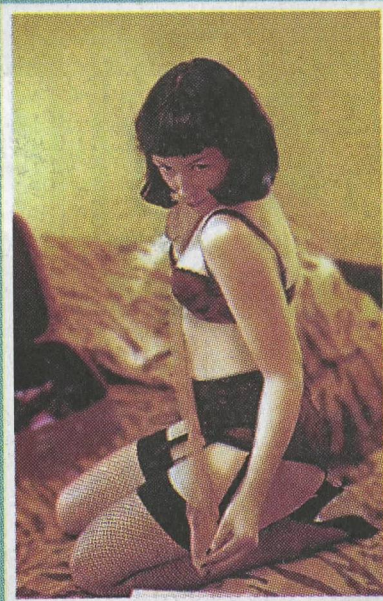
photos by Don Parker



The British are known for being a very reserved people. It's even been said that they use handshake to handshake resuscitation to revive drowning victims!

Luckily, this daisy "bird" from merry old England isn't shy at all! Why, the only thing that could make her blush is the corner drugstore!

But not all girls in England are so cheeky, according to this lovely lass. "Some girls are discreet up to a point. Others are discreet up to a pint. As soon as they get a few drinks in them, they start looking for a chaser!"





# Station Wagons Rule!



The venerable station wagon got its start as an after-market car or truck modification in the 1920s. According to the book *Station Wagons* by Byron Olson, station wagon bodies were originally hand-made wooden frames that were bolted onto a car. They included bench seats and room in the back for luggage.

They were made out of wood because any entrepreneurial craftsman could set up shop building small quantities of the bodies out of wood—as opposed to the massive expense of tooling up to produce sheet metal body parts. These “wagons” were primarily used by hotels to transport guests to and from train stations—hence the name “station wagon.”

In 1929, Ford took over much of the after-market conversion business when it began making its own station wagon bodies. This was the first time a station wagon became a bona fide part of an automobile line. Dodge, Plymouth, Chevrolet, Studebaker, Packard, Pontiac and DeSoto all followed in the 1930s, coming out with wood-bodied wagons. By 1941, over 50% of all cars produced by Ford were station wagons.

As car manufacturing moved toward all-steel construction, curved, streamlined sheet metal and enclosed passenger areas, the exterior wood on station wagons remained, but it was more for style than for function. The first all-steel wagon was the Willys Jeep station wagon in 1946.

In the post-war years, the American population moved into the suburbs. Also, with the end of fuel and tire rationing, Americans hit the road, traveling the improved highways and interstates like they never had before. Add the baby boom to that mix and the perfect vehicle for this generation was the station wagon. The 1950s produced some of the coolest station wagons ever. They were a bizarre and amazing combination of pure work-horse functionality and excessively optimistic, space-age styling.

Although all wood styling on wagons became faux wood and vinyl appliques during this time, the mid-1960s through the early 1970s was the great era of the station wagon. Oldsmobile came out with models like the Vista Cruiser, featuring a curved window on the roof of the car and sporting an optional 455 cubic inch engine. The optional 4-4-2 package was even offered on this model.

Ford's Country Squire wagon dominated the market, featuring a third, hidden seat in the back. All major car manufacturers featured station wagon models, ranging from full-size models with big block V-8s, down to compact, economy models with straight or slant sixes.

The fuel crisis of the 1970s, plus a move toward smaller, more fuel-efficient cars foretold a grim end to the era of the station wagon. In the mid-1980s, the advent of the minivan all but

destroyed the station wagon.

Today, very few manufacturers are still making wagons. While minivans are indeed more functional than station wagons, their bland and anonymous styling leave little room for excitement. They are pure function and no fun. Classic station wagons used the same styling as their sedan counterparts, but on a longer wheelbase and with storage space added in back. Trying to make a cool kustom or drag racer out of a minivan would be like trying to make the proverbial silk purse out of a sow's ear. Whether or not today's youngsters will grow up with a nostalgic affinity for the minivans that carried them around in their childhood remains to be seen. But it would seem unlikely.

Unfortunately, many old wagons have not survived as well as their sedan brethren. Because of their extra sheet metal, station wagons have been vehicles of choice in many a demolition derby for years. But also, it is their practicality that has made them rare. Station wagons are functional, so they get *used*. Little old ladies buy sedans and then only put 10,000 miles on them in 30 years. But wagons are bought by people who drive them and use them to haul kids and junk around or go on vacation. That is why finding a great, low-mileage wagon is so rare.

But those who have a cool, old wagon know that they do indeed rule. Here are their stories.



Ophelia was a client's car that was posted on our website, aeclassic.com. There was this dude that was going to come by and look at her and well, basically he flaked out and boy are we glad, cuz we ended up falling in love with her and purchased the car ourselves. We immediately came up with a name for her and call her "Ophelia."

Ophelia is a 1959 Ford Country Sedan long roof and she still needs a lot of work and loving care. She serves daily as a delivery wagon for aeclassic.com and ratfink.org. She was built in Santa Fe Springs California, we are her third owner and we plan on keeping her.

You can find me and Ophelia at cruise-ins and car shows with her back fully stocked with "Big Daddy" Roth's Rat Fink products and memorabilia for sale, which supports our websites, internet e-zines dedicated to kustom kulture and classic cars. She is still under construction.

First, I didn't have time to screw with trying to get her running decently on my own so instead of screwin' things up, I took her to McCarthy Performance and had her valves and rocker arms replaced, along with getting her a good tune up.

We found out that the engine was in really good shape but would need to be re-sealed along with the transmission, which could be done at a later date. We also found out that the engine was built sometime between 1961 and 1963, so it's not the original. We figure that her first owner had it replaced at some time. Later on, I took her over to Bob Riley and got a new distributor and had her carb reworked.

Then I took her over to Morse Muffler and had dual pipes with glass packs put on her. Later, I purchased some triple-tip lake pipes for her from Mooneyes only to find out that two out of the three ports were dummies, so I took those over to Tim at

Morse and had him cut 'em out and make 'em active, then adapt 'em to the exhaust system.

Ya know Ophelia is comin' down tha street when I un-cap them suckers.

Ophelia had a lot of surface rust and paint wear. I wet sanded the entire car with our Sandman products to take down the rust and then just painted it white primer out of a rattle can. The white primer sure cleaned her up nicely. We decided to go with a raw, old-school goth / surf / Rat Fink theme. I painted the front grille flat black, along with the inside of the trim to give us a nice break.

Later on I got together with a buddy and we got ourselves one of them real cheep dent pullers over at Pep Boys along with a couple of cans of Bondo and filled in the dings and sanded her down. Not the best job, but that's O.K.

The next thing that I wanted to do was clean up the bed interior. There was a lot of gunk and rust on her interior chrome. Again, I used our Sandman products to clean her up.

I took her over to McCarthy again and had some new air shocks put on her ta give her a little rake. After that, I carpeted the back bed with blacklite carpet. I use a 12-volt blacklite to illuminate the back at night. And I added a couple of our Rat Fink plush toys for amusement.

Then my girlfriend Becca, Goddess "O" Glass, of Hollywood Art Glass etched the front windows with a very nice stripe pattern.

After a few months I got really tired of the stark white. My kids were tellin' me ta paint her black so's she'd look more like a hearse. But I didn't like that so much, so I took a picture of her and started messin' with it in Photoshop and I came up with the two-tone scheme.

So, then I got together with this guy that's got a spray booth and we primed the car real

# '59 Ford Country Sedan Wagon, "Ophelia"

BY MOLDY MARVIN

good this time with some really thick coats of the stuff. We also shot the inside.

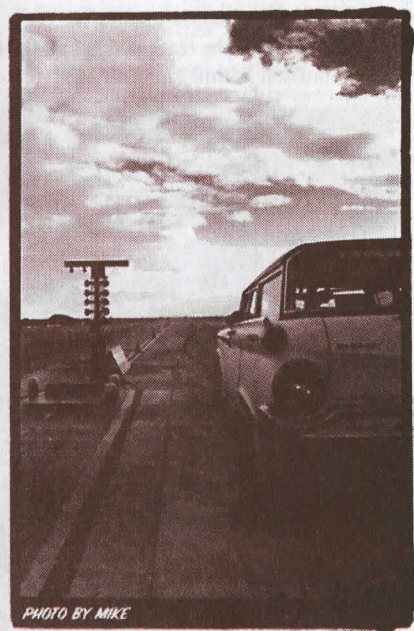
A really good friend of ours, Heidi, and her father spent the past two years completely restoring a 1961 Galaxie Sunliner convertible. Just this last July some kid decided that he would be funny and set a bottle rocket off in Bonnie at 3:00 am when everyone was sleeping. Yeah, great.

Well, you can just imagine what happened next. The whole interior went up in smoke. The car alarm went off and woke Heidi and her family up. By the time the fire department got there, the car was gutted.

Heidi got some insurance money for the car—nowhere near what Bonnie was worth and then Heidi offered to let me take the engine and trans out of her for Ophelia and then sell the rolling chassis ta try and recoup some cash for her. So that's exactly what I did. I got the Sunliner's 390 and the souped-up trans in Ophelia now.

I really want ta race her over at L.A. County Raceway. They have a long roof competition like three to four times a year now and anyone can enter.

I'm gonna keep the old trans and engine and tear them down and put 'em back together myself and keep 'em around for another project.



MOLDY MARVIN'S WAGON - ABOVE, AS HE ORIGINALLY GOT HER. ABOVE RIGHT, MOLDY AND PALS PUTTING THE NEW 390 IN. RIGHT, MODIFIED BY MOLDY, AS OUR COVER CAR. FAR RIGHT, GETTING READY TO LIGHT 'EM UP.

PHOTO BY MIKE



# "The Helvedere"

BY GAFFO, PUBLISHER OF  
WAGONS OF STEEL MAGAZINE

By the time I laid down \$500 for the Helvedere, I was already drag racing an eleven second Town & Country, so I had an eye toward making it into a race car from the beginning. The '66 Plymouth Belvedere II station wagon is basically a muscle car under the skin so getting speed parts like headers and suspension pieces is much easier than for the big Chrysler. Also, it was the perfect combination of straight and fusty for the race car conversion.

I drove it on the street and raced it pretty successfully in Sportsman bracket for a year. During this time, we upgraded to disc brakes up front, a 4 bbl carb for the old 318 "polyhead" motor, electronic ignition, mags and a flame job. The best ET I got out of this combination was a 16.19 at eighty something miles per hour. I really liked the car. It looked good and it's a comfortable size without being gigantic. I had installed a set of 3.91:1 gears in it so it jumped off the line pretty well for a heavy old wagon.

What caused me to take the Helvedere to the next level wasn't some well-conceived plan, it was an exhaust manifold leak that drove me so crazy that I called Summit Racing and ordered a set of Hooker Comp headers for a 383-440 in a '66-'71 B-body for the ridiculously low price of \$160. They hung on the wall and inspired me to buy more parts and make a plan. That winter I pulled the wagon into my shop and Dr. Big Block and I transformed it into a race car. We installed an Art Morrison 8 point rollbar kit, subframe connectors, a couple of bucket seats, gauges, five-point safety harnesses, and a driveshaft safety loop. We gutted out 400 pounds of seats and interior. We dropped in our best 440 and a race-prepped automatic tranny.

I drove it to the track and got all the way to the semifinal round (and a check for eighty

bucks) my first time out. The car ran very respectably in the mid-twelves. Of course that wasn't good enough for me and I started blowing stuff up in a continuous quest for faster timeslips. I gave up driving it on the street and to the race track pretty early on after I got tired of swapping tires, unbolting the exhaust, and being stranded with a dead race car at the track with no trailer. Going fast isn't easy on parts.

The thing that keeps us coming back is that the Helvedere is a great race car. It's a good basic design and it's straight so it rolls easily and feels comfortable at high speed. This seems obvious but it's not. Many racers struggle with cars that aren't straight. We've built on that foundation by taking the suspension apart and putting it back together again as perfectly as we can. It's a trick that the "Stock" racers use and it can really work. The Helvedere covers the first sixty feet in 1.5 seconds on its way to a 10.9 second quarter mile at 122 mph. These are some serious numbers and it's a point of pride that we lay them down all day in an old station wagon with an old iron motor on skinny slicks and stock leaf springs.

The paint job on the Helvedere is probably the most planned aspect of the car. From the very beginning I've tried to create the look of a sixties super stocker. The red stripes are a fairly common feature from the era and I added the blue field and white stars. All of this work was done with a good paint brush and cheap hardware store enamel. I used a cheapo paint gun to blow a coat of off-white on the lower part of the car before I started to hand letter the sponsor logos. My wife created the Wagons of Steel II vinyl based on the original Belvedere II trim but aside from that and the contingency decals it's all painted by hand. It looks crude to my eye and it's time consuming but the overall effect is worth it. People have come up to me and asked if it is an original race car from the sixties and I take it as a compliment. It's a tribute to my friends who really did race cars in the sixties, when I was in diapers!

## THE HELVEDERE - THE WAGONS OF STEEL RACECAR

vital stats

### GENERAL:

1966 Plymouth Belvedere II 6 Passenger Station Wagon

### ENGINE:

1963 413 Chrysler industrial block bored to 426 c.i. J&E pistons  
Mopar Performance rods  
Forged steel crank

### HEADS:

1963 "286" Max Wedge prepared by Dvorak Machine  
1.5:1 rockers

### INDUCTION:

Indy single plane intake  
Holley 1050 cfm Dominator carb  
Holley "Blue" electric fuel pump  
Cam by Dvorak

### IGNITION:

MSD 6AL box  
MSD distributor  
MSD wires

### EXHAUST:

Hooker Super Comp headers, 2" primaries

### DRIVELINE:

Torqueflite 727 3 speed automatic  
Turbo Action reverse pattern manual shift valve body Turbo  
Action Cheetah SCS shifter  
Turbo Action "J" converter  
Inland Empire 3 1/2" aluminum driveshaft 8 3/4" rear  
4.30:1 gears  
Moser Spool and 35 spline axles

### SUSPENSION:

KYB shocks  
Leaf springs by Dvorak Machine

### BRAKES:

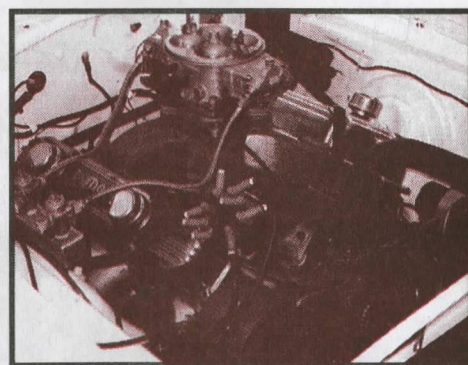
stock drums rear  
'73 Dodge Dart disc brakes front  
Line Lock

### WHEELS AND TIRES:

30" x9" Hoosier radial slicks  
Mickey Thompson ET Front tires

### SAFETY:

Art Morrison 8 point rollcage  
RCI harness  
RCI SFI 3-2/a jacket  
Bell helmet





# "The Great White Shark"

BY JEFF FOX

I have been keeping my eyes peeled for a station wagon for, oh about my entire life, but never saw the right car. When my friend Don showed up at my house one day with a total cream-puff '65 Dart wagon, I knew it was time to really set the dogs on a hunt for a wagon of my own.

People were offering such junk at the \$1200-\$1500 level, I thought a bargain car would be out of the question. I didn't even consider any cars listed for less than a grand. I didn't see many good candidates for a long time. Luckily, poring through classifieds is actually a lot of fun if you're not desperate. I was in no hurry whatsoever. I could wait for the car that really rang my bell.

Since the search was yielding so few leads, I checked out some of the listings under \$1000. I was looking for something ugly but strong anyway, so I was game for some bottom feeding. I finally found a listing for a '68 Ford wagon and the price was \$600. The guy said it had a cracked windshield, the interior was all ripped up, but everything was pretty much there and the 390 cubic inch engine ran strong.

