



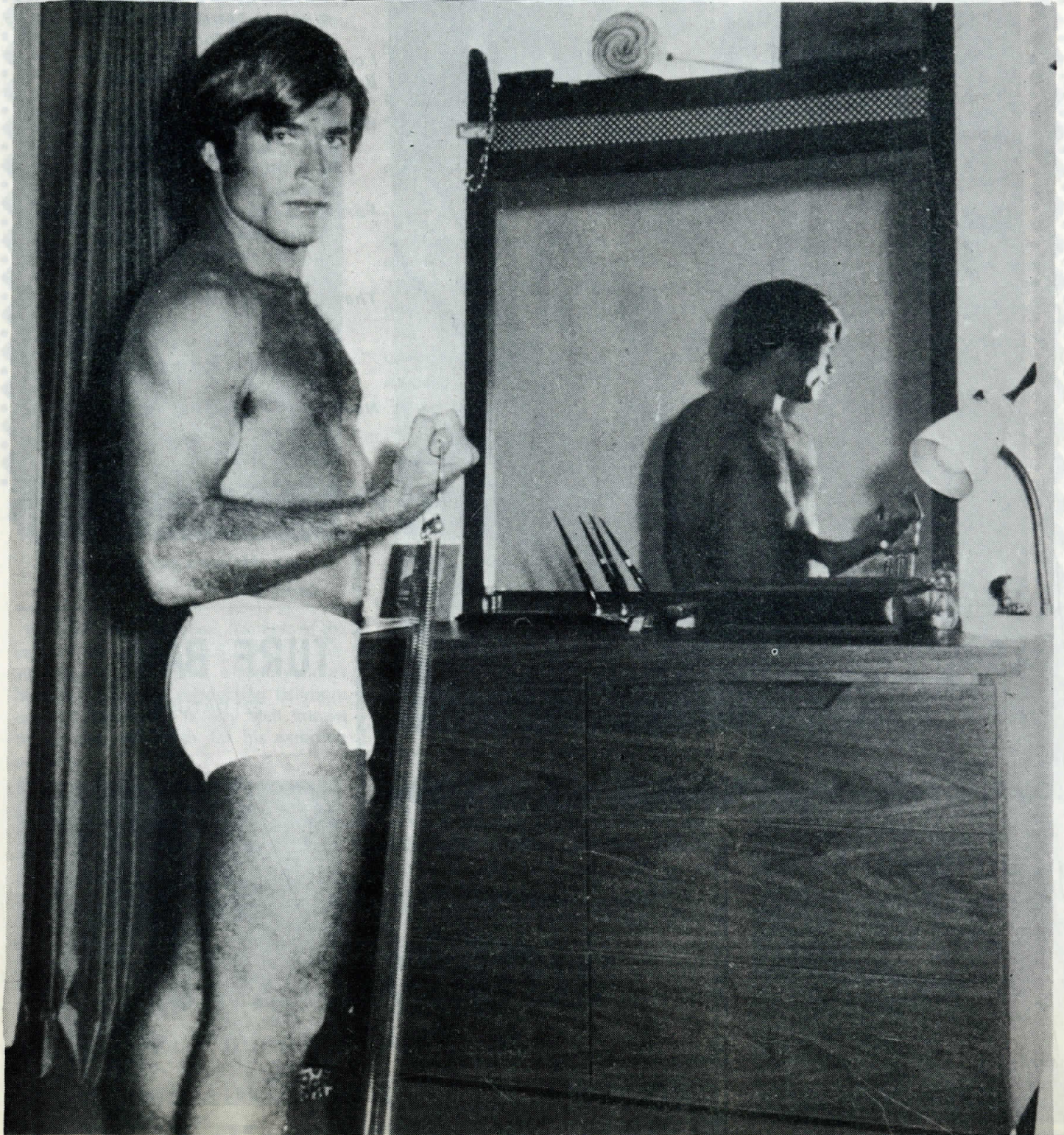
# DAVID

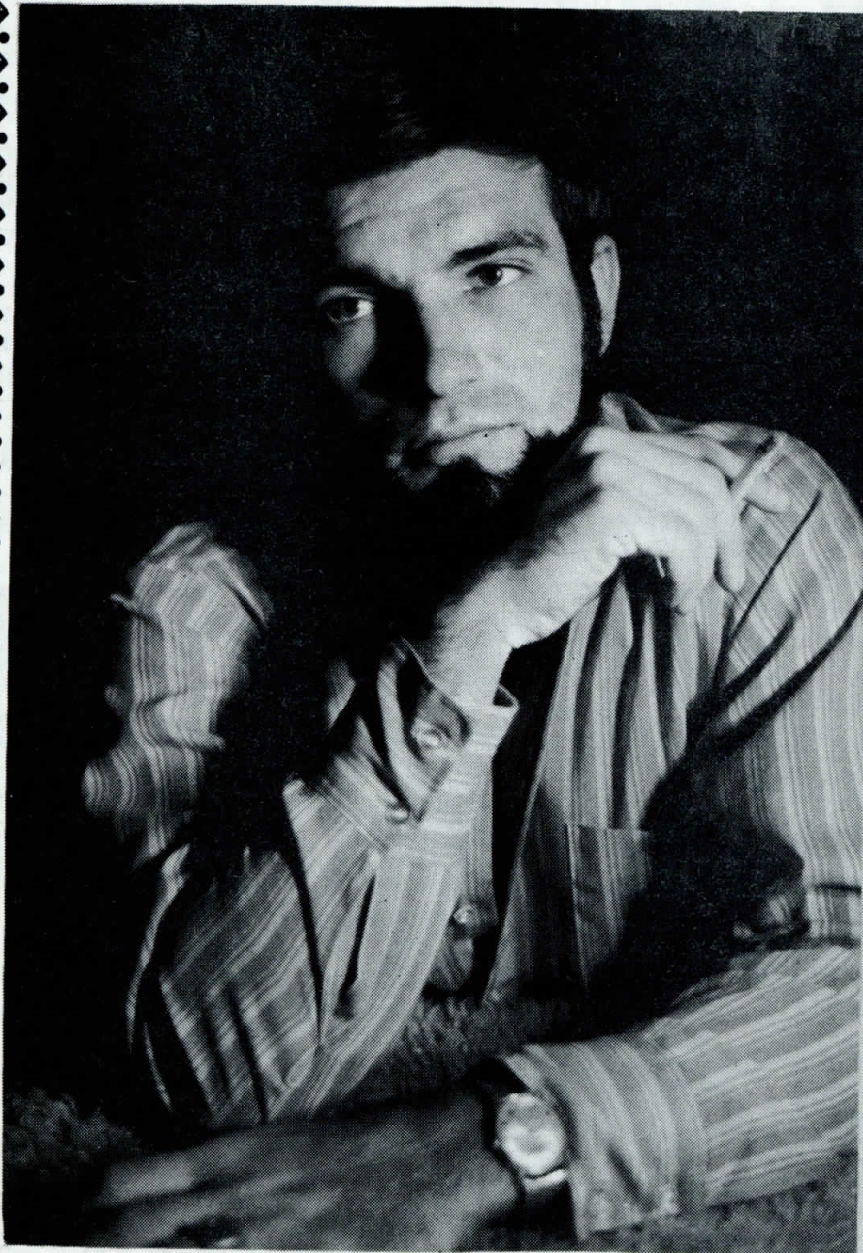
ENTERTAINING AND INFORMING GAYS

APRIL  
EDITION  
1971

50 cents

VOL. 1, NO. 6.





*I assume you weren't planning on  
calling tonight;  
If I only knew why...  
Everytime I saw you, I died a little;  
I felt so much inside, I could  
have burst...  
I tried avoiding you, as well. How  
could I, once we admitted the  
truth...It was all to real, and  
much to beautiful to merely  
excuse and forget...  
I could have been your friend...  
But all our dreams turned into  
reality  
When you kissed me, and felt the  
sweet tart taste of beautiful  
passion sweep through our  
bodies, as our lips met...  
Forever ran through me, and I knew  
I never wanted to be any  
further away from you, than  
I was at that moment...  
That moment...now an unforgettable  
memory...But it was real, and  
so you, and it shall stay with  
me forever, for memory's  
never die...  
Need I say, I love you, now more  
than ever...  
C. J.*

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GENE'S

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# LOOKING SOUTH ..

Don't forget the Mad Hatters Parties, Easter, at the EVERGLADES and the SALON in Ft. Lauderdale.

\*\*\*

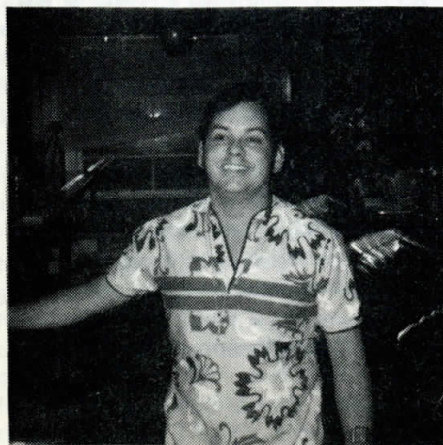
THE PIN-UP in Miami Beach is a must on your list of lounges to visit. Having been there for several years they draw a very congenial crowd. The owners Dick and Bob are the type guys that really make you feel at home the moment you sit down.

## GUESS WHO?



Chances are you know this man.  
(Answer on page 22)

Pictured below is Ruben, Manager of the upstairs bar of the TIDES INN, Jacksonville Beach, Fla. In his off duty hours he stays busy by conducting ballroom dancing classes. He is very well known throughout the south for his exhibition dancing.



RUBEN

Hope you caught the "Mr. Bun of '71" contest at KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM in Hallandale, Sunday March 28th. DAVID hopes to have some interesting photo for you of the contest in the next edition.

\*\*\*

In the dying embers gleam, came the sundown of a dream...so thought many people on Florida's Gold Coast when MY APARTMENT LOUNGE was burned out Sunday morning, March 21, 1971.

The State Deputy Fire Marshall, Robert Beane, said that the fire was deliberately set. Two empty gas cans were found on the roof and an estimated 15 gallons of gasoline were used to start the fire.

The bar was one of the most popular in south Florida, attracting patrons from as far away as Miami, 55 miles to the south and Fort Pierce, 60 miles to the north. The atmosphere was comfortable and the decor beautiful...now it's just a charred ruin. There was no insurance, but the owner, Joyce Young, said if she has the support of the gay community, she can "reopen in appoxiamately 3 weeks." Let's not let anyone beat us this easily. We can win if we stick together. Carpeting, paint and other needed items have been offered at wholesale prices and dozens of volunteers have offered their time and talents... some experienced craftsmen and some not so experienced who just want to help. Money is a serious problem, so a fund has been started to help pay for supplies. "Pennies, nickels, dollars, even trading stamps will be a help," said Miss Young. "As long as we can pay for the materials, there will be plenty of people around to work with them. We must prove that we can unite and help each other to win the respect of the community. We can be open again in a few weeks and once the state completes their investigation. I'm confident the guilty parties will be found and there will be no re-occurance of this act."

Contributions to the building fund may be mailed to:

MY APARTMENT LOUNGE  
P.O. Box 6893  
West Palm Beach, Florida  
33405

The owner of a chain of east coast clothing stores has donated \$500.00 to start the rebuilding fund for MY APARTMENT LOUNGE.

Sorry to hear of the difficulties that the ALLEY BAR in Miami Beach is having. We hope things will clear up shortly.

\*\*\*

Did you know that Rheims, the owner of THE WAREHOUSE in Miami, is an undefeated champion at Indian Wrestling? This man is definitely hunky! Right on, Rheims.

\*\*\*

On your way home from the bars in Miami be sure to stop for a treat or a snack at NEIL'S RESTAURANT in Miami Beach, one of the cleanest and most cheerful restaurant we've seen in the south Florida area. It has already become quite a meeting place after the bars close at 5 a.m.

\*\*\*

West Palm Beach---Gene's TURF BAR has just completed remodeling under the supervision of bartender Bobby. The re-decorating extended further than just the bar though, because that beautiful boy is now sporting the start of what promises to be a real butch beard.

Back to the TURF....new soft lighting has been installed along the art gallery wall, a striped canopy has been hung over the bar and the ceiling has been lowered effectively by the use of beams, creating a more intimate atmosphere. Bobby is pictured in DAVID this month hanging a newly acquired work of art just adjacent to the gallery wall.





Editor: H. C. Godley

Mng. Editor: M. W. Riley

Prod. Mgr: S. J. Hulse

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 6

AN EDITORIAL

*We realize that there are all different kinds of closets and different reasons for people being in them. When a man is in a somewhat responsible position professionally, he cannot always say and do a lot of things his inner desires would have him do. Right now, we are talking primarily of lawyers, physicians, and others who may be in a position to assist gays, but are not able to do so actively because of partnerships, possible effects on crucial clients.*

*However, there are those professional men in a position to assist gays in many ways. The aid these people can offer would be invaluable in achieving our goal*

*of getting ourselves together by pulling together. Many youngs gays are, right now, in need of advice, or have a physical problem and know of no one to answer those questions which are vital to them. If you feel you can be of assistance, please let us know, so that we can let these people in need know who you are and how they may contact you. We are not asking you to come out of your closet; we are asking you to just crack the door open a little-on the sly, if necessary-to help your brothers. Needless to say, all correspondence with us is confidential to the degree requested.*

Opinions expressed, other than the editorial, are not necessarily the opinions of DAVID or its staff. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in DAVID is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

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## LETTERS to the EDITOR

### About dem BOOTS

Dear DAVID,—

Who????? forced you to put that picture of such an ugly c... in your March issue. Its people like that and pictures like that the square ones love. It gives them the right to point the finger of scorn at all the gay ones,—They don't know there is a difference between gay and queer or sick. Take a good look at your picture of that billie boots creature. Gawd Hun,—she looks like a pregnant cow in heat with the clap on stilts—just LOOK at that expression, ugh!!!! Why don't you try and help our cause and keep detrimental pictures like that filed in your toilet.

