



# BRIMMING WITH DAD-ITUDE

THE REAL DEAL BRAZIL RECYCLED-TARP HAT CROWNS  
THE FATHER WHO'S A DAD AS THE KING OF WHERE IT'S AT



Fabric recycled from canvas tarps formerly covering beds of Brazilian cross-country cargo trucks.



Handmade by hat crafters in a remote Brazilian town. Tarp scraps reused as patches.



Bendy brims are wire reclaimed from used truck tires.



Literally no two hats alike. Varying canvas colors, holes, frayings, patches, stitching, stains. Some hats have snippets of Portuguese stamped in thick black ink.



Tough to hurt; damn hard to kill. Yard/garden/outdoor/travel-wear extraordinaire.



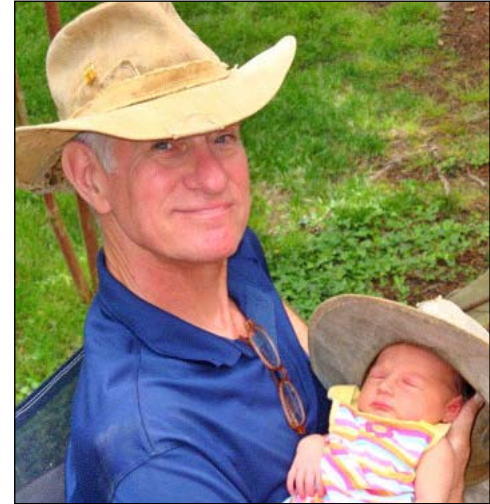
Provokes stares; wearer will weather constant where'd-ya-get-that-cool-hat questions. Seriously. It happens.



With a \$39.99 manufacturer's suggested retail price, the RDB is highly affordable cool.



**U.S. Navy Ensign, diver and Real Deal dad Michael Rowe-Rahming, hamming it up on the home front shortly before packing up house and family for a new military assignment overseas.**



**Globe-traveling Real Deal dad Gary Crawford (that's also him top left, in Antarctica), beaming with new-granddad-itude over the days-old bundle of Real Deal cradled in his arms.**



For more info on the Real Deal Brazil recycled-tarp hat, contact Frank Rabey at [frabey@realdealbrazil.com](mailto:frabey@realdealbrazil.com) or toll-free at (800) 334-1078, Ext. 241, or visit [realdealbrazil.com](http://realdealbrazil.com) or the RDB Facebook site.

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My dad, a retired U.S. Army major, tacks up one side of his own Real Deal Brazil recycled-tarp hat with a U.S. flag pin. He wears his RDB everywhere, even in restaurants, to the horrified dismay of his teenage grandchildren.

Among my favorite stories growing up was the one of my Pops doing evening KP (kitchen patrol) during his Army basic training. The mess sergeant had ordered him to scrub the trash cans "clean enough to eat out of." When the sergeant checked back, my dad confirmed that the cans were indeed clean. "Would you eat out of them?" the sarge asked. All my dad had to do was say yes, and that was that. "No," he said.

Replay this same scene another four or five times as an increasingly teed-off mess sergeant kept returning anew to be told exactly what he didn't want to hear. My old man's KP time ran out before his infuriated superior ever got a yes. "I believe he would have kept me there all

night if he could have," my dad recalled with a chuckle.

Soon enough, the Army would send my father off to Korea and, later, to Vietnam. If he'd been in charge of those military quagmires, I believe history might have played out differently. He's just too damn ornery to be defeated, and while gleefully foolish when he has a good audience, does not suffer fools, which makes my own survival to adulthood all the more amazing.

In short, my dad was an RDB hat just waiting to happen. He's unapologetically individual, unwaveringly uncompromising, bone-headedly honest, old-school-SOB tough, reliable to a fault, ready to do whatever needs doing.

My old man, you see, is himself the real deal. So happy Dad's Day, Pops! I already gave you an RDB hat for your birthday – now what the heck am I supposed to get you?

- Frank Rabey, PR Guy,  
The Real Deal Brazil