"Ding!"

The guy was using it to haul stuff to flea markets and he said I could come look at it at his flea market booth. Look at a wagon *and* go to a flea market on a weekday? How can I go wrong?

I went and saw the car and man, did it look awful. There were boxes of flea market junk in it and on it. It seemed like the guy made zero effort to clean it up. But oddly enough, this impressed me. I somehow reasoned that just meant he had nothing to hide.

The car started right up and idled really nicely. I poked around and on the surface, it was a disaster. The tailgate was in pieces—the rear window was held closed with nylon twine tied to the luggage rack. The headliner was thrashed. The front seat was in tatters. An endless number of little things were screwed up and packing tape or twine held half this car together.

But mechanically, everything looked pretty good. It seemed like the kind of a car that "works for a living." It was huge inside and I could see its great hauling capability, which was important.

When I stomped the gas, it took off. It was really fast and accelerated like a bat out of Harrisburg. This was the car I had been looking for. Don't get me wrong, I saw many problems. It had TONS of stuff that needed to be fixed. Not the least of which was a carb whose accelerator pump was leaking gas all over the manifold plus four of the most beat shock absorbers you ever did see. But I deemed most of this car's problems to be "nickel and dime" stuff. And the price sure was right! For \$600, I'll put up with a lot of stuff that don't work.

I told the guy I would take it and didn't even

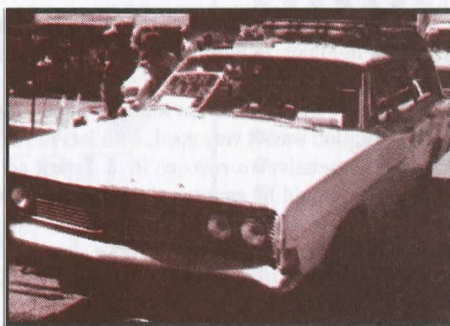


PHOTO FROM WHEN I FIRST WENT TO CHECK IT OUT. THE OWNER MADE NO ATTEMPT TO CLEAN IT UP, WHICH IMPRESSED ME

make an attempt to haggle on the price. The classified ad *did* say "firm." It would have been *rive gauche* for me to try to haggle. \$600 was a fair price anyway. Not only did the car make to my house in one piece, it cruised the whole way.

The very first thing I did was fix the leaky carb and put new shocks all the way around. One of the rear shocks was COMPLETELY disconnected from its mount. The bushings were gone. The shock was just flopping around under the car. So, essentially I had driven it home at 75 mph on the freeway with gas leaking onto the manifold and three shocks and it *still* drove and ran great.

It was running better and better as I put work into it and it was even starting to look pretty decent. I painted the steelies white and threw on some used chrome lug nuts I got out of the junkyard for 20¢ apiece. A pass with the shop vac and some Fantastik really brought the interior back from the dead. An old blanket went over the front seat and presto! It's like a new seat!

I have a "six dollar rule" with this car. I've tried not to spend more than six bucks on anything that doesn't make the car run or drive better. I badly wanted a new headliner, but a new one would have broken the six dollar rule. Luckily, I got ahold of a bunch of cheap fabric I liked and made my own headliner. (Yes, I can sew and I'm proud of it. Like TV's Hank Hill says, upholstery is one of the original industrial arts.) A stock headliner would have cost \$70. The cost of my homemade headliner? You guessed it—six dollars!

The wagon was missing its windshield wiper reservoir. The junkyard wanted \$7.95 for a reservoir, so I improvised. (See photo.) Using beer and snack packaging to repair my car would become a theme. I installed a set of triple sport gauges I got off Ebay for \$15. Although this might seem to violate the six dollar rule, I reasoned that since there were three gauges, each one actually only cost \$5.

I ground out all the rust in the roof and patched it up with the most half-assed Bondo and spot paint job ever. But no more water will get in, which is all that matters. There are still plenty of dents and rust in the rear, but I'm sure I don't care. I pulled one or two dents out with a toilet plunger, but that was about it. The fact is, I like the way it looks. It's got that "nothing to lose" look about it on the road. I "tap" stuff with it all the time—trash cans, trees, parking meters, street signs. No big deal. That's the beauty of a "less than perfect" paint job.



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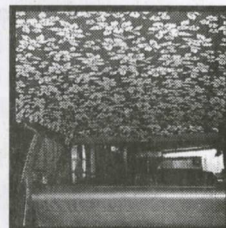
The first long trip I took in it was down to San Onofre with my pal Pappy. Soon after that trip, Pappy gave the car its nickname, "The Great White Shark." I had come up with a couple of nicknames, but none of them stuck. When you hear the right one, it just sticks.

I drove this car to shows from San Diego to San Francisco this summer and it loves the open road. I used it to haul friends to barbecues and to go surfing, too. It has even served me as a guest bedroom. This car's good for everything.

Just before its last road trip, I adjusted the timing and rebuilt the carburetor, which resulted in an increase of three mpg! For the record, I have clocked the car at 16 mpg highway, and that's *hauling*—loaded to the gills. That's better fuel economy than a whole lot of brand new, \$40,000+ SUVs out there and my wagon's got a carburetor, not fuel injection *and* it's 34 years old!



HOLE IN THE FAN SHROUD? I CAN FIX THAT. MISSING THE WIPER RESERVOIR? NO PROBLEM. WHY BUY NEW PARTS WHEN YOU CAN JUST PATCH UP THE OLD ONE WITH PLENTIFUL, AVAILABLE MATERIALS?



INTERIOR BEFORE AND AFTER PICTURES SHOWING THE HOMEMADE ALOHA-PRINT HEADLINER



# 2-Door Kustom Nash Wagon

BY "NASH," PUBLISHER OF  
BURNOUT MAGAZINE

It was nine years ago in 1993 when I bought my Rambler. Before this Rambler, I drove a 1959 Nash Metropolitan convertible that I had bought from a used car shop in Japan. But the condition wasn't very good, with lots of rust. It was expensive to restore it in Japan so I thought it would be smarter to sell that one for another Metropolitan in better condition. So, I sold the Metropolitan to a friend. With the money from the Metropolitan in my hand, I went to the Pomona swap meet in March of '93.

But there were no Metropolitans for sale at Pomona that day. Instead, there was a Nash Rambler 2-door station wagon. I always had an interest in 2-door station wagons, but I didn't want to drive a Chevrolet or Ford and I had never thought that Pomona would have a Nash 2-door. It was a situation that I would never have thought of in my dreams. It was love at first sight and I was negotiating with the owner before I knew it.

When I first brought the Rambler back to Japan, it was in its full original form in a subdued color called "Palomino Brown" which is a brownish orange. But after seeing flame paints at car shows in the States, a craving for flames on my Rambler was aroused. In 1998, I had flames done on the entire body. And from the influence of the cars that I saw at the Paso Robles in 2000, I decided to have kustomizing done on the front side. The front headlights were changed to a '39 Ford and the original bumpers were removed. In their place I put a

'55 Cadillac bumper guard. The other parts were done in metal work by all steel.

In the future, I would like to change the tail lights to an assembly of a '57 De Soto's. The Rambler is the only car that I have and since it is driven every day, kustoms for the tail will probably be done in the future when I can find the time.

But, compared to kustomizing it in a short time and selling it quickly, I enjoy going at my own pace and working on it when I feel it is the right time. Next year will be the 10th anniversary of meeting this Rambler and I am thinking of having an event to celebrate it. I don't have any exact ideas at the moment but I may go to an 'onsen' (hot spa) with my wife to wind down.

Whichever way though, I would like to continue riding in my Rambler for a long time to come.



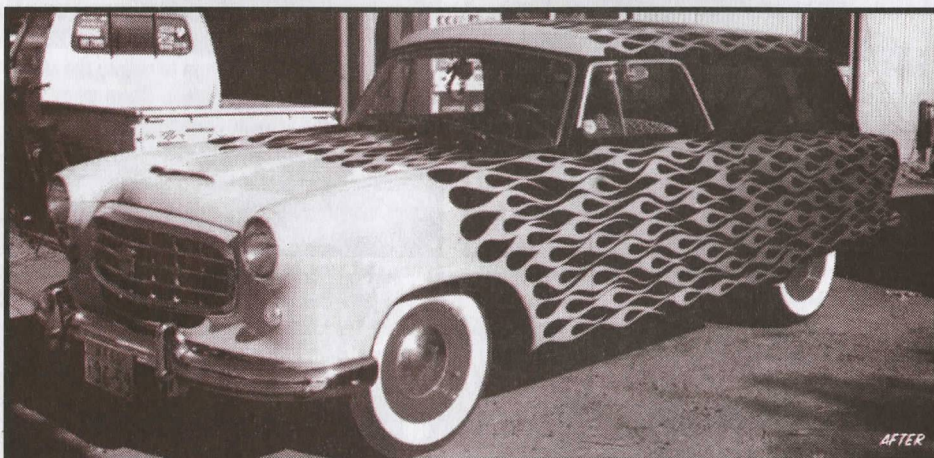
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AFTER



BEFORE



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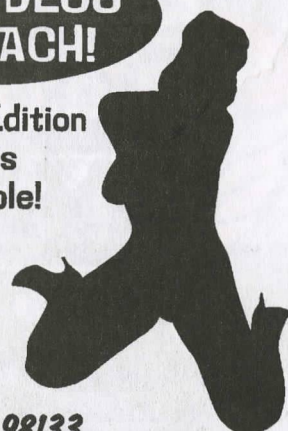
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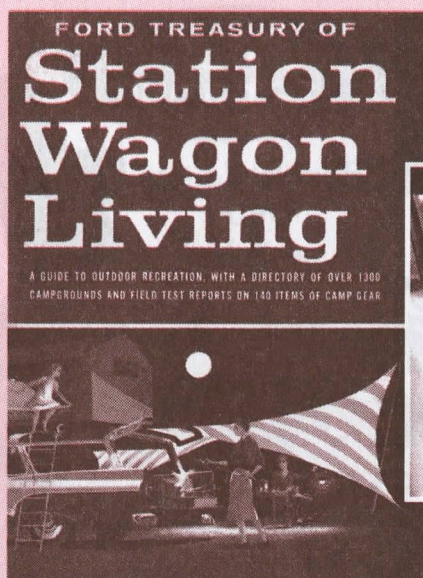
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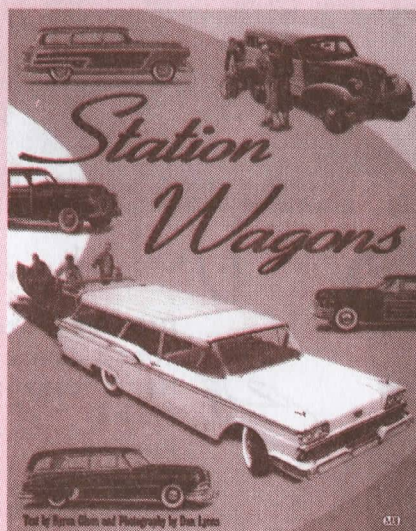


# Station Wagon Reading Room

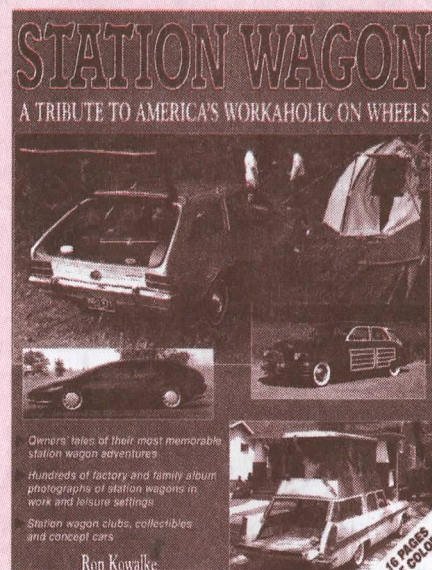
Next to owning a station wagon, driving a station wagon, looking in the classifieds for a station wagon, talking about station wagons, working on a station wagon or writing about station wagons, nothing is better than reading about station wagons. So, we've compiled a list of the best station wagon reading materials we found.



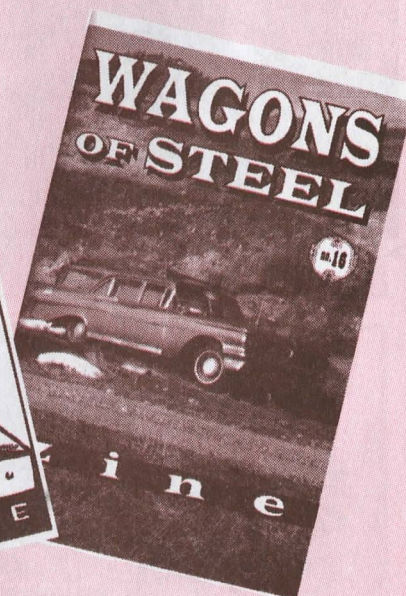
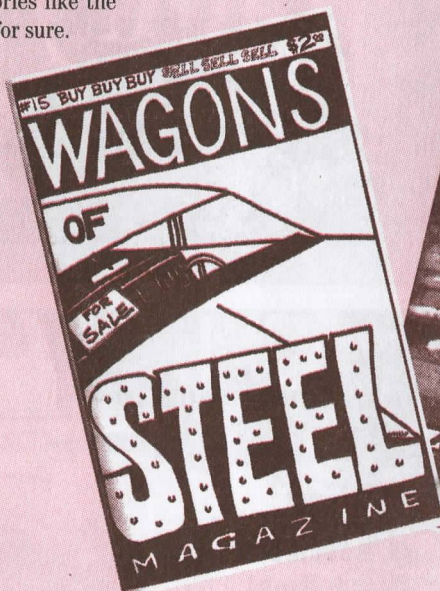
*Ford Treasury of Station Wagon Living* was published by Ford in 1957 in what appears to be a shameless attempt to promote the station wagon lifestyle. It's a practical book, with listings of campgrounds from coast to coast. But seeing as how it's almost 40 years old, its main appeal now is its cool illustrations and photos of heinous station wagon accessories like the child "safety" seat pictured above. It was a different era, that's for sure.



This book is the definitive comprehensive history of the station wagon, from its beginnings in the 1920s all the way to the present. It's packed with color photos from sales brochures and ads, as well as new photos. It's a great source and great nostalgic reading as well.

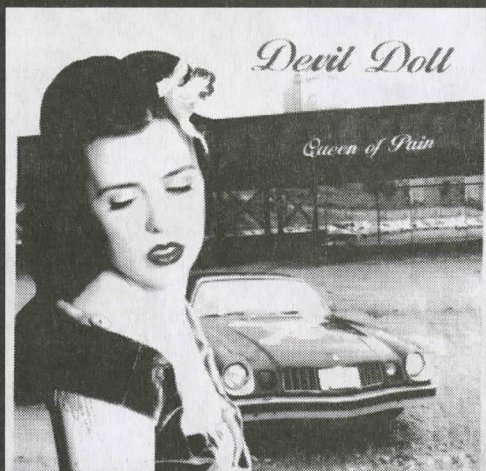


*Station Wagon: A Tribute To America's Workaholic On Wheels* is exactly as the name implies. It's a great historical source book, containing 300 photos of wagons from the woody era all the way through to the present day. But it also contains dozens of stories by wagon owners, talking about their favorite moments and memories in a station wagon. The ultimate wagon reference guide, it even has photos of prototype and show car wagons, as well as wagon toys and models.



*Wagons of Steel* is publisher Gaffo's hilarious and wild tribute to the station wagon. He's got it all in here—drag racing wagons, station wagon horoscopes, road trip stories and old wagon magazine ads. It's a great mag!