LOVED the rest of your magazine, but please, PLEASE Darlin' don't nevah evah do that to usuns again.

Sincerely, and I really do mean  
SINCERELY,

F. R.  
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

### More Boots

Dear Editor;  
That's quite a photograph of Billie Boots.

DAVID PUBLICATIONS  
P.O. BOX 5396  
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA  
32207

I really thought it was a girl. She's quite convincing.

B. J.  
Tallahassee, Fla.

### Looking Groovy

Dear DAVID:  
How's chances of seeing more of that Go-Go Boy you pictured in your March edition? I groove on that one.

P. C.  
Charleston, S. C.  
*Ed:—It just so happens we've had such a good response we've decided to do a feature on the lad. It's in this issue on Pages 6 and 7.*

### Uncondescending

To the Editor:  
I recall, on moving to Florida in the 50's, being disturbed at the segregation of human beings then legally practiced. When I

voiced contrary thoughts, most of my young friends (and their parents) branded me a "Nigger-lover". This ugliness, though still with us, is not as it once was. But this same attitude still applies to the gay life: express at least the slightest sympathy for the homosexual, and even in the most intelligent, "liberal", and open-minded circles, you will see the twisted, condescending smiles, and hear the sly suggestions that the speaker has a personal interest in society's treatment of the "poor, funny queers."

So I keep my mouth shut, and generally, do not protest overmuch. I wear the mask of heterosexual respectability, to keep my friends—and my job. Being unmarried, I must tread a cautious line concerning sexual matters.

Thus, I am grateful for DAVID. It is a source of information and news that does not condescend, or leer, or snicker behind its hand. I wish you ten thousand issues and ten million subscribers.

Yours till the millenium,  
L. P.  
Orlando, Fla.

## Like an old friend

Dear DAVID;

Congratulations! I have just seen my first copy of DAVID and I am very impressed. For a young publication, you are doing very well. You may not be as literary as the NEW YORKER, as artistic as VOGUE, or as graphic as SCREW, but you are very comfortable to have around the house, like an old friend. You talk to us in terms of things with which we are familiar, and I wish you the very best. Please enter my subscription for the coming year.

Sincerely,

J.R.P.

Miami

## Rappin' labels

Dear Sir;

Thank you for your editorial in the Feb. issue of DAVID. I think you've got the idea.

Women's Lib., Black power, the rights of the Indian and the plight of youth have been movements in our society to find identity for those involved. But what have those of us who are gay done to change the image that has been imposed upon us? Recently a "rap" session was held in Gainesville, Florida in which one of the participants was Dr. Sidney Jourard, Professor of Psychology and Author (TRANSPARENT SELF). Dr. Jourard, known as the "rapper", frequently joins discussion groups in which a great deal of knowledge and new realizations are created, developed and absorbed by those involved. It was one of these sessions that had an impact on me and carried a message for gays to take heed—The topic was the Humanistic movement and the involvement of minority groups.

Humanism was defined as the "chronic quest to discover differences between self and others and to make room for others to live together." If we accept this definition, then gays are in violation of the basis of the humanistic movement. Most of us are so wrapped up in our own hangups that, rather than learning to live and function to our fullest potential, we run and hide-behind a facade which is either total absorption into a superficial gay life or hung in a closet-few find a happy medium. There is a tendency to isolate ourselves by referring to the "club" or "one of us." The term "WE" is used frequently and automatically classifies others as being "THEY". This is common among all minority groups as we struggle to survive and gain an identity for our-

selves. Dr. Jourard pointed out that most of us who belong to a "minority group," whether it be racial, religious, sexual, etc., are a "class of human beings whose identity was not defined by themselves...a small group, determined how they would be viewed."

The Female is viewed as irrational, uncertain, submissive, childish and stupid. The Black is seen as being lazy, untrustworthy, nonaggressive and inferior. The Homosexual is flighty, irresponsible, feminine, and shallow. These are the stereotypes that have been sinfully stamped on these minority groups based on the opinion of a few. This identity is not of our choosing, yet we have done nothing to get a true picture of ourselves-until recently.

More and more gays are making it in this world not by withdrawing in the proverbial closet but by accepting themselves and by proclaiming themselves as being different from the mold. People either invent themselves or are invented. It is true that we cannot ignore the facts of life, but they need not dictate. We find increasing numbers of gay doctors, lawyers, educational leaders, politicians and entertainers making names for themselves based on skills and talents.

It is time for a majority of gays to stop wasting themselves and to become productive, fully functioning individuals who have a lot to offer. Too many of us are existing in department stores, beauty shops, florists and even the schools without utilizing our fullest potentials. This is not to criticize the mentioned occupations, but too often they are entered into as an escape rather than a desire.

"Man must think of himself as a sculptor," says Dr. Jourard, "he designs, chisels and invents himself. Envision yourself and work to make it a reality...make it actual." Let us take a good look at the image we have of ourselves and compare it to the design we would like to be. Impossibilities are caused by excuses. If we can be created by others, then we can surely have a hand in reshaping what was created to make the desires and hopes so long cherished into a reality....

R. B.

Gainesville, Florida

## Unred

To the Editor;

Your Editorial (February 1971) was a real bummer. You just had to knock the Blacks, the Hippies, and the Effeminate because Joe Public, the Man, Big Butch don't like it. That's too bad, we've been passive far too long. It isn't wise to cut other people down. This is not called

"unity." Love and Peace DAVID.

W. P.

Coconut Grove

*Ed: Is it now, in our enlightened society, a put-down to analyze our mistakes so that we don't make the same one twice? I suggest you re-read the editorial without being so defensive.*

## Florida's coming out

Dear Sir;

I've seen your publication and think it's great that Florida is coming out with something for gay people.

Keep up the good work!

Bruce King, Editor

GAY SCENE

P.O. Box 247

Grand Central Station

NYC, New York

10017

## Dumb mother?

Dear Editor;

Its about the gourmet article in your March issue.

Maybe Mother should go back for another look at the West—or even better, just go. Undoubtedly, "Dusty old cow-men" are in abundance. But, fortunately for the chamber of commerce, (Queen's Dept.), most of these have dusty young cow sons. Of course, if you spend all your time on a Dude Ranch, about all you'll ever see are Dusty old cow tourists!

Mom might have tried giving his, (her, its, whatever) correct shoe size before trying on the world's most comfortable footwear and as far as the problem with Levi's, maybe Mother should try a diet menu next month.

And mother—you're supposed to sit ON the horse—not lay UNDER it!!! Since the article was ostensibly about food, I can't help mentioning that teeth used to the mostly fat cuts of meat served in the east aren't likely to cope well with lean and tasty western cuts. And for those who enjoy fancy restaurants where you wear tux's and/or formal gowns there are many fine places in the larger cities as well as a good selection of less formal and more rewarding entertainment.

R.S.

Jacksonville

## Help the needy

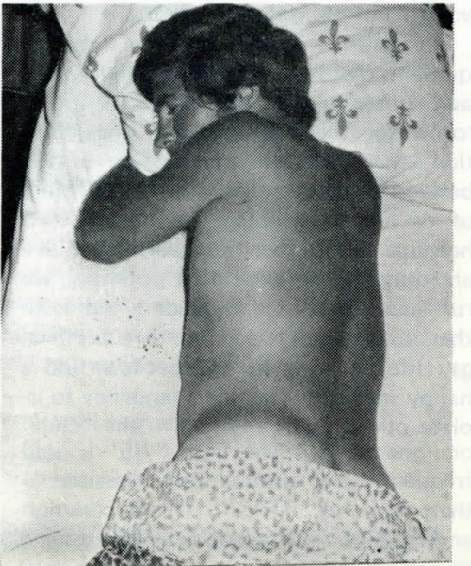
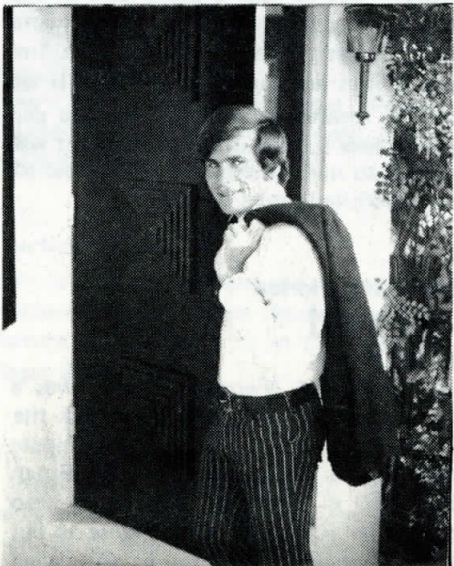
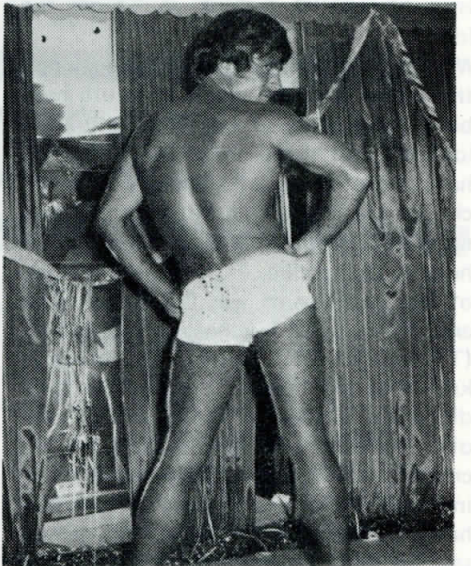
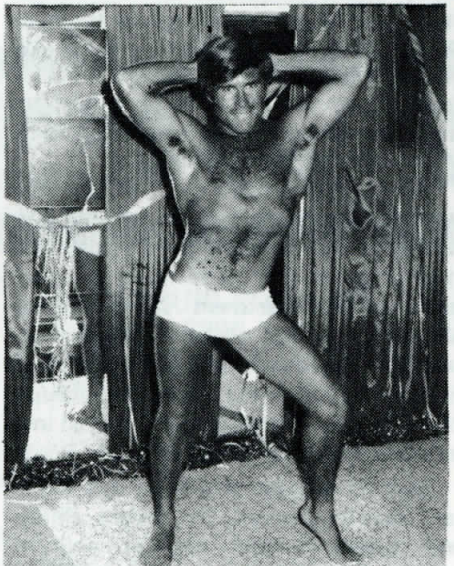
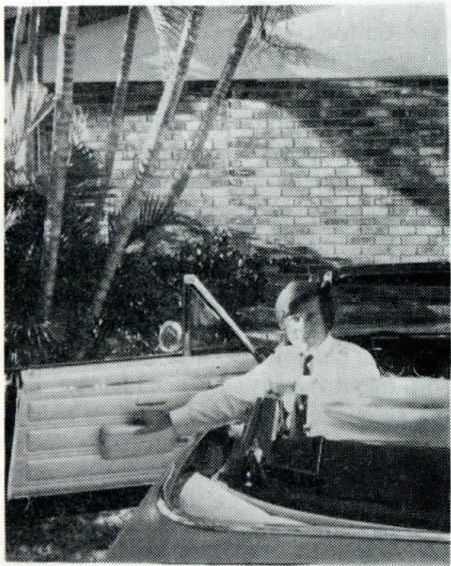
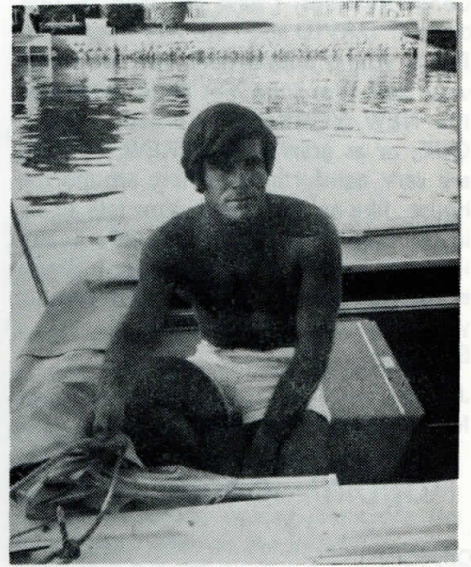
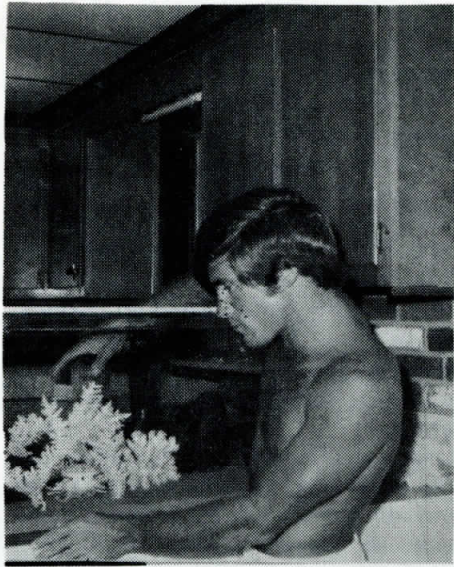
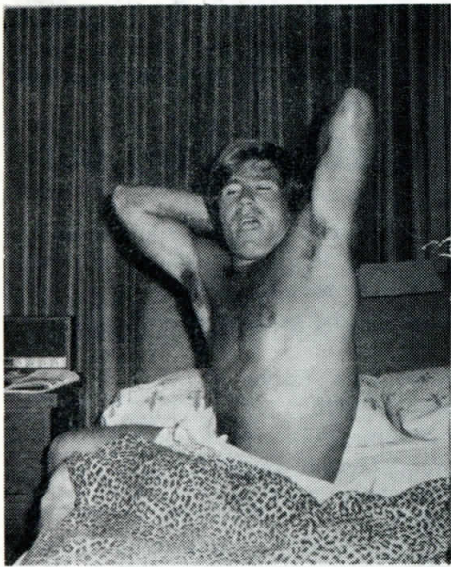
Dear DAVID:

I need you as much as you need me.

