



VOLUME THREE, NUMBER ELEVEN

DAVID

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VOLUME THREE, NUMBER ELEVEN

NOVEMBER 15, 1973

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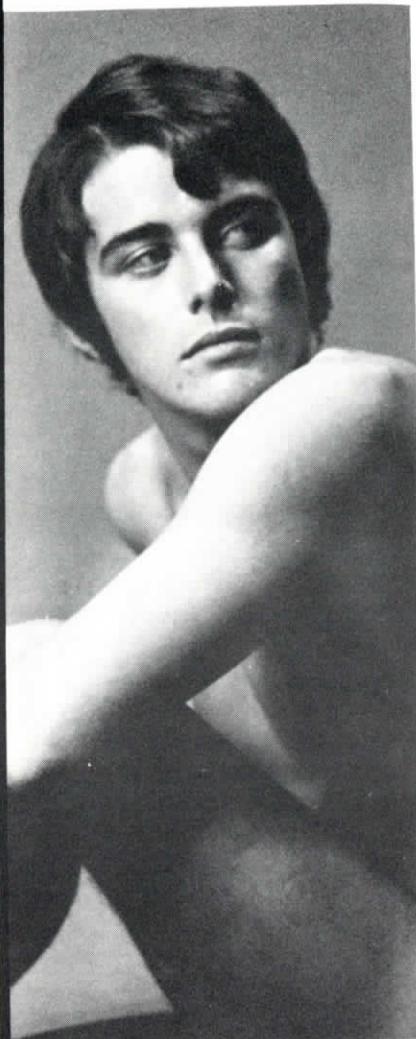
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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear DAVID;

I beg of you please do not give and stop publishing photos of drag queens.

Why is it that people who have borne the brunt of a homophobic society cannot even escape abuse from the gay community itself!

Please DAVID, do not abandon us! Do not cast us out!

Lester Lehman
N.Y.C.

Dear DAVID;

In behalf of Queens Liberation Front, I want to express our thanks at your defense of impersonators who choose to undergo physical changes. I admire this because among male homosexuals there is a tendency to put down the queens for destroying that which attracts them sexually, the male body. Unless you can feel the need yourself, it is most difficult, almost impossible to understand. Yet even, so, the hormonally changed queen is not necessarily a full fledged transexual (I agree that it is the rule and I'm no exception to it). The same applies to the silicone endowed beauty. But as long as males are defined by what is between their legs, then these types do qualify as males legally, and no matter how real looking they are, they are female impersonators, not transsexuals.

In a purely political sense, no one has the right to decide what a male, or for that matter, a female, may do to their own body. If you get into that, then I suggest you start limiting the amount of weight your "groovy guys" can use to develop with (after all, all that muscles is not "natural" either) and the vitamins they use.

I can respect the opinions of those impersonators not on hormones or silicone, especially when they see trophies and applause going to a walking example of a

surgeon's skill. Though we get so touchy about bustlines, which are plastic and don't come off at the end of an act, we should begin to question using wigs and make-up also to alter appearance. I feel the whole issue can be solved by letting the judges consider who has had what done, and award the prizes with this considered.

Why be so picayune? Even pre-operative transexuals (though most won't admit it) are still impersonators before the gash goes in.

Bebe J. Scarpie
Director; Queens Liberation Front

Dear DAVID;

Let me congratulate you on your fine new issue (Vol 3, No.9), and offer my special thanks for your coverage of my film.

I was disappointed in only one matter; My fine photographer did not get credit for the movie stills. Would it be possible to kindly run a statement to the effect: All movie photos from "Light From the Second Story Window" (see last issue) by Bud McGinnis of Hollywood?

Thank you for your consideration in this matter,
David Allen/Producer/Director

Dear DAVID;

This is to let you know that your publication has been declared "Hard Core Pornography" by the officials here at the United States Penitentiary at Terre Haute Indiana. Though I have been receiving DAVID for the last six months, the officials now say I will no longer be able to read it.

I cannot understand their actions. DAVID is one of the finest publications I ever read. It has brought me much joy and

sunshine in such a dark place as this. As the gay movement makes great strides forward, they have forgotten their brothers and sisters in prison, often because of their homosexuality.

How sad it is that no one will drop us just a short note or protest how homosexuals are treated in prison. Gang rapes are a common thing. Homosexuals are the most oppressed people in prisons.

I do want to thank DAVID for bringing some of us a ray of hope. Soon I hope to be free to fight for our cause once again.

I hope you will see fit to print this. It might give someone something to think about. Anyone who wishes to write may do so at the address below.

Love
to all my brothers and sisters,
Billy Scott Winans - 27586
Post office Box 33
Terre Haute, Indiana, 47808

Dear DAVID;

If words could measure the fine job your representative, Fred Alexson is doing for the Midwest, we would have to write a book.

Through his suggestions we not only have the Michigan area but, our mailing list has added Chicago, Milwaukee, and other cities.

Our organization was formed to create activities for both sexes of our gay community. Our newsletter is published once a month.

We would like to extend our sincere regards once again, to Fred Alexson and Larry LaSage for attending our first social gathering.

LAMBDA
1000 Prairie
Elkhart, Indiana, 46514

Dear DAVID;

Here's our family, the gleesome threesome - a sort of musical three-way - or Three on an Organ? They can't concentrate too well because of all the hand-

some and groovy DAVID covermen! It's Baroness Eberlenda, Li'l Princess Sheila



and Baron Alex von Glendale - they could care less how off key they are!



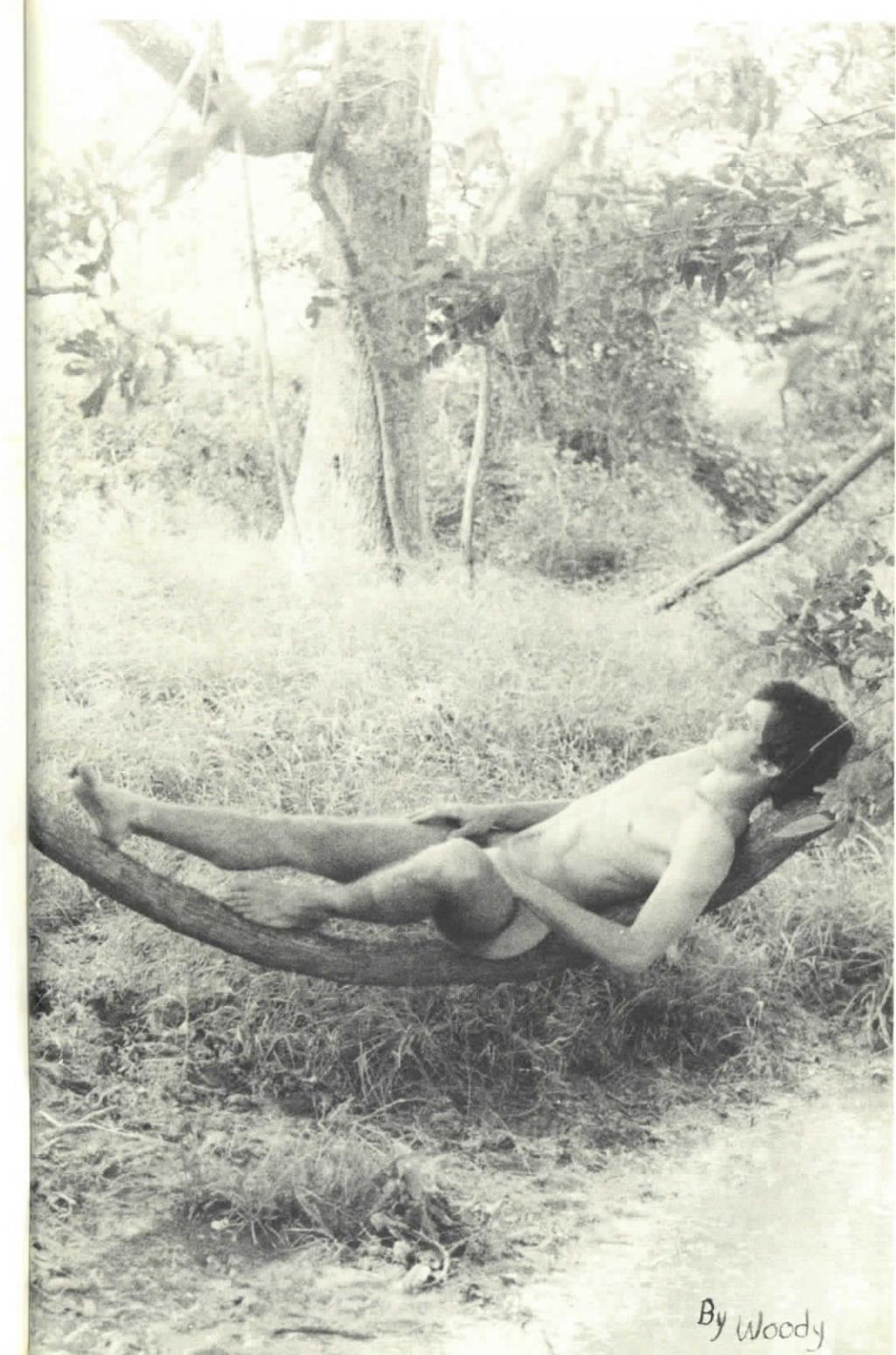
And here's Buddy and Matthew of Glendale in the back yard with the family and DAVID in the background. (both taken yesterday). Hope all is well. Your magazine is great!

Buddy and Matthew

Dear DAVID;

I've just returned to New York after my 11,000 mile drive "All across the U.S.A. and then some". Twenty two states in seventeen days; filming, looking, playing et cetera, et cetera.

This is the first chance I've had to write to let you know how much I enjoyed M.C.ing the Miss David Pageant last month. To be frank, I didn't know what to ex-



AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL MY FRIENDS;

A simple, sincere thank you somehow seems so inadequate when it is compared to the unselfish compassion and generosity that all of you have shown me in the past few weeks.

This is probably one of the hardest things I'll ever have to write since being on the receiving end of something good has always been difficult for me. The only way I can express my gratitude therefore is with an honest explanation of my feelings that I hope will not sound like a dramatic indulgence in self pity seeking empathy or self-praise trying to win your admiration.

I will in the next few lines try to relate emotions in me, which will better help you understand what your thoughtfulness has meant and why all of this can only end in a simple inadequate Thank You.

It's not easy to describe how I felt when I was told that I was afflicted with one of today's second largest and most dreaded killers - Cancer.

What does one say when you're told you have less than a year and a half to live? It is a strange period where everything matters and nothing matters at the same time. It is a time when friends - both of long standing and the newer ones that arise from the situation - extend that much needed helping hand. Fear, self-pity, anger, deceit, and final acceptance all flow through one numbed brain as you slowly watch your world collapse. As many of you know, my struggles with Cancer is nothing new. Five years ago, I watched 10 years of hard work as a dancer fall apart when it was first discovered I had Hodgkins Disease (Cancer of the Lymphatic Glands). They said I would never dance again, but with stubborn determination and blind faith, I managed not only to survive the agonizing ordeal and rebuild a new normal life and also continue my dancing career.

Now once again, I find myself fighting the same battle. This time for my life. However, I have learned that everything that happens to us whether good or bad can be a stepping-stone to growth.

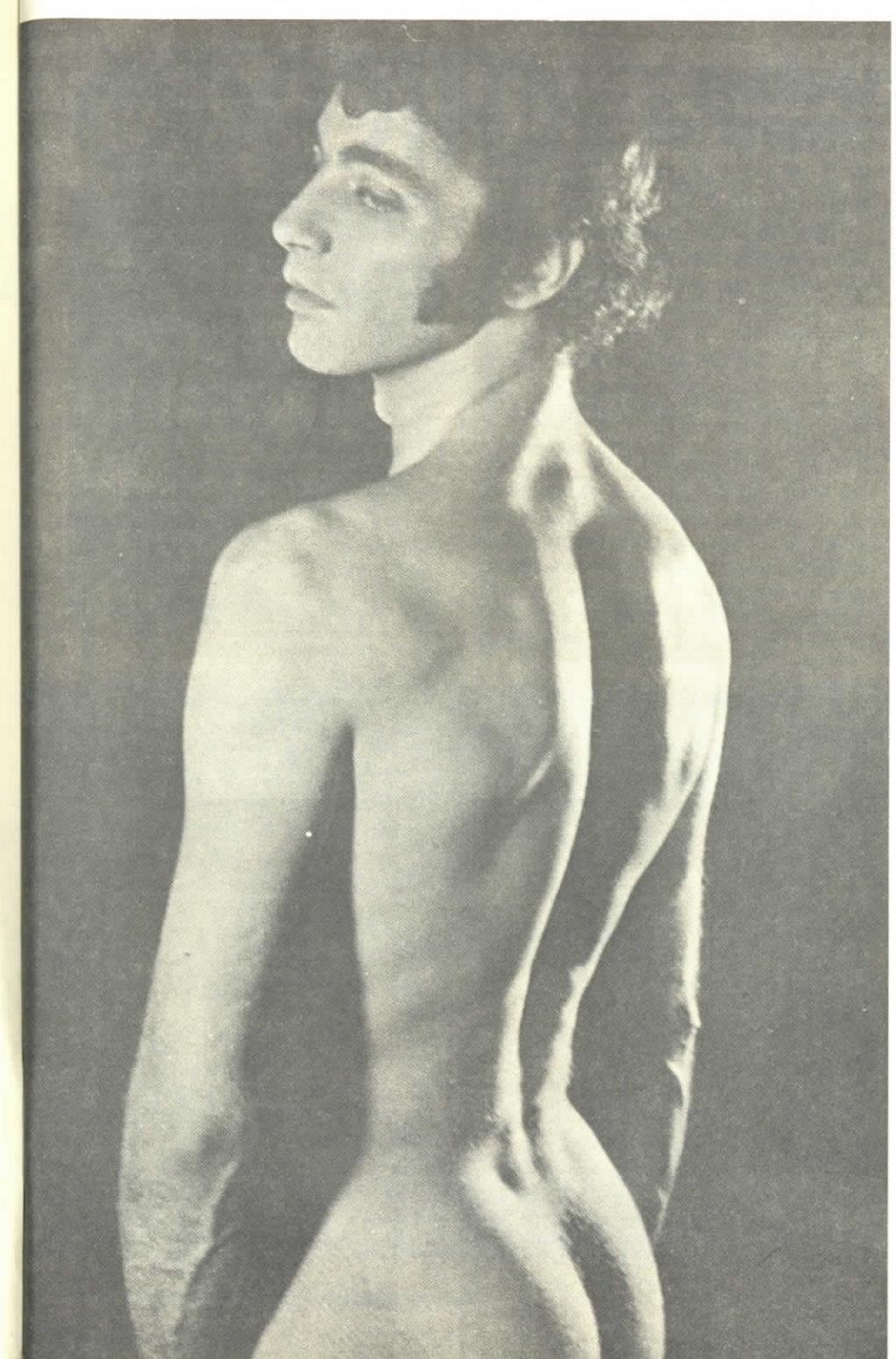
We don't always have control over what happens to us, but we do have control over how we will react to a situation and the kind of person we will become as a result. Once you've decided to accept life's challenges, the tools for overcoming become easily accessible. In my case, thank God, it was love and the support of a wonderful family and you, my friends, plus the knowledge that I have not yet finished what I have to say and need to share has given me the strength to continue. Since I've never run away from anything in life it would be impossible for me now not to accept this challenge with the same determination to fight and win.

A special Thank You to Gary Blake, Joe Palumbo, Bob Boehm, and Ania Janson for their unshakeable friendship; to the Up North Restaurant, the House of Landers, David's Place, The Gold Coast Bar, Capezio's Dancewear and the Chicago Ballet Company for their Blood Donation Campaigns and to the numerous others for their encouraging cards and flowers; and to the editors of David Magazine for their continuous belief and faith in me.

May your God guide and protect you and may the warm arms of love keep you safe and secure always,

As Always and Always,
Thank You,

Fred Alexson



**looking
around at**

CHICAGO

In Chicago, or anywhere for that matter, there can be no one like the fantastic **Roby Landers**. Roby has a definite knack for doing things up big whether it be her annual Ball, or just getting together a show. Pictured below are four good reasons (besides Roby herself) why Roby's shows are one of the "hottest shows in town"; from left to right; Laverne St. Clair, Chili Pepper, Twiggy and Veruska (photo by Bob Vandiver).