*Devil Doll*

*Queen of Pain*

You are instantly transported  
into a timeless, silk lined speakeasy.  
It's a tale of seduction and strength,  
agony and ecstasy.  
Rose petals that cut like razor blades.  
You close your eyes...  
you are under the spell...

of Devil Doll.



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-Ron Young, The Key Club - Los Angeles

"Devil Doll puts the sex back into rock & roll."  
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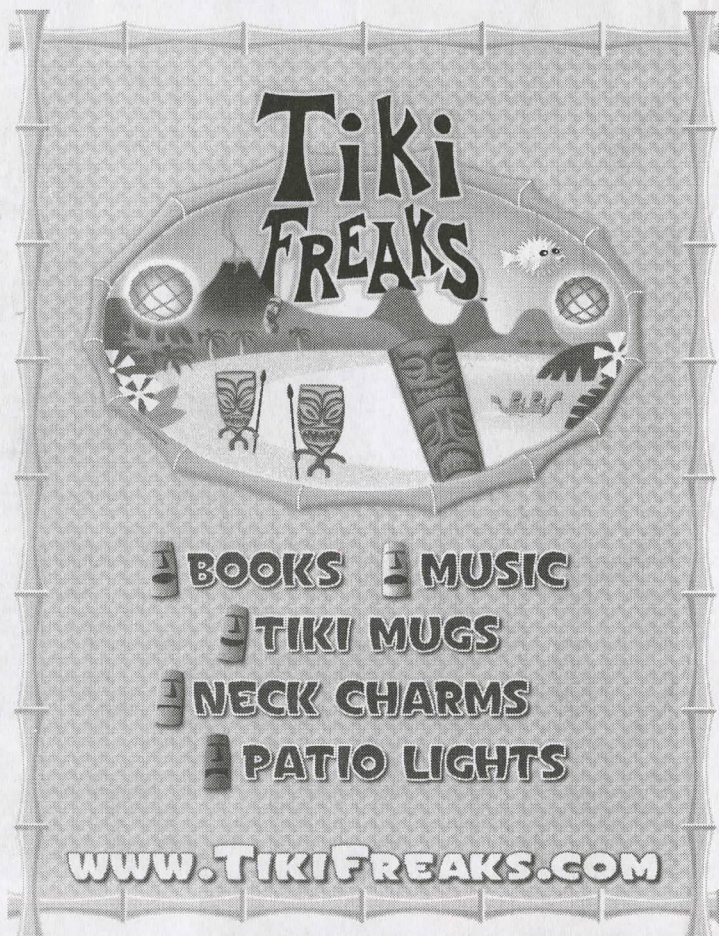


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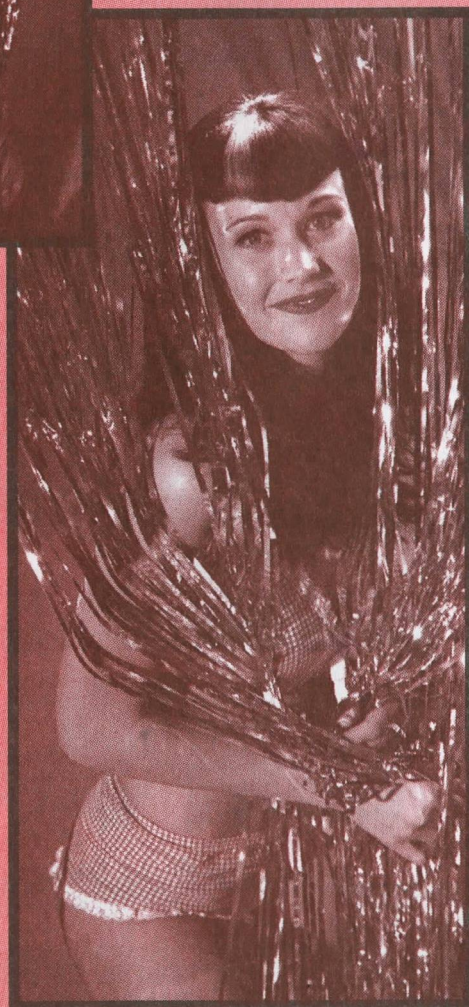
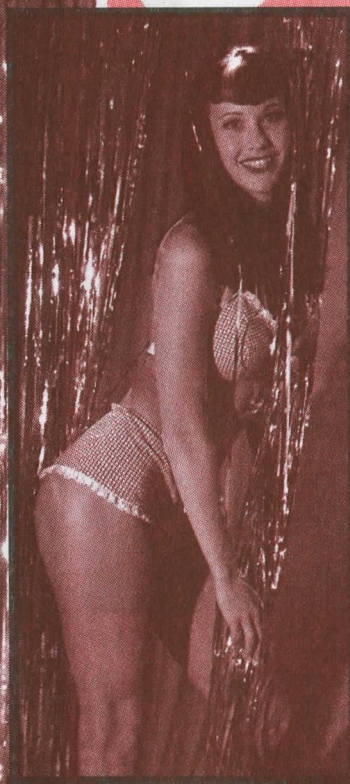
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George Seldes was born in 1890. He grew up on a farm in the small rural town of Alliance, New Jersey. His father had fled the pogroms of Tsarist Russia and settled in New Jersey with 40 other immigrant families. He tried to unite the farmers and create a Utopian agricultural community. However, a lack of cooperation amongst the farmers caused the Utopia to fail. Seldes's father was forced to move to Philadelphia and open a pharmacy to earn a living.

Seldes and his younger brother Gilbert stayed on the family farm, where they were raised by various family members, including their grandfather (one of the few educated men in the colony) and their grandmother, who was totally illiterate.

He was encouraged by his father to avoid reading juvenile books and to instead put together a library of literature. "All the world's civilization is to be found between the covers of books," he would say.

In the summer, George and Gilbert would spend a few weeks with their father at his pharmacy in the city. It was here that George had his first encounter with newspaper reporters.

Seldes described his father as a libertarian, an idealist, a freethinker, a Deist, a Utopian, a Single Taxer\*, and a worshipper of Thoreau and Emerson and also "a joiner of all noble causes." One of those noble causes was an organization called The Friends of Russian Freedom, which advocated the overthrow of the Russian Tsar. When there was a failed Russian uprising in 1905, reporters came to the pharmacy to get the "local angle" from the elder Seldes. He told the reporters that he believed the struggle for freedom in Russia would continue and that The Friends of Russian Freedom were as dedicated as ever. The men raced to the telephones and called in the story.

"A country boy of fifteen, I had imagined reporters creating masterpieces and brilliantly improving upon everything that came to their attention," said Seldes. He listened in amazement as the reporters actually quoted his father verbatim. Then they went on to describe a laundry fire that had taken place in their neighborhood earlier in the day.

When the evening papers arrived, the local laundry fire was on the front page, complete with a photo and a headline. The failed Russian revolution was on page three. Seldes learned a lesson about the news that day. As a newspaper owner would later remind him—a dog fight down the street is bigger news than 3,000 Chinese drowned in a typhoon.

Seldes relocated to Pittsburgh with his family. His father bought an existing neighborhood pharmacy whose owner promised him hefty profits every day. On the first morning of business, sure enough, there was a line of customers standing outside the front door at 6 A.M. Each man had his money in hand and pointed at

a drawer that supposedly contained bicarbonate of soda. Seldes's father opened the drawer and was mortified to find prepared envelopes marked "Heroin 50¢" and "Cocaine \$1." He chased the men out of the store and told them not to come back. Unfortunately, the pharmacy was widely known as a dope joint, so there was no other business. Legitimate customers avoided the store.

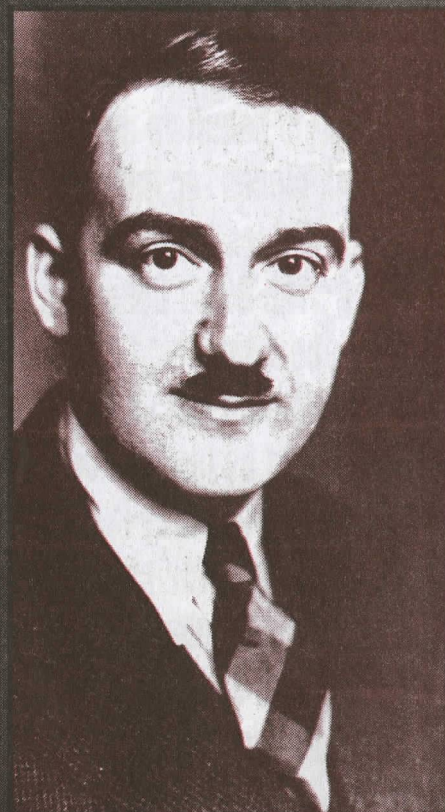
Business slowly picked up as Seldes's father explained to local doctors that the pharmacy had changed ownership. In time, the pharmacy became a meeting place for local doctors and intellectuals interested in social change. Seldes's father corresponded with Leo Tolstoy and Russian anarchist Peter Kropotkin. Guests at the Seldes house included the writer Maksim Gorki. Emma Goldman was reviled in her time for her revolutionary and radical ideas (such as allowing women to vote and teaching them about birth control). When no hotel in Pittsburgh would give her a room, she was welcome in the Seldes's apartment.

In 1909, Seldes got his first job at a newspaper, working as an apprentice at the *Pittsburgh Leader*. He submitted a story about the son of a local department store owner. The man was on trial, accused of raping the salesgirls who worked in his father's department store, most of whom kept quiet for fear of being fired. His city editor told him to make a carbon copy of the story. The copy was sent to the newspaper's business department. The paper didn't run the story, but a few days later, the department store doubled its advertising for the Sunday edition and the rate for the ad had apparently gone up as well.

When Seldes went to report on the divorce hearing of Andrew Mellon, a member of one of Pittsburgh's richest families, he was surprised that he was the only reporter in the courtroom. He later found out that no paper in the city would mention the trial at all.

Frustrated by the suppression of the news, Seldes gave the story for free to newspapers and news services outside of the area. One out-of-town newspaper shipped their edition containing the Mellon divorce story to Pittsburgh. The papers were reportedly confiscated by police and in some cases, newsboys were clubbed.

Seldes was working at the *Post*, while his brother Gilbert was attending Harvard on a scholarship. George and Gilbert were now living in very different worlds. College was deemed unnecessary for most people in those days. If you were smart, you didn't need college. You could make a living without it. It was only for fops and sons of the idle rich. The reporters in Seldes's office shared that attitude. They squabbled over free tickets to baseball games, fights, vaudeville and burlesque. Comp tickets to legitimate theater went unclaimed, except by Seldes. Anything highbrow or related to art and culture



# Real-Man Revisited: George Seldes

*Muckraker Extraordinaire*

by Jeff Fox

\*A Single Taxer is someone who believes in the abolition of all taxes except on land value.



**Other members of the class turned in sensitive intellectual think pieces for their assignments. Seldes turned in a story called "The Black Cossacks." It was about the black shirt-clad private police forces that were owned by the coal and iron companies in western Pennsylvania. The rogue police were employed to "break strikes and heads," sometimes killing striking workers.**

was laughed at.

"If there was a college graduate among my hundred or more fellow reporters, he kept his sin a secret," wrote Seldes.

Gilbert insisted that George would be an "ignoramus" all of his life unless he went to college. George didn't agree. "I told him that he could learn more about human beings, more about the 'world,' more about all human life, in fact, in three weeks in Magistrate John J. Kirby's Central Police Station courtroom. There every morning the riffraff of the city, mostly prostitutes, drunks, derelicts, and a few muggers, appeared and heard the usual charges made by policemen, and 'Judge' Kirby's sentence: 'ten or ten' for first offenders, meaning a ten-dollar fine or ten days in the workhouse, or 'thirty or thirty' for habitual offenders."

The two struck a deal. George got Gilbert a job working at a paper in Pittsburgh for the summer and George would take a year off and take some classes at Harvard. George was accepted into a class taught by Charles Townsend Copeland, whose students would include writers such as Heywood Broun, T. S. Eliot, and Walter Lippman. Copeland's class only accepted about 25 students out of the hundreds that applied.

Other members of the class turned in sensitive intellectual think pieces for their assignments. However, Copeland had instructed the students to write about what they knew, so Seldes turned in a story called "The Black Cossacks." It was about the black shirt-clad private police forces that were owned by the coal and iron companies in western Pennsylvania. The rogue police were employed to "break strikes and heads,"

sometimes killing striking workers. They ruled several counties in western Pennsylvania and were rarely arrested for their crimes.

"The Black Cossacks" was based on a news event full of blood and violence," wrote Seldes, "But Copey liked it. He liked it so much that one day, after talking to his class about 'Harvard esthetes who take three bites to a cherry,' he read one of their contributions, an ecstasy over a sunset, and then 'The Black Cossacks.'"

Seldes got an "A" in the class, but after a year at Harvard, he returned to Pittsburgh and picked up his career as a reporter.

One day, he was sent to cover a seemingly harmless story that would change the course of his life. The manager of a traveling theater troupe had skipped town with the company's money. The actors had been thrown out of their hotel because they couldn't pay for their rooms. Their possessions were seized and the troupe was arrested.

At the court hearing, Seldes became smitten with one of the actresses. She said her name was Peggy and all she had were the clothes on her back. She had no money, nowhere to stay and the hotel had all of her belongings. Seldes gave her the money to get her property back and the two got an apartment together a few days later. He proposed marriage to her, but Peggy said she was already married, although she claimed she and her husband were divorcing.

When Seldes became the night editor of his paper, he worked from 5 P.M. until 6 A.M. and didn't see Peggy very much. A few months into their relationship, he found that a drawer in the kitchen was packed with cash. He often referred to reporting as "one of the oldest professions," but he suspected Peggy was actually practicing the oldest profession while he was at work. He confronted her and she admitted it was true.

Heartbroken, he went to the bank, emptied his account and left town for New York City.

In Manhattan, he stayed with a cousin who showed him around the city and helped him find work. The two of them lucked into living quarters in a fancy house on Washington Square. Its owner had abruptly left town to avoid being arrested for getting his girlfriend an abortion. Writers, artists, poets and radicals all helped themselves to the house, with the owner's blessing. Seldes found himself in the social and intellectual epicenter for the bohemians of the Village. There was drinking, dancing, discussions and poetry readings most nights of the week.

"On my very first day in bohemia, and thereafter almost daily," he wrote, "I heard the older inhabitants sing their dirge, 'The Village isn't what it used to be,' 'The great days are gone.' They blamed the disaster on newspaper publicity, the influx of outlanders...What and when the great days had been I never learned.

"But it was amusing sixty years later to read in *The New Yorker* Richard Harris's report that "a decade ago (1966) Greenwich Village was

Greenwich Village. It was a relatively small area, and it was a polyglot community, to be sure, with artists and intellectuals..." Each generation, each age, mourns the preceding one, apparently."

The news of his good fortune apparently spread and one day Peggy showed up on his doorstep, crying and asking his forgiveness. He took her back and things seemed to go well—for a while. Then one day, right in front of Seldes, a well-off writer asked Peggy if she'd like to go away with him for a few weeks on vacation. She nonchalantly packed her suitcase and left with him.

Seldes left for Europe, figuring that would be the one place Peggy could not follow him. (Because of the World War, Allied Europe was closed to everyone except diplomats and reporters.) In his 1987 retrospective book *Witness To A Century*, Seldes wrote, "I now find it ironic that what I thought was a 'romantic' episode could have such strange results. Were it not for Peggy Keith I would probably have remained in Pittsburgh the rest of my life and not had most of the adventures that make up this book."

He joined the U.S. Army as a part of its press corps. The war correspondents of other armies were given the rank of Captain, but most of the American reporters said although they didn't object to saluting superiors, they didn't want to be saluted by enlisted men. "We did not want the poor doughboys, the fighting men, a number of whom would certainly lose their lives in a few days or a few weeks, to be saluting us, journalists, men who did not know one end of a rifle from another and could not even fire a revolver," he wrote.