E. P.

Atlanta, Ga.

# DAVID'S DAY WITH



# BIG

## "LITTLE DAVID"

Any job can be a grind but this one literally is! It sure can be fun to watch though. Ask anyone who has been fortunate enough to catch Little David's performance at KIETH'S CRUISE ROOM in Hallandale, Florida, lately. DAVID visited David at his waterfront home recently to find out just what a day in the life of a not-so-typical go-go boy is like. To begin with, Little David loves his job and tries to keep in shape with plenty of time in bed (top left) and a lot of exercise (cover photo).

Upon rising for a typical day, our go-to boy checks out his salt-water aquarium (top center), supervises the gardner, who doesn't really need supervision, makes a few phone calls and then goes cruising the local waterways around Fort Lauderdale in his boat, the 'Tres Gai' (top right). There's lots of interesting sights along the way and a side trip to the beach usually turns up many fascinating subjects.

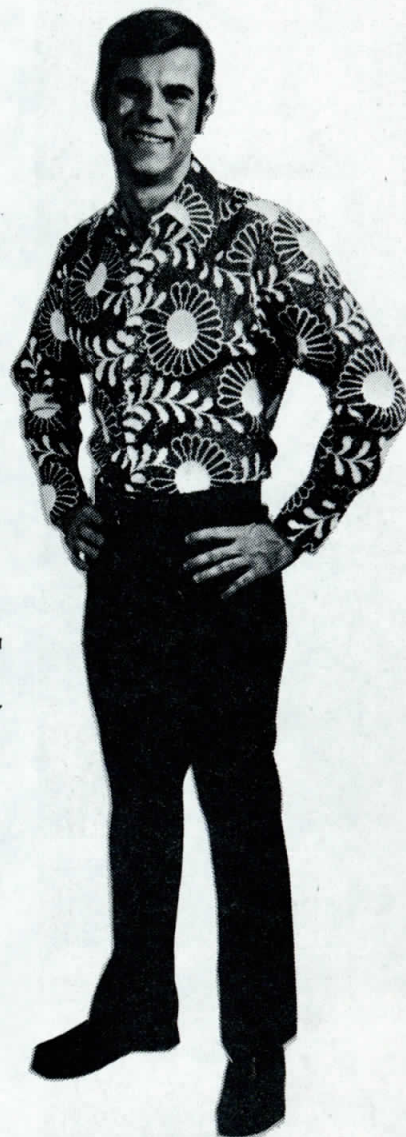
Back home again, David dresses for an evening on the town (center left), since he doesn't have to be to work until quite late. The bartenders are all very friendly the minute they see Little David's warm smile and blue eyes and there is never any problem meeting other friendly patrons in the clubs around Ft. Lauderdale, where he is recognized as one of the most outstanding dancers in South Florida. After cocktails, dinner and chatting with a few friends, it's just a short jaunt down to Hallandale and once again one of South Florida's favorite go-go dancers steps into the glare of the spotlight. (center page, center right, and bottom left). A few hours of dancing, a few winks at the customers, a little extra grind for a special one and then it's home again. Goodnight David. (bottom right).

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all moving their bods to please you

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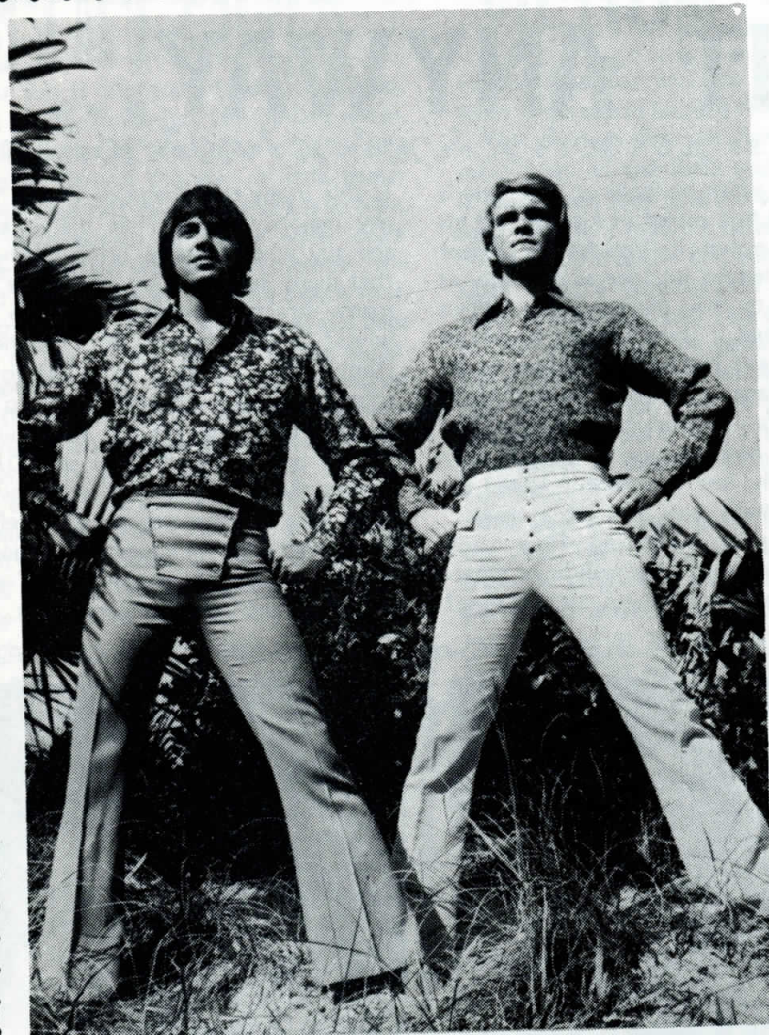
IT'S THE

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APRIL 1971



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## BUTTON POWER

Clothes are to be enjoyed and admired. It is important for all of us to look our best in those fashions that are suited to our own individual builds and personalities.

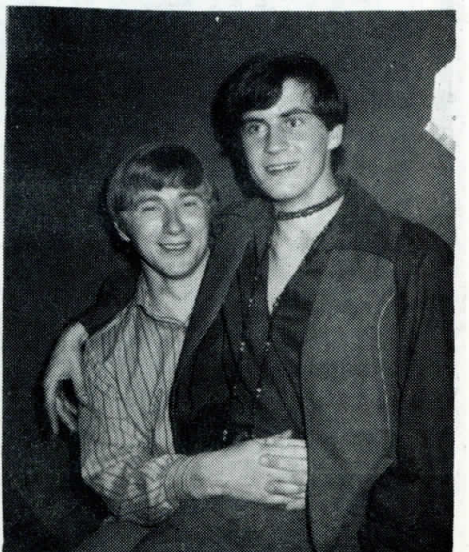
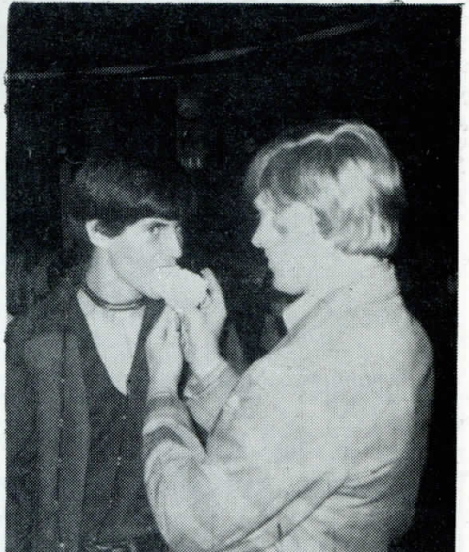
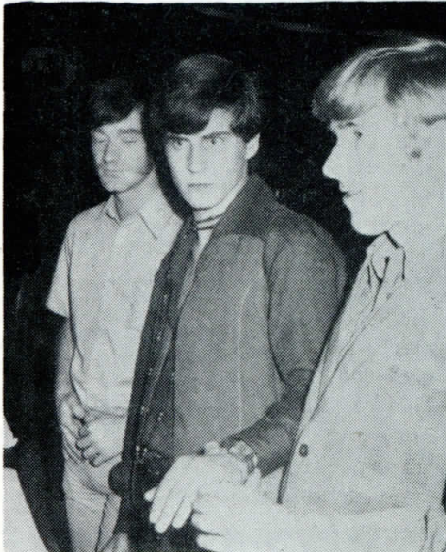
DAVID presents on these two pages an idea on what the kids are wearing NOW. Reminiscent of the past popular paisley shirt are the ultra popular flowered-print shirts. Trousers are rarely seen anymore without button flies. For the utmost in casual comfort young men are now wearing shirts with necklines that plunge almost to the button many have been contemplating for years. Pictured above is the latest perversion of the tie-dyed trousers.

# THEY DID IT ANYWAY...

Ronnie Farmer and Gene Kelly got married at the Crow Bar at Jacksonville Beach, Florida, at 9 P.M. Sunday, March 21, 1971. They didn't have a marriage license or a priest (although they would have liked to have had both). The blushing bride didn't wear her drag (because she was afraid of a bust). The families were not present (because they don't understand). Their chapel was a local tavern and, instead of organ music, the juke box played their favorite song. Why go through the ceremony if there are so many inconveniences? Ronnie could tell you...or you could tell just by looking

at his eyes when he looks at Gene. He is in love and he's proud of his love and his lover. He wanted all of his friends present when he pledged his love as officially as he could to his chosen mate. When DAVID asked if they thought we would be able to give the readers a follow up on their marriage next year, Gene quickly replied, "You'll be able to do one fifty years from now because we plan to stay together. My last relationship lasted six years, if that's any sort of a gauge." This got us to wondering. How many straight marriages, relationships or whatever you want to call them last that long?

Is this truly the exception or the 'silent gay majority' rule? Then there's always the guy who wants to bring up the fact that many gays trick on each other. How many straight husbands trick on their wives? Now be honest. Won't Gene and Ronnie have to learn to adjust to each other, to grow with each other, to learn to share with each other as any other two human beings regardless of sex? DAVID wishes them the best of happiness with their new togetherness and we feel confident that odds for success are as good, if not greater than many unions we've witnessed, straight or gay. Good Luck, Kids!



# STATIONS

The sun is bright and full, but subdued, as it is only in the late fall, but it's warm. Baton Rouge in November is much like parts of Central Florida - a little cooler maybe, but not much. The sky is so blue. My little cousin painted a water color once when she was ten. I remember, she used a light blue sky with no clouds in it. It stretched from the horizon of the page out to the farthest corners of the paper. I thought then, "How juvenile. Children see things so simply." But now, remembering it, God has used the same shade of water color today for his sky. Reality, too, can be very simple sometimes.

I am an Air Force Captain. Bully! Only eight more months to go, and then I'm back in the real world again. It really galls me to think that I'm making so much money in the service of all places, and that it's going to be hard to find a

civilian job that will pay me as much. What is the world coming to?

The gnarled, gray whiskers of spanish moss sway in the little gusts of breeze. It really does look like the wise beards of aged corpses. I love the spanish moss. It's one thing the South still has all to itself. God! What a fantastic old oak tree. It must be 300 years old. You could plant it in the middle of my parents' back lot and it would cover the whole place. No... that wouldn't be right. It belongs here. It'll still be around long after our bones have rotted to white ash. Our bones...Oh, Lord! No...

The grass is awfully green for this late in the year. They must use the winter grass I saw in Virginia. It's easy to get spoiled by Florida when things are green all year round. Most of the cities in the country look twice their age in the winter. They're

## FICTION by James R. Pearce

old, burned-out hulks which only the summer greenery can hide. In Florida, the cities look young and fresh all the time. Most cities are already dead. Florida cities are dying too, but they don't show it. Cities can die young, just like.... I said, "No!" damn it.