Dale and Ron (pictured to the right) are the dudes responsible for keeping things right at popular BISTRO when it comes to the wild sounds and lighting. At times like these it's easy to see some of the best scenery can be seen "behind the scenes".

Jack David from UP NORTH has got it all over Bob Hope so far as we're con-



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pect but I was overwhelmed by the two-day affair. Meeting wonderful people from all over the country was great, but I really must say the kids were fantastic. The talent, originality, charm, and even, yes, warmth displayed by the contestants was only overshadowed by how hard everybody worked to give their all. In both divisions, MISS and MR., my hearty loudest round of applause and might I also shout...BRAVO !

All my best,
The "Carpenter" Colt Studio

An Open Letter to the Gay Community
Due to lack of interest, "Les Gals" is closing. In the past so many women phoned and came to the door asking why there wasn't a private club like this for them. So we opened it for gay women. When the time came to lay it on the line and actually respond, too few came out. I'm saddened when I consider the hundreds of gay women who could benefit from equal facilities, which are long overdue, and see this few show up each week. It's a shame!

We've given it, I think, a fair try...Obviously the majority of women aren't ready yet to demonstrate interest, beyond verbal discussion, in having their own club.

Fred & Greg

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OPPOSITE PAGE

LEATHER FOREVER'S snappy looking cod-piece trousers.

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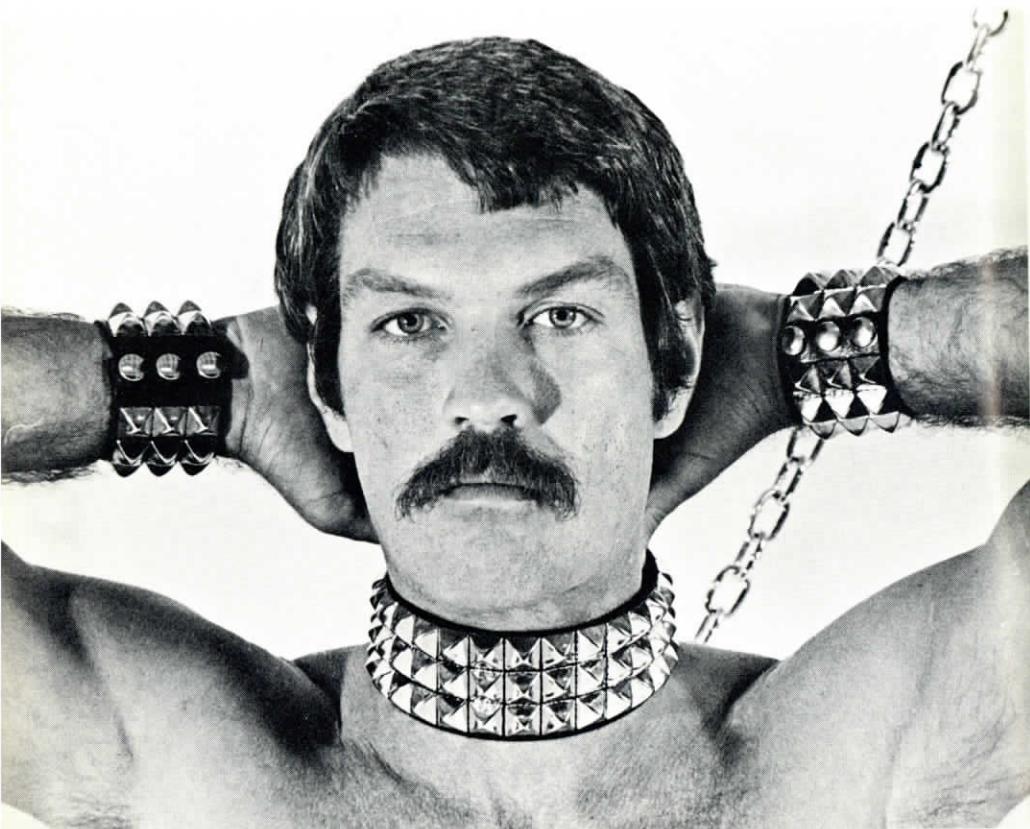
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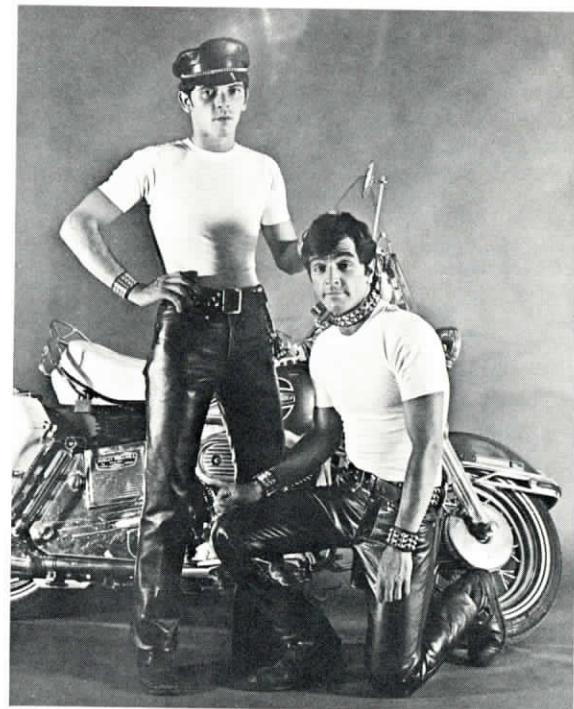
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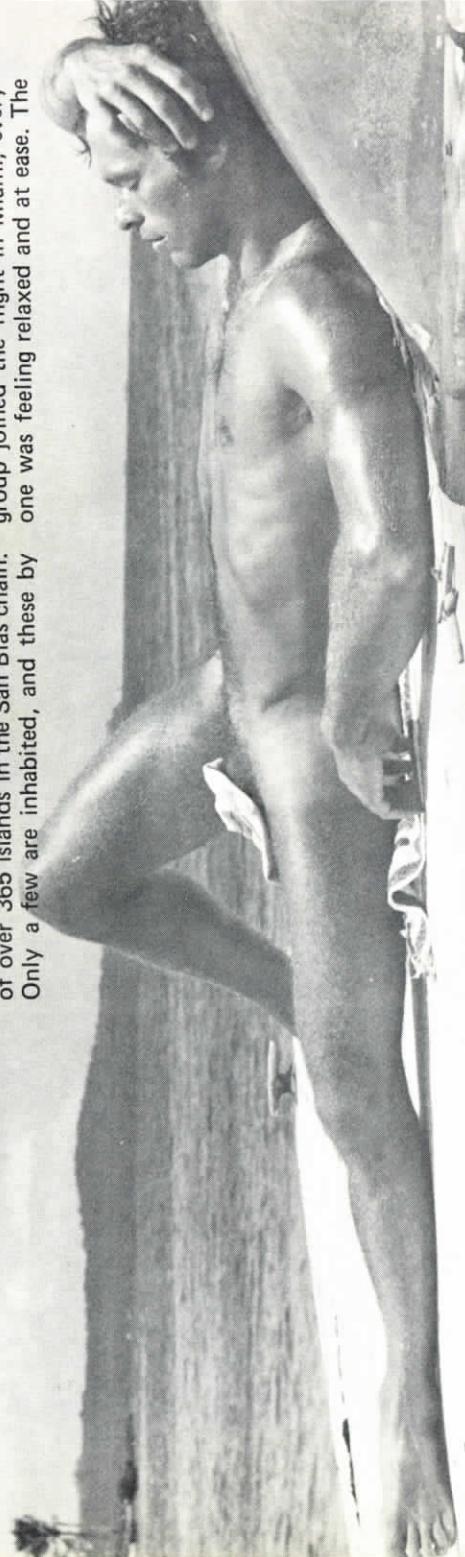
FOREVER

DAVID: Vol. 3, No. 11

Colt Studios and the Isla de Oro say:

Well, we did it. The first COLTOUR of the Isla de Oro in the San Blas Islands off the east coast of Panama brought together 38 gay guys, including staff and models from all over the world and they spent the entire nine days getting to know one another, relaxing in the sun, swimming, snorkeling and taking tours of the surrounding Indian islands and jungles. At the end of the week it seemed as though we had all known one another for years, and many new friendships were developed. Isla de Oro, a tropical island completely cut-off from the "Western World" by the mainland Darien Jungle, is one of a string of over 365 islands in the San Blas chain. Only a few are inhabited, and these by

MOVE OVER, FIRE ISLAND !



guys casually looked one another over, catching an eye now and then. Pretty soon there were some friendly smiles exchanged, and the group began to look forward to an exciting week. We arrived in Panama City in the evening and were whisked through customs and

immigration without delay. The Panamanian Government Tourist Board had a representative there who welcomed us at the airport with a cool drink and a sincere wish for our having an enjoyable time. We transferred into the city to the Hotel Caribe and settled into our rooms. After resting and showering, the group was welcomed by Mr. B, the leasee of the island; and a group of Cuna Indians visiting in Panama City. Drinks were served and the chief of the Cunas and his council were introduced. Mr. B and the Indians knew we were a gay group, (though it's possible the Indians didn't know what that meant exactly) but their welcome and enthusiasm was warm and friendly.

Later, most of the group gathered in the small hotel bar, making it the most interesting gay bar in town for one night,

the Cuna Indians, The Cunas are a gentle quiet people, eager to smile, living peacefully without hostility. They are famous for their handmade colorful Mola's used by the women to adorn their clothes, but sold as cloth panels as well. These are intricately sewn together so that no surface needle stitching can be seen.

The tour originated in New York where 12 members boarded the Braniff flight for Panama City. The uncrowded plane allowed the group to get to know one another and meet Colt model Ty. When Erron (Colt model and DAVID coverboy, Volume 3 Number 4) and the rest of the group joined the flight in Miami, everyone was feeling relaxed and at ease. The

while others went out to see "the sights" in Panama City.

In the morning, after breakfast, a tour of the famous Panama Canal locks was conducted and the group found it to be more interesting than they had expected because of a ship passing through while they were there. Then we were taken to the airport in downtown Panama City where a fleet of small planes assembled to fly us over the mountain spine of Panama and the Darien Jungle.

The planes flew out over the Pacific, then turned east to slowly climb the altitude needed to cross the mountains and passes. These planes are the only transport to the east since no highway exists through the passes and the jungle. Below we could see the vegetation and rivers and it reminded us of films of remote parts of the world that few had ever seen.

We landed about an hour after leaving Panama City at Aligandi Airstrip where we were met by a fleet of Indian canucas (the large canoes handcarved out of solid mahogany logs. We were taken across the

(Continued on page 66)



the chain gang

Being about bike clubs, the leather scene and butch life.

San Francisco. The leather/bike crowd of San Francisco managed to keep a firm grasp on the title of Emperor of San Francisco when it elected Russ Higginbotham Emperor II in a glittering ceremony in the Imperial Ballroom of the Miyako Hotel. The South of Market emperor has been employed as a bartender at FE-BE's for the past 5 years; his predecessor, Marcus, is well-known in bike and leather circles throughout the nation and currently manages the Boot Camp, the off-Folsom Street leather bar that became famous overnight. Masculine and drag royalty from Vancouver to San Diego were in attendance to honor the outgoing monarch who was showered with an abundance of expensive gifts, including a stained glass window frame from his band of handsome Royal Knights. Both Marcus and Russ presided over a hedonistic after-hours champagne buffet at Hamburger Mary's, a hip bar/restaurant on San Francisco's Miracle Mile, after the Coronation, which was so bizarre in its ambience, including a nude omelette chef, the whole town is still abuzz about it. The celebrants partied until almost noon the next day, while the new emperor was starting his reigning first breakfast at Big Town, site a few days before the farewell testimonial for Marcus I, at the Night of Stars formal champagne receptions where leather, bikers denim-clad fans were arrayed in formal shirts and bow-ties alongside sequined, be-feathered drag queens, all in tribute to the outgoing Marcus, presenting a total picture of unity among the many lifestyles of gay peoples in San Francisco. Our congratulations to Emperor II Russ Higginbotham and best wishes for a great reign.

Washington, D.C. SCENE & MACHINE

is the name of the magazine chosen to convey news of bike clubs and the leather trip out of the Eagle Bars in New York and the nation's capitol. Handsome Bill, President of the Spartan M.C. (Maryland) was the winner of the \$50 prize offered to name the new publication which is already into its 3rd Edition. The Scene & Machine is free for the asking, so drop a note to; SCENE & MACHINE, P.O. Box 12027, Washington, D.C., 20005, Dept. A. The magazine has the sound financial base which is guaranteed by four of the country's greatest Leather Bars, The Gold Coast of Chicago, the Spike of New York, the NYC Eagle and the DC Eagle, a "first" for any gay publication, and guarantees a one-time only quarter page ad free for any bonafide bike club run.

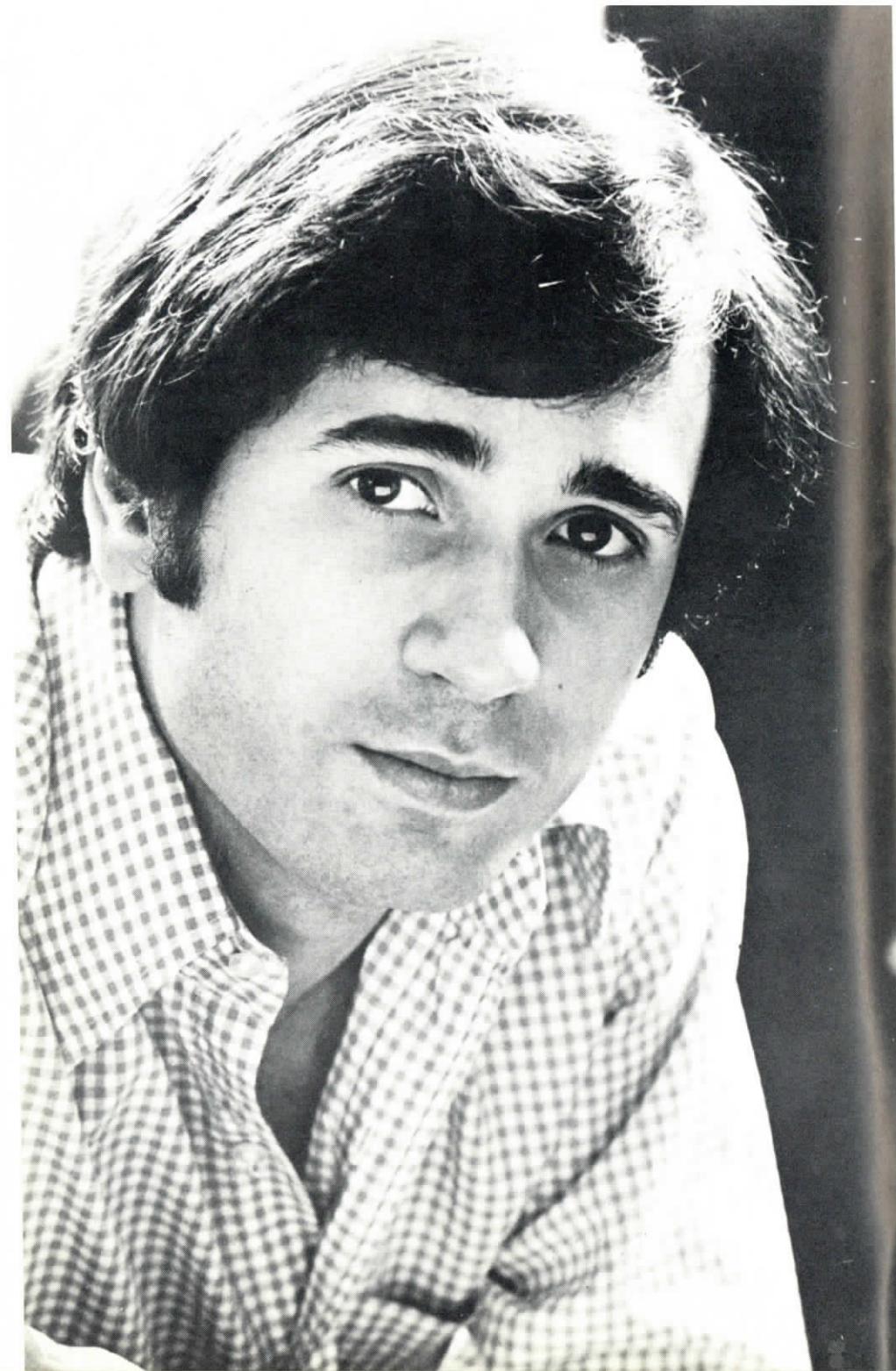
Miami. A bike club in Florida at last! Although Southern Florida is not exactly conducive to heavy leather wearing, the FLLAMC (Florida Levi & Leather Associated M/C) has been formed with President Clay D., Vice President Norman S., and Sec-Treasurer Don Hoffman, the Pastor of the local Metropolitan Community Church. President Clay was formerly associated with the Atlantis MC (Atlanta) and deemed capable to lead the club over its initial year. The club is interested in some help with the formulation of by-laws and a constitution, so both incorporated and non-incorp clubs could offer some friendly advice and examples by writing to FLLA, P.O. Box 1431, South Miami, Fla., 33146. The FLLAMC has chosen either the Meet Rack or the Tool Room of the Warehouse 8 in Miami as their club bar, and congratulations to the southeast's newest club.