**I**mpressed by the spirit of the doughboys singing merrily in the face of death, Seldes tried to write about it. "I thought this episode was humor for the Homeric gods," he said, "I thought it the grandest thing I ever could write about the spirit of our men. Nothing during the war had so stirred me..."

"So the next day I did my best to draw this picture of heroic soldiers going back to the trenches singing ironically, 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,' and laughing as they marched. I thought it grand wartime stuff."

When he turned in the story, the Army censor said it was "damned pacifist propaganda... Yes, I know it is true, but it doesn't matter. You can't print that..."

After spending time attached to a U.S. division in battle, a cease fire order was called for November 11th, 1918 at 11 A.M. Seldes watched in disbelief as the American artillery let loose a massive assault just three hours before the cease fire: "[The infantry attack], despite dugouts and helmets and withdrawals, undoubtedly added hundreds of dead and thousands of wounded to the twenty million or more casualties of World War I... The bewildered enemy was forced to reply, and so the killing continued."

When the fighting finally stopped, soldiers





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Do you think you could get this man to cry? George Seldes did. He interviewed Field Marshal Von Hindenburg shortly after the end of World War I. Seldes respectfully described him as "A fallen Colossus. A broken Superman. Blood and iron suddenly tears and clay."

on both sides walked out of their trenches and stood in the middle of the bloody battlefield, shaking hands and swapping souvenirs with their enemies. "For a five-cent chocolate bar you could get a Luger pistol," wrote Seldes, "It was apparent that few, if any, thought of the millions dead, the hundreds of thousands of men blown to pieces, the many more millions wounded, the pain and suffering on a scale previously unknown in history." Standing in the eerily silent battlefield, Seldes and his fellow reporters shook hands and promised to dedicate the rest of their lives to telling the truth about the war.

The four men broke Armistice regulations and drove into enemy territory to find out the truth about the condition of Germany and its people. While making arrangements to get to Berlin, one of the reporters casually mentioned to a German official that they would like to interview Field Marshal Von Hindenburg. Incredibly, they were told that it could be arranged.

"It was almost as amazing as the Armistice itself," wrote Seldes, "To call on and interview the leader of the enemy, the second best-hated man in the world then, the General whose men were killing our men, the apotheosis of German frightfulness, the incarnation of that which six days before was all the evil in the world—such a

thought was beyond our khaki-clad minds."

The reporters met with the Hindenburg in Frankfurt. The stout General greeted the men courteously. However, he told them he would not answer any political questions, noting, "I am a soldier." Seldes wanted to know what had won the war for the Allies, but he wanted to pose the question as diplomatically as possible, for fear of offending the General. With the help of an interpreter, he asked what ended the stalemate. A lengthy explanation followed.

Hindenburg answered that the American infantry had ended the stalemate. He said Germany could not have won the war after 1917. They might have taken Paris, but the failure of world food crops and a British food blockade had crippled the entire country of Germany, which was gripped by widespread famine. When the American infantry attacked, always with fresh troops, all Germany had to counter with were the same weary soldiers. This was when he knew the war was lost.

There was a moment of silence, then Hindenburg said, "Mein armes Vaterland, mein armes Vaterland," and began to weep.

"Hindenburg bowed his head and tears flooded his pale, watery eyes," wrote Seldes, "His huge bulk was shaken. He wept for his 'poor fatherland.'"

"We sat and wondered over so much emotion in a military leader supposedly devoid of sentiment and sentimentality.

"Thus the interview terminated... A fallen Colossus. A broken Superman. Blood and iron suddenly tears and clay.

"There was no more to ask."

Seldes and the other reporters were arrested by the Army for going into Germany. They were threatened with court martial and execution. The French premier George Clemenceau supposedly lobbied strongly for their public execution by firing squad. The Army said they would not court martial the men as long as they never ran the story.

Seldes later suggested that his post-war interview with Hindenburg, if released to the press, would have become worldwide news and an indisputable part of the historical record. He felt that public knowledge of the Field Marshal's confession could have countered the *Dolchstoß*, one of Nazism's foundations. (*Dolchstoß* was the

idea that Germany had lost World War I because of a "stab in the back" from German civilians, Socialists, Communists and Jews—not because of anything that happened on the battlefield.)

Further proof that the suppression of news affected world politics is the case of the Spanish Civil War. Seldes claimed that the Spanish Civil War was not a civil war at all. He would know, because he was there—in the midst of it as a reporter. According to Seldes, every reporter on assignment in Spain could tell that this "civil war" was nothing more than a dress rehearsal by the German and Italian armies—gearing up for another world war.

Although that was the story reporters were handing in to their editors, that story never made it to press. The Spanish Republic was red-baited in the press. Seldes says William Randolph Hearst ordered that the forces of the Spanish Republic should be referred to in his papers as "reds." He also ordered that Francisco Franco's forces should be referred to as "nationalists," even though their troops were supplied by Mussolini and Hitler. Franco was championed in the American press for ridding Spain of these supposed Communists.

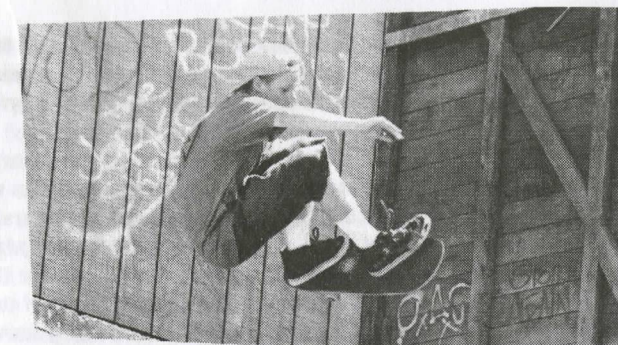
If it seems unbelievable that American newspapers would have supported fascists like Franco (not to mention Mussolini and Hitler), bear in mind that before World War II, fascist and anti-Semitic attitudes in the U.S. were tolerated and accepted more than they are today. And Hearst's affinity for the Nazis was no secret. He actually printed articles written by Hitler's right-hand man, Herman Goering. Many American corporations were eager to do business with these fascist countries. The American press had even applauded Hitler and Mussolini for bringing economic stability back to their countries.

Seldes felt that if the war in Spain had been fairly reported, there would have been more support for the Spanish Republic from democratic nations and the fascists would not have taken power in Europe so easily. He felt this could have delayed or even prevented the start of World War II.

Seldes grew tired of writing headlines. He realized that the truth would always suffer if he had to answer to an editor at a major paper. "Although no one worked on an assembly line," he wrote, "we were still hired hands—and brains—directed by an owner, following orders, no one a free agent. And so always one could hear the younger and less sophisticated who had not yet surrendered to the world, talking over beer and bourbon about some day owning a small newspaper, or a grass-roots weekly, or being part owner, or at least a contributor to some sort of publication that would tell the truth.

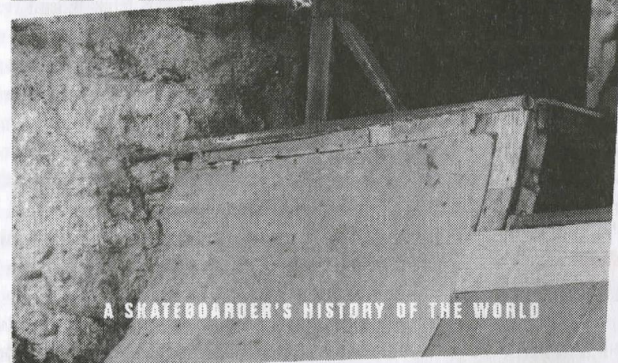
"Everyone spoke of 'the chance of a lifetime,' but for all except a very few it never came. Age, routine, the pleasures of the press club, a lot of liquor, marriage, and hostages to fortune





**THE ANSWER IS  
NEVER**

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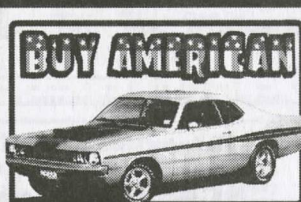
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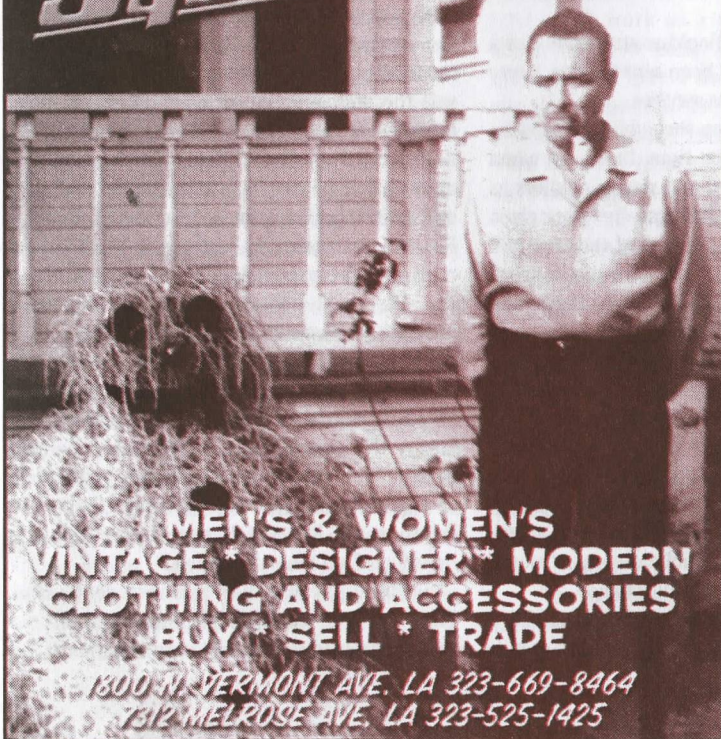
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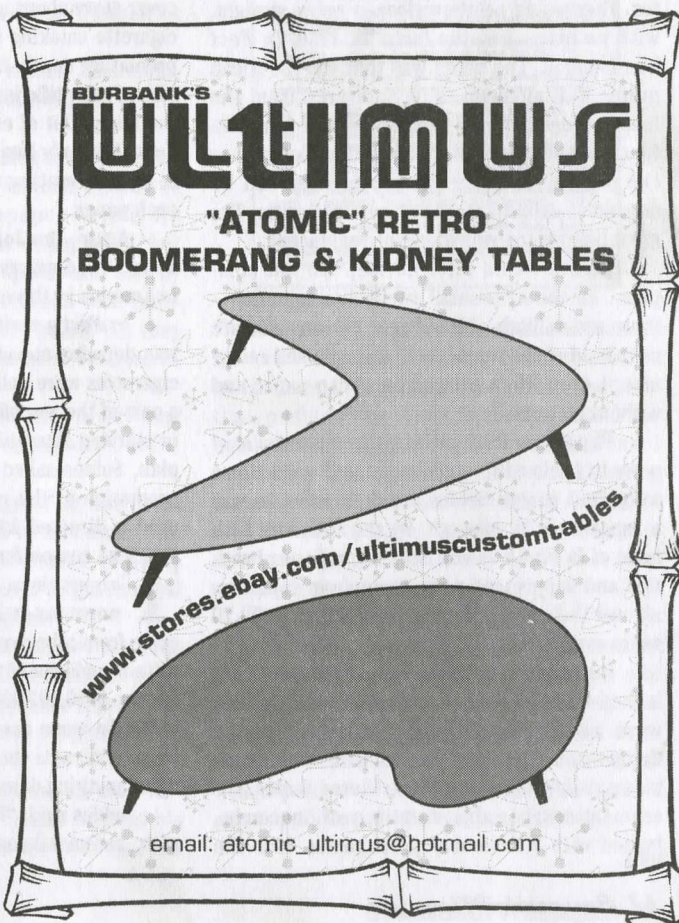
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**"I read the sage of  
Walden's most generally  
accepted truism: 'The  
mass of men lead lives  
of quiet desperation.'  
I was determined to  
never be a member of  
the silent desperate  
majority."**

trapped the vast majority..."

"I read the sage of Walden's most generally accepted truism: 'The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.' ...I was determined to never be a member of the silent desperate majority."

Seldes and a few friends came up with the idea of publishing a simple, four-page newsletter. They would print overlooked news, straight, with no bias—just the facts. In 1940, *In Fact* was founded. The belief was that the American public did not need to be sheltered from the facts. Seldes believed in the words of Abraham Lincoln when he said, "I am a firm believer in the people. If given the truth, they can be depended upon to meet any national crisis. The great point is to bring them the real facts."

Seldes would later advise, "Do not compete... for the same small intellectual minority—there are millions of intelligent persons who are not afraid of the word 'truth' and who will recognize it even when printed on cheap paper and without pictures."

Reporters, frustrated by the suppression of news by their editors, fed unprinted news items to *In Fact*, just as Seldes had done when he was a reporter in Pittsburgh. By the time the fifth issue of *In Fact* was out, Seldes was flooded with tips and suppressed news items from reporters all over the country. He had enough tips to fill 20 pages every week.

But some of Seldes's best sources were not leaked news items or inside information, they were matters of public record, such as the Congressional Record. Seldes said, "This wind-blown daily publication of the United States government consists almost entirely of buncombe, larded with reactionary propaganda. It is the

most boring publication in the world. And yet, the hours of boredom are almost always rewarded by news items of great value, and sometimes sensational importance."

Another rich source of story leads was the Federal Trade Commission. This governmental agency published reports and filed charges against companies with dangerous products and false advertising. Like the Congressional Record, this FTC information was not a "scoop." The FTC's findings had been provided to newspapers. They simply chose not to report them, most likely for fear of offending their advertisers.

Seldes defended the newsworthiness of his consumer fraud stories by saying, "Because of the silence of the press the public is robbed... by the makers of bad food, bad drugs, and bad cosmetics; and it is cheated by false advertising and its health is menaced as well as its pocketbook. From the cradle to the grave..."

"To defend the general welfare, merely to report the news of general welfare interest, is to make enemies of big and little business and all the advertising agencies; in other words, to bite the hand that feeds you. And so long as newspapers live on money from sources outside their readers, so long will they be on the side of that money."

Although we like to believe that no one knew about the dangers of smoking until the 1960s, this is not the case. The scientific evidence had been widely available for decades before it was generally reported by the mainstream press. In January of 1941, *In Fact* ran a cover story about a Johns Hopkins study linking cigarette smoking to increased health risks and premature death. *In Fact* was the only press outside of scientific journals that ran all the facts of the study. Out of eight daily newspapers in New York City, only two ran anything about the study at all, amounting to only a few paragraphs in each paper.

Again, the Johns Hopkins study was not a secret. The findings had been sent to every paper in America by three press services.

*In Fact's* position on the subject of tobacco was decades ahead of its time. In an era when cigarettes were collected and sent to soldiers as a part of the war effort and cigarettes were given to starving Europeans as a part of the Marshall plan, Seldes asked, "How can they justify more promotion in the news of a product, that when used as directed, kills its consumer?"

**T**he reason for the suppression of the story seems clear. At the time, a huge portion of newspaper and magazine ad revenues came from tobacco companies. The four big cigarette brands spent what would be the equivalent of over \$550,000,000 in today's dollars on advertising. In some cases, it was written into advertising contracts that the publication must never write anything damaging about tobacco.

Seldes said, "The tobacco advertisers share with...automobile advertisers first place in spend-

ing money in newspapers and magazines. This is without a doubt the reason the press suppressed the story. The press is therefore part of a system spreading poison throughout our country."

*In Fact* had many secret supporters, many of whom worked for the very newspapers Seldes was criticizing. High-ranking editors and staffers for Hearst and Scripps-Howard newspapers regularly contributed news items to *In Fact* because they did not approve of the political policies of their bosses. *In Fact* also got assistance from sources deep within the government. The director of public relations for the Department Of Justice fed news items to *In Fact*. Supporters of *In Fact* included Harry Truman (who was one of its first subscribers), Vice President Henry Wallace and Eleanor Roosevelt. Senators, Representatives and Supreme Court justices also subscribed.