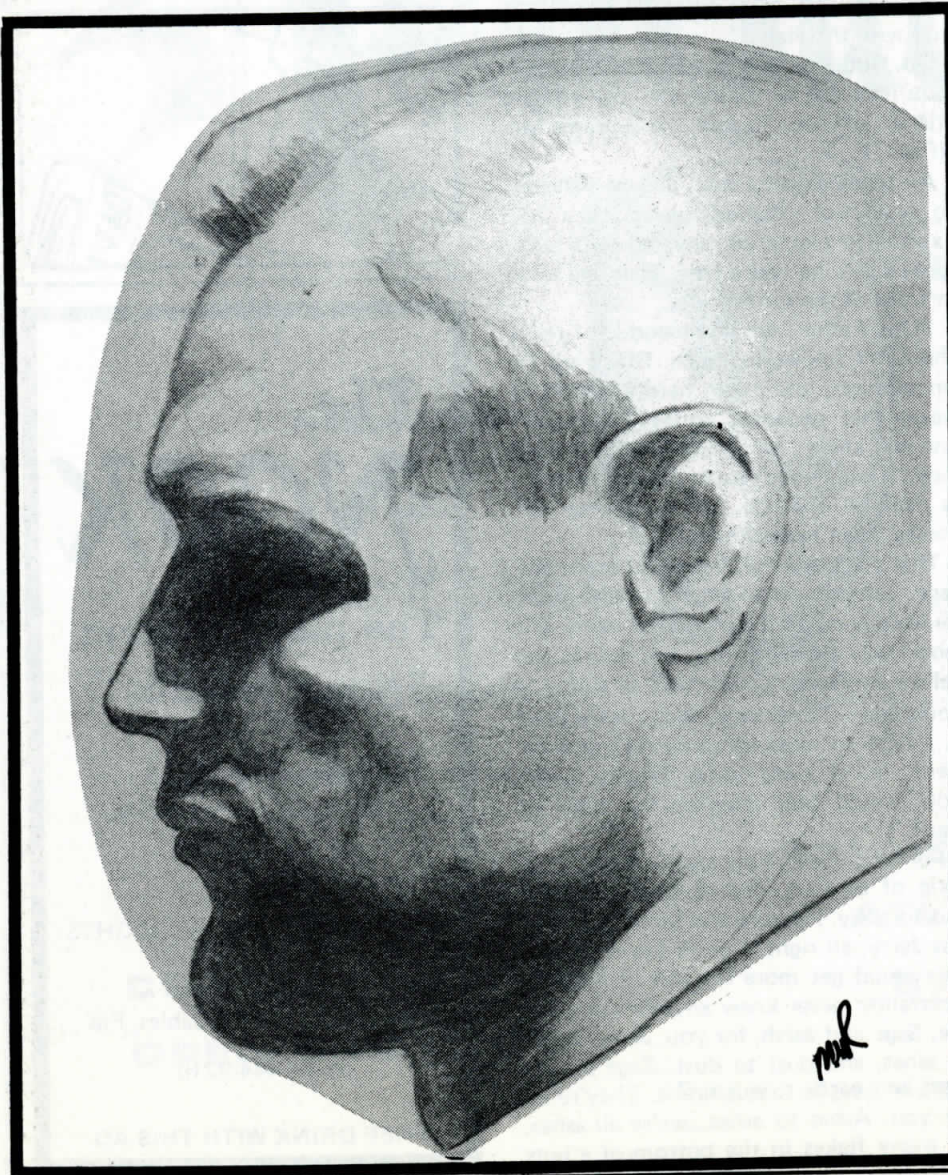
Thank God I didn't have to wear my uniform today. This damned suit is uncomfortable enough. There's a beautiful little filly standing over behind the fence. She can't figure out what all the commotion is about so early in the day. I guess she's not used to seeing more than one or two people here at a time. It is peaceful. She's a beautiful little mare.

God, Jerry loved horses. It was only, what, eight months ago? I wonder why on earth I ever decided to stop at the ranch instead of driving on into Houston for the night? Lord, it was hot, even at seven o'clock. I sure wanted to take a swim before dinner, but all those damned children and their ageing sex siren mothers had liberated the pool. I guess I just wanted to rest and be alone after that fiasco in New Orleans. The sun seems to stay up longer in the west. One minute it's there, bright and golden as ever, and the next minute, poof, it's gone and the air gets twenty degrees cooler.

Why *did* I walk down toward the stables? I saw the sign that said, "Y'all come back tomorrow...horses gotta sleep too." They're so beautiful. Magnificent. Really. They can be standing around, calmly grazing in a golden sunset, but still, you know there's fire under that chestnut bronze. The sun hadn't winked out yet, and it was so peaceful, leaning on that old, dried, dusty fence, watching the mares graze with their yearling colts. The grass was such a rich green, and the little mirror pond was anticipating the cooler evening, sending up the beginnings of a light mist from its surface which spread out slightly and caught the oblique fingers of the sun.

It was almost hypnotic. That's probably why I didn't even really hear him ride up until he shouted at me, "Hey, man, we're closed till mornin'." I turned around in my surprise just as he pulled off his stesson and wiped his brow on a dusty plaid shirt sleeve. That small motion, between me and the sun gave his head a radiant halo as the liquid gold filtered through his touseled mop of wheat colored hair. A glistening waterfall cascaded from the

(continued on page 12)



**STATIONS** (continued from page 11)

shadows as a smile broke across the indistinct dark brown of his deeply tanned face.

"I know," I murmured, "I was just taking a walk before dinner."

"At's OK, man, take your time. I just thought you were out for a ride or something and it's chow time." In one fluid movement, he was off his lathered pony and offering me a cigarette. "My name's Jerry. Just workin' here for my uncle for the summer before I go active in the Army. You like horses...?"

Eight months! Men can be so beautiful at twenty-two. Asleep they are as tender and innocent as cherubs, but then, on a racing pony, they have all the excitement of the ancient olympics rolled into one great statuesque figure - raw power and ultimate coordination.

My uncle was out of town anyway, so it didn't matter that I never got to Houston. Heh, what a sight I must have made that first week, Me, a dude from the word, "Go," trying to learn enough about horses to take love-starved and overweight old matrons on a two hour trail ride. I'll never know how Jerry managed to talk ole Joe into hiring me. Of course, when Billy left to take care of his mother, I guess any warm body was welcome - the height of the tourist season, and all. God! What a beautiful month. All those nights, out under the stars in that mothy old double sleeping bag Jerry dug up. That was fine living.

Ugh, trumpets. I didn't ever really like trumpets by themselves. But that troop's good. He must be stationed in New Orleans. Something strange looking about a sailor playing a trumpet in blues and and spats. They really take it seriously, though. I never had my uniform that clean and crisp, even at graduation from O.T.S. On the whole, the Navy's a good bunch of kids. It's not really fair, though. Here, the Navy and Air Force sit on their haunches while all those poor GI's have to tromp through the swampy jungles. What a hell of a mess that is over there. Maybe I should have volunteered for sea duty, just to see what it's all about. All those poor kids have to go, and here I sit. R-H-I-P! CRAP! I've been an officer too long. We're all damn useless. Lord, what a mess that must be...

Viet Nam. The show place of Southeast Asia. Was it really only three months ago? What a scene we made at Travis. Here's this big, important Captain and a freshly scrubbed little Army Lieutenant, still wet behind the ears, hanging on to each other

like there's no tomorrow, right there in front of twenty thousand troops and their families. I'm really surprised I didn't get put away for that one. But he was so beautiful. I've never known a more beautiful man. I think that that was the only thing that made a year of waiting seem unimportant...he was worth every second of it. And, of course, with the war winding down like it was, there wasn't really anything to worry about. Green ground officers don't get sent out on patrol anyway.

The air's getting a little cooler. Oops, there comes the little filly's mama. She's not going to let the little one watch. I guess this isn't something for the children to see at such a tender age: Boy, that Marine sargeant is a big bruiser. You know those troops of his wouldn't dare get out of line.

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust..." Uh oh, he's not going to give that thing to me! Oh, no.

"Sir, on behalf of the United States government, it is my privilege to present you with this flag..."

Oh, God, no. Well, you've got to take it. You may not be in uniform, but you are still an officer. "...paid the supreme sacrifice..."

All that beautiful hair, and he shaved it to regulation. Nobody wears their hair exactly to regulation any more. It really looked like he had a halo, standing there in front of the sun.

"Our Father, we commend..." I really shouldn't smoke so much. Stand up for ten minutes, and I can hardly breath. It means that yesterday, today, and tomorrow will always be around when we need them. That's good, cause I'm really going to need all of them. Damned cheap sunglasses. I can't see a thing.

That's a beautiful flower arrangement. Sage. Jerry loved to smell the sage when we were lying on the ground at night. The moon was always so big and round and yellow in Texas. Looks kind of funny in Louisiana - Texas sage. Well, Jerry liked it. I hate to mess up someone's arrangement, but I need some. Smells funny. How would you describe the smell of sage?

For you, boy. You always loved it. A sprig of sage...A clot of earth...Pleasure and fertility. Pleasure and fertility... That was Jerry, all right. I never knew anyone who could get more fun out of life, and I certainly never knew anyone more fertile. Sage and earth, for you, Jerry. Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust...Sage to new sage, and earth to nurture it. They're all for you. Ashes to ashes...we're all ashes. So many flakes in the bottom of a butt

can. Ashes today and dust tomorrow. But love! Is love only ashes today, and dust tomorrow? It's got to be more. Tell me this isn't going to blow away with the first wind after christmas.

For you, Jerry. Sage and earth. I love you. I loved you. I have loved you. Tomorrow? Yes, I'll love you tomorrow. Ashes and dust and sage and earth. Here, Jerry, these are for you. It's not much, I know, but I'll give you more some day. Some day, I'll give you everything you always gave me, but I never really appreciated. God! How could you put up with me? Well, good-bye, Jerry. Here's the sage and here's the earth. Tomorrow I'll bring some more ashes. Two butt cans whirling through eternity, and not even knowing they're only two piles of ashes, because they love each other too much to notice. Until tomorrow, then, Jerry, good-bye. I hope it's not too cold out here tonight. You never did like to sleep alone out in the cold.



## The NOOK

The place to meet  
"your friends"

now serving burgers,  
pizza and hot sandwiches

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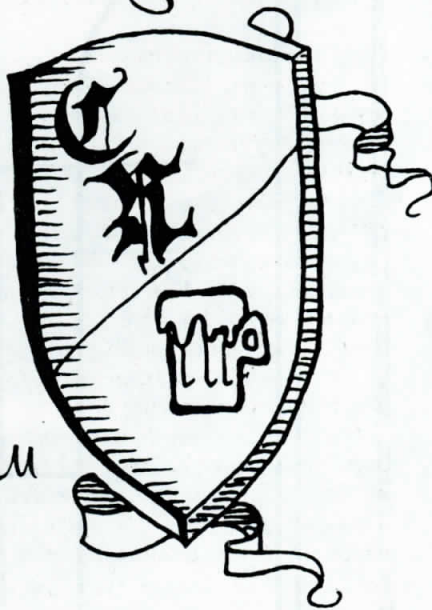
FREE DRINK WITH THIS AD

# Chuck's Tavern

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THE  
OTHER ROOM

FEATURING  
*elegant dining*



MONTHLY  
SHOWS  
by  
CLARK  
PRODUCTIONS

LIVE BANDS

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ATLANTA GA.

875-9671

COCKTAIL LOUNGE  
OPEN 5 TO 11 PM.

OPEN MON.-FRI. 5 TO 2 SAT. 5 TO 12

# CRUISING ATLANTA

The average tourist looks upon Atlanta, Georgia as a progressive industrial, financial and educational center of the New South. Also the state capital, Atlanta, with it's beautiful modern skyscrapers lighting up the night sky in glorious splendor, causes a feeling of wonderment in all who see it. The new Underground Atlanta, Regency Hyatt House with it's capsuled futuristic elevators, the gigantic Atlanta Stadium all seem to blend beautifully with the rustic old Atlanta, peaceful and typically southern.

However, Atlanta has more to offer tourists than concrete and steel. Atlanta is warm, friendly, outgoing, gorgeous, sexy people with a hunger for life, love and the pursuit. The city has something for everyone and the local gays certainly get their share. Any night of the week you will find many popular gay bars literally jam-packed.

If you're looking for porno shops, this progressive city will accomodate you with a liberal share of book stores catering only to the over 21 crowd with three or four theaters on Houston Street, downtown, showing the smokers only a chosen few were able to see a few years ago.

Don't overlook the Baths. The Club South is among the cleanest and most popular in the entire nation.