(Continued on page 54)

feature by
MISTER MARCUS

COLT STUDIO'S - STONER

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LEE ROY REAMS A LEADING MAN

by FRED ALEXSON

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be tall, dark and handsome? Or fancied yourself in a moment of day-dreaming to be a leading matinee idol who could make women's hearts flutter, young girls faint or men (young or old) question what that strange mixture of envy and admiration was they felt?

Lee Roy Reams, a young man of 26, at one time probably did as a growing boy, but now he no longer needs to wonder for the experience is becoming a reality as he is quickly growing into one of today's theater's leading men.

Fitting into the special category of being a tall, attractive man who could sing, dance, and act, won him his very first audition and the part of the leading man

(Continued on Page 51)

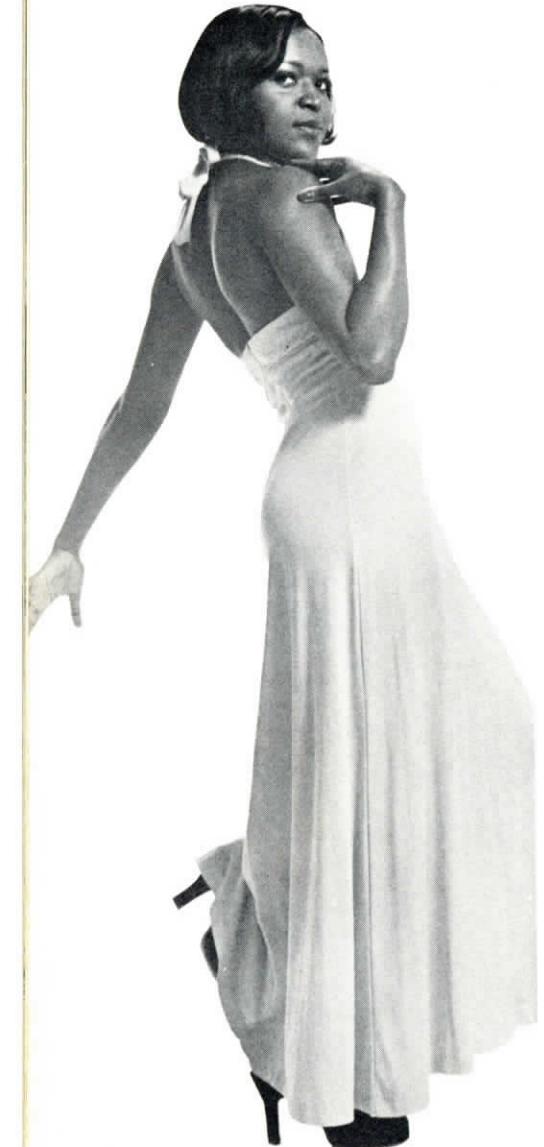


MISS ALAINA REED

Recovering from the excitement of the DAVID contest, it was my pleasure to squire Darcele, the incredible Empress of Portland, around the city. We were able

to catch the Alaina Reed Show at Brother's and Sisters. When the standing ovation ended following the show, Darcele just sat back and said, "Now this is what New York is supposed to be all about. My God, what a talent!"

Alaina Reed is the young woman of whom I wrote in the August issue of DAVID. She is the talented Miss that garnered as much applause as Bette Midler at the C.S.L.D. Parade/Rally. As she is the shining star in Gotham I thought that you, the readers of DAVID would like to get to know her. Dear Readers, MISS ALAINA REED.....



When did you start singing?

Back in Springfield, Ohio, where I grew up. We would go for a drive every Sunday after Church. I'd sit in the back of the car and make up songs and sing my head off. My grandmother, Willie Ruth Reed, brought me up. She was fantastic! She had all of these 78's. I guess she had all the Gospel Records in the world. I used to sit and listen to them for hours. I started singing in the church choir. I ended up in the "Sunshine Band" and the "Little Shepherd's Choir".

Did you always plan on a career as a singer?

Heavens, No! I planned on being a brain surgeon! I figured if I could work on people's minds I could make them happy. I studied Clinical Psychology in high school and planned to major in that at Kent State.

by JERRY FITZPATRICK

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What changed your mind?

Well, when I got to Kent the Freshmen had to put on a show. I got up and sang and the applause was unbelievable. I was hooked. I changed to a Theatre English major with a Music minor. I ended up as M.C. of all the shows. I did a stand-up comedy routine with a little Pearl Bailey and Moms Mabley thrown in. At that time there was a sort of a talent contest show in Cleveland called the Gene Carol Show. They had one poor child playing the organ that was so bad, I figured I could surely win. I went on and came in second. Mr. Carol's niece won! I saw red! My prize was an electric garage door opener. I didn't even have a car.



When did you start singing professionally?

Back then there was a hot group called Big Luke and the Forresters. Luke asked me to do a benefit with him. I got the girls of the family with whom I was living and we got up a female Temptations act with you know who as the lead. We were really hot. A short time later Luke asked me to join a new group he had formed called the Velours. It was a new thing then, a white band with a black female singer. We were the biggest thing at Kent and Cleveland. It was a hoot. We worked at a place called the Kove. We worked for about two and a half years. Then came Chicago.

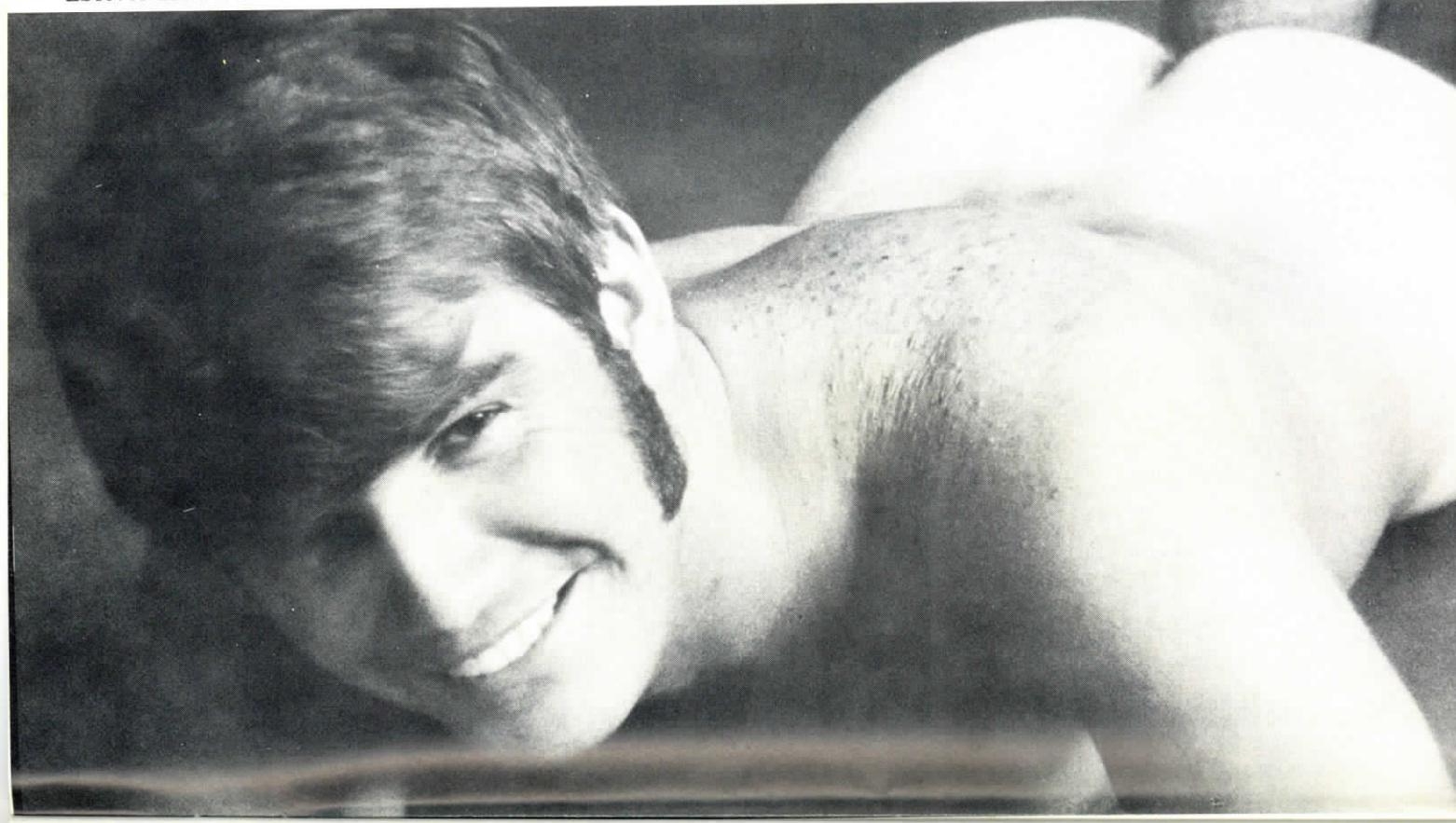
(Continued on Page 48)

mark reed

A SHORT STORY IN TWO PARTS BY

THE CHAPLAIN

PHOTO BY DAVID VANCE



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Naval Commander Andrew Walton Jameson walked up the stairs. He was in a hurry. "Damn, this has been a bitch of a day!!" he sighed to himself, and nodded as the battalion watch walked by making his rounds. Oh, God, how he despised these ugly little recruits with their sick-looking shaved heads! Thank God they wore their "covers" outside, anyway, he thought to himself, as he made his way to his office and closed the door.

The telephone rang. He switched on the lights and answered it.

"Oh, no, dear, I'm sorry, I won't be home tonight for dinner. No, I'll be there around midnight. Thank you, dear," he said, hanging up. It had been his wife. She was a huge pain in the derriere, he thought again. At least he didn't have to keep her picture on his desk. That would have been more than he could have endured.

He was sex starved. He hadn't given his wife any, and she resented it. Not since last week. He wanted to be ready to enjoy Gloria. Finally her husband—the bastard!—Lieutenant Selkirke, would be away for the weekend. It had been several months since he had had her, and he wanted to be hungry for her when he had her again. He was.

The telephone rang again.

"No, no, I was just leaving," he explained. "Perhaps Chaplain Thomas could help you with that. You'll try him?"

Fine."

He hung up. Perhaps if the secretary had been good looking he would have helped her. However, she was not, so she could find someone else to tell her problems to, he thought. After all, he had far more important work to do.

It was a dreary October afternoon in San Diego, and the sky was pouring torrents of water onto the Naval Training Center and the Recruit Training Command area where he was the Presbyterian chaplain, and had been ever since Chaplain Davis had transferred out to Japan. "More geisha girls," he had said, with his teetothy handsome smile and a lewd wink. Commander Jameson missed Davis, but he was happy to be taking his place. Davis was a good man—he did not take his job too seriously. That's what the Navy needed more of, he decided, instead of all the spit and polish and crap they tried to feed themselves.

So, of course, he had to feed it right back to everyone. Except when Lieutenant Selkirke or some bastard was out of town for the weekend and his wife stayed behind. That was when the going got easy, just the way he liked it, and, just the way their wives liked it, too, he thought with a smile. They enjoyed it as much as he did; maybe even more. He wondered who Lieutenant Selkirke would be balling...

He got into his car. He was horny. Actually he would rather have done it with the Lieutenant himself, but, all these Navy

guys were so stuffy about things like that, he realized, shaking his head at them.

"Gloria!" he said happily as she fell into his arms as soon as he was inside the Selkirke residence.

She planted a sloppy kiss on his mouth; he undressed her with her mouth still glued to his. He wondered how old Joe, her husband, made love to her, or whether he did very much. Poor old Selkirke had not acted like he had been getting enough recently. That must be why he had gone out of town, he decided, pulling off the last of her underclothes.

"On the carpet," she breathed, pulling down on top of her.

Mary Jameson put the letter down. She would go to New York, she decided, and take the kids with her. It was really too bad that her mother wasn't feeling well. Nothing really crucial, she hoped. At any rate, it would give her a chance to see Bob again, Andy's brother. Her husband still did not know that they had been lovers before she had married him, she thought to herself with satisfaction. And Bob would be very glad to see her again, she knew. But not nearly so glad as she would be to have him in her again, she thought, and sighed deeply in anticipation. She picked up the phone and dialed TWA reservations. She would leave tomorrow.

"Hi," she said, hanging up as her husband

(Continued on Page 69)

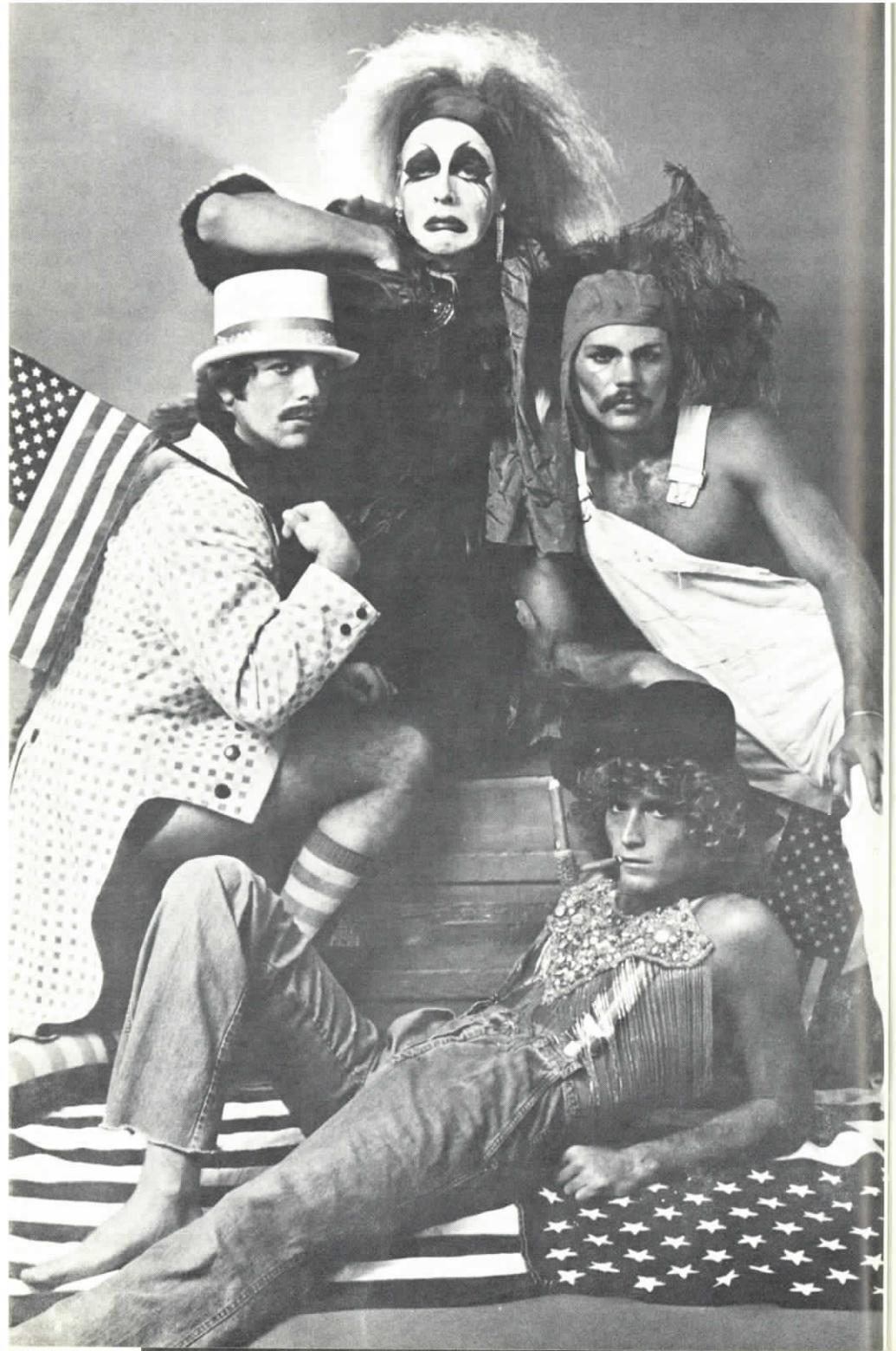


PHOTO BY DAVID VANCE

GUGSY QUEEN

DEFINITELY FICTION by R.C. VALLARIAN

body told me about gasoline!).