**I**n addition to having loyal friends and readers, *In Fact* naturally developed powerful enemies. One year, *In Fact* received complaints from many of its subscribers. They said that their letter carriers were warning them to cancel their subscriptions because the Federal Bureau of Investigation was watching them. One subscriber said there was a man stationed at his local post office whose only job was to monitor which customers received certain publications, including *In Fact*.

Seldes sent a letter about the complaints to FBI head J. Edgar Hoover. Oddly enough, Seldes and Hoover had been corresponding in a cordial, yet adversarial manner for five years. (It had started when Seldes sent a letter to Hoover, telling him about a fascist crackpot who was making threats on the President's life.) Hoover assured Seldes that the FBI was not interested in monitoring the mail of *In Fact* or keeping a list of its subscribers.

One day, through some strange turn of events, Seldes received an envelope from his local post office branch. Inside was a letter from the postmaster to the local FBI field office. It listed all the mail received by Seldes's wife, who was the managing editor of *In Fact*. He never found out if he got the letter by accident or if he had been tipped off by someone at the post office. Nevertheless, he made a copy of the letter and sent it to Hoover as solid evidence that the FBI was monitoring *In Fact's* mail. There was no reply and Hoover never wrote to him again.

His insistence on printing just the facts ultimately caused *In Fact* to be attacked from the Left as well as the Right. He would print the truth about suppressed or false news regardless of what nation or faction it made look bad. "From the day *In Fact* was founded," wrote Seldes, "I refused to cooperate with either Left or Right. I quit all organizations except the Democratic Party (Connecticut) and the American Civil Liberties Union."

The Right attacked him with redbaiting. The reasoning went like this: anyone Left is a Communist and Communists are enemies of the



United States. Therefore Seldes must be a Communist and an enemy of the United States. They cited *In Fact* editorials that were written by Seldes's ex-partner as proof that *In Fact* was a Communist paper.

Seldes was pro-labor and his fight to print the truth frequently put him at odds with the Right, but he had plenty of scorn for the Left as well. He was no more fond of Leftist radicalism than he was of Rightist reactionism. He was definitely not a Communist sympathizer, much less a card-carrying Communist. He had actually been expelled from the Soviet Union in 1922 for sneaking news to the outside world past Soviet censors.

Nevertheless, some columnists went so far as to report that a Russian agent stopped by Seldes's office to pay his salary every week. It was a total lie, but he was powerless to counter the slander against himself with a lawsuit. The cost of launching a slander suit was prohibitive. His lawyer said that even if he won, he would never see any money from the settlement.

Readers encouraged him to do some red-baiting of his own to prove that he was not a Communist. He refused. "An attack has been made against me on the negative charge that I myself have done no red-baiting. There will be no baiting in *In Fact*, red or otherwise."

American Communists boycotted *In Fact* when Seldes said that Communist North Korea was clearly the aggressor in the Korean War. They were mad that he would not follow the party line. He replied to the boycott by saying, "I am not a Communist. I do not follow the Communist Party line. I do not know what the phrase means. I follow no line but my own."

Ironically, the Communist boycott aided the Right's attempts to destroy *In Fact*. The combination of the two attacks caused the circulation of *In Fact* to dwindle down to 56,000 from its peak of 176,000. *In Fact* barely managed to stay in business in the end. It survived its last two years on the revenue brought in by selling copies of Seldes's books.

In May of 1950, Seldes desperately pleaded with his readers not to abandon the publication: "We have been attacked from both Right and Left; we have been attacked for 'following the Communist line' and we have been attacked by the Communists for not doing so.

"This is to be expected when you let the facts speak for themselves..."

"But no one has ever challenged our statement that we print the facts (and fairly) and that we stand ready—as the standard press does not, to print corrections and keep the record straight (and honest)..."

"Your enemies, the reactionaries, are in power in the press, in politics, everywhere. The voices against reaction are few and small. You must decide now that you want this publication to continue in this fight against reaction..."

It was too late. The damage had already

# In fact

For The Millions  
Jan. 13, 1941

(No. 18) Vol. II, No. 5

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The Truth About England!

Kennedy's Report to President Roosevelt

THE 109-page report which Mr. Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy submitted to President Roosevelt when he returned from England in 1940 is a masterpiece. It is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time. It is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time. It is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time.

Report Suppressed by Press and Administration

Kennedy's report "Britain's War Economy at the Opening of the Second Year of the Conflict" dated London, Feb. 19, 1940, and signed "The Ambassador" by Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time. It is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time. It is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time.

British Trend Toward Fascism

Kennedy's description of British democracy in wartime begins "The standard issue revealed by the evolution of Britain's war economy to date is that any attempt to achieve a complete solution between a free economy and totalitarianism (war economy) is a failure. It is a failure of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time. It is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time. It is a masterpiece of the kind of journalism that is so rare in our time.

Kennedy's Gloomy View of the Future

Kennedy, whose bias against labor and progressive movements is well known, says Britain will come to fascism without "cold" state. He recognizes, however, that the mainstream press didn't report the dangers of tobacco until the early 1960s. In *In Fact*'s first article on tobacco ran before World War II. The study on which the article was based was no secret, however. The findings were publicly available and had been supplied to newspapers. *In Fact* was the first general interest publication to print the findings.

been done. Publication of *In Fact* ceased in October of 1950.

"The idea of reaching a million Americans, my goal for my newsletter, now collapsed entirely," wrote Seldes.

After decades of criticizing the press, not surprisingly, Seldes found himself unable to find much work as a newspaper writer. He wrote for a few independent newspapers, but his book publishers had dropped him one by one. He released a few more books with independent publishers through the years, but they were basically ignored by the book sections of most newspapers.

Fortunately for Seldes, he lived a very long life. As he told one reporter, "Living longer is the best revenge."

When he reached the age of 90, the press suddenly became interested in him again. He said, "I cannot explain this change of heart except to say: if you can make it to the magical age of 90, all your sins are forgiven."

He was honored with headlines reading, "Seldes at 90; They Don't Give Pulitzers For That Kind of Criticism," "Muckraker Honored at 91" and "George Seldes At 94: A Panorama of World History."

The accolades came because he had outlived his enemies, but sadly, he also outlived his wife and all of his friends. In his book *Tell the*

# For The Millions

Jan. 13, 1941

Right 1941, in the U. S. A. by IN FACT Inc. (Ch. 11) after 11 cents for twenty-two issues. 10 cents a year.

## Tobacco Shortens Life

SMOKING shortens life. Between the ages of 30 and 60, 61% more heavy smokers die than non-smokers. A human being's span of life is impaired in direct proportion to the amount of tobacco he uses, but the impairment among even light smokers is "measurable and significant."

The facts for the foregoing statements come from Johns Hopkins University, department of biology. They constitute one of the most important and incidental one of the most sensational stories in recent American history, but there is not a newspaper or magazine in America (outside scientific journals) which has published all the facts.

The mention by Secretary Ickes of the suppression of this story resulted in one of the major scandals of American journalism. Many prominent newspapers which had suppressed the story published false statements and refused to print corrections.

Here are the facts.

## "Make Users' Flesh Creep"

FOR generations there have been arguments about tobacco. Moralists preached against cigars. Scientists differed. But in Feb 1938 Dr. Raymond Pearl, head biologist, Johns Hopkins, gave the New York Academy of Medicine the scientific result of a study of the life histories of some 7,000 Johns Hopkins cases which, for newspapers, should have constituted a story "to scare the life out of tobacco manufacturers and make the tobacco users' flesh creep," as Time commented (March 7 1938).

The Associated Press, United Press and special correspondents of New York papers heard Dr. Pearl tell the story. But a paragraph or two buried under less important matter, in one or two papers was all the great free press of America cared to make known to its readers, the consumers of 200,000,000,000 cigarettes a year.

Science News Letter (March 12 1938 p. 163) had this to say:

"Scientists can tell you whether or not groups of men are marked for early death."

"They can do this while these men are still in good health, years before the first appearance of any signs of the disease that will eventually kill them."

"The studies which make this possible were reported publicly for the first time by Dr. Raymond Pearl."

"Tobacco smokers do not live as long as non-smokers. This conclusion was based on life tables for the number, out of 100,000 non-smoking men, 100,000 moderate smokers (men) and 100,000 heavy smokers (men) who were still alive at each age level after 30 years. At age 60, for example, 60,581 of the 100,000 non-smokers were still living, 61,811 of the moderate smokers were living, and 45,820 of the 100,000 heavy smokers were still living."

"The studies show that smoking is associated with a definite impairment of longevity. This impairment is proportional to the habitual amount of tobacco usage by smoking, being great for heavy smokers and less for moderate smokers, but even in the latter, sufficient to be measurable and significant."

*Truth and Run*, he said, "The middle of the road is a crowded place (and many on it are crushed by the cars of Juggernaut, radicalism and reaction, pushing inevitably to the Right and the Left). During all these years of work and talk I had had a fine contempt for the frightening majority which traveled the middle of the road. I had thought of myself as one of the non-conformists along the less-traveled and rather lonely individual path of my choosing."

He died in 1995 at the age of 104.

In 1996, a feature-length documentary about Seldes was released. *Tell The Truth and Run: George Seldes and the American Press* was nominated for an Academy Award. In the documentary, Seldes attests, "I assure you that life with a purpose is the only way to live... Nothing can stop the march of an informed people."



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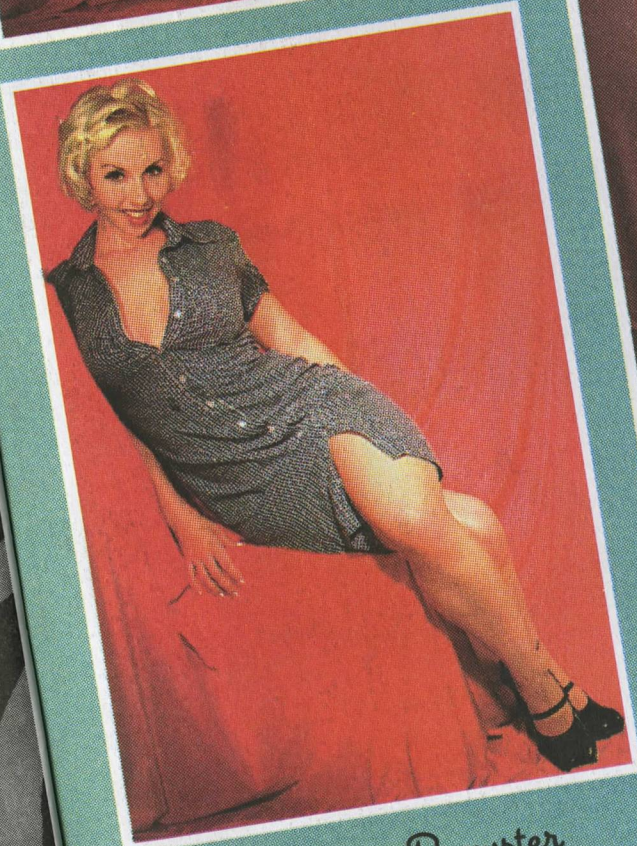
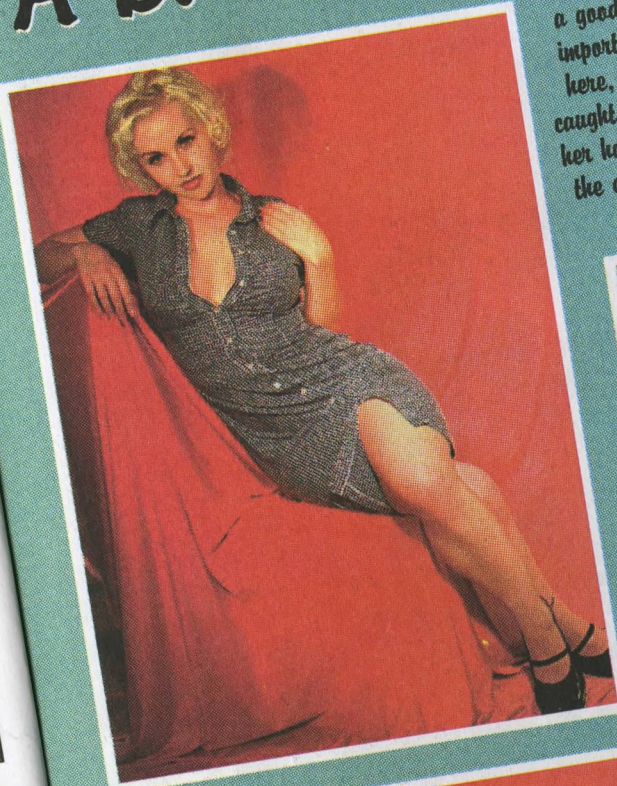
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# So You Want To Be A Barracuda Girl...

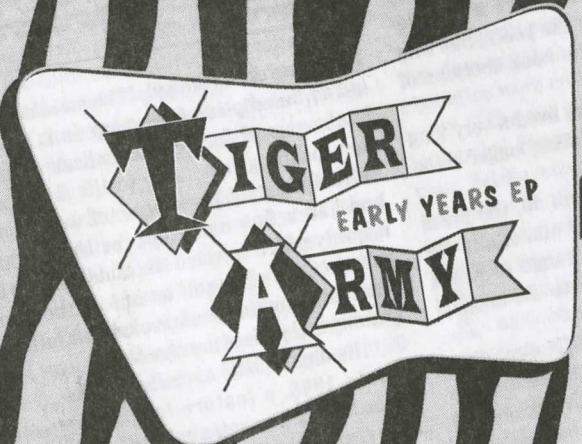
...a letter like this one sure is a good start! Grammar is as important as glamour around here, which is why this letter caught our attention! But it was her hourglass figure that sealed the deal—and makes you want to play in the sand!

MY NAME IS \*NIKITA\*  
WHY WOULD I MAKE A GOOD BARRACUDA GIRL? WHY THE HELL WOULDN'T I? I'VE GOT ALL THE THINGS A BARRACUDA GIRL NEEDS: FINE BREEDING \* HIPPS, MILKY THIGHS, PERKY VOLUPTUOUS BREASTS, THE WHOLE HOURGLASS PACKAGE, A DOLL FACE, WITH ALL THE ATTITUDE OF TURA SATANA. IM FUN & VERSATILE. \* I'M A FAST GIRL WHO LIKES FAST CARS AND I'D BE VERY EXCITED TO BE PICTURED IN YOUR MAGAZINE. \*  
\* FURTHERMORE, I WOULD MAKE A GOOD BARRACUDA GIRL BECAUSE I KNOW THAT A BARRACUDA GIRL CAN KICK A VOGUE GIRL'S ASS ANYDAY! BARRACUDA GIRLS RULE AND I WANT TO BE ONE. DON'T LET ME BE A WANNABE. I WAS BORN TO BE A BARRACUDA GIRL! I'VE \* BEEN EATING STEAK AND POTATOES AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY FELL INTO ALL OF THE RIGHT PLACES. PLEASE CONTACT ME.  
\* NIKITA



photos by Paget Brewster

On tour with The Damned in October



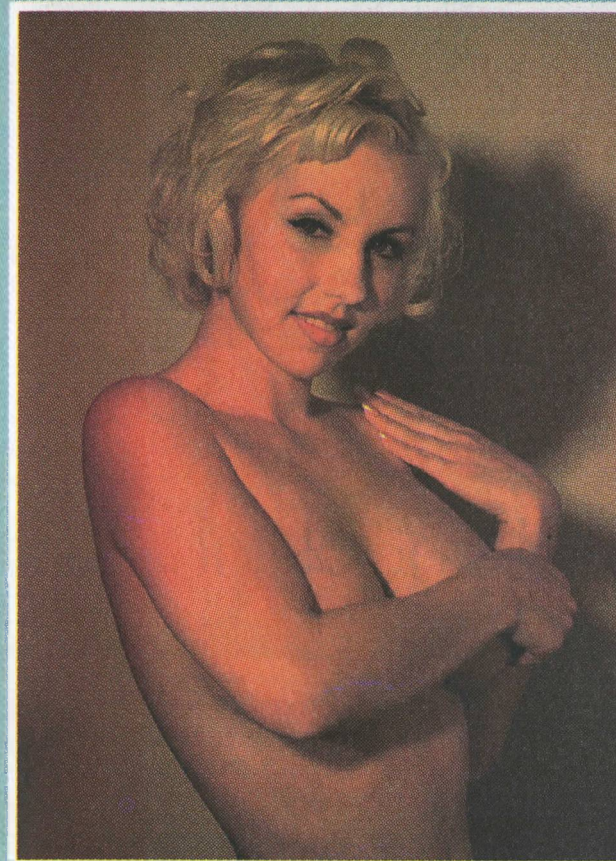
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Nikita wasn't kidding when she said she was voluptuous! Why, she even has curves in places where some girls don't even have places! With curves like these, she has no problem keeping men hip-notized! Anatomy is something everyone has, but it sure looks better on a girl like Nikita!