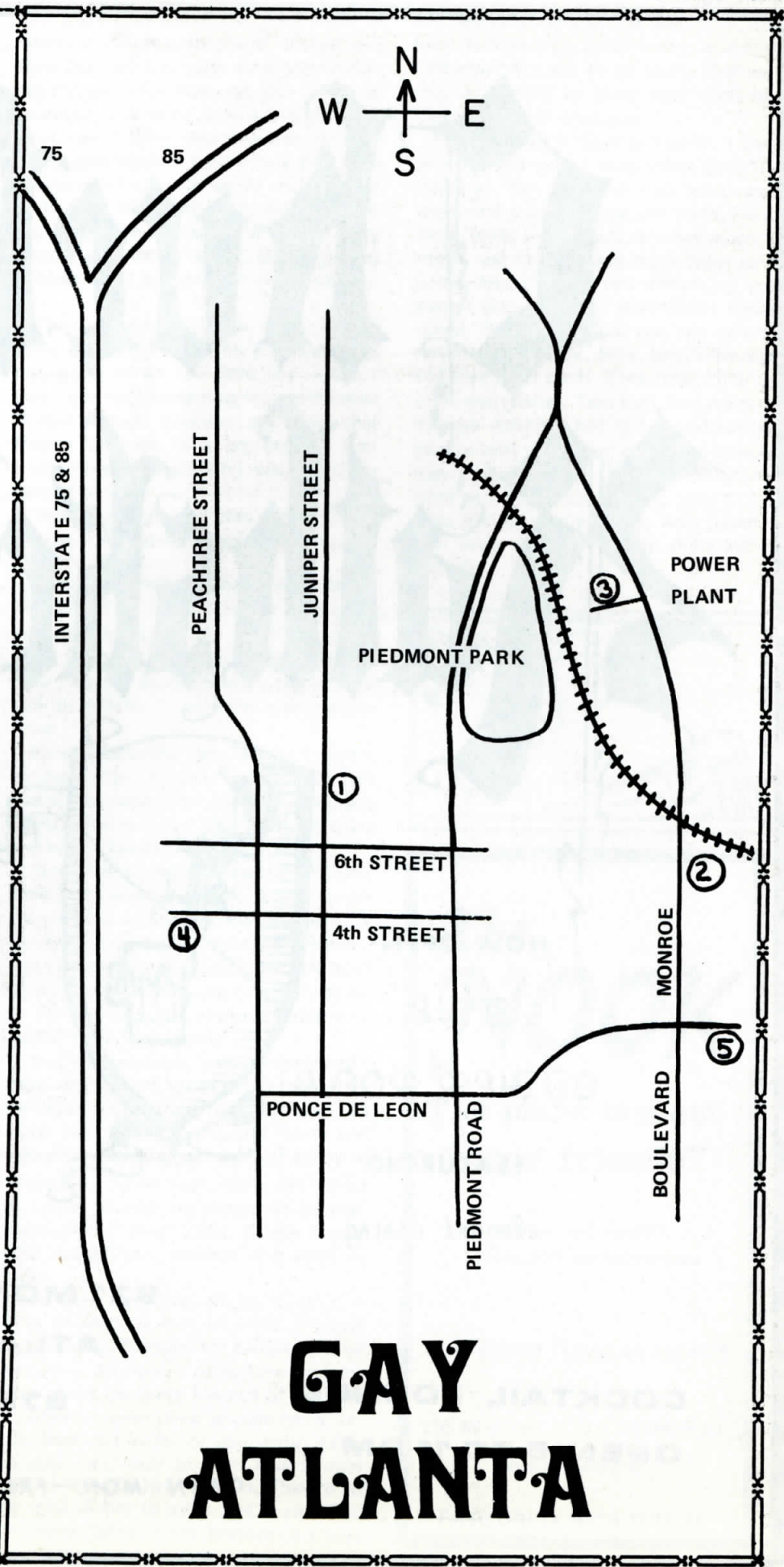
Piedmont Park is still a fairly popular cruising spot in spite of past difficulties.

Of course, when going to a city as large as Atlanta, cruising can be done just about anywhere, but its always easier at the bars. One beautiful thing about the good ole gay bar. When you see some gorgeous stud, at least you don't have to take the chance of losing him before you even find out if he's gay or not.

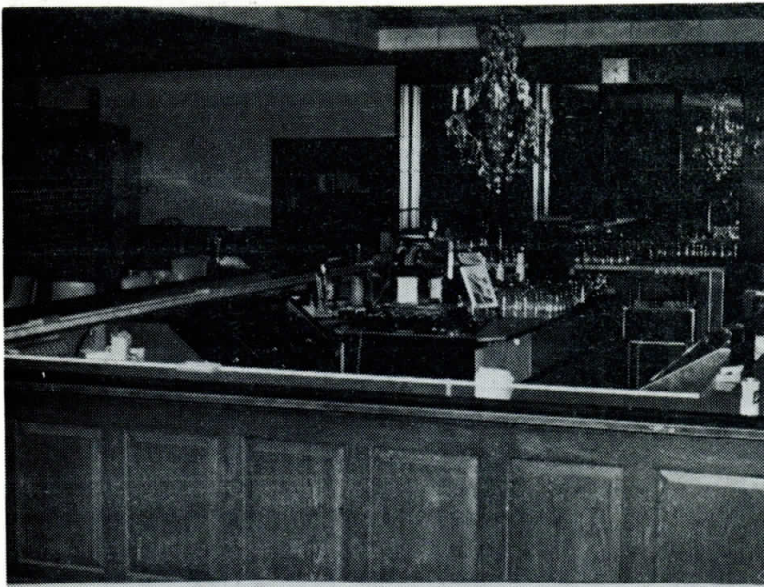
A map is provided to assist you in locating the most popular spots in town. In alphabetical order, they are shown as:

1. THE ARMORY
2. CHUCK'S RATHSKELLER
3. THE COVE
4. CLUB SOUTH BATHS
5. MRS. P'S

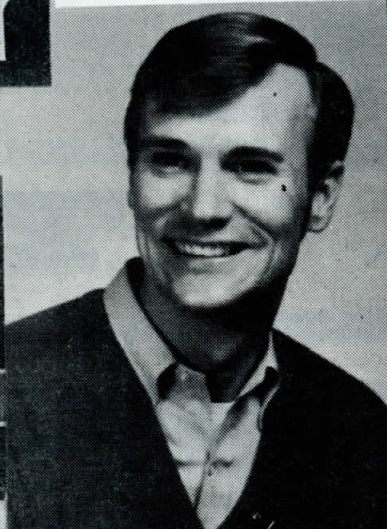
Be careful though. Once you taste Atlanta's brand of Southern hospitality, you may never want to leave.



# GAY ATLANTA



# Chuck's Rathskeller

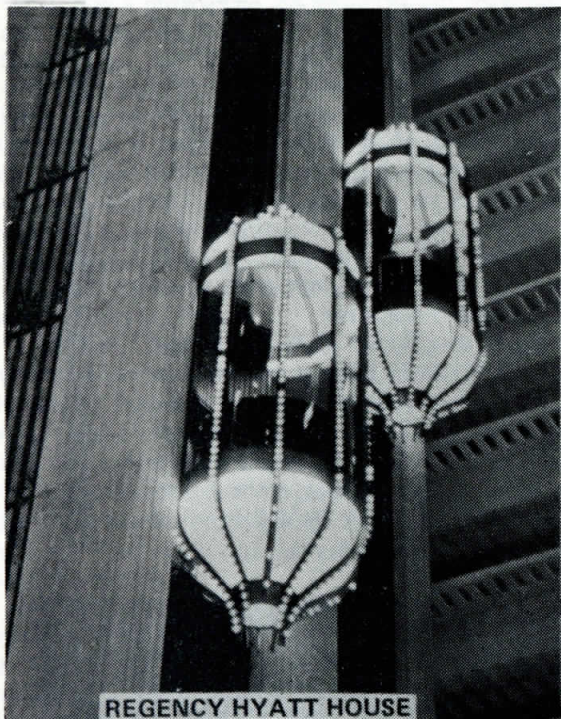


A trip to Gay Atlanta would not be complete without a visit to CHUCK'S RATHSKELLER. Daytona gays may have a surprise in store for them because greeting them at the door will be Pete Kary (below right). Pete is the original owner of both the HOLLYWOOD in Daytona and the YUM-YUM TREE in Holly Hill.

The whole south is buzzing about the productions put on at the RATHSKELLER by Buddy Clark (below left). Buddy, along with being an attractive guy, has had quite a few very interesting experiences and will be featured in next month's DAVID along with some shots of his latest extravaganzas.

Dining at the OTHER ROOM, adjacent to the RATHSKELLER is an absolute must while in Atlanta. It offers a delicious menu combined with elegant but intimate dining. Look for DAVID'S masthead on their menu cover. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and DAVID is proud to be represented so well.

# V I S I T



REGENCY HYATT HOUSE

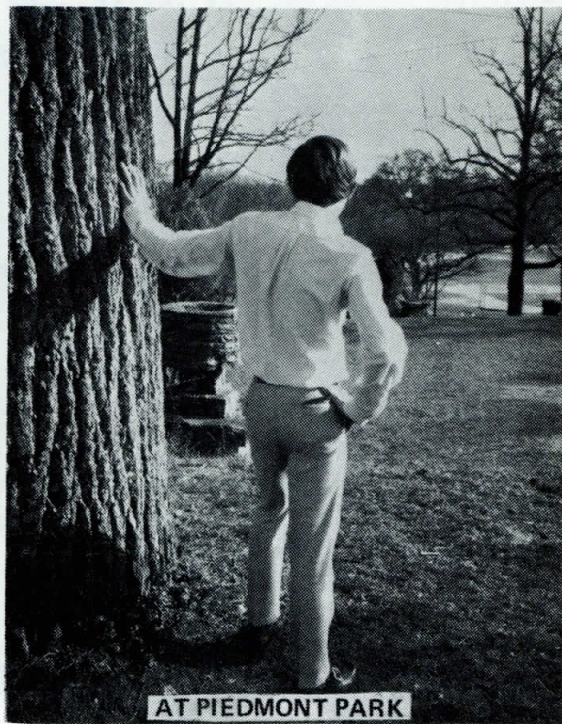
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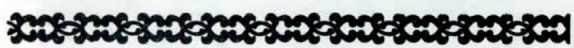
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AT PIEDMONT PARK



# A

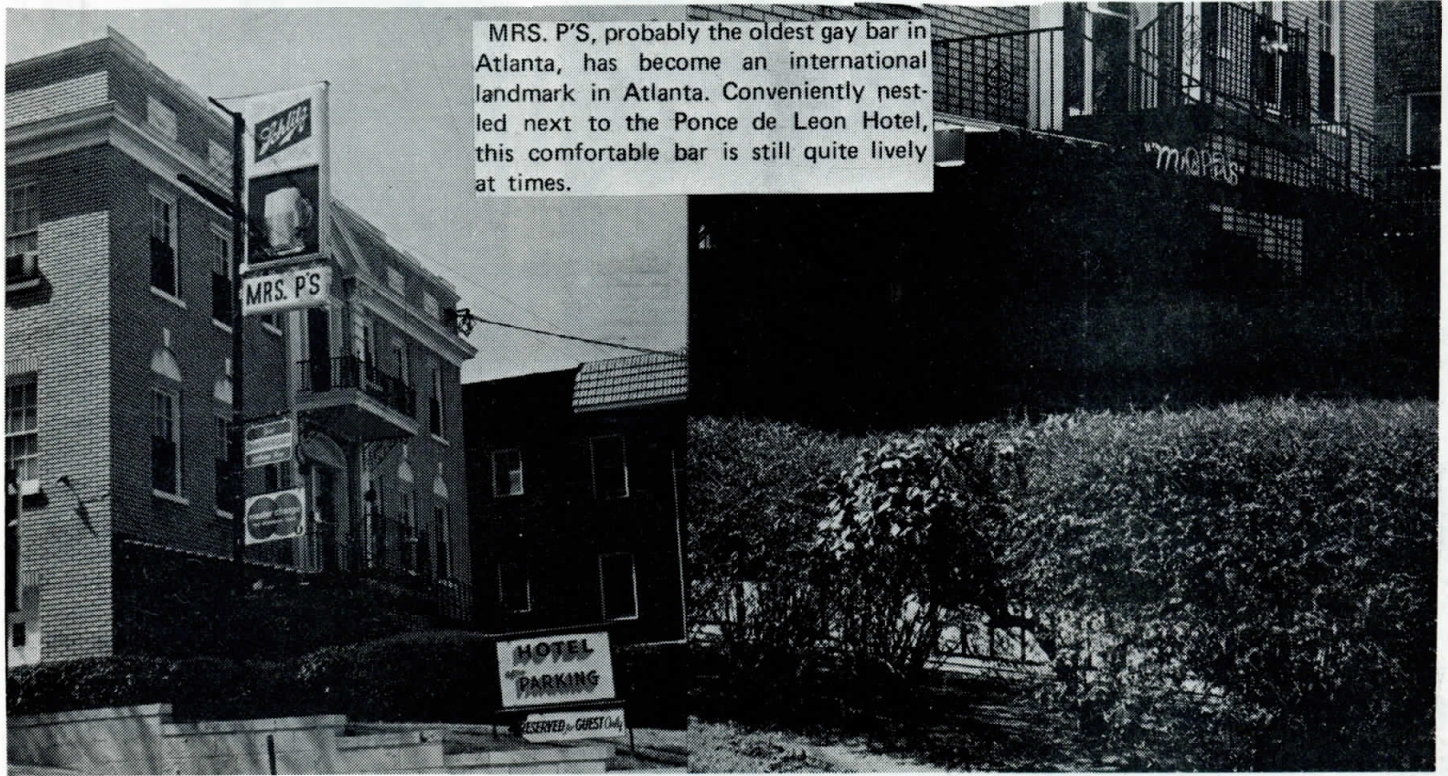
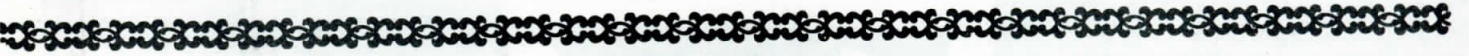
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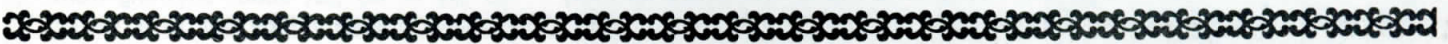
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UNDERGRO



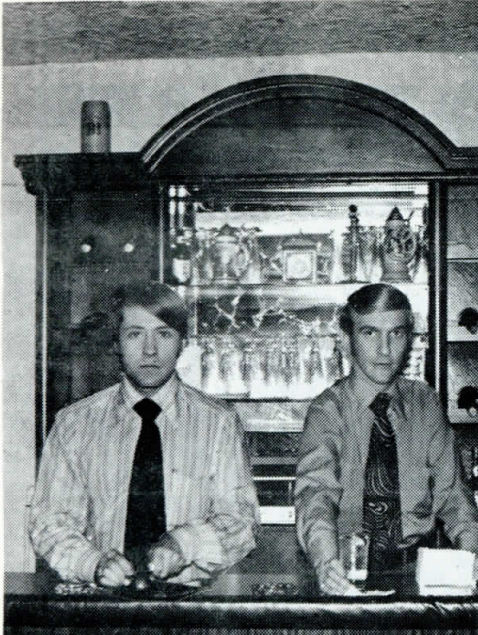
MRS. P'S, probably the oldest gay bar in Atlanta, has become an international landmark in Atlanta. Conveniently nestled next to the Ponce de Leon Hotel, this comfortable bar is still quite lively at times.