Again, the captain tried to make my time, his time (but I couldn't see spending the week-end in a steel trunk). Time passed. I was beginning to feel like Bette Davis (in *Now Voyager*) growing more and more beautiful. Then a tragedy swept aside my romantic dreams: the cattle stampeded. Torn by the drama of those dreadful cows (which stank), I was shocked, when an anonymous witness, who apparently had nothing to do (in the middle of the night) saw me "dancing in army boots, tossing firecrackers, and laughing". It was a ridiculous charge (I never laugh when I dance!). But worse came.

Luckily, because of my youth, (a gold ring, and a few foreign dollars) I escaped. But I never took an easy breath until the old man who hid me in his pushcart said: "You gonna be big stuff abroad, babe!" I figured he had plans to make me a movie star. I was wrong. He sold me to a deck hand on a cattle boat (for a bottle of wine, two cigarette stubs, and a douche bag). It was a rough crossing.

Right away I suspected the captain had designs in a certain direction (mine). He cornered me in the toilet (with a knife in his hand) and said (passionately affected) "You ugly bitch!" Flattery was cheap. I'd heard the best from the worst in better places, but he wouldn't give up. Once, (when my back was turned) he tried to bribe me into a lover's cruise. I declined. I never go anywhere in a burlap sack (even overboard).

The glamour of the sea was spellbinding, but treachry lurked in the shadows (like a Captain with a loaded gun). I was seldom safe. Vicious rumors circulated about my morals. I refused to lend dignity to the fairy tales by admitting the truth (the men found out for themselves). Suddenly a dramatic incident catapulted me into immediate danger: the ship caught fire. I was "seen" by an anonymous witness, who apparently had nothing to do (in the middle of the night), with "a can of gas, a match, and a smile". I was stunned. I always knew oil and water didn't mix (no-

Out of the depths of some coniving evil (like a ghost from the past) I was condemned for spreading the most notorious sickness this side of Texas: hoof & mouth disease. I gagged. The implication to my morals was clear (but covered with mud). Fortunately, the doctor, (an intimate acquaintance) whose passport, luggage, and medical supplies I held for safe keeping, stepped in to save me. The epidemic (he stated, though ill himself) was nothing more common than the common cold: clap. The crew was thrilled. I remained in seclusion during the celebration (or riot, as an anonymous witness called it).

I hungered for land. I dreamed of dirt (the captain offered to bury me. I refused again). Finally a miracle happened. After drifting for days and nights, we hit shore. But I didn't get off easily. When the boat docked (what was left of it) the captain (insane with love, mad for revenge) staged a "nervous breakdown" (screaming, drooling, and sobbing) I hated to see an old man cry (so did the immigration officials, the insurance inspector, and the police). It was the same sad story of an innocent young boy hounded by the fangs of fate (law, order and justice). I fled.

The city streets twisted and crawled into dark alleys. Pimply faced ingenues hovered by garbage cans soliciting discarded love (at throw away prices), wino's winked at the drop of a cork, flies died

(Continued on page 58)



Miss DAVID

Brandy Lee, MISS DAVID, 1974, Miss COTILLION, 1972 was born under the sign of Gemini in Honolulu, Hawaii a bouncing baby boy.

Word has it, that's when he began his voice lessons, and from all indications, the practice has made perfect. Brandy today is one of the most popular night club singers on the West Coast and is currently squeezing in songs between thunderous applause at San Francisco's Cabaret.

Brandy has appeared similarly at many of

currently features multi-talented Glenn Elliot (m.c., comic, impressionist - well known for his live impressions of Moms Mably) and Greg Morris (Brandy's sexy dance partner).

Our new MISS DAVID has also won quite a few other coveted awards over the past two years. Most recently he was dubbed the Best Entertainer of the Year at the Saully Awards; Miss International Showqueen; the Lulu Award for Best Costuming and the Maggie Award for Entertainer of the Year.

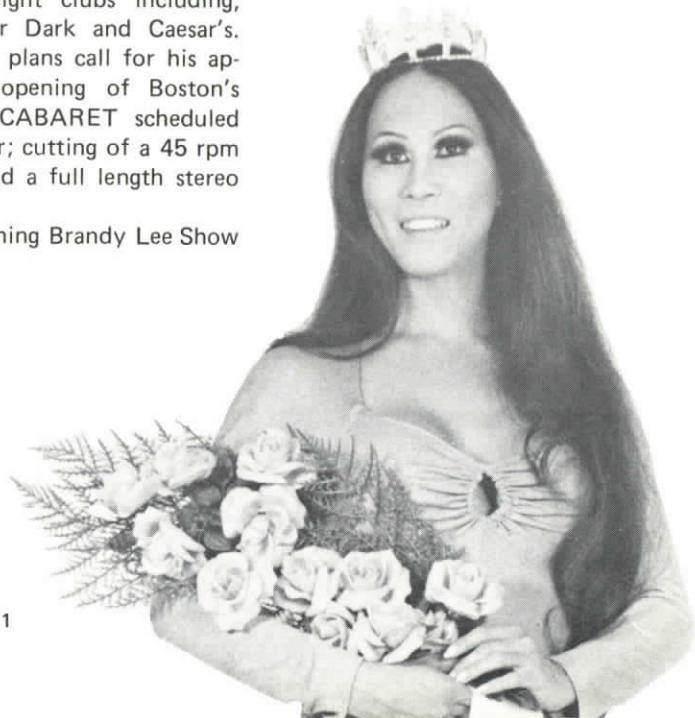
Brandy Lee

California's top night clubs including, Los Angeles' After Dark and Caesar's.

Immediate future plans call for his appearance at the opening of Boston's newest fun-place CABARET scheduled for early December; cutting of a 45 rpm single recording and a full length stereo album in the fall.

The most entertaining Brandy Lee Show

DAVID: Vol. 3, No. 11



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PHOTO BY WOODY KEAS



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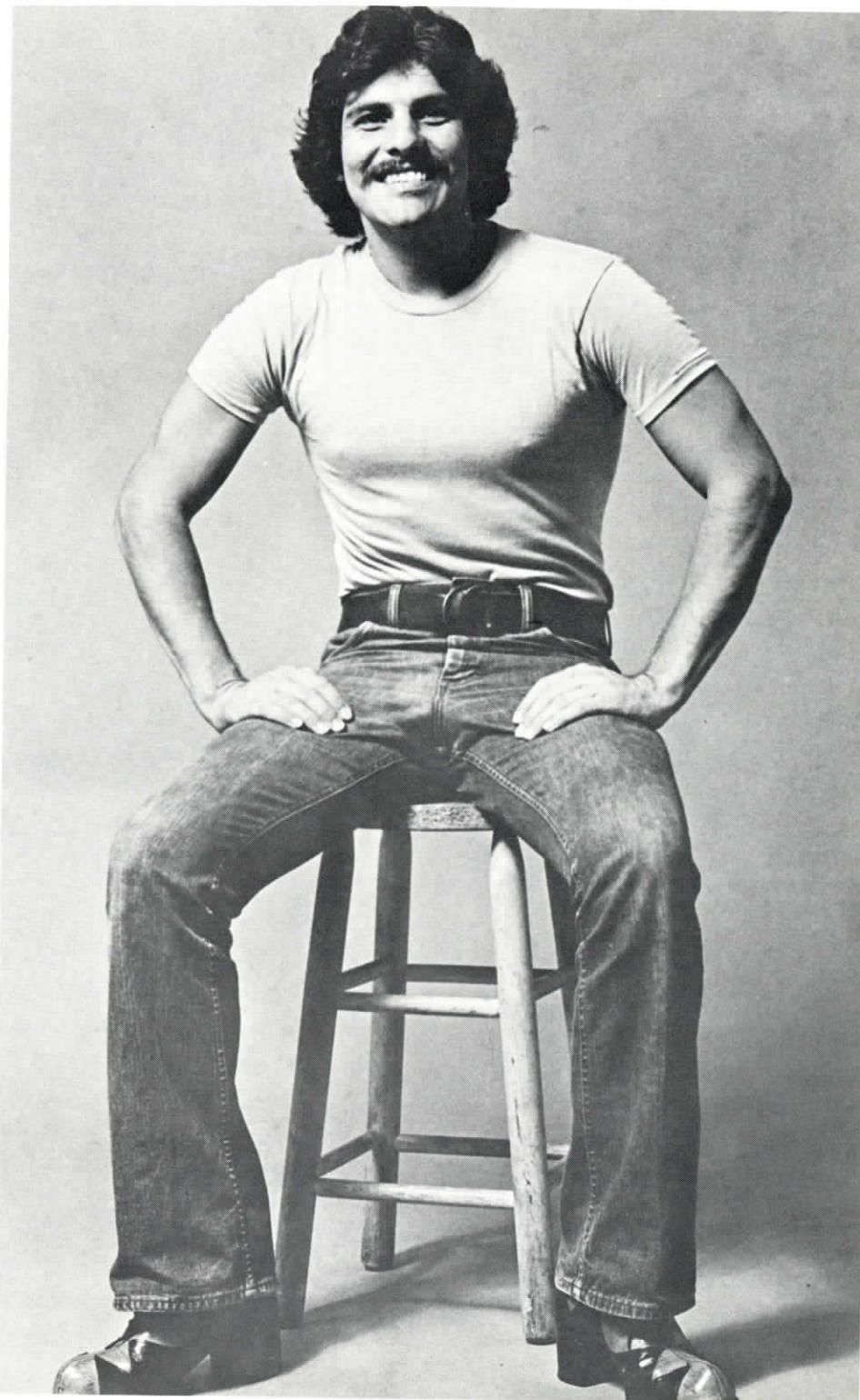


C.J. HARRINGTON “A NATURAL HIGH”

As tough a decision as it was, the judges in New York last August knew what they were doing when they selected C.J. Harrington above 47 other contestants to

represent Gay America as MR. DAVID, 1974.

They certainly picked a winner !
C.J., immediately and responsibly, took



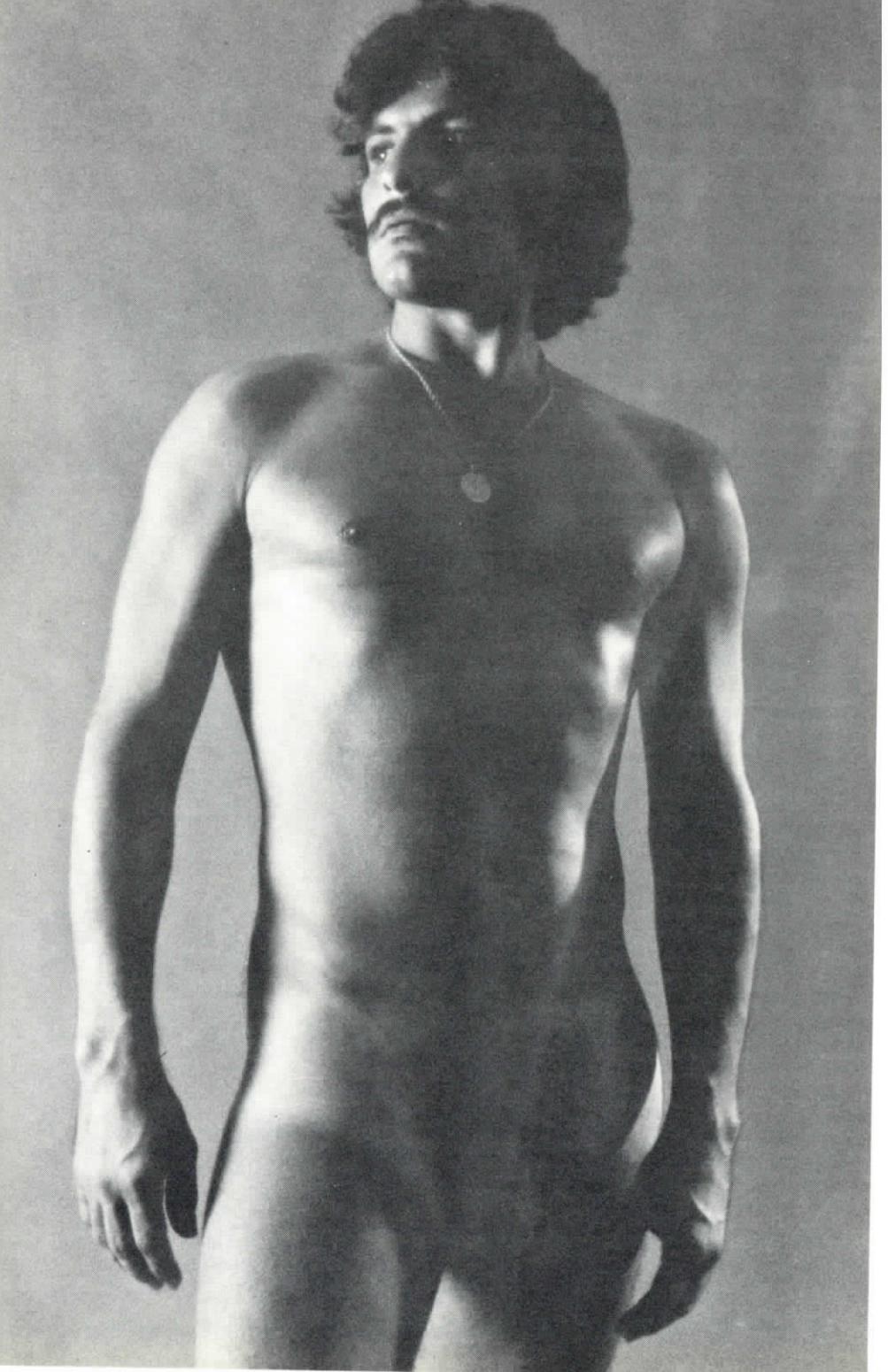
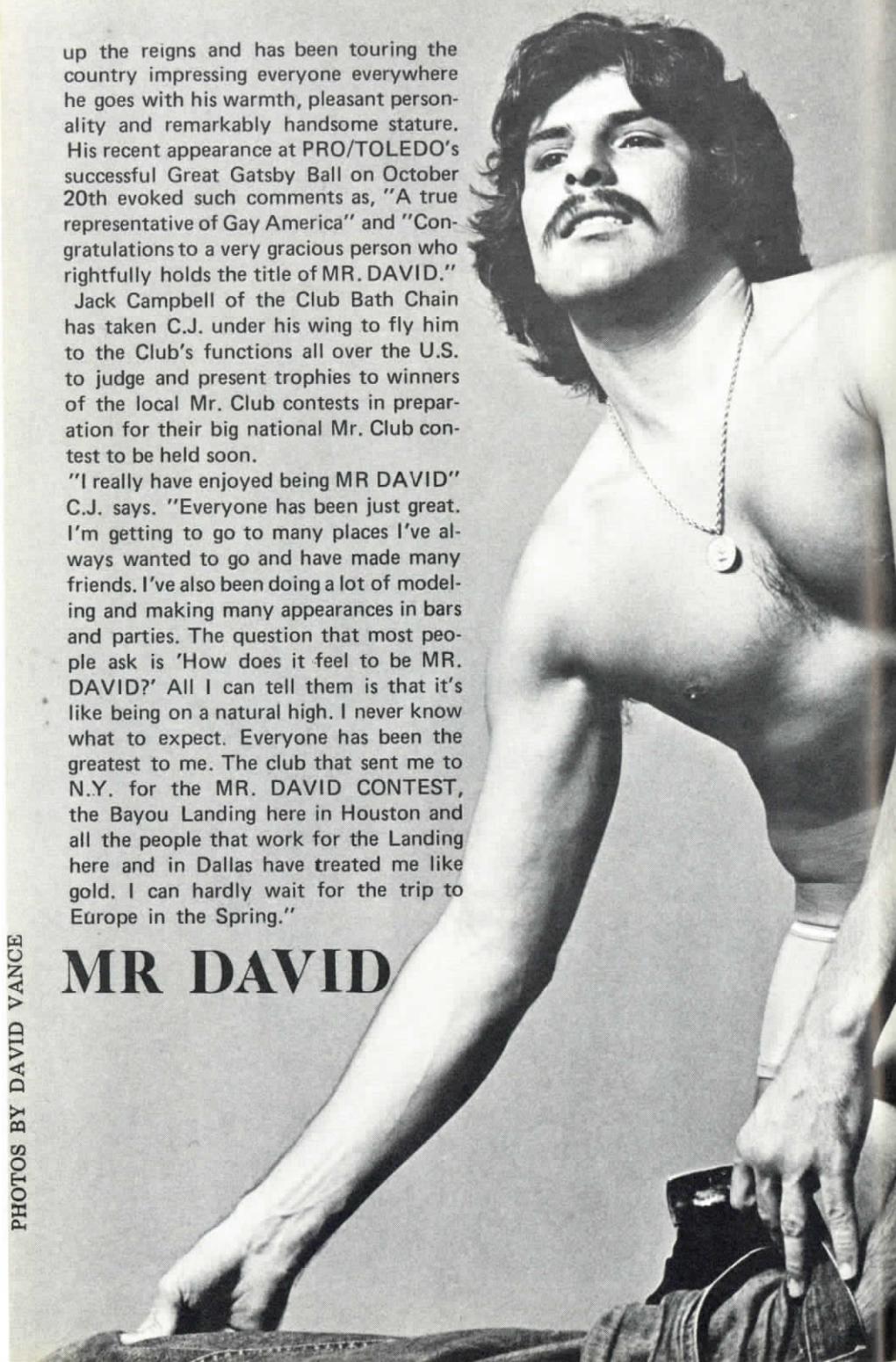
up the reigns and has been touring the country impressing everyone everywhere he goes with his warmth, pleasant personality and remarkably handsome stature. His recent appearance at PRO/TOLEDO's successful Great Gatsby Ball on October 20th evoked such comments as, "A true representative of Gay America" and "Congratulations to a very gracious person who rightfully holds the title of MR. DAVID."