She's a girl with principle, but boy does she draw interest! Despite her curvy, movie starlet looks, Nikita's really just a simple girl. She just wants to find a man to fill a void in her life—her empty clothes closet, that is! She doesn't mind if her date is a cad, as long as his convertible is, too! Nikita has all the curves, but she's no dupe, she's got all the angles, too! Our pulchritudinous pin-up may look like a little lamb, but she's a wolf in she's clothing! She summers in the Alps, winters in Miami and springs at single doctors!



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The Carnival of Pop Culture

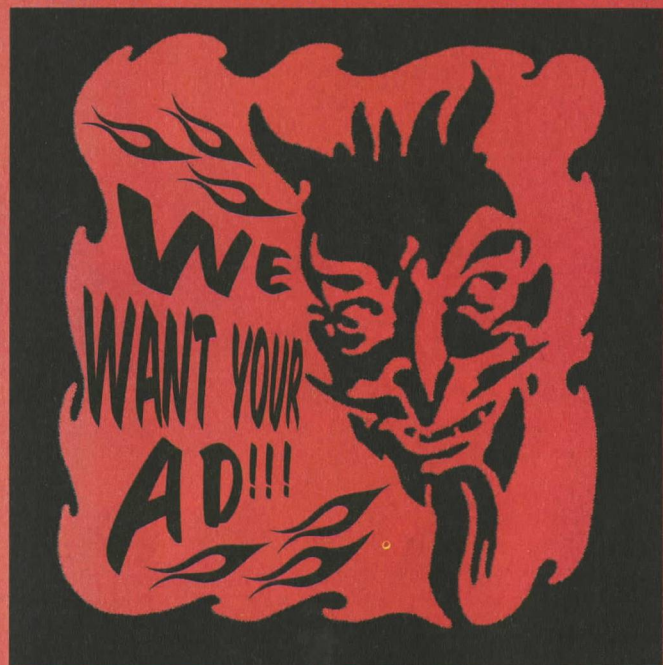


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S.H.A.G.



# The Barracuda Gourmet Guide To Cooking For Broke-Ass S.O.B.s

It's always important to know how to make the most out of your food dollar, but it's especially important when you fall on hard times and find yourself as a broke-ass S.O.B.

Unlike so many other things we spend money on, eating is a necessity. You have to do it. Going without luxuries is a matter of will power and discipline, but you gotta eat.

Also, the way you eat can really affect your health and mental well-being. Being sick and tired costs you time and money, something you don't really have an excess of if you're a broke S.O.B. So, if you're eating nothing but ramen noodles for every meal, you're probably not going to be too healthy or happy.

In general, if you're eating food that someone else is cooking for you, you're not really eating cheap. Sure, a fast food meal deal for \$5 or less seems cheap, but it's really not. And most of this food is pretty lousy. It's usually all salt and fat. If you cook for yourself, you can easily eat some really good grub in the ballpark of \$1 a meal or even less. Here's an example: you're hungry and broke, so you go to a fast food joint or a convenience store and get a hot dog for a buck. Pretty cheap eats, right? Not really. You can easily get a *whole pack* of hot dogs at the supermarket for a buck. And how hard is it to cook a hot dog? Toss it in a pan of boiling water or put it in the microwave for 30 seconds. A hot dog is actually already cooked, so you're not even cooking it, you're just heating it!

Cooking IS NOT DIFFICULT. It can be, but it doesn't need to be. There are plenty of fool-proof, cheap and easy recipes. If you can change and gap a spark plug, you can make 80% of the dishes in any cook book.

The first step in cheap cooking is shopping. Having stuff on hand to make cheap food is your first, best defense against eating expensively. Cooking doesn't take much time or effort. It's the shopping that does, so you need to do it right. Always make a list and never shop on an empty stomach. If you rely on your memory or your impulses when you go to the store, you will end up buying expensive junk. Being hungry just makes it worse. If you're hungry, you're not going to drool over a can of store brand pinto beans, a dozen eggs or a whole, uncooked fryer chicken. You're going to drool over that bag of

Doritos, a box of Hot Pockets or some other pricey malarkey.

This is not to say there is no room for a change of plan or for something that isn't on the list. It just helps to put as much advance thought into it as possible. Don't send a wolf into the hen house is what the Barracuda Gourmet is saying.

A very important, but often overlooked way to make the most of your food dollar is to actually eat the food you buy before it goes bad. Let's say you buy a pound of ground beef for \$3. If half of it goes bad because you forgot that it was languishing in the back of your fridge, you have essentially paid \$3 for a *half a pound* of beef because that's all you got out of it.

This is where a freezer comes in handy. If you bought a bulk pack of chicken that was on sale, stick half of it in the freezer so it won't go bad before you get to it. Or if you see a super sale on something, buy an extra one and put it in your freezer. Again, advance planning will help you get through the lean times. Also, freezers operate more efficiently when they're full, so fill 'er up! It's free money!

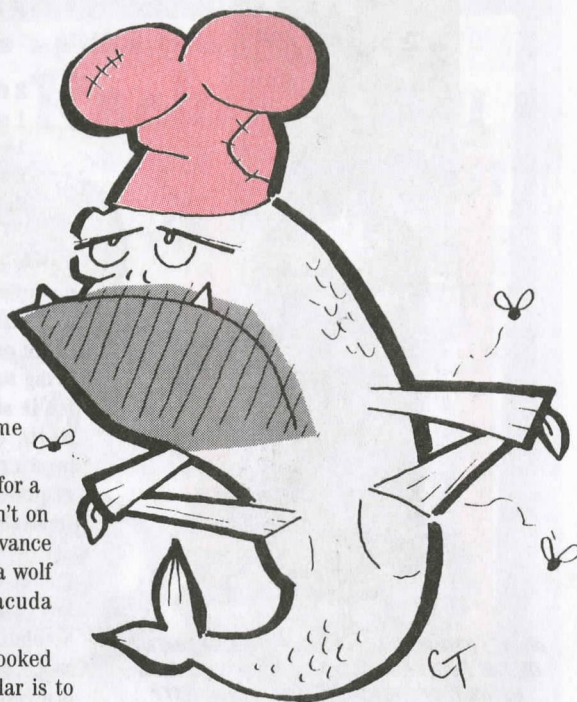
Although the Barracuda Gourmet is decidedly a meatarian, he is forced to admit that when you're pinched for money, meat is rarely your best food dollar. But that doesn't mean you have to eat sprouts and radishes.

Rice and beans of some kind make up a cheap, hearty and tasty meal. They can be mixed with meat or vegetables of any kind and spiced up very easily. So, here are a couple of recipes to get you started.

## Killer Franks & Beans

- 1 28-oz. can of store brand pork & beans
- 4 hot dogs, thickly sliced
- 3 green onions, sliced
- 1/2 small onion, chopped
- 1 tbsp. brown spicy mustard
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup shredded sharp cheddar cheese

Throw all ingredients except cheese into a skillet and heat over medium heat until it boils. Lower the heat and cook for 10 minutes until it thickens up. Stir it a little while it's cooking. Put the cheese on top and stir it in



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until melted. Serve over rice.

#### **E-Z Rice Pilaf**

- 2 tbsp. butter
- 1 small chopped onion
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 2 1/4 cups chicken or beef broth
- Salt and pepper

Throw oil and onions in a pan and cook over medium heat for five minutes. Throw in rice and stir for a couple of minutes. Throw in broth and shake some salt and pepper in and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat. Cover it and let it sit for 15-20 minutes if you're using white rice, 45-50 minutes if you're using brown rice, until the rice is tender. Get a can of pinto beans or navy beans. Drain 'em and serve the rice over 'em.

A very, very easy way to spice up these or any other recipes is to use condiments. Try ketchup, brown mustard, BBQ sauce, teriyaki sauce, soy sauce or hot sauce. Sriracha hot sauce is a very tasty sauce that has a hint of garlic flavor while not being too scorchingly hot when used in moderation. It's available at most grocery stores and it will make the most boring food taste like a culinary fiesta. A big squirt of this stuff on plain rice is a meal in and of itself. You could put Sriracha on sawdust and styrofoam and the Barracuda Gourmet would eat it.

So, you don't have pots and pans? You don't even have a stove? You can still cook, and cook very well. With a crock pot, all you need is an electrical outlet.

Crock pot cooking seems complicated because it involves a kitchen appliance, but this is not true. Most crock pot recipes involve throwing a bunch of stuff into the crock pot, turning it on and walking away. Plus, using a crock pot is an easy way to make the ladies think you're a master chef when you're not even capable of boiling water in a teapot.

Here are some hearty and foolproof crock pot recipes that will keep you in leftovers all week. Don't be put off by the long cooking times of 3-4 or 8-10 hours. You don't have to stand there watching the thing! Put all the ingredients on the pot and cook it on low while you're at work. You'll come home to a ready-to-eat, healthy, manly meal and a house that smells like you've been slaving over the stove all day.

#### **Crock Pot Roast Beef**

- 3 potatoes, sliced
- 3 carrots, sliced
- 2 onions, sliced
- Salt and pepper
- 2 lb. beef roast
- 1/2 cup canned beef broth or cheap red wine

Throw the vegetables in. Throw the beef in. Shake some salt and pepper on the meat. Pour the beef broth or wine over top. Put the

lid on. Cook on high 5 to 6 hours or low 10 to 12 hours.

#### **Crock Pot Chicken**

- 2 carrots, sliced
- 2 onions, sliced
- 2 celery stalks, sliced
- 2 lb. whole chicken
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup canned chicken broth or cheap white wine
- 1 tsp. basil
- 1 tsp. oregano

Throw the vegetables in. Throw the whole chicken in. Shake some salt and pepper on the chicken. Pour the chicken broth or wine over top. Sprinkle the basil and oregano on top. Put the lid on. Cook on low 8 to 10 hours.

#### **Chicken In Mushroom Gravy**

- 2 whole chicken breasts or 2 lbs. of cut-up chicken parts
- Salt and pepper
- 1/4 cup canned chicken broth or cheap white wine
- 1 can of store-brand condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1 4-oz. can of sliced mushrooms

Throw chicken in. Shake salt and pepper on chicken. Mix broth or wine with the soup in a separate bowl, then throw on top of the chicken. Drain the can of mushrooms and throw on top. Put the lid on. Cook on high 3 to 4 hours or on low for 7 to 9 hours.

#### **Barracuda Beef Casserole**

- 2 lbs. stew beef, cut into small chunks
- Pepper
- 1 envelope dry onion soup mix
- 1/2 cup cheap red wine
- 1 4-oz. can of whole mushrooms (drained)
- 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup

Throw all ingredients in pot. Shake on some pepper. Stir. Cook on high for 8 to 10 hours. Serve over rice.

Crock pots are easy to find in thrift shops and at flea markets. Even new, they're relatively cheap. Try to get one where the stoneware lifts out of the cooker. This makes for an easy clean up.

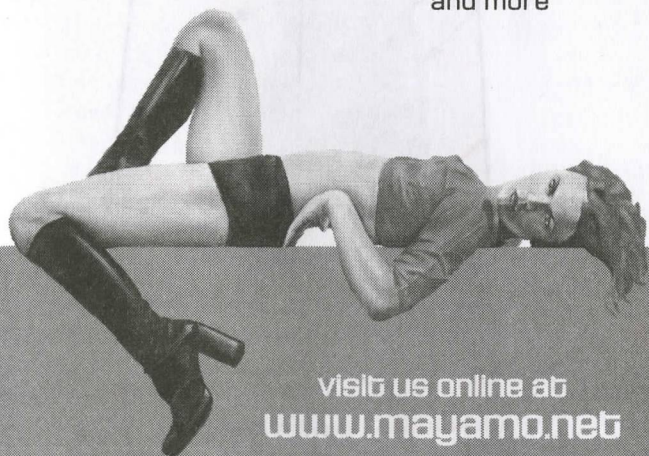
The true beauty of cooking with a crock pot is leftovers. It doesn't take any more effort to cook a whole lot of food than it does to cook a little food. So, cook for yourself in large quantities, put the leftovers in the fridge and heat 'em up later. Heating up something in a microwave is as easy, maybe easier than those lame ramen noodles. If you cook once and get four meals out of it, you have just increased your productivity by 75%! At the risk of sounding redundant, the Barracuda Gourmet will say again that it's not hard, it's a matter of advance planning.