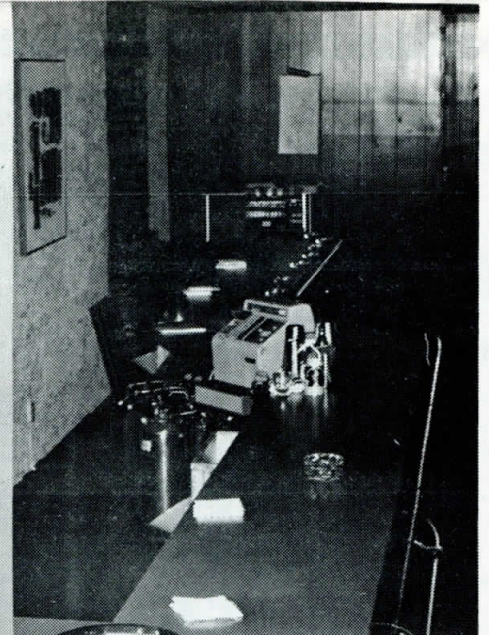
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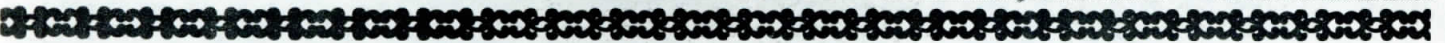
ND ATLANTA



Atlanta's newest is THE ARMORY on Juniper Street. For those who don't care for the hustle and bustle of crowds, Atlanta's Living Room, THE ARMORY, is



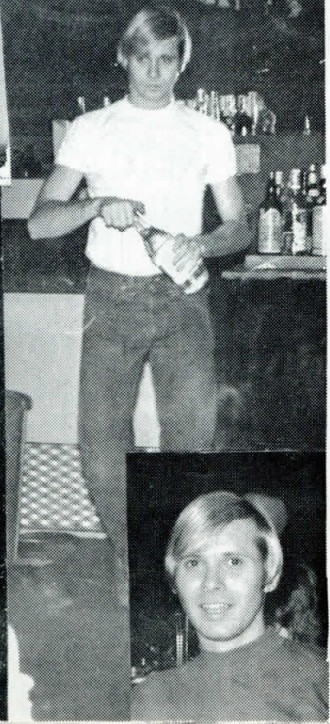
just your cup of tea. A most attractive bar, you'll find yourself spending hours there relaxing and chatting with Dave, the manager, or the other patrons.



Time for a trip to THE COVE for lively fun-type activity. If you aren't immediately in love with one of the attractive bartenders when entering the door, you will be shortly with one of the beautiful customers. Say hello to Frank, the owner if he hasn't already greeted you with a warm smile when you entered the door. You'll laugh yourself silly with his patter at the beginning of each show-He's liable

to say or do just about anything from wearing a large floppy hat to a Victor Borge type routine on the piano.

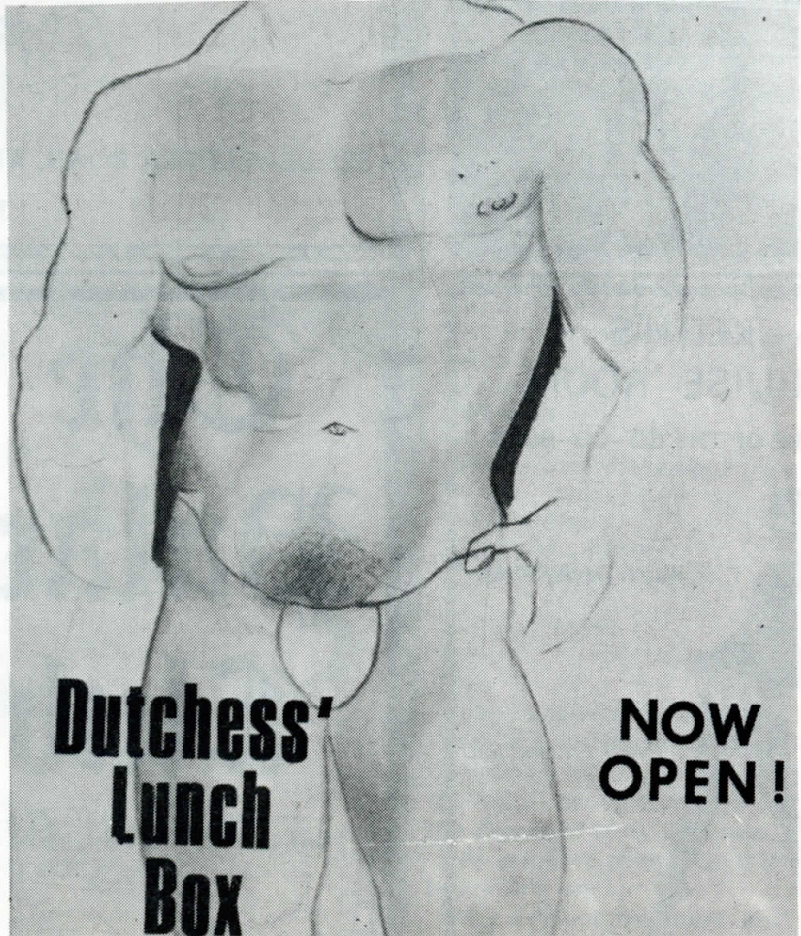
Then get ready for Ernestine Brown to take the stage. Man, she takes it too with one of the finest performances seen on stage anywhere. DAVID will be doing a feature on her soon, but in any case, we're sure you'll see more of Ernestine Brown.



# THE Cove

WE'RE PROUD  
OF OUR SERVICE!

ATLANTA'S  
MOST  
POPULAR  
BAR



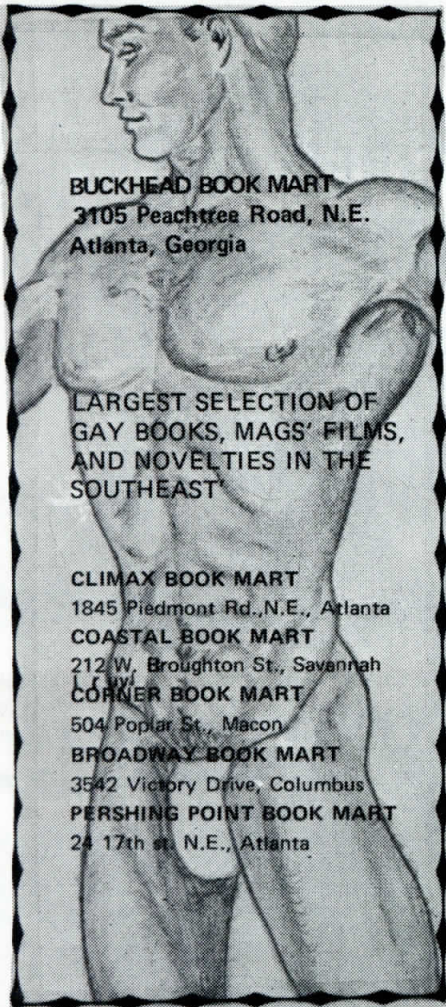
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Lunch  
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GAY BOOKS, MAGS' FILMS,  
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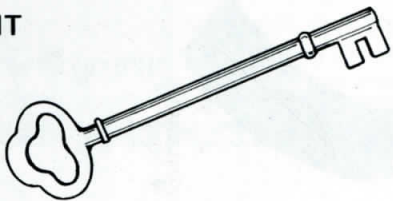
**PERSHING POINT BOOK MART**  
24 17th st. N.E., Atlanta

# NOTES: FROM THE CAROLINA CRUISER...

The Carolina Cruiser blew into the port city of Charleston, South Carolina recently on the wings of a strong March Wind. Charleston is a groovy place any time of the year, but springtime is especially nice with the flowers in full bloom at Middleton Gardens and the beautiful spring baskets (Easter) you can see on almost every street corner. Cruising is great at the Battery, Metting St. and Kings St. but even better at the local gay bars. The A & N STARDUST CLUB on Hayne

Street boasts of one of the longest and gayest bars in the south. The Bar itself is over 150 feet long and filled with some of the grooviest studs this writer has seen in a long time. The club is owned by Nubby Clark and managed by a very personable guy named Stan. Also behind the bar you will find a very very groovy, fair haired, blue eyed beauty by the name of Randy. These guys can show you what Low Country Hospitality really means.!

**MY APARTMENT**



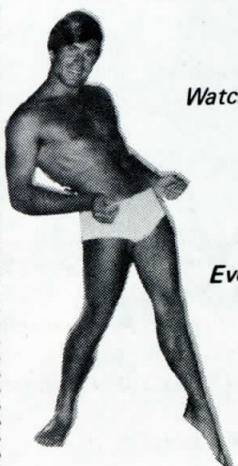
**KEY CLUB**

823 BELVEDERE ROAD, WEST PALM BEACH

FLORIDA'S MOST UNIQUE KEY CLUB

**KEITH'S  
CRUISE ROOM**

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**MOVIES**  
Wed. 9:30 p.m.



**FLOOR SHOWS**  
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**GAME ROOM**

*A Private Club*  
*B. Y. O. B.*

**Hours:**  
Wed. thru Sat.  
8 P.M. Till?  
Sundays 5:30 P.M. Till?

Edgewater Drive at Lee Road, Orlando, Fla. Phone 293-9733

*Come sit, and rest your chin here on my knee.  
Those eyes of yours are such a depthless blue,  
An endless tunnel to the essence that is you.  
Your soul is always wonderful to see.  
Before you sit, the fireplace needs some wood.  
The champagne's nearly chilled. The crystal's there.  
The fire is staging ballets in your hair.  
You know, I love you far more than I should.  
Why do you smile? Because we're growing old?  
I know we are. But, that was yesterday.  
Don't wake the dog. He's been out in the cold.  
He runs so hard when he goes out to play.  
A tear? Yes, I can feel it. Please don't scold.  
I'm just so glad that you came back to stay.*

J. R. P.

*A window of the bedroom faces east,  
And I forgot to draw the drapes tonight.  
The rising moon, from full two days decreased,  
Awoke me with its coldly brilliant light.*

*It lights a path that dances on the sea,  
And pouring onward, floods into my room.  
It shines upon you, lying next to me;  
And makes of you a beacon in the gloom.*

*The moonlight laves you with its milky glow.  
Your hair shines softly on your sleeping face.  
The heaving of your chest affects me so  
That Passion comes — I weaken — fall — Embrace.*

*Forgive me, Love, for waking you so soon,  
But blame the rude awakening on the moon.*

L. P. B.

*I touched him lightly  
Just once  
With my hand  
And felt his soul  
He found mine with his eyes—  
And his love  
Truth  
Warmth  
Forever  
We bathed in the light from  
one candle  
One thought  
Together, Forever  
Until today*

MWR

*I can hardly sleep...  
I feel like a little child on the eve of  
Christmas, waiting impatiently for  
the ray of sunlight to break through  
the dawns of early darkness...*