Jack Campbell of the Club Bath Chain has taken C.J. under his wing to fly him to the Club's functions all over the U.S. to judge and present trophies to winners of the local Mr. Club contests in preparation for their big national Mr. Club contest to be held soon.

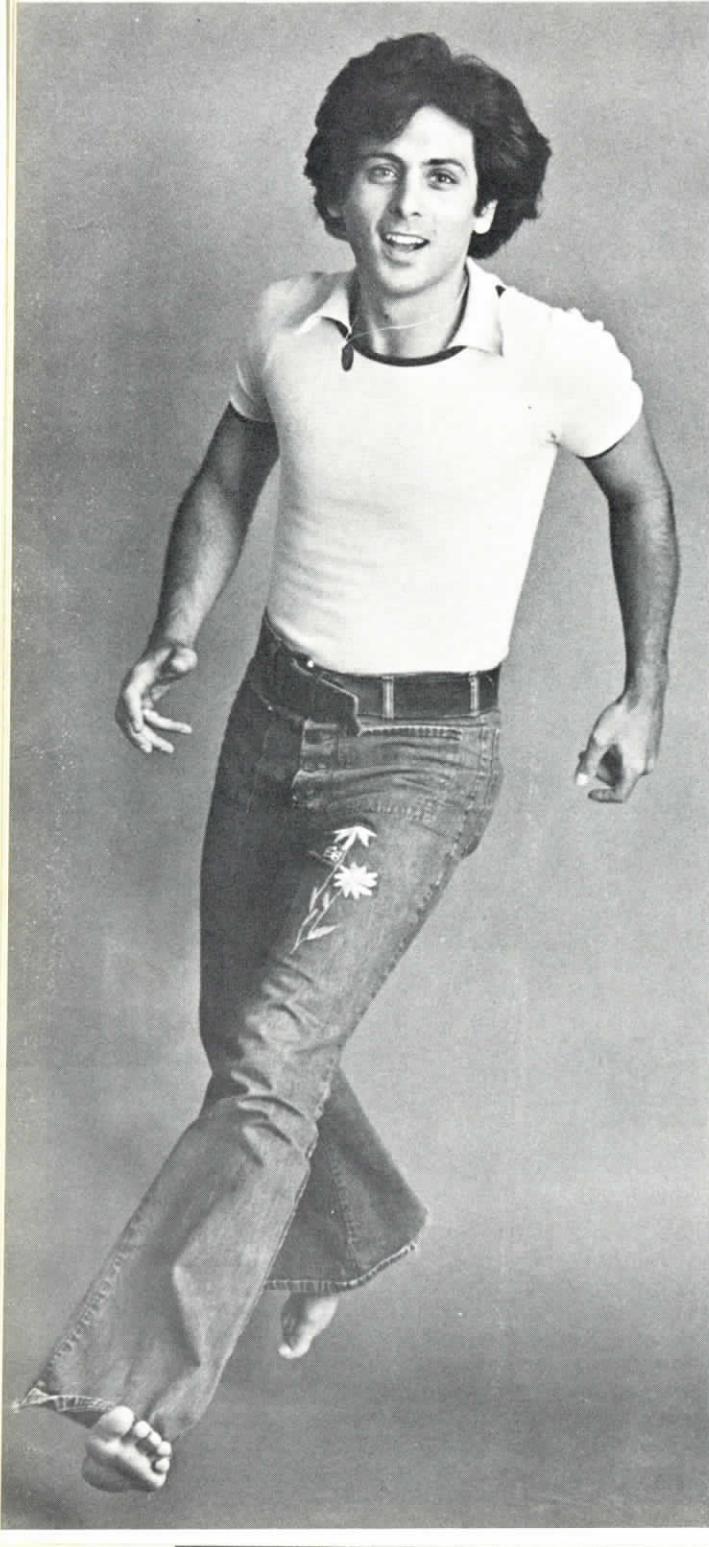
"I really have enjoyed being MR DAVID" C.J. says. "Everyone has been just great. I'm getting to go to many places I've always wanted to go and have made many friends. I've also been doing a lot of modeling and making many appearances in bars and parties. The question that most people ask is 'How does it feel to be MR. DAVID?' All I can tell them is that it's like being on a natural high. I never know what to expect. Everyone has been the greatest to me. The club that sent me to N.Y. for the MR. DAVID CONTEST, the Bayou Landing here in Houston and all the people that work for the Landing here and in Dallas have treated me like gold. I can hardly wait for the trip to Europe in the Spring."

MR DAVID

PHOTOS BY DAVID VANCE







DAVID VANCE

• • •

PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE MOVE!

Probably no one since AFTER DARK's brilliant photographer, Kenn Duncan has made more of an impression photography-wise in the field of American Journalism than DAVID's own DAVID VANCE.

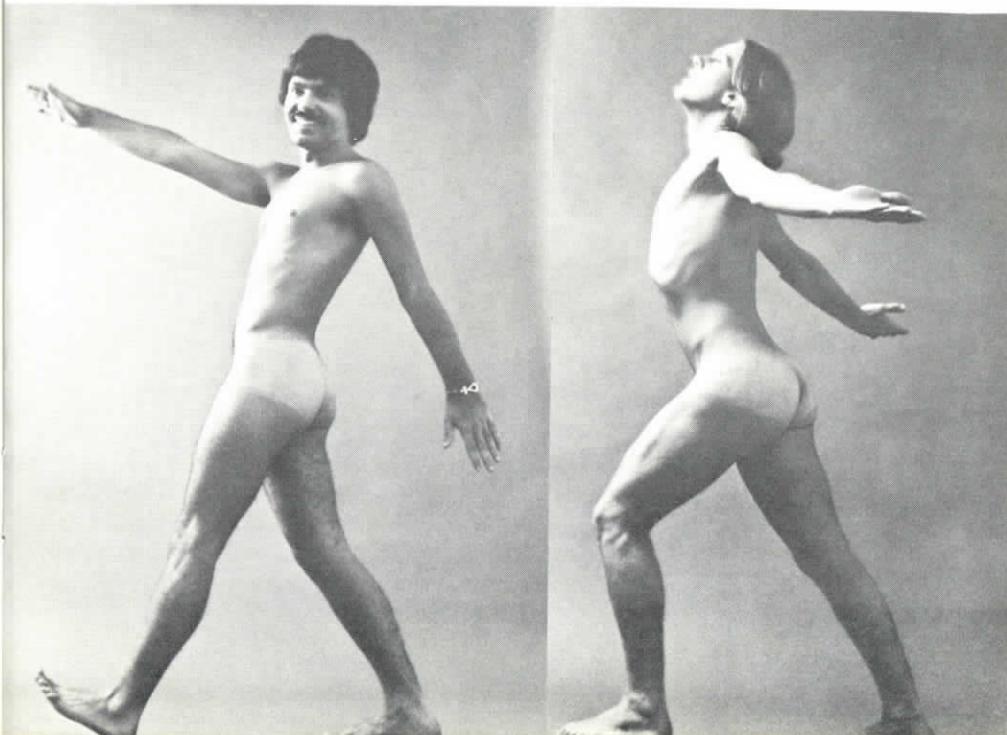
David worked his way through the Rochester Institute of Technology as a singer in a rock band and graduated in 1968 with Quite an interesting subject himself, this handsome young man got into photography when he was 13 when someone bought him a darkroom kit from Sears to play with. At the time David was busy with his other hobbies of singing and drawing (he also had been taking piano lessons since the age of 9) but the photo bug bit hard and off he went.

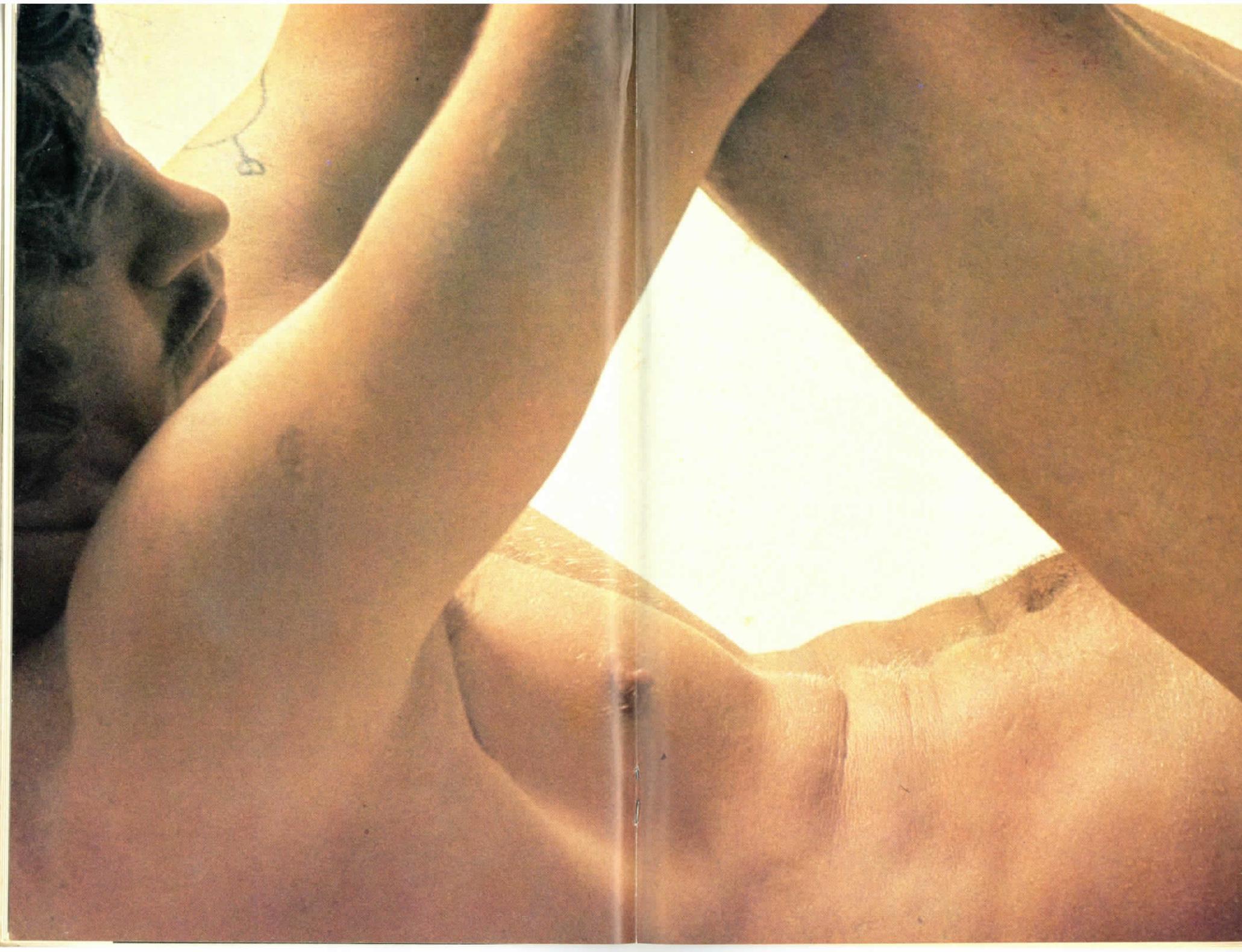
a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree having majored in Photographic Illustration.

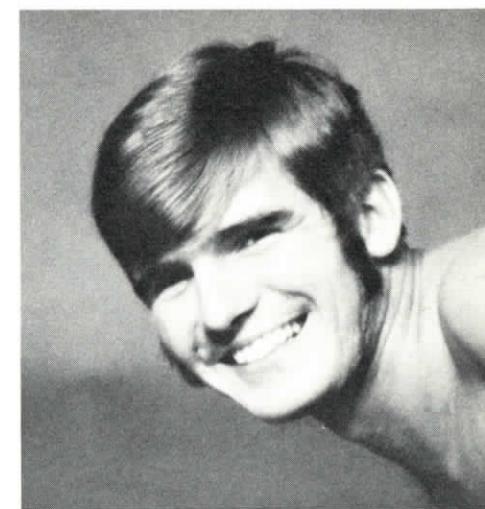
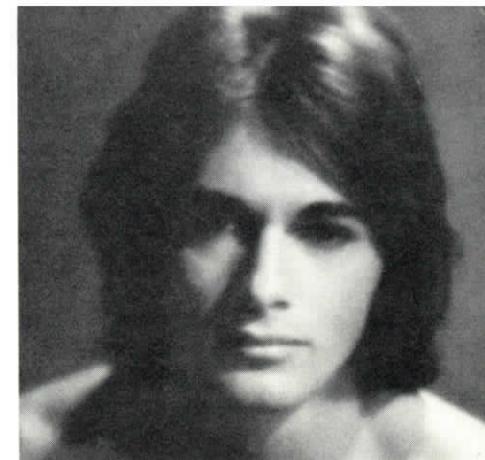
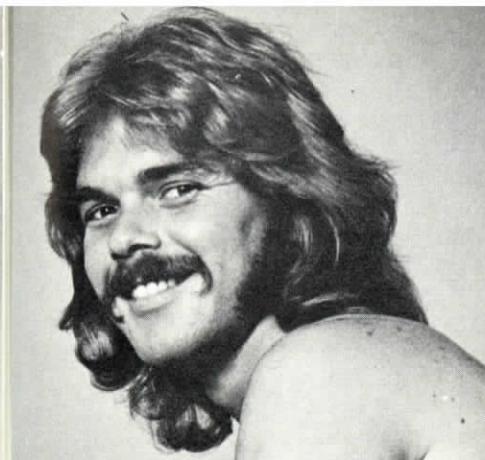
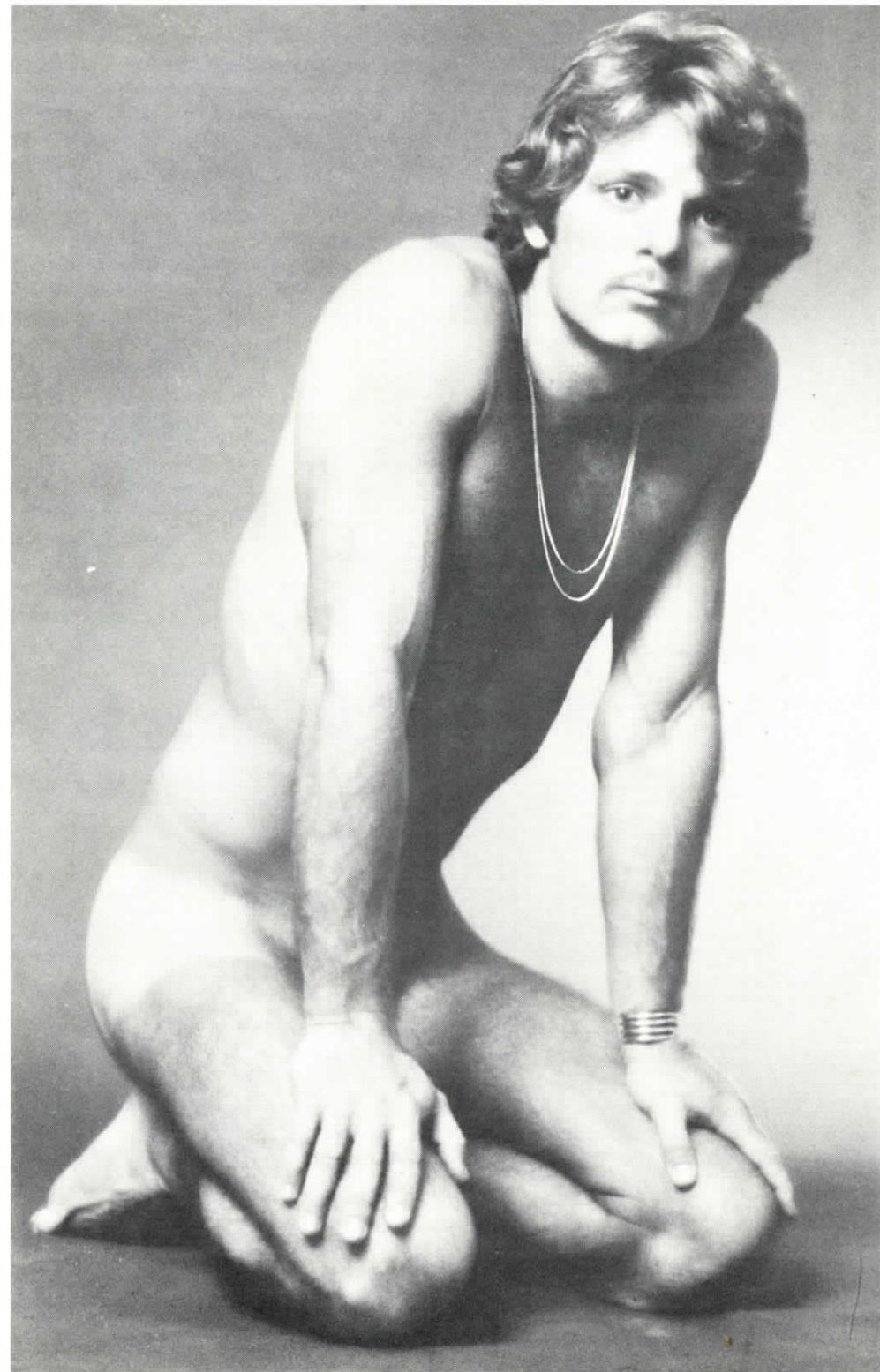
After doing his share of struggling and learning, David finally opened his own studio in Miami in April of 1970.