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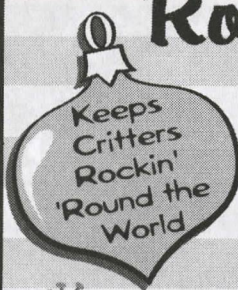
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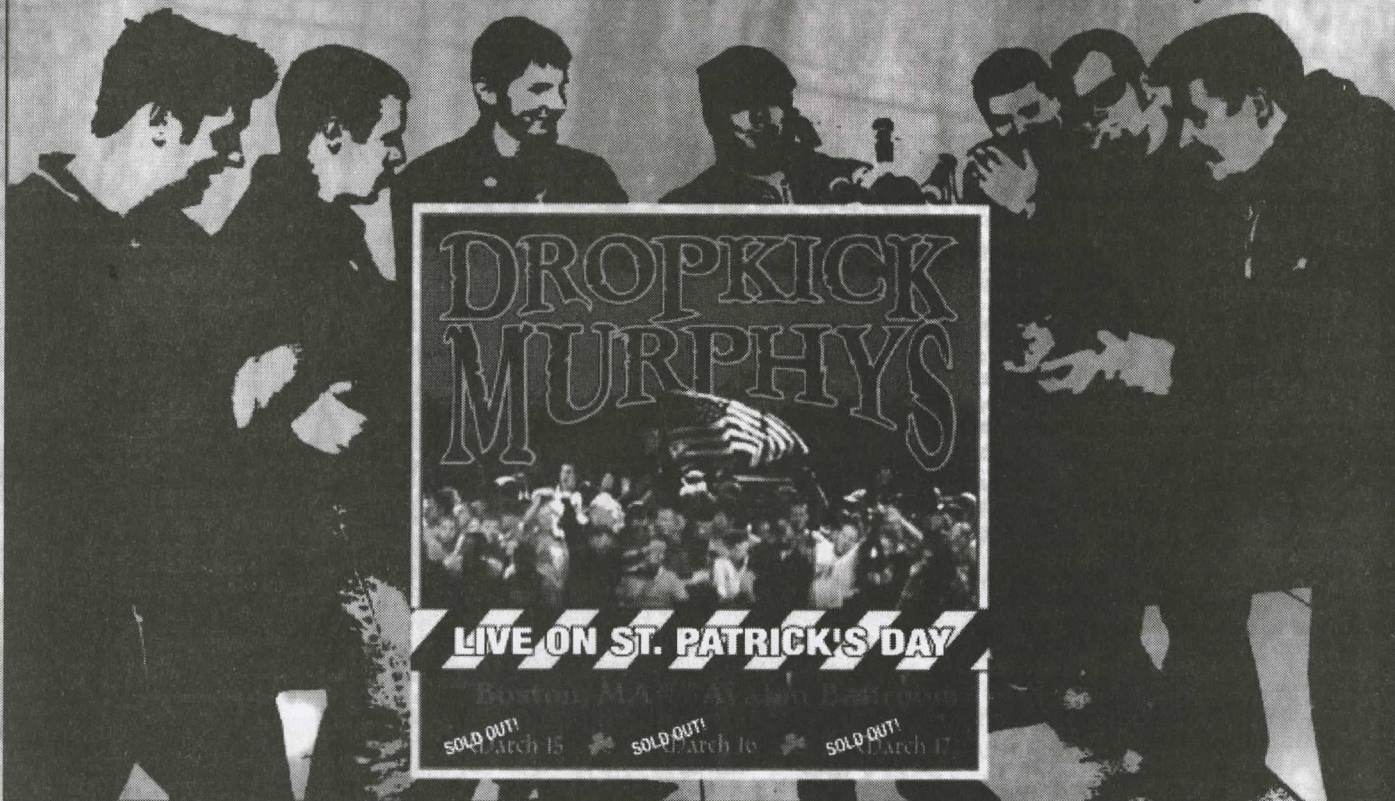
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How To

# BUILD A BACKYARD BAMBOO HUT

(loafing guy sold separately)

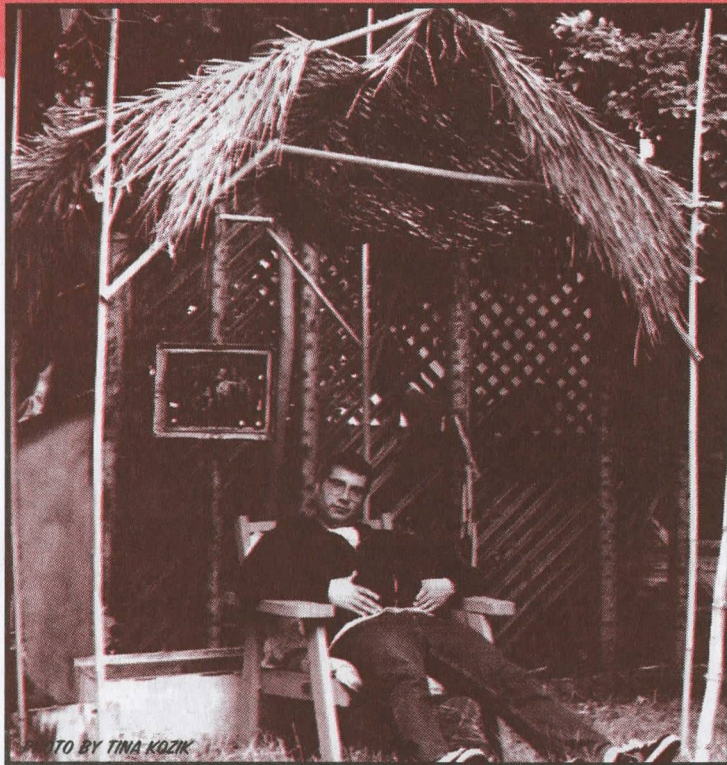


PHOTO BY TINA KOZIK

**N**eed some shade for your backyard, but you're too cheap to spend \$100 on an E-Z up? We hear ya. The good news is that with about \$35 worth of materials and a tiny bit of know-how, you can easily build your own bamboo hut instead!

These huts are superior to E-Z ups in many ways. They have character and every one is unique. Also, they're more weather resistant—they don't rust! And they don't blow away. Gusts go right through the thatched roof. They are not as perfectly rainproof as a canopy, but they do pretty well. If you really need rain protection, you can use a small tarp under the thatching.

## shopping list:

- 14 1 1/4" wide, 10' tall bamboo poles
- two 3' x 4' thatched rain capes
- box of 2 1/2" machine screws
- box of nuts to match screws

When building your hut, unlike a project using lumber, don't measure and cut all your wood at once. Use our diagram as a guide and lay the pieces out first, then cut it as you go. It's alright if piece aren't exactly the perfect length. This is bamboo engineering, not rocket science!

Once you have all the pieces, drill a hole gently through the bamboo wherever two pieces meet and put a machine screw through the hole. If desired, cut 2' pieces of rope and knot them around the joints to give the appearance that it's all held together with rope!

## How To Cut Bamboo

Start by choosing bamboo that is thick. Look at the bottom of the pole and you will see certain pieces are more hollow than others.

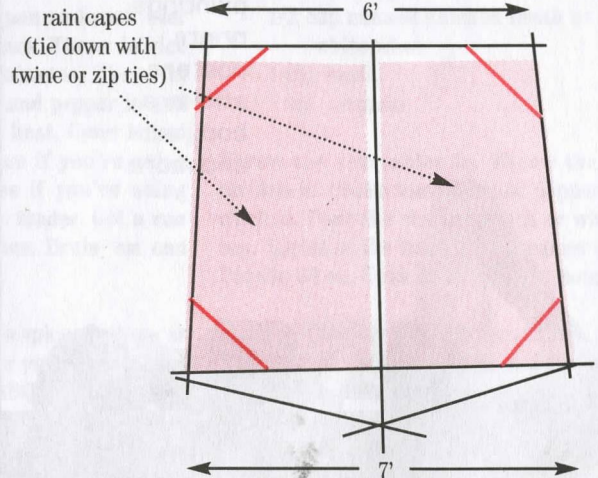
Use a hack saw or other fine-toothed saw to cut the wood. It will cause less tearing of the fibers and give you cleaner cuts.



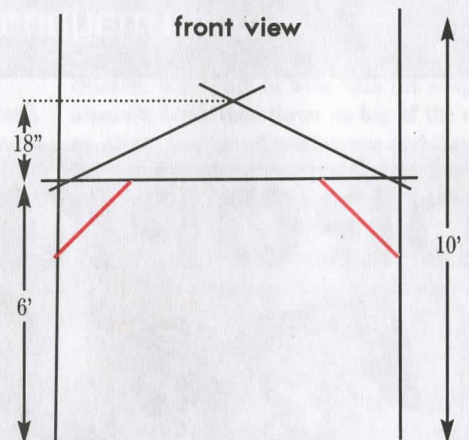
Cut your bamboo so that each piece ends at a knot. Splitting is unavoidable, but this will help prevent it as much as possible.

For sturdiness, be sure to put braces on the corners of your hut. For clarity, the braces are marked on the diagram in red. Each one should be about 2' long.

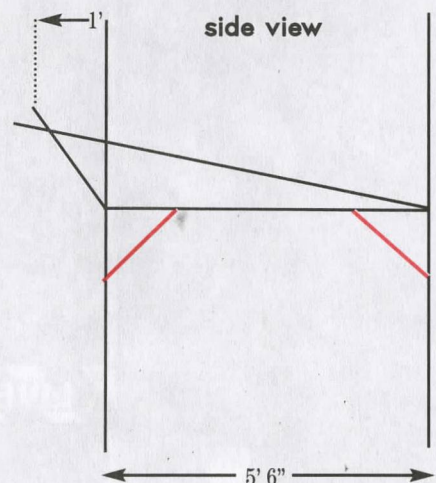
top view



front view



side view





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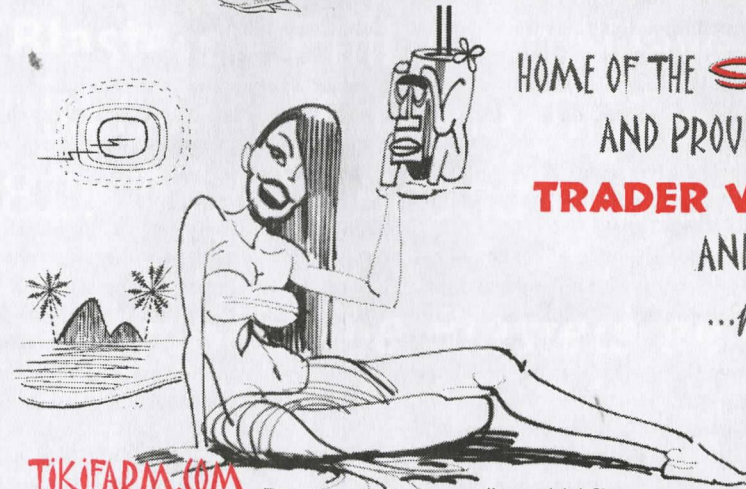


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*Playboys In Paradise: Masculinity, Youth and Leisure-style in Modern America*  
by Bill Osgerby

If you're looking for a light book that nostalgically and puckishly revisits the era of swinging bachelor living, brother, this ain't it.

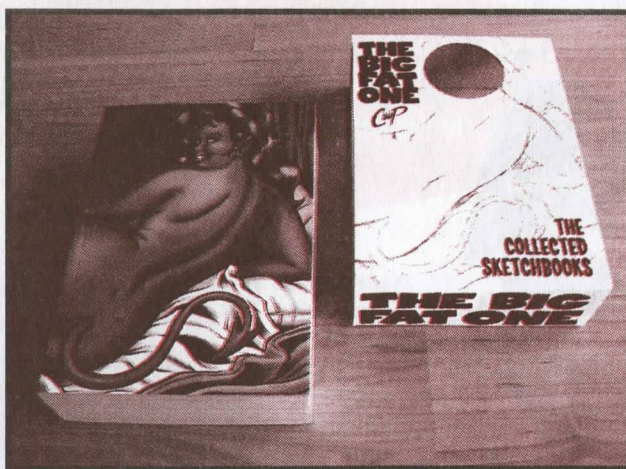
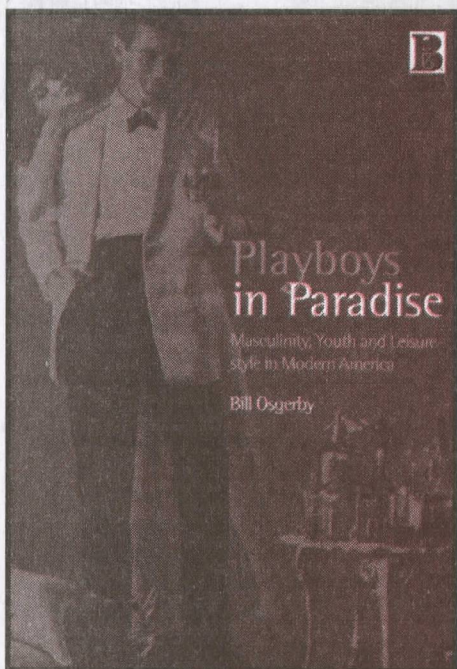
This is a serious, academic text, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. In fact, it's a good thing. (Besides, if you're a regular reader of this magazine, there's a good chance that you're *into* the serious intellectual analysis of things that other people consider to be ridiculous.)

This book doesn't analyze the actual regular Joe of American culture so much as it looks at the way that the myth of the swinging, sophisticated bachelor was used as a marketing tool. Through examples from advertising, movies, magazines and other mass media, Osgerby studies how the masculine ethos evolved into the swinging leisure man of the post-war years and where he went from there.

Osgerby frequently shows the ties between the fantasized masculine ideals of that era and a sense of entitlement to consumer goods. It's interesting to read this book and then look at all the new glossy men's magazines out there. You quickly realize how many of these tired old clichés of masculinity defined by crass consumerism still exist today.

It's a very well-researched and interesting book—especially if you're an editor at *Barracuda Magazine*!

At any rate, it's good to see books analyzing the masculine ethos being written by *men*.



*The Big Fat One - The Collected Sketchbooks*  
by Coop

In a follow-up to last year's *The Devil's Advocate*, Coop brings us *The Big Fat One*. Unlike his last book, which showed his slick and finished illustrations, this book contains samples of sketches from Coop's sketchbooks over the last 15-20 years. Most of these drawings have never been seen before. Some are rough preliminary sketches for now-famous Coop art, some are Coop just practicing his trademark warped artistic chops.

But this book is not like the worthless deleted scenes you get on most DVDs or some repackaged collection of a band's b-sides. This is not repacked scraps. This book is Coop generously offering us an opportunity to take a candid glimpse into his creative process.

As the intro says: "This stuff was all for my own amusement and only intended to be seen by myself and a few trusted comrades. Any of the self-editing that I would apply to my 'public' work is absent here. That freedom from scrutiny and restraint allowed me to follow my quirks and obsessions wherever they might lead and (I hope) made me a better artist."

The sheer volume of work included in this book prevents it from coming off as fluff or junk. This 2-inch thick tome tips the toldeos at 1,008 pages! But there's not just quantity, there's also quality. Like his last book, the production values deliver bang for your buck. *The Big Fat One* is printed on dual-textured Japanese paper with a blend of metallic inks that really gives you the feeling you are holding a sketchbook in your hands.

A limited edition hardcover version is also being offered. It comes with an embossed, purple velvet slipcase. Only 150 copies of the hardback were printed. They will only be available directly from Coop, through his website, [www.coopstuff.com](http://www.coopstuff.com).

Book signings are planned before the holidays, including one at the Mooneyes Xmas party and other locations to be determined. Visit Coop's website for the latest info.



*Blitz Oil Spigot*

Every once in a while, a new technology comes along that has an inestimable, revolutionary impact on the world—gunpowder, Gutenberg's printing press, the airplane, controlled nuclear fission, the human genome project. It can be said without hyperbole that the new Blitz oil spigot is greater than all of these things combined times a million.

Sure, it's easy enough to pour a quart of oil into your crankcase without spilling it down the side of your engine. But the real trick is getting a quart of automatic transmission fluid poured. Many automatic transmissions are filled through a difficult to reach dipstick tube back near the firewall. In addition to being hard to reach, these tubes are much narrower than a crankcase filler hole.

Putting in ATF almost always requires the use of a funnel, or even worse, a messy long-neck funnel that also takes up much-needed trunk space. That's where the Blitz spigot comes in so very handy.

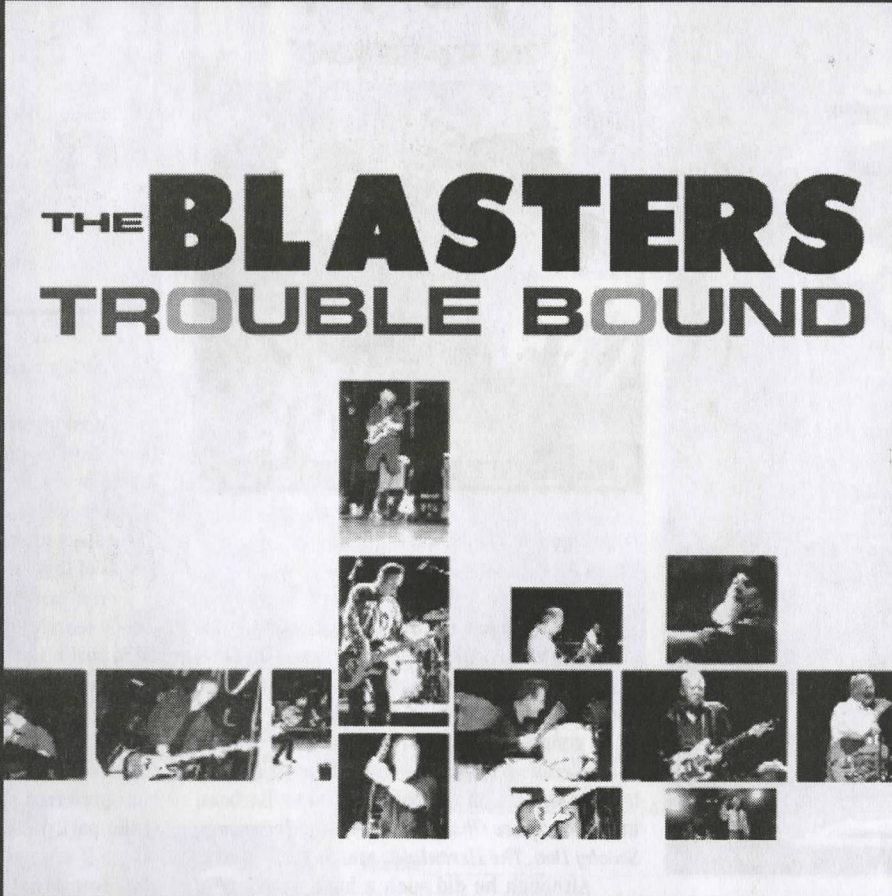
It screws right onto the top of a quart of oil or ATF. With its neck in the extended position, the valve inside the neck is closed. You can turn the bottle upside down and slowly position the nozzle into the filler neck. When you push on the bottle, the neck collapses and the valve opens. No fuss, no muss. No tranny fluid dripping onto your hot exhaust and stinking up the place.