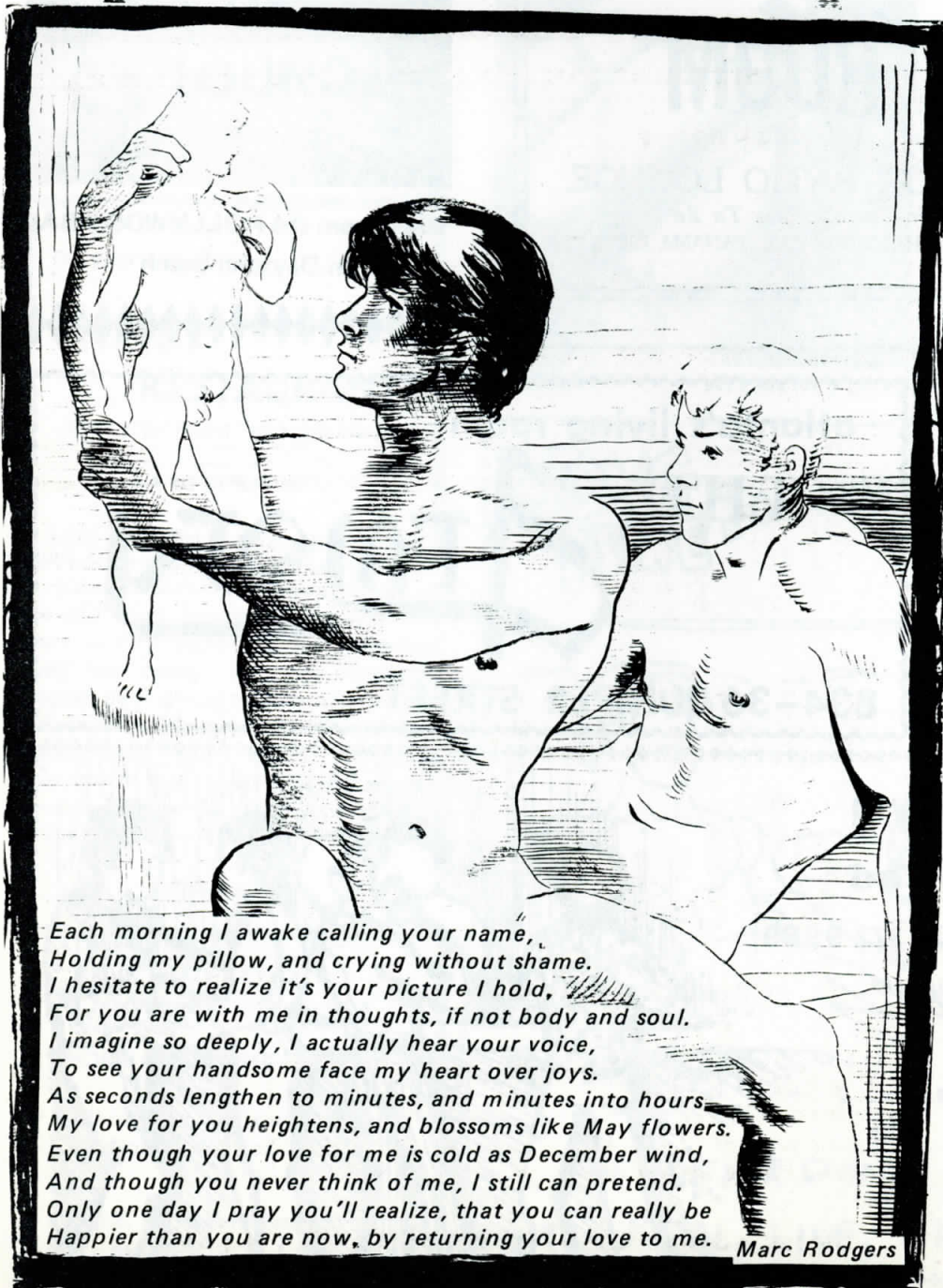
*The minutes seem like hours, the  
hours like days...*

*Only a few more hours, and you  
will call me. It seems like an eter-  
nity away...*

*I fear the excitement I feel, just  
to hear your voice again...*

*My God, what will I do when I'm  
actually able to be with you again...*

Carol Jo



*Each morning I awake calling your name,  
Holding my pillow, and crying without shame.  
I hesitate to realize it's your picture I hold,  
For you are with me in thoughts, if not body and soul.  
I imagine so deeply, I actually hear your voice,  
To see your handsome face my heart over joys.  
As seconds lengthen to minutes, and minutes into hours.  
My love for you heightens, and blossoms like May flowers.  
Even though your love for me is cold as December wind,  
And though you never think of me, I still can pretend.  
Only one day I pray you'll realize, that you can really be  
Happier than you are now, by returning your love to me.*

Marc Rodgers

**KEITH'S  
CRUISE ROOM**  
HOME OF THE GO-GO BOYS

*Show Bar of the South!*

813 S.E. 1st. Ave. Hallandale, Fla.  
929- 9160

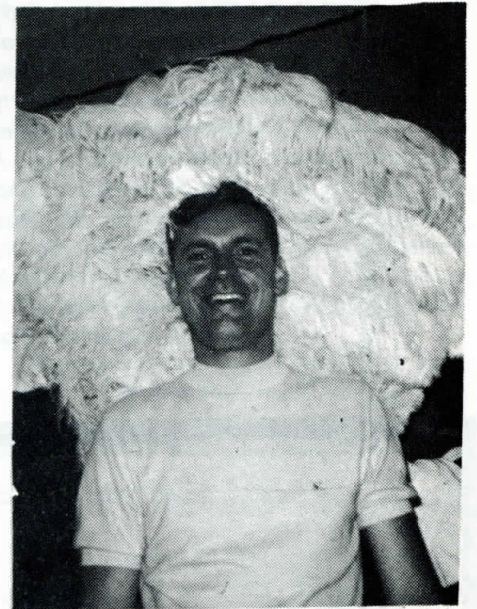
*Old men sit upon the park benches,  
Locked deep in conversation with the  
pidgeons,  
Together they share all the fading dreams.*

*Old men have tobacco type dreams.  
of yellowing battles,  
and musty love affairs,  
And they remember on what being young  
once was.*

*Old men feel like dust,  
like sand running between your  
fingers,  
Their faces always grey and scratchy,  
and the hands,  
Oh God,  
the hands.*



**GUESS WHO? (from page 3)**



**BILL from the HOLLYWOOD BAR**  
in Daytona Beach



The  
**FIESTA ROOM**  
and FRENCH PATIO LOUNGE  
*The "In-Town" Place To Be*  
DOWNTOWN - 110 HARRISON AVE. PANAMA CITY, FLA.

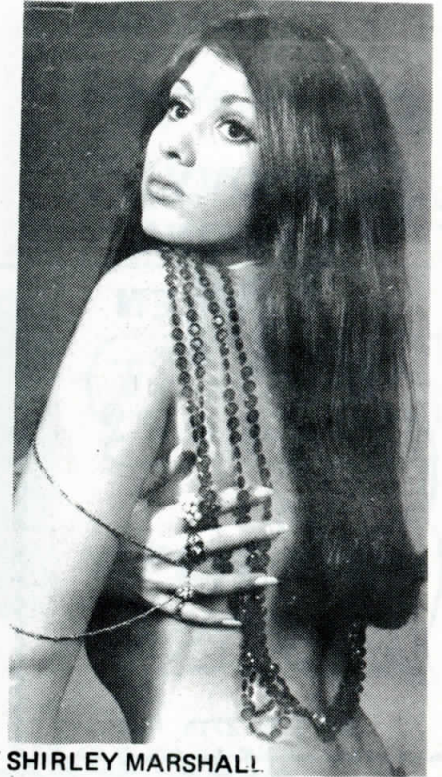
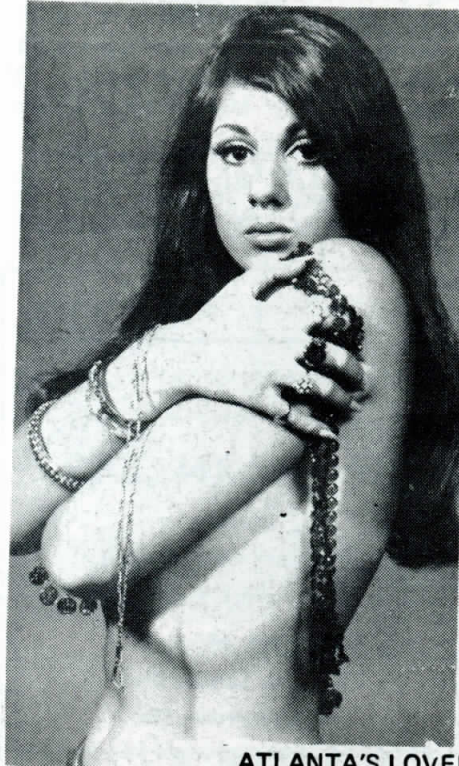
Ballroom  
dancing classes  
AT  
**TIDES INN**  
*(Upstairs)*  
JAX. BEACH  
Tues. & Thurs. 8 P.M. - 10 P.M.  
**MR. RUBEN**

atlanta's living room  
**THE**  
**ATMOTY**  
834-36 JUNIPER STREET

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825 W. Morehead  
**Charlotte, N.C. (704 372 9989)**  
*for the elite "GAY"*  
*finest CLUB from . . . .*  
*. . . Miami to D.C.*  
2 Bars 2 Dance Floors  
LEE AND ROSE PRICE

# AND SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

(TO LOOK AT)



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Jimmy, Fluffy and Father

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MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

## PIN UP LOUNGE

OPEN 1 P. M. TO 5 A. M.

DICK & BOB

531-9301

On your way home

## NEIL'S RESTAURANT

The "after hours" meeting place

5 a.m. to Midnight

1675 Alton Rd. Miami Beach, Fla.

Ft. Lauderdale—The biggest Queen on the east coast, having spent almost two years in Ft. Lauderdale, finally cruised away last month. She was constantly plagued by financial troubles and had several clashes with local authorities before leaving town, under escort. The ocean liner, the former Queen Elizabeth, set sail for Japan where she will be converted to a floating university.

Chuck Cowell

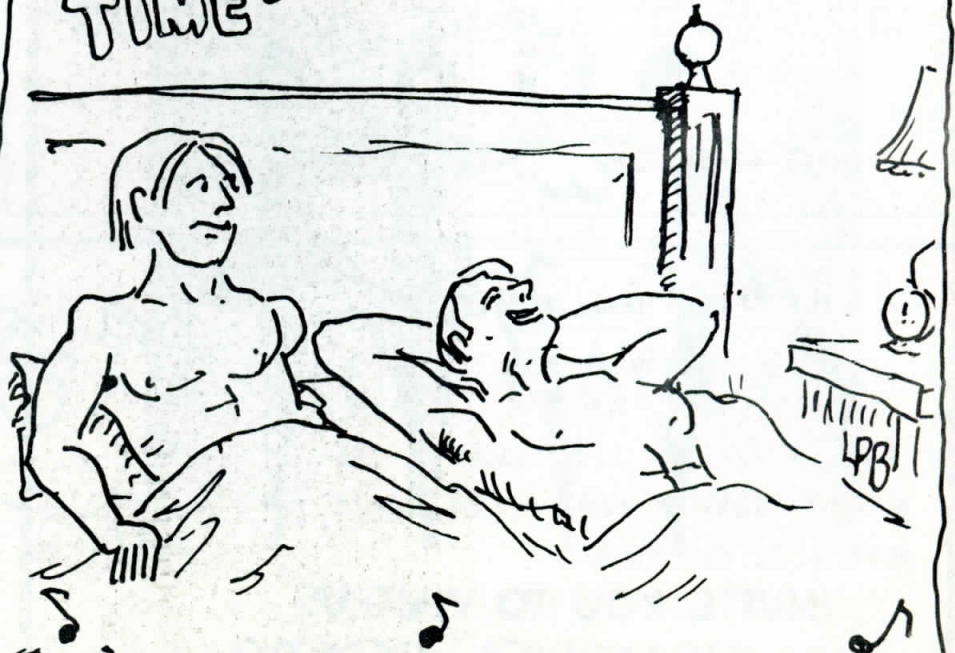
## KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM

HOME OF THE GO-GO BOYS

Shows by Ted Larson's  
Pantomaniacs of '71.

813 S.E. 1st Ave. Hallandale, Fla.  
929-9160

### SONG TIME OR: WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE HUMMING?



"... I'VE NEVER DONE THIS, WITH A #1 REAL, LIVE, GIRL..."

WHERE THE BOYS ARE  
IN FT. LAUDERDALE

the  
**G ROOVY  
Y OUNG  
M EN**



901 S.W. 27th Ave.

**ALL THAT MEETS THE EYE . . . .**

A friend of ours sent this quote from the Starke, Fla. TELEGRAPH, Feb. 25, 1971, page seven. MINI SKIRT, LONG HAIR DON'T MAKE A WOMAN.

Things aren't always what they seem to be.

Beautiful 6' 5" Mary Frances Dwyer



Open 7 days a week

**THE BARN BAR**

Dancing ·

Shows every Wed., Fri.-Sat.

Patio Party every Thurs. night

Your Hosts Ken & Mike

3491 W. Sunrise Blvd.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

turned out to be a man Saturday when Starke police became suspicious and had "her" frisked by a police woman.

Suspicious that the sharp looking, long haired, and mini-skirted girl might be a man, Police Woman Betty Baldwin was called in to search the lady. But Noblin at that point admitted he was a man, refusing to submit to the search.

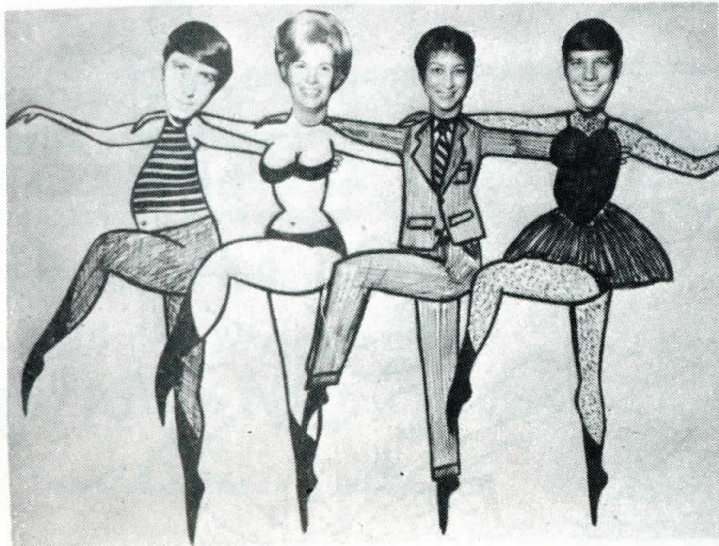
Noblin told police he was on his way to a party in Jacksonville and intended to go dressed as a woman. He said he had worn feminine clothes to a party once before, but had dressed at the party.