Although most of his work in the studio is in commercial portraiture (composites for actors, actresses, models and advertising photography) David has managed to please our readers for the past three years with his stunning portfolio of dramatic male nude studies.

His book of photographic nudes, a culmination of 3 years of work and planning called VISIONS has only been out for 3 months, but has already received rave notices (see ad on page 44).







VISIONS

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PHOTOGRAPHIC NUDES BY

david vance



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DAVID; Vol. 3, No. 11

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IF I WERE IN DRAG....."



TV JIBE by ARKANSAS WILLIAMS

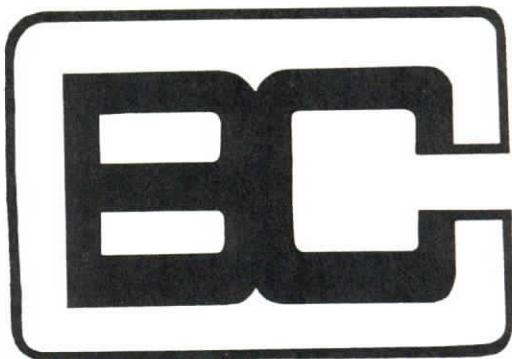
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ALAINA REED *(From page 23)*

What happened there?

We worked at a place called Mother's over on Rush Street. We had a lot of offers that our dumb managers kept turning down. I got pretty disgusted and decided to go out on my own. The only place to "make it" was New York, so I came to New York. I was very lucky. I landed a role in "Hair". I played every female role in Hair and cut a single for Capitol Records. At the time I was working with Barry Manilow, Bette's musical director.

How did the record go?

It didn't. I decided to go on the road with Hair. I became the Musical Director. I believe that our company in Chicago was the best. I did a lot of things in the show and, one, night I was singing backstage and was heard by a Swedish producer who offered me a show in Sweden. I took it and spent three months there doing a show called "Dream Empress".

And what happened next?

I returned to New York. I was in a funk. Bette Midler brought me down to the Improvisation, but I had lost my identity. I was doing stuff like "Summertime". It wasn't me. During this time I was going through a bad love affair and got really

sick twice. The second time my appendix broke and I went back to Springfield to recuperate. But as soon as I was better I ran back to New York. I got a job at Bonwit Teller's. That lasted one day. I got a part in "Rainbow". But that was a bummer too. I went down to audition for "See Saw". I was called back time after time for the role of Sophie. They asked me at "Rainbow" to give them notice if I was leaving. Then, they fired me. I was really in trouble as my unemployment had run out.

What did you do?

Well, I took my dog, Bessie May into the park and saw that there was a full moon. I'm a triple Scorpio so you know that's bad news for me. I looked up at the sky and said, "O, Lord. I need a little help". The next day I went over to Bloomingdale's and applied for a job. I got one. They put me in the fine jewel department. I'll tell you it was different. But I did make a lot of friends there. They come to every opening and closing wherever I appear. They're very loyal. At the same time, I was appearing at the Upstairs at the Downstairs. I opened the Paradise Room at Reno Sweeny's and I did a gig at the Continental Baths where Bette started. It was Bette who got Steve Ostrow to listen to me. I've been very lucky there too. I think I'm the only performer who at an audition has the people who are up for the same part applaud after I've sung. It's a fine compliment.

Had you found your Identity by this time?

No. I was living in Wig City. Honey, I had more wigs then than you can imagine. It was incredible! But, I had begun working with Cheryl Hardwicke (Ms. Hardwicke is one of New York's most talented musical arrangers and conductors. She accompanies Alaina and is certainly one of the most sought after accompanists in The City). The Christopher Street benefit changed my life. I'll never forget that



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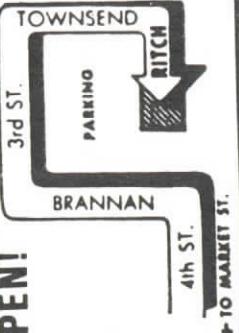
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SAN FRANCISCO

night. I was supposed to do three songs. I followed Steve Grossman who is so beautiful. He had everyone calmed down. I thought, Wow, What am I going to do to get this audience up. I decided to just go on and be myself. (Miss Reed went on that night, got about three words out of her mouth and the room gave her a standing ovation. The three songs turned into 45 minutes of incredible song and applause that was heard in Coney Island. A love affair was consummated between Miss Reed and every man and woman in that room at Brothers and Sisters). It was as incredible as the day of the Rally. (Once again, the enormous talent of Alaina Reed captured the entire audience. If there had been a roof on Washington Square Park It would have collapsed from the thunderous ovation. The waves of love that engulfed Alaina that day were well earned).

What have you been up to lately?

Believe it or not, I finally quit Bloomingdale's. For eight months I was working all day and singing all night. I recently completed a Wednesday Night At The Movies segment of "Madigan" in which I play a street singer and I sing a song that I wrote. It is used again over the credits. And, I'm happy to say that I have signed to star in Tom O'Horgan's new show, "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart Club Band". We are in rehearsal now for an October opening. I shall be opening the new club When We Win. And I'm going to relax and just be me. (Ms. Reed opened that club last week to SRO business. The fans she acquired were there in full force).

Miss Reed has to be heard to be believed. Her rendition of the Paul McCartney tune "My Love", by itself, is worth the price of admission. She is a consummate artist who, on the threshold of stardom, has come a long way to become a star in "the city". Be on the lookout for her, you won't ever forget her. A lady of talent who is not afraid to be a woman.

DAVID: Vol. 3, No. 11

LEE ROY REAMS (From page 21)

for Juliet Prowse's night club act. He, later, played opposite Miss Prowse in the Boyfriend and also appeared in the broadway and film versions of Sweet Charity. Richard Rogers selected him to portray Will Parker in his Lincoln Center revival of Oklahoma. During the auditions, Mr. Rogers asked, "Young man, is there anything you can't do?" The answer was no and the part was his. The following season Mr. Reams won rave notices as Lauren Bacall's hairdresser and confidante on Broadway in Applause.

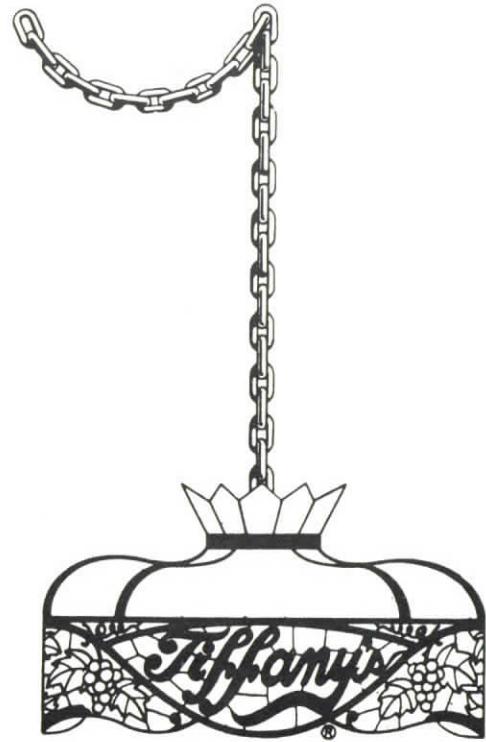
Currently, he is appearing as the romantic lead of Henry Spofford in Lorelei. He first heard Carol Channing sing "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" in her night club act in his home town of Covington, Kentucky, on his high school prom night. As she sang the song she tossed out to the audience diamond-like bracelets with her name engraved on the clasp. Lee Roy caught one and saved it, but little did he know then that today he would be appearing with Miss Channing in a musical based on the show, she had made famous.

Loreli is Lee Roy's second time touring the country. The first time was with the company of Applause. Of this he states, "After doing the role for a year, I wasn't particularly excited about going on the road with it, but Lauren Bacall made it a happy, healthy run. I'm madly in love with Lauren Bacall. I adore her. She is a tigress of vitality, bright, dynamic, and glamorous. She is fabulously realistic, down-to-earth, witty with a wonderful sense of humor and a friend who behaves like one; consistently no matter who is around. She demands the best of you, because she demands the best of herself. She's one of the company, not just the star".

Now on the road for the second time in Lorelei, he says in amazement, "People remember you. Your appeal is not just with those people in Manhattan. Why should 3 people in New York dictate

what the rest of the country should see? I'm glad Lorelei is touring before it goes to Broadway so the rest of the country will see it first.

Both Channing and Bacall are very consistent artists; they always work full-out. They set a standard for the rest of the company. Carol works even on her days off...she's doing publicity work. For her it's an around-the-clock job with performances, interviews and Television Appearances. She loves the audience and embraces them with that love. Anyone who sees her is going to get her money's worth for she always maintains a high calibre



performance. That is where your loyalty belongs.

Lee Roy Reams thinks of nothing but his career and the theatre. He wants to be a singer, a dancer, and an actor. "I don't want to be just another singer-dancer-actor or to be categorized as such. I put a lot of work into the technical studies of each because I want to be able to do each one individually well. I want the confidence that I can do any of them separately at anytime. Each compliments the other and you learn from each which keeps you stimulated; they make you think. All creative people must keep thinking and

Mr. Frizby



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working. Work comes from work."

And work he does, for even with two shows a day, he still managed to squeeze in his night club act at Mr. Kelly's nightly. Mr. Reams is currently working on his M.A. Degree in theatre and Music at the University of Cincinnati and the College Conservatory of Music. One of Lee Roy's future dreams is to do a Hal Prince Musical with Stephen Sondheim as composer and Jerome Roberts as Choreographer. My bet is that with this hard working boy's luck, he will work with them all.....

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CHAINS (Continued from page 19)

Dateline U.S.A. Two new leather/bike/western bars have opened on San Francisco's famed Miracle Mile they being the Folsom Prison and the Red Star Mother Lode Saloon. A unique weekly function at the Prison is the slave auction. You get \$100 worth of bidding "money" every time you buy a drink and voluntary "slaves" are auctioned off to the highest bidder; one of the highest prices paid so far was by a couple of dudes from New York who paid \$350,000.00 for a slave and from all reports he was well worth it.

At the newer Red Star, the funky decor and the parachute ceiling are only part of the attraction by decorator of merit, Chuck Arnett; The local natives are run-votees of esoteric sex in an atmosphere permeated with the acidic smell of Crisco-like you get a paper cup full when you check in....The local FFofA Chapter in San Francisco ran afoul of the local gendarmes in San Francisco with the opening of their Lumber Yard, after hours room to the extent that they are suing for \$2 million in what promises to be a

litigation joust that will be drawn out for many months; in the interim, the Lumber Yard opened for a private FFofA party on October 19, and swung open its hotel bath doors on October 20th to add yet another place for steam fetishes on the Miracle Mile....The Rocky Mountaineers MC of Denver had a fantastic run on their 3rd annual Aspen Road Rally last month and awarded 1st, 2nd & 3rd places for bikers, buddy riders, auto drivers & auto navigators with all kinds of movies, The rally ended in a private home so a limitation of 100 participants was set...

The MC KEMO of Montreal just elected Raymond Thibodeau as their new president, replacing Pierre Coulombe who held the post for two years. No word on the other officers, but congratulations to one of Canada's finest bike clubs...New York's newest leather bar opened recently called Boot Hill and is on Amsterdam Ave at 75 Street. It offers drawings for the popular Everhard Baths on Sun & Mon, for the Continental Baths on Wed & Thu, and 50 cent beer on Mon & Thu nights for leather or western attire.... We're curious to know what a "goatroper" is as adver-

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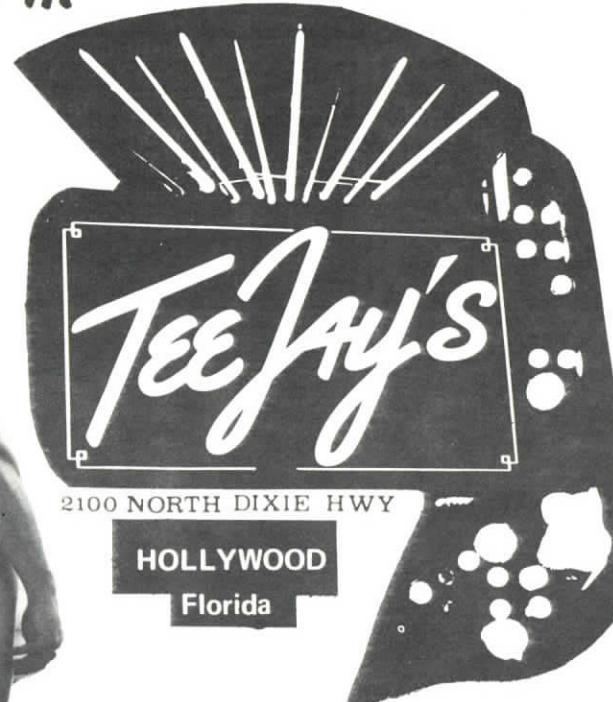
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tised by Dallas' Sundance Kid's Bar, home of the Wrangler MC. The ad in the Long-horn, magazine of the Wrangler, says, "Where bikers and goatropers meet".... and speaking of the Wranglers, congratulations on your Wrangler's Stampede Sept 28 to 30; we hear the pool tournament, and riding competition was a most entertaining weekend...The Omaha Meatpackers MC Rough-Out last month was a well-attended function with bikers attending from Dallas, Chicago, New York, Minneapolis, Denver and other cities who immensely enjoyed the Beefout Barbeque, home movies of gigantic proportions and tons of booze at the Diamond Bar... Judging from the pictures, Dallas and Omaha have a great romance going...Bill McWilliams is looking spright these days now that he is the sole owner of the popular Boot Camp in San Francisco. The Boot celebrated their 2nd Anniversary the week of Oct 15 through 21st with a celebrity night, leather fashion show, S&M Party No.6, Crowning of Mr. Jockey Shorts No. 3, and leather gifts every night. Shy Bill never gets upset at being quoted by Herb Caen in the SF Chronicle or Time Magazine....Herbie of Herbie's Ramrod Room in Boston hit San Francisco along with his pal, Jimmy of the Playland Bar and stayed over to attend the Coronation of Emperor II besides making a big hit all over the Miracle Mile and other places. Be sure to visit Herbie in Boston - kind, gracious, generous and friendly person - you'll love him...A letter from a reader in Terre Haute Indiana has inquired about the location of any chubby-chaser bars. Anyone able to furnish me with the names of nay?