These nozzles are available at auto parts stores and hardware stores for about a dollar. They are worth their weight in gold.



# THE BLASTERS

## TROUBLE BOUND



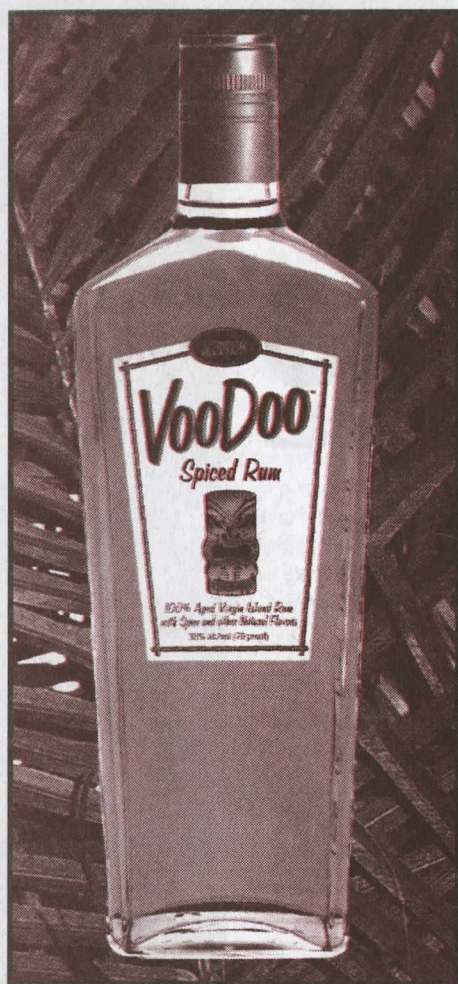
Earlier this year the group that started the roots music revolution, **THE BLASTERS**, reformed for a series of shows in California. All five original **Blasters** - Phil Alvin, Dave Alvin, John Bazz, Bill Bateman & Gene Taylor - tore it up like it was 1982. *Trouble Bound* captures those great shows.

***See The Blasters on tour this fall***

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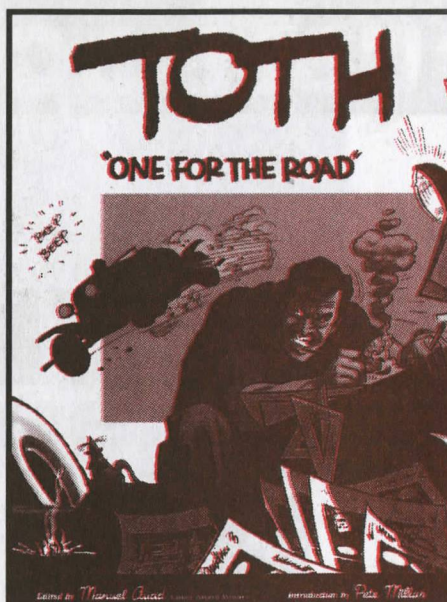


Redrum Voodoo Spiced Rum

From the makers of Chic Tongue's favorite rum comes an excellent addition to the RedRum line. Voodoo Spiced Rum comes in RedRum's trademark coffin-shaped bottle, but this new version is clear (as opposed to the original red bottle) allowing you to see the gold nectar of the gods inside.

Like its predecessor, this is a fine, fine rum. While the original was flavored with fruit, Voodoo is spiced with a touch of vanilla. It's great for mixing all of your typical or tropical drinks of choice, but it's tasty enough to stand on its own as well.

The Barracuda staff prefers it straight up out of an ice-cold bottle. Ah, many a line of "hilarious" Barracuda Girl copy has come from the bottom of a bottle of RedRum. And RedRum holds the dubious distinction of being the only product placement to ever appear in Chic Tongue's cartoons!



Toth: One For The Road  
edited by Manuel Auad

Alex Toth has done a lot of different kinds of comics and cartoons. He has worked for D.C., Marvel, Standard, Dell, Funnies, Inc., Whitman, Western and various pulp magazines. He worked in all genres of comics, from romantic cartoons to westerns and sci-fi. He also designed characters for the action cartoons of Hanna-Barbera, including *Space Ghost*, *Josie and the Pussycats*, *Scooby Doo*, *The Herculoids* and *Superfriends*.

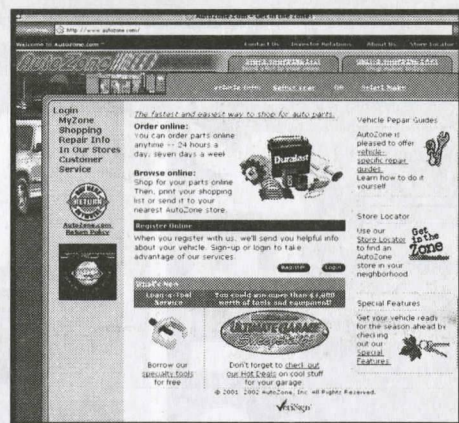
Although he did such a huge variety of cartoons, *One For The Road* focuses specifically on the car and hot rod cartoons he did in the mid-'60s. The Toth cartoons in this book are pulled from the pages of classic car comics like *Big Daddy Roth*, *Drag Cartoons*, *Hot Rod Cartoons* and *CARTOONS*. All of these titles are long since out of print and are probably very difficult if not impossible to find. Without this book, you'd have a difficult time finding examples of Toth's car-related work from this era.

The rarity of the content notwithstanding, these are excellent examples of the work of a very, very strong and talented illustrator. Check this book out and you'll have no doubt why Toth is referred to as "an artist's artist." His comics are fast, funny and packed with action all at the same time.

An interesting comic in this book is a "Big Daddy" Roth cartoon from 1964 where he says that maybe the Beatles aren't just a flash in the pan. The next panel shows the Beatles as he imagines them in 1994—old coots, leaning on crutches, playing to their fans, now grey-haired old ladies.

This book is a great nostalgic look at the golden era of hot rodding—a time when everyone had a crew cut, drag racing was new and hot rods were wild.

171 pages, black and white.



www.autozone.com

Most major auto parts chains have websites these days, but most of them just have advertisements or a store locator. Autozone.com does so much more. Via this website, you can log into Autozone's entire parts catalog, just like a clerk at one of their stores would do.

You can browse through the parts for your car or search for something specific by name or OEM part number.

You can simplify the search process by storing make and model information for up to three different cars. It also allows you to search for stores in your area. You can set one store as your preferred store. Then you can search to see if the part you need is available at that specific store. If it's not available, you can then check the inventory at any other Autozone. It's a beautiful thing. You don't have to wait on the phone or in line at the store. Plus, you can search the parts catalog any time of the day or night.

Using their site eliminates many variables in your parts search. You can compare available parts and decide what you want without having a sales clerk try to sell you some schmancy part when the plain Jane version will do just fine.

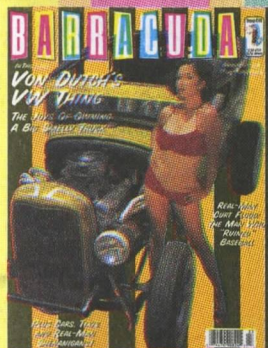
Once you find the parts you're looking for, you can either print out the list or have it sent to your local store. This saves lots of time. You can find *exactly* what you're looking for and then walk in with the list of specific part numbers and just have them pull them off the shelf. This avoids any communication meltdowns where the clerk looks up a fan and a clutch when you've asked for a fan clutch or where you try in vain to figure out how to say "vacuum modulator" en Español. Nothing's worse than getting home and finding out that you have the wrong part, then having to stand in line again to return it.

Autozone.com already includes very thorough guides to routine maintenance and troubleshooting. As if this weren't enough, they are currently adding free online repair guides for late model cars—the equivalent of free, online *Chilton's* or *Haynes* guides.

This is one of the most useful websites we've ever seen.



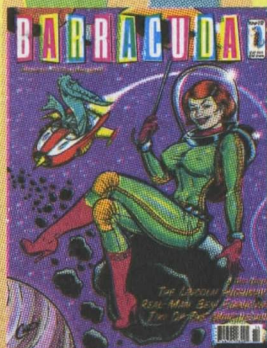
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**Issue #14**  
The Joys of Owning a Big, Smelly Truck, Von Dutch's VW Thing, Real Man Curt Flood



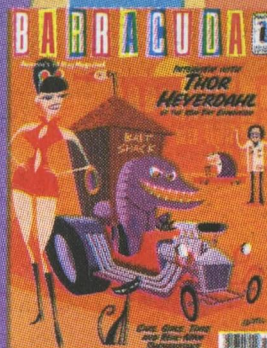
**Issue #13**  
Real Man Duke Kahanamoku, What Happened To The Mormon Meteor III, How To Find A Good Mechanic



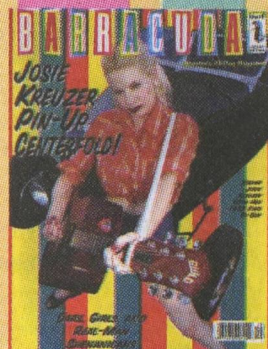
**Issue #12**  
Cover by Coop, The Lincoln Highway, Real Man Ben Franklin, Tiki of the Marquesas



**Issue #11**  
Salt Flat racer Ab Jenkins, Elvis' Honeymoon Hideaway, Dangers of Cell Phones and Driving!



**Issue #10**  
Cover by Shag, Shag and His Thunderbird, Real-Man Thor Heyerdahl plus interview!



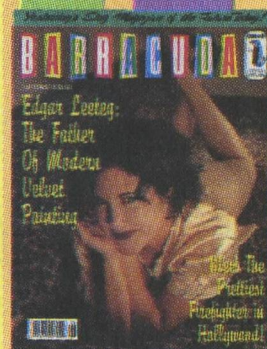
**Issue #9**  
Josie Kreuzer, Charles Goodyear—Prophet of Rubber, Pinstriper St. John Morton



**Issue #8**  
Pin-up Queen Dita Von Teese!, Belly Tank Lakesters, Real-Man Rocket Richard



**Issue #7**  
Inside Von Dutch's Work Truck, Julie Strain as Bettie Page, Real Man Edwin Armstrong



**Issue #6**  
Edgar Leeteg—The Father Of Velvet Painting, Barracuda Gourmet Does Breakfast!

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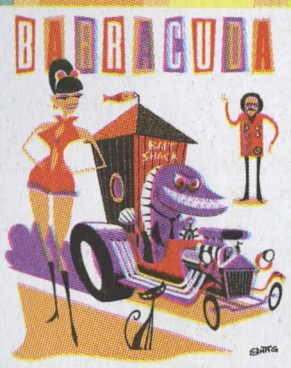
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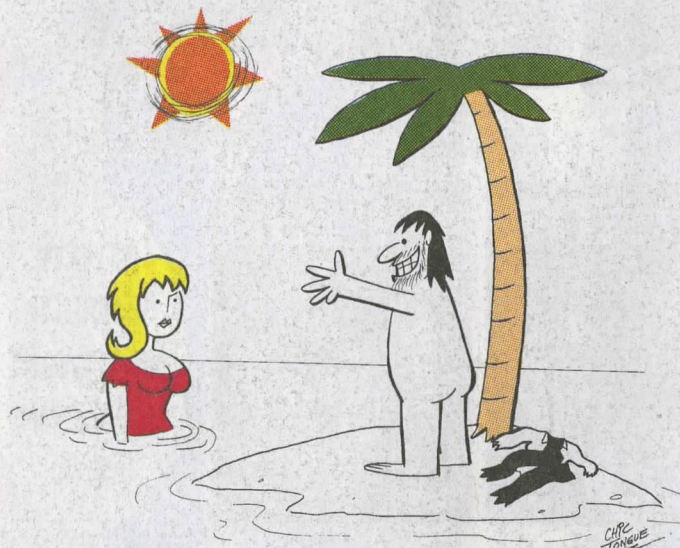
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"THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOU FELLAS WITH IRREGULAR WORKING HOURS—YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN IT'S QUITTING TIME!"



"BUT GOOD GRIEF, MAN, I'M PRACTICALLY ONE OF YOU!"



"I JUST CAN'T WIN WITH YOU, ETHEL. WHEN I DRINK ALONE, I'M AN ALCOHOLIC. WHEN I DON'T DRINK ALONE, I'M A DIRTY RAT."



"IT'S ALL BEEN ARRANGED, BETTY. I TOLD HIM TO BRING ALONG HIS BEST FRIEND FOR YOU."



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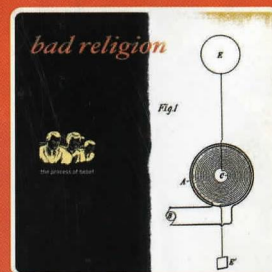
  
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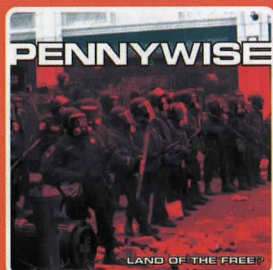
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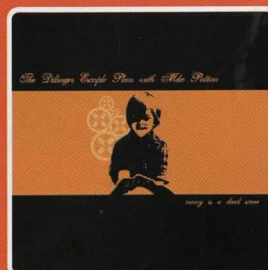
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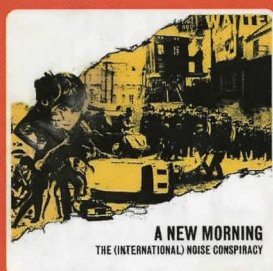
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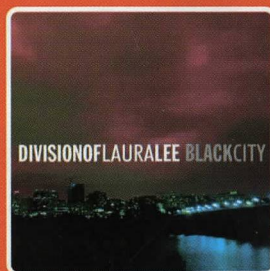
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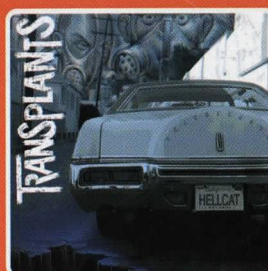
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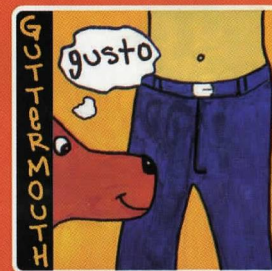
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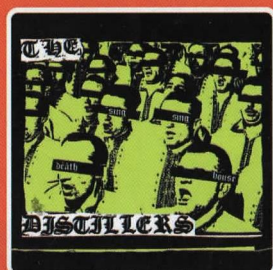
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