John Charles Noblin, 23, a University of Florida student from Fruitland Park, refused to submit to the search and admitted his real identity. But the deception cost him \$138 in fines in Mayor's Court Tuesday on three charges for failure to exhibit a driver's license and giving false information to police officers.

Noblin was stopped on US-301 Saturday by Patrolman Joe Stavali and Auxiliary Policeman Charles Schaefer. The young lady said her name was Mary Frances Dwyer, but said she didn't have her driver's license with her.

The officers became suspicious when the "girl" failed to pull her skirt down and they got a glimpse of men's jockey shorts. When Noblin-Dwyer would not produce a driver's license the officers took "her" to the station for questioning.

**WHENEVER YOU'RE IN ORLANDO..  
FRANK, MARILYN, DORIS, WADE**



**INVITE YOU TO VISIT US**

*at the* **CACTUS ROOM**

60 NORTH ORANGE AVENUE

422-7290

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

OPEN: MONDAY THRU SATURDAY, 10 A.M.-2 A.M.



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Made Hairpieces.

Joel Miller -- Stylist.

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3624 Rogero Rd. Jax. Fla.

**KEITH'S**

**CRUISE ROOM**

HOME OF THE GO-GO BOYS

*South Florida's Largest Bar*

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929-9160

It has been revealed to one of our news sources that a new Gay Escort Service is coming to Florida and Georgia. They will be known as "Gay Guides of America" and will include these states along with the other forty-eight, now represented. The escort service works on the principle that most "Gays" coming to a strange town need help in finding the streets listed in their Gay Guide Handbooks, and that a lot of the tourists do not know about what places truly groove, and on their next vacation by staying with a gay guide overnight at his apartment, in his spare room, or spare bed, making his stay a warm personal experience, instead of coming to a cold unfeeling, strange town, or city. The national headquarters of the Gay Guides of America is the Shoreham Motel Inn located in Key Largo, Florida, and persons wishing to join are encouraged to write to them for free information

Clinton F. Ballard, President  
 GAY GUIDES OF AMERICA  
 Suite 120  
 Shoreham Motel  
 Key Largo, Florida  
 33037

THE  
**BASIN STREET**  
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## GOURMET CHICKEN LOVERS

Recipe

Chicken  
4 tablespoons of flour  
4 teaspoons of curry powder  
½ cup raisins

Thicken the water in the pot you just cooked the chicken in with 4 tablespoons of flour and 4 teaspoons of curry powder stirring constantly. If you haven't nibbled away all the chunks of chicken, add them to the sauce with ½ cup of raisins. Put all this into a casserole and heat.

Wasn't that easy?

Serve it hot over a bed of fluffy rice and little bowls of raisins, coconut, almonds, bacon chips and chopped onions and chutney. It's also a good idea to have a little bowl of curry powder for those who like more spice.

A bottle of cold white wine and a nice crisp green salad tops off the meal.

Now you may touch. But *please* use a fork.

Cluck, cluck.  
Mother.

Everyone knows by now that there are two kinds of chickens. One kind is the sweet young things you see jumping off school busses these bright, sunny, spring afternoons while you are out for a drive. You will have to stop until the bus gets underway so while you're waiting you look over all the pretty things. But don't Touch!

"Start the Packard, Ralph, It's getting warm in here."

We drive on down the country roads, past the farm houses and we see the other kind of chicken. All fluffy, feathery and plump. These are the kind that really makes Mother's mouth water, but they aren't for touching either. If you try to catch them they will beat you with their wings and make so much noise that the man comes running out of the barn calling you dirty names. So we motor on to the supermarket where we can buy them in packages.

I buy the thighs, legs and breast packages. Put them in a big pot with just enough water to cover their bottoms, and salt and pepper generously.

Cover the pot and stew over a medium flame until the meat falls from the bone. Smell good? Cool the chicken and cut them into little pieces for we are going to make a delicious CHICKEN CURRY.

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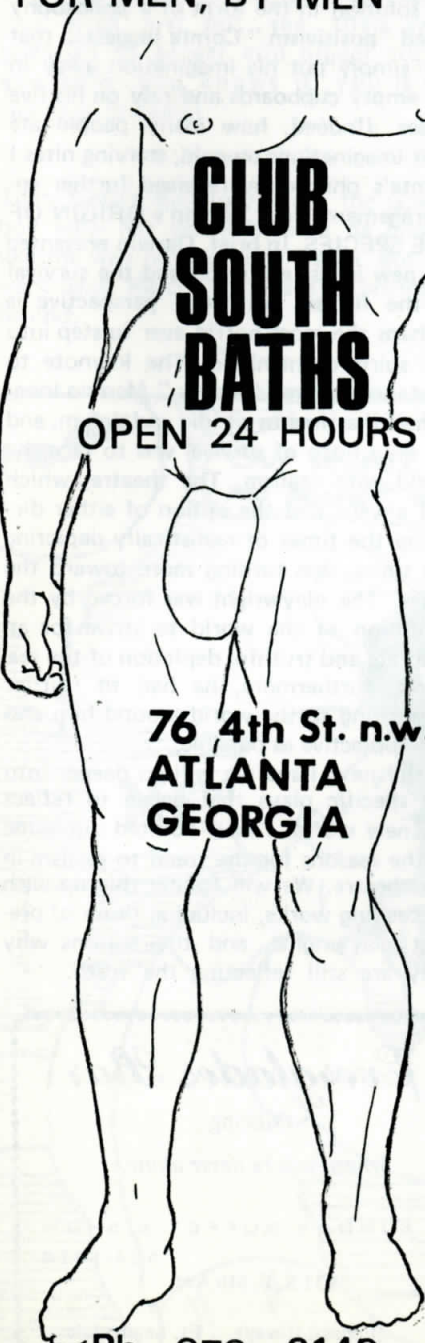
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**BOOK REVIEW**  
**GREEK LOVE**

The novels of Mary Renault are characterized by an amazing degree of historical authenticity combined with ennobling and beautiful stories of love between men. Homosexual love is viewed as it must have been by the early Greeks. In fact her novels having a gay theme are set in Greece while that country still had city states. The single exception to this is a novel dealing with the adjustments associated with being gay. This work, *THE CHARIOTEER*, follows the life of a young Englishman, who has been wounded in battle. While convalescing in a hospital he becomes acquainted with homosexuality. He discovers within himself that inexplicable attraction to a man. His thoughts and reactions will in part seem familiar to each gay reader as he becomes more widely involved in the social life of the homosexual world.

*THE LAST OF THE WINE* is, in this reviewer's opinion, the most beautiful novel ever to have been written about two men in love. While love has its physical manifestations in sexual intercourse, it has its foundation in genuine affection, honor, trust, companionship and many similarities of interests. They go into battle together. Together they study with Socrates. They travel to the Olympic games with each other. They share their problems. They have arguments and they overcome them beautifully. Their greatest ambition with respect to one another is to make their lover happy and proud of their relationship. Their greatest fear is that they might in some way bring dishonor upon the relationship by unwittingly compromising the values and the love they share. This novel depicts the ideal which gay people should strive to attain in their own lives. It clearly shows how the love of one man for another can enrich the life of both. It demonstrates the qualities which a person must try and

cultivate within themselves in order to increase their ability to happily live with and love one another. It has its exciting moments, an abundance of tender ones and at times, the action gets slow. Yet, at all times, it is interesting. The customs, attitudes, civil problems and wars of the Athenians are depicted within a fictional context but realistically and with varying degrees of historical accuracy. Every man who reads this book will be favorably impressed.

In *THE MASK OF APPOLO* we observe gay life as it existed among the early Grecian actors. Individuals interested in the theatre will find this novel especially interesting. Details of theatre construction, techniques for providing special effects in that time and information concerning the actors way of life are abundant. The homosexual aspect of their lives is portrayed as just a way of life which is what it was. Acting at that time necessitated travel. Consequently we observe individuals becoming involved in what in modern times might be described as "international intrigue." Flitting from city to city and among the islands following the principal character, the reader will get an expanded view of the customs and people of these times. It is a very adventuresome story which easily holds ones interest.

Miss Renault's most recent novel, *FIRE FROM HEAVEN*, is concerned with the childhood and youth of Alexander the Great. The relationship between Alexander and his life long lover Hephianston is described from their meeting until he ascended to the throne of Mecedon. His early conquests are excitingly recounted. Alexander's brief education under the tutorage of Aristotle is briefly considered just as are most historical facts concerning his early life. Miss Renault has taken the known data concerning Alexander's youth and constructed a touching and exciting novel around them.

In the *MASK OF APPOLO* and *FIRE FROM HEAVEN*, the gay themes are simply there. They are not the principle themes; rather they exist in the novels as they did in the lives portrayed, namely as one aspect of a persons life. The individuals in these two novels have conspicuously and beautifully considered as their romantic and sexual proclivities.

These books are available in the "Modern Library" hardback series. Most are still available in paperback editions.

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WORLD**

Like many of my friends, I've been thinking more and more about the theatre lately. Auditions for summer stock are running wild and rampant for the new season. However, with the present surge toward the new "tell-it-like-it-is" play, many people are becoming skeptical about modern drama. They insist that all this "new" trend is only so much trash. In their smug, narrow worlds of Mary Poppins and Eliza Doolittle, these characters from HAIR do not have time to toss aside their clothing. They feel that Virginia Wolf could never really exist, that THE FOX is nothing but obscene filth and "well-did-you-ever". What they miss in this grand list of adjectives ("dirty," "vulger," "sick,") is the one simple word, real. Unfortunately, the word has only four letters and perhaps this causes its present connotation. The realistic theatre of today, however, goes much further back than most of us realize.

The true beginnings are generally accredited to Herick Ibsen, in 1850. The Romantics had reached full bloom, and their pretty world of idealistic dreams was starting to fade. The public had seen the fall of Napoleon and the rise of the Industrial Revolution. The new trend in life was anything but romantic. People were forced out of the country and into the city to find work. The words "ghetto," "air pollution," "crime in the streets," "labor unions," "bread lines," had already been conceived in the womb of mother earth. People could no longer see

the "host of golden daffodils" for the soot from factory smoke stacks. The "Aeolian Harp" was replaced by closed shutters that tried to keep disease and filth on the street and out of the house. THE MAID OF ATHENS was becoming "Rosie the Riveter." Romance was dead, and reality was staring at the masses from inside their empty cupboards.

Into the midst of this confusion and despair rode one, Auguste Comte, like a white tornado, calling the world to a simple solution in the form of a philosophy called "positivism." Comte suggested that one simply put his imagination away in the empty cupboards and rely on his five senses. (Indeed, how many people ate their imaginations on cold, starving nites.) Comte's philosophy received further encouragement from Darwin's ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES. In brief, Darwin presented the new ideas: evolution and the survival of the fittest. His latter perspective is perhaps the most horrid ever to step into the spirit of mankind. The keynote to existence became "reality." Man no longer had the time to sit idle and dream, and his only hope of survival was to face the world with realism. The theatre, which had always had the option of either dictating the times or realistically depicting the times, was turning more toward the latter. The playwright was forced by the condition of the world to strive for an accurate and truthful depiction of the real world; furthermore, he had to restrict his writing to the world around him and be as objective as possible.

In the next issue we will go deeper into the specific plays that began to reflect the new world. I have pointed out some of the reasons for the trend to realism in the theatre. We will follow this up with succeeding works, including those of present playwrights, and the reasons why they are still reflecting the truth.

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One of DAVID's readers reports that: In January 1969 The student body of a high school in Pinellas County, Florida heard these words from its student body president: "Hey, dudes, I'm tellin' you a few things. This here makin' out in the halls, man, that ain't cool. An' this here writin' dirty words and drawin' dirty pitchers on the walls, man that ain't cool. An' you know som'in else what ain't cool, man? Smokin' this marijuana what I see around school. Now let me tell you 'bout this maryjane stuff. First you starts out with just pot, see, then you goes on to bigger and bigger stuff. and befo' you knows it, you is already a druggist."

\*\*\*

Then there's the story about the Greek boy who left home because he didn't like the way he was being reared. But he went back. He couldn't leave his brothers behind.

\*\*\*

Overheard in the Men's room at a bar in Atlanta. "You and I would make wonderful sweethearts---If we could find two men that would have us."

\*\*\*

DAVID defines *MASTERBATION* as coming unscrewed.

\*\*\*

A big brute of a fellow walked into a bar and asked in a booming voice, for a fifth of whiskey. The bartender handed this goliath a fresh fifth, which he placed to his lips and drained dry. When the last drop was gone, he beat his fists on his great chest and roared, "There, now I feel like a bull!"

A girlish little guy at the other end of the bar followed in a plaintive tone with "Mooooooo.....!"

\*\*\*

DAVID defines *latent homosexuality* as swishful thinking.

\*\*\*

A young queen we know decided to spend his vacation on an ocean journey. A letter his lover received sounded something like this: "Dear Butch: What a wonderful trip. The first day out, the Captain invited me to dine at his table. I spent the entire next day with him on the bridge. The third night he invited me to his cabin for cocktails and he made some of the most indescent proposals I have ever heard. Of course, I refused him. However, the next day the captain told me that unless I let him have his way with me he would sink the ship. Last night I saved over 1,000 lives!"

\*\*\*

"Show me a greek quarterback and I'll show you a nervous center."

\*\*\*

Did you hear about the Queen that didn't know the difference between vaseline and putty. All his window panes fell out.

\*\*\*

DAVID defines a *daisy chain* as getting it together.



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\*\*\*

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\*\*\*

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\*\*\*

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