Remember, any bar news, bike club news or other butch activities can be sent to me at 66-201 Cleary, San Francisco, 94109. So long for a while.

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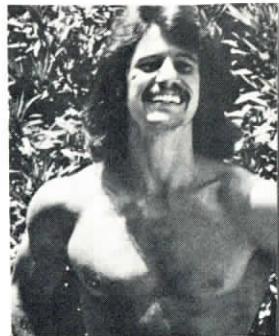


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GYPSY (Continued from page 27)

in mid-air. I was home. But I felt like a vagabond, (a gypsy queen) wandering from town to town (and man to man) without an address, a zipcode, or a charge account (little things mean a lot). I decided to settle down. I opened a lemonade stand in the Greyhound Bus Station, but was raided for selling "citrus kisses behind the counter". Business doubled (privately). But once again, I was rootless, a hobo in the scheme of life, a wingless butterfly in a distorted maze, unwanted: except by a few dozen strangers (and the police).

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I returned to nature. A guy in a dump truck picked me up at the side of the street (and dumped me in a country ditch). The fresh air hit my face (like a tire from a passing car). I staggered into a fragrant field and counted the birds, the bees, and the bugs. A gust of wind (and a farmer with calloused hands) grabbed me from behind: "Fruit pickin' time," he giggled. "This dump needs a scarecrow!" I knew it was a mistake. How could I be confused with a creature creepy enough to frighten a multitude of vicious foul (including vultures)? I struggled, I screamed, I cursed (all the way to the damn garden).

Uneducated boys played tricks in the night, married men made merry, virgins prayed (I didn't). Out of the vortex of some strange, psycho-realistic subplot of a lewd fantasy, the lay of the land became the talk of the town. I fought against the onslaught (of giving it away, free). The principle of morality was at stake and I knew it (so did the sheriff). Luckily, because of my youth, (a watch, and some cash in a foreigner's wallet) I escaped. The traveling salesman, who hid me in the trunk of his fugitive Ford, put a hand on my leg and said: "You'll be hot in show biz, baby!" I thought he had dreams of

making me a Broadway star. He didn't. He sold me to a stud in a side show (for a dime, a coke, and a kiss). It was a bum deal. I never got a share of the profits (or a star on my dressing room door).

There was tension the moment I arrived. Jealousy flared. The Bearded Lady scoffed at my beauty, the Contortionist had a fit, and the Sword Swallower offered to stab me. Only the manager spoke a kind word: "Act natural. We ain't had a freak in years!" I did a scene from a famous play (Boys in the Band) and the crowd went wild. Nobody came near me for a week,

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but rednecks from miles around volunteered to burn heaven & earth for "a chance at that queer". Little known religious leaders lept into prominane when they declared the First Commandment "Null and void and impossible" in my honor. Elderly men pinched snuff at my feet, politicians passed the buck, and the National Guard rushed in to quell what the papers called "the biggest brawl since Sodom and Gomorrah". I created history: I was tarred and feathered and run out of town (in twenty minutes!).

But I didn't get far. Three men in overhauls grabbed me in the middle of the road. I struggled. I screamed. Feathers

flew. They threw me in a dirty truck and tore into the wilderness. For a second time in one day, I sensed a foreboodning of danger and (like the goose who laid the golden egg) I knew the truth: I was being transported across the state line for immoral purposes! The shock was too much. Even the thought of being handled (perhaps molested) by a trio of sex starved (georgeous) labours made my thighs moult. I tried to escape but (luckily) the door was locked.

The truck turned a corner on two wheels, I clung to a perch, I screamed. Suddenly we stopped. They were upon me. I was ready. I knew I could never evade my

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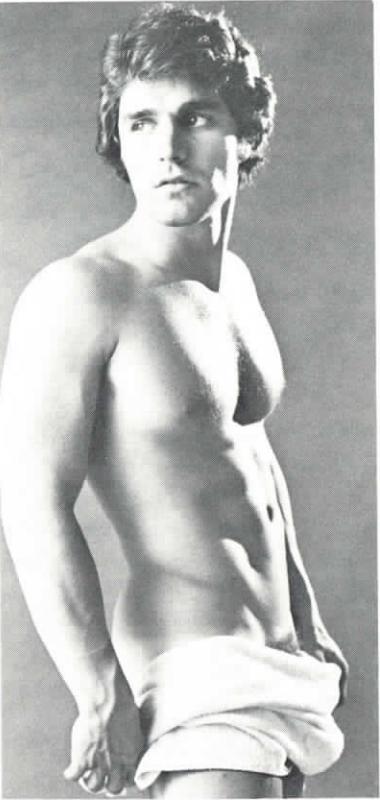
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past, (or the arms of hungry men). I made peace with my soul. Hands stuck to my feathers: "Wait till they get a load of this bird!" I struggled. "The damn thing's got a wing in my pocket!" (the youngest brute said). "Must be a queer duck!" In the battle of passion I saw a sign from the right of a swinging fist: Country Colonel Chicken Castle. I fought all the way to the barn.

Twelve roosters circled my trembling body. Chicken dung clung to the rafters, spotted the walls, covered the ceiling. Nests (filled with the spoils of lust) lined the feather flocked room. I didn't need a side of fries and a twenty cent coke to fall

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on my head. I knew where I was: a harlot's house (and not a man in sight). Cold, beady stares stripped me nude, wings flapped passionately, claws calculated the comfort of soft flesh. A question tugged my conscious: with food prices rising every day, dare I upset the nation's economy? Was one small sacrifice too much for the betterment of mankind? I struggled in the corner, I fought in the rafters. I screamed at the door: Yes!

Luckily, because of my youth, (a gold filling, and some short change from a foreigners wallet) I escaped. But I would not look back until the hippie, who hid me on the side of his Volkswagen bus

(disguised as a lump) said: "Hey, you're gonna be wild in concert!" I thought he had plans to make me a great singer. But I was humming the wrong tune. He snickered when he sold me to a hermit (for two aspirins, five rubber bands, and a handrolled lollipop). Some guys are born suckers.

The cave was dirtier than a chicken coop. Bugs committed indecent acts in plain sight, lice lept lightly across the threshold, I itched. He shoved a broom in my face and said (tenderly): "Push it, or I'll break your arms!" I remembered Joan Crawford (in *A Woman's Face*) and how a beautiful boy was forced (by tragedy) to lead the



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life of an outcaste. Had I fallen to this? He knocked me down, stepped on my ribs, and murmured: "Ain't you kind-a old for eye shadow?" I was stunned. I knew I could never marry an old man who practiced judo, karate, Indian wrestling (and lived on a welfare check). I searched my heart (and the cave) for love (and money), but found only friendship (and bankruptcy). While he talked about a "Hard lay on a dirt floor", I came to a decision (and a headache). I crept like a shadow into the moonlight and disappeared (as the sound of a shotgun blast burst like the stars in the sky).

With romance (and a broken home) be-

hind, I fled down the dark road and into the open stillness of eternity. I'd given up everything, but what was I now? A vagabond, (a gypsy queen) a graceful swan floating on the phlegm of life! Still dazed, I wandered through the empty fields to the main highway. Cars rushed past. The city called, but how could a young boy like me ever stop the flow of gnarled traffic? Then I remembered a trick about hitch-hiking (Claudette Colbert, *It Happened One Night*). Suddenly a truck clattered, and a guy shoved open the door and said (just like in the movies); "Zip up and climb in, sweetie!" I did. The magic of the big city unfolded like

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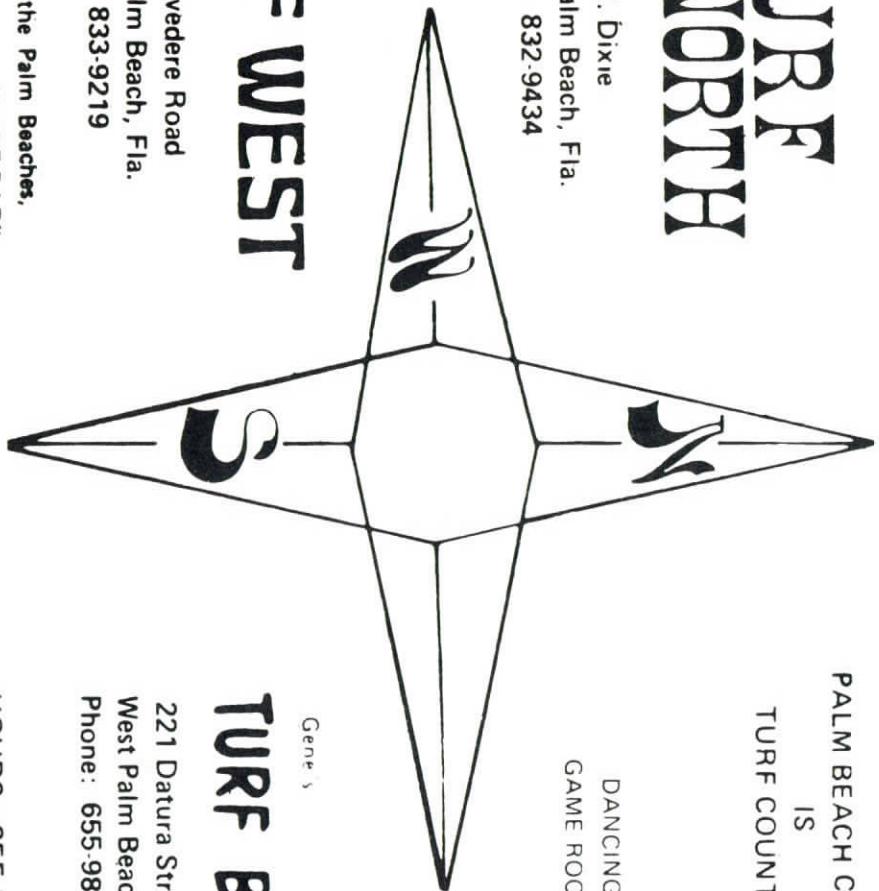
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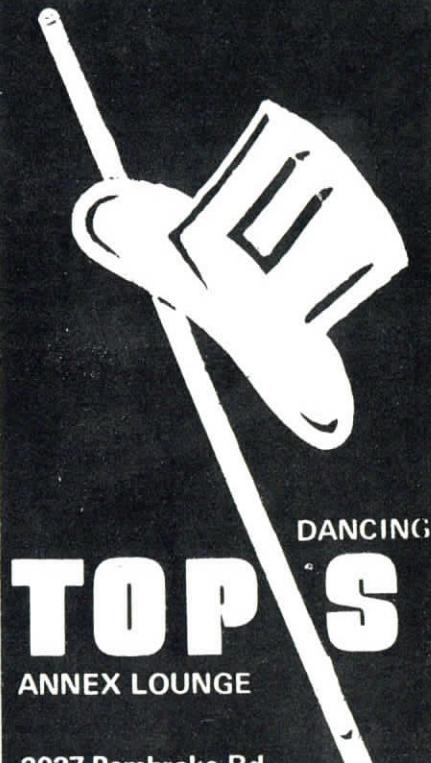
HOURLS: SEE INDEX



DAVID: Vol. 3, No. 11

a soiled sheet. Lights leered, lovers coupled in dark alleys, winos belched, and I was free (but not without a price or struggle). The truck driver had proven the truth of an old saying: men are all alike (show an inch, they take six). I was devastated. And Broke. I wandered around in search of a job (but the streets were empty). Suddenly a fortune teller jumped out of the bushes with a hammer in his hand and a strange prophesy: "Give me your money or I'll cut your throat!" I screamed. I didn't want to meet a tall, dark, handsome stranger, take a mysterious journey (which would change the course of my life) or get a letter from a distant friend. But, like a gypsy queen, (at the end of a long caravan), chance cashed a check in my name. It bounced. Eight cops leapt into the scene (from out of the shadows) and started a fight. I screamed. A barefoot mailman picked his nose in the dark, rang twice, and disappeared. Nine squad cars pulled up. Justice wore a tin earring, I carried a purse, and the fortune teller got away. It was the same silly story. The truck driver claimed I rolled him (after a roll on the road). It was a lie. But how could I prove it, with his hickies on my neck, his nickel in my pocket, and the police on a public corner? Any other artistic young boy would've been momentarily arrested by the whole shattering experience: I was!

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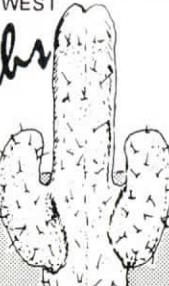


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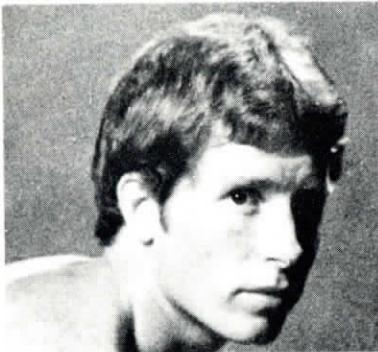
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ISLA de ORO (From page 17)

three quarter of a mile of protected waters by the Indians to the Isla de Oro; chose our own sleeping arrangements in the Bohios, well spaced away from one another, and the week really began.

The island is a real little gem. Triangular in shape, with a coral reef connecting to another smaller uninhabited island. It's covered with palm trees that offer soft shade for those who wished a respite from the sun, a gentle breeze blew all day that was soft and soothing and the water was warm and crystal clear. By the end of the first day, the whole group was relaxing, leaving all the thought of work and home behind and going "native".

During the mornings, many of the group would go off on the guided tours to other islands or the mainland jungle, where one of the staff, having lived in Brazil, was able to explain the very varied growth and its uses amongst jungle peoples and we were all able to taste berries and fruits. The most popular island visited was Achitupu, an inhabited island about two miles south of Isla de Oro. The island is completely primitive, water being carried by boat from the rivers of the mainland and food obtained from Colombian trader boats in exchange for coconuts (the local barter). They do not themselves use money, but readily accept American dollars for the various Molas, wood carvings and small models of canoes that they make. Within a few days many of the guys were clad only in Indian print loin cloths and strands of beautifully made tooth and shell neck beads.

Those that stayed on the island paired off, went swimming or searched out the nearby uninhabited islands and did quite a bit of "exploring" together. The Cayucas were available for two guys to just get away if they felt like it.

One afternoon, Erron went off on a snorkeling adventure with a few tour members and they found an undiscovered wreck just north of the island in an area known for its beautiful antelope coral. They came back with an earthen jug that

still retained a beautiful blue glaze and thought to be from the early 1800's. The following days were spent in trying to locate the spot again, but they had no luck. Future tour members have this to look forward to since we know generally where the spot is. We will mark it on our brochure as "Erron's Wreck". The Spanish Galleon lying south of the island proved elusive also since the seas were running a little high to dive there. In the Main Lodge there is a silver ingot that came from the wreck so we know it exists.

Coral reefs are strung all along the coast and there must be many undiscovered wrecks that could offer up many kinds of treasure. This was the route of the Spanish conquerors returning from sacking the interior of Central America.

In the evenings, the dock and swimming pier seemed to be a very popular gathering spot with the late nighters and bodies could be seen moving to and fro in the half-light. Further details on nighttime activities must be left out of this account, but the relaxed smiles in the morning attested to satisfied evenings.

The flight back was much like the flight in except that we flew directly to Tucumen Airport for our Braniff flight home.

After bidding farewell to those of the group heading for the South and West from Miami, the rest of us re-boarded the plane for New York. During the excellent dinner served on board, one of the members played the tapes he had made on his cassette to the fascination of the other travellers. They included the dance music of the Indians and a long haunting lullaby sung outside the Main Lodge as a final treat and farewell to us by an Indian woman at our Gala Lobster and Champagne farewell dinner.

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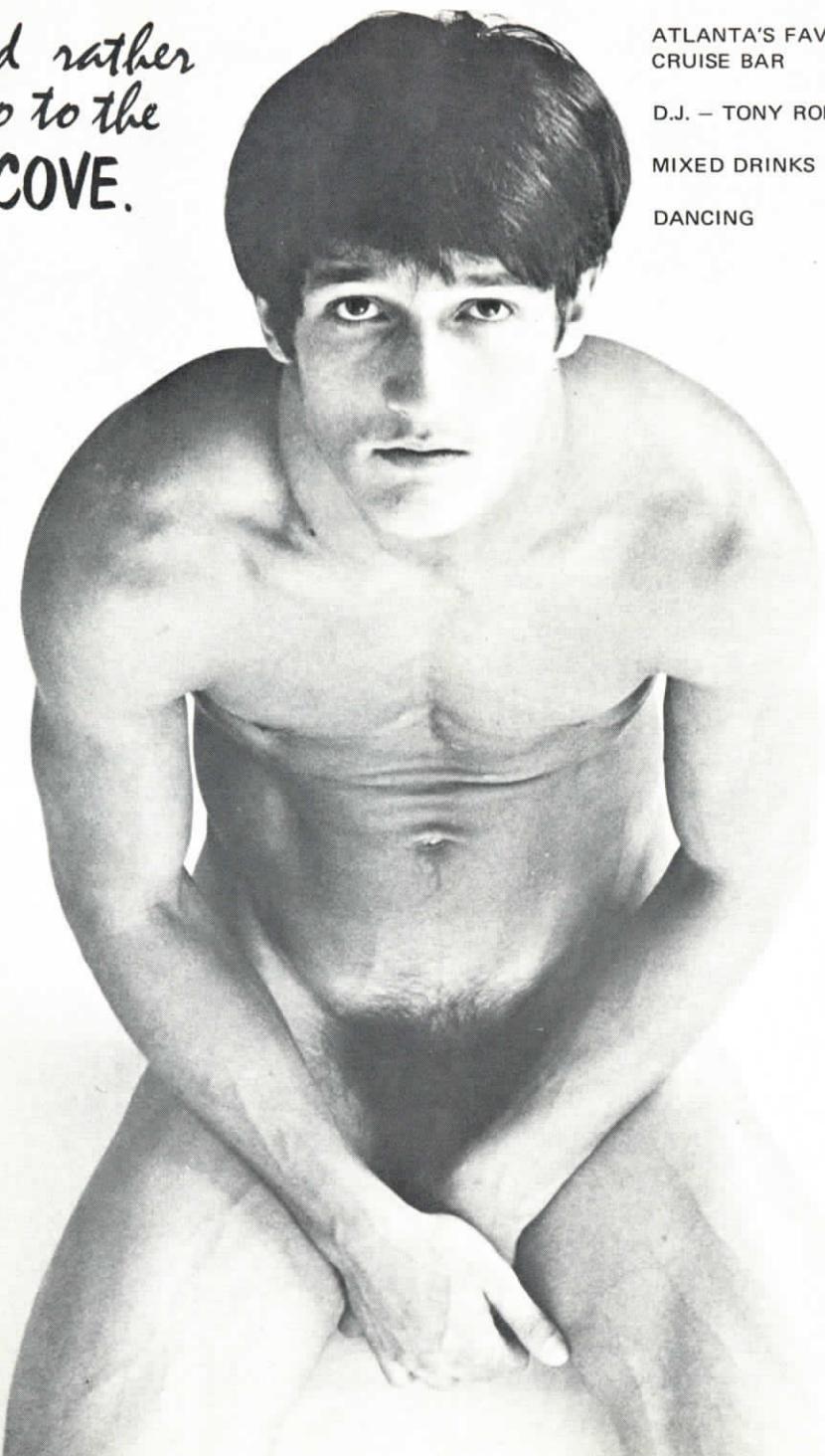
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CHAPLAIN *(from page 25)*

walked in. Then she showed him the letter. He glanced over it.

"You going?" he asked, handing it back to her.

"Well, I thought Randy and Billy and I would fly back there tomorrow afternoon. That is, if it's okay with you."

Andy nodded. "Fine, dear. I was only going to work on my sermon tomorrow, and I can do that without all of you here."

"What's the topic?" she asked, pouring out a drink. She could hardly wait to hold Bob again!

"Nothing, really. The same old stuff about being a very good man, that sort of thing. Anything to convince the recruits that if they don't work their little asses off that they'll all go straight to hell."

"Hmmm. Sounds like propaganda to me."

"Of course. That's what I'm paid for."

"And so, sir, I'm now officially AWOL," the recruit said as he closed the door.

The young man then poured out a long and involved story of how he had thought Navy life would be very aristocratic, since he had read so many press releases about Britain's Prince Charles in the British Royal Navy, so, he had decided to join the United States Navy himself, in order to follow in the future king's footsteps as nearly as he could.

Chaplain Jameson turned a weary ear to the young man's disillusion with his first-hand experiences in the military. He was not impressed, but he had to be civil to the little bastard, he supposed. It was expected of him, a man of God. At least, he thought it was.

"So, what's the big problem?"

The young man replied that he wanted out.

"Hmmm. Don't we all. How long have you been in?"

"Well, I finished the one-five day yesterday, and I'm rather surprised I made it that far. You see, after the swimming test last week, a commander came up to me and asked what kind of drugs I was taking. Of course, I've never taken any, except what they put into the food here,

but he called me a liar when I said I didn't know what he was talking about. I thought he was going to have me thrown out then—"

"Out of the pool, you mean?" the chaplain interrupted him.

"Hell no! Out of the Navy. But, then I wanted to stay in. You see, things hadn't gotten that bad yet."

"And are they that bad now?"

"I don't like the way everyone talks to me. Rather, talks *at* me. Shouts at me. Screams at me, I mean, and all for no reason."

"So how can I possibly help you?"

"Oh, I've come to you to talk, because there are all kinds of things I can get out on, since I lied about everything to get in in the first place. So, I thought you could tell me which way would be the most expedient."

"What did you lie about?"

"Oh, when I tell the truth everybody thinks I'm lying, and when I lie, everyone seems to believe it. For instance, last week after the swimming test, which I passed, an officer singled me out and tried to make me admit I took drugs."

"Do you?"

"No, I don't. But the officer just called me a liar when I said I didn't. Then I was standing outside R and O the next day, and he singled me out again and took me inside to see another officer, and they asked me why I had joined the Navy and all this garbage, so I said something about how it would do me good and train me for a useful career in business later on in life, and they seemed to accept this and let me go."

"Is that what you lied about?"

"No. I—well, I lied about why I joined, but I don't take drugs. But, if I went back and said I did, would they let me out?"

The chaplain sighed and looked at the recruit. Surely this young man was somewhat insane, to put it mildly. "Do you have any defects to get out on?"

The youth listed a number of things: asthma, surgery on his arm at the elbow, both of which he had denied having had

in order to get in.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, there is. I think the fastest was to get the hell out of here is for me to say that I'm gay!"

"Are you?"

The youth smiled. "I can be. Don't you think that's the fastest way out of any I've mentioned?"

"Oh, yes," Chaplain Jameson agreed. "I certainly do. I think you're making the right decision."

"So, if you'll just sign something or make the necessary phone calls for me, or whatever it is that needs to be done—"

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Andy laughed. "Well, I'll turn you in, but you'll have to make your own confession and sign it, et cetera. Have you had sex with anyone since you've been here?"

"In the Navy, you mean?" the recruit asked in wide-eyed surprise. "Of course not! I wouldn't stoop that low!"

The chaplain shook his head and picked up the phone on his desk. "What's your name?"

"Helms. John Helms."

He made the phone call to the legal office, promising to send the recruit over as soon as he had talked with him.

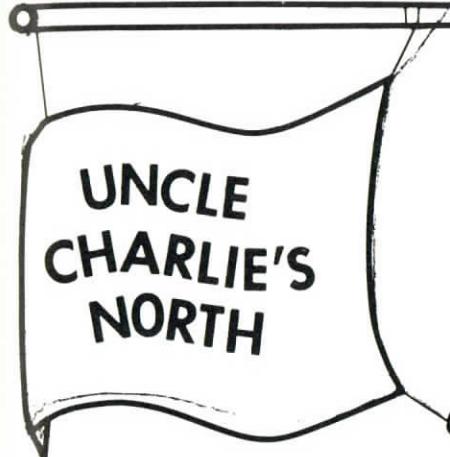
"And so," the chaplain said, replacing

the phone and getting up, "you should be out of here in about three weeks, if all goes well."

"Three weeks?" he repeated in astonishment. "Why so long?"

He locked the door. "Yours is not to ask why, but rather to do and die!" he misquoted, switching off the lights and going to his desk for a tube of lubricant. "Now take off all your clothes!" he commanded, "and if you tell anyone anything at all about this, I promise you you will not leave this base alive!!"

TO BE CONTINUED



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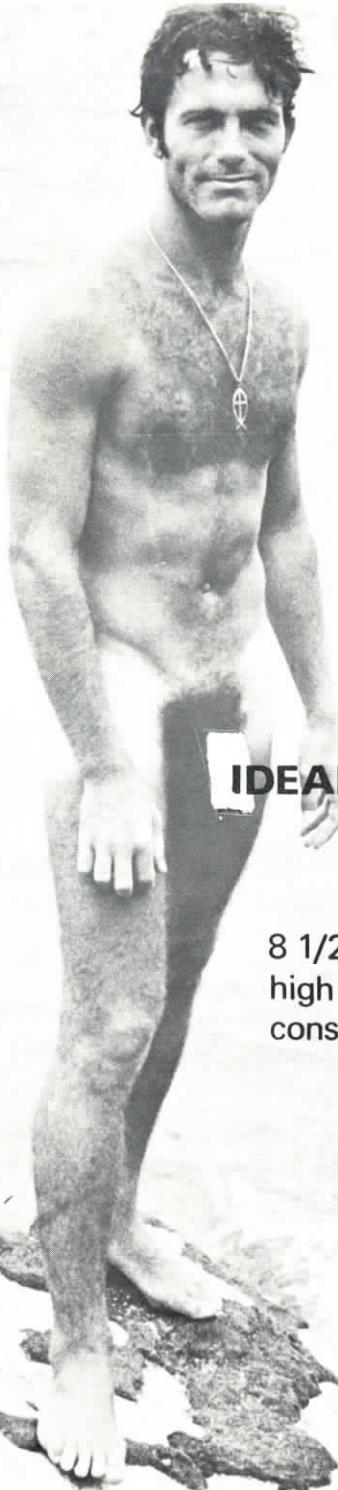
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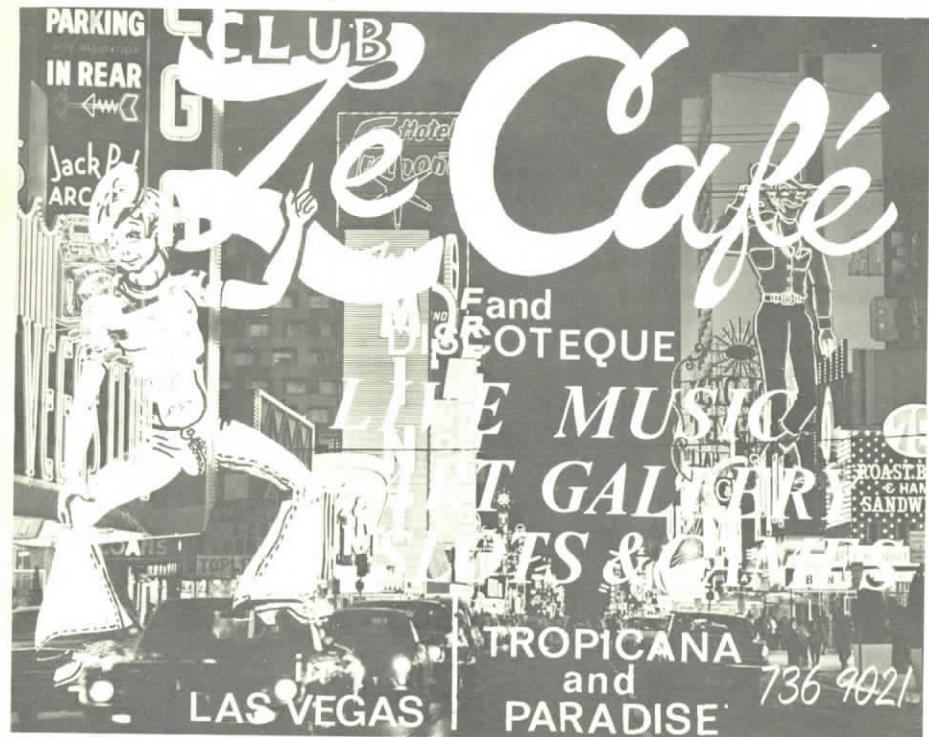
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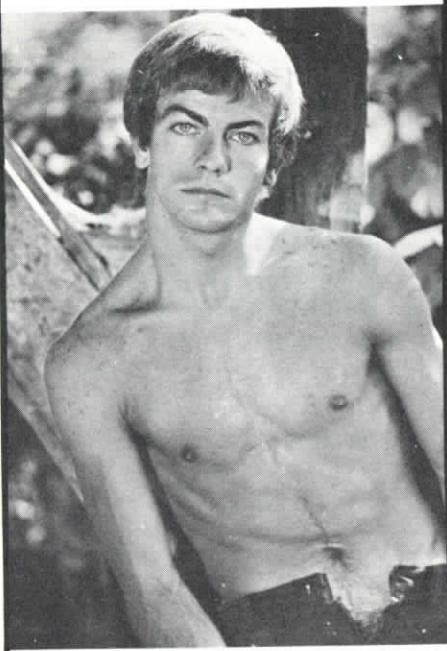
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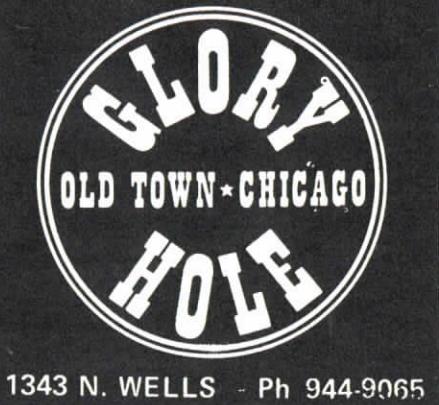
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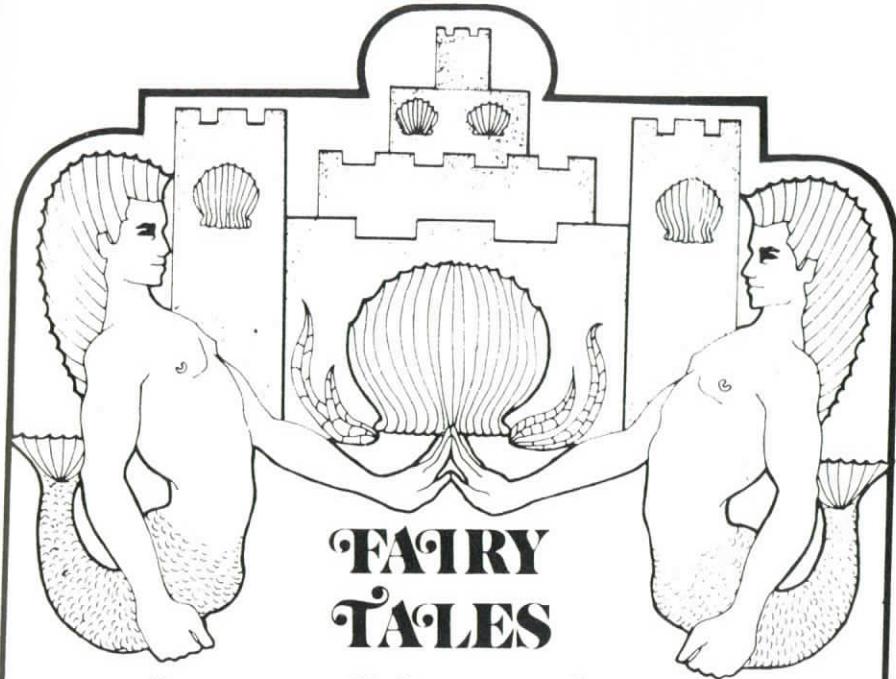
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