



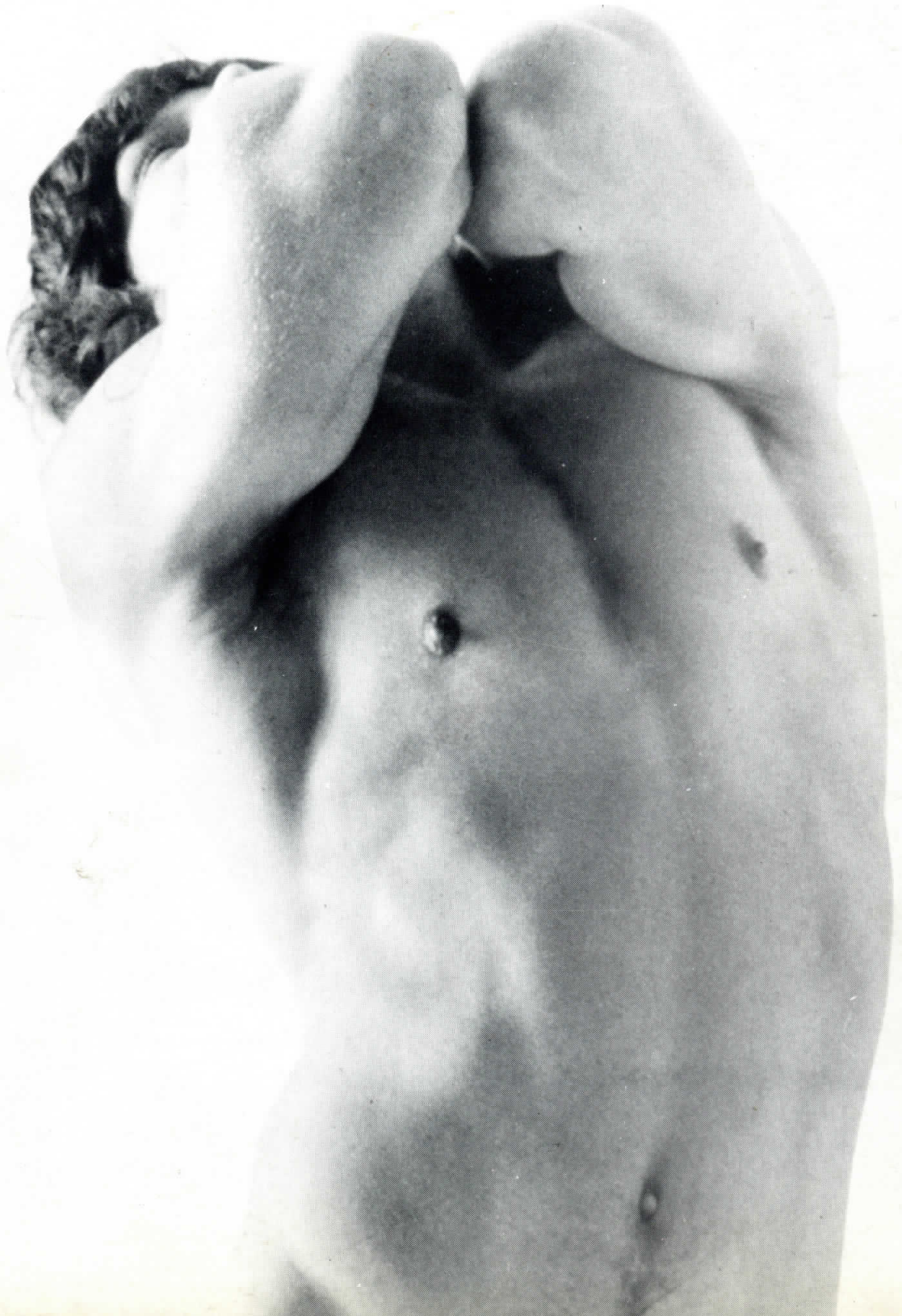
DAVID

ENTERTAINING AND INFORMING GAYS

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER TWO

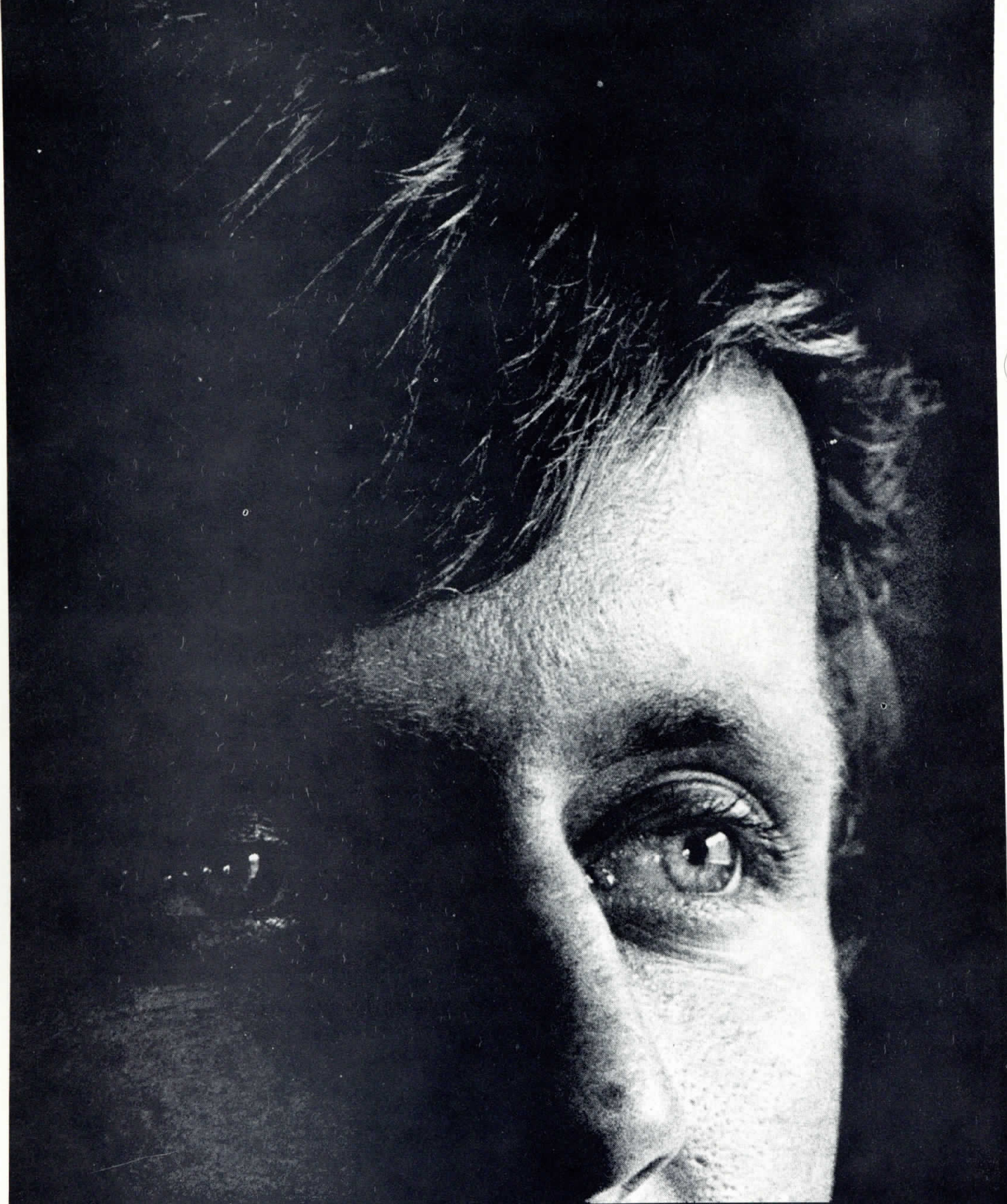
75 CENTS

DECEMBER, 1971



Peace, Love & Happiness for this Holiday Season

Hank & Mark



KNIGHT OUT

9876 ATLANTIC BLVD.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

725 9968

W

e wish

all our

F

riends

the merriest

C

hristmas

and the happiest New Year

from the staff of DAVID

Inside DAVID

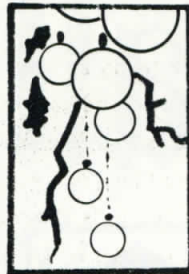
VOLUME TWO, NUMBER TWO

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HALLOWEEN - Even witches and ghosts would've been scared at some of the parties. Ride with DAVID to some of the wildest and campiest parties in the South..... Page 16

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THE SALVATION ARMY - An inside look at the country's only benevolent Volunteer Army and how they can help you express your Christmas Spirit.....Page 20



OUR ALL-AMERICAN - Boy-of-the-month is Joe, a raven-haired, fiery-eyed bartender from Daytona Beach, who pools together some tremendous assets.....Page 27

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear DAVID,

We were a group of 5 visiting Miami for the first time from New York City.

We went to several bars in Miami and Miami Beach. Some were O.K. but the most outstanding bar is the PIN-UP on Miami Beach. I wish New York would have friendly bartenders like at the PIN-UP.

Wayne, Bob, and of course handsome Big Dick, made our week's stay so pleasant that we plan on coming back to Miami in January. They are far-out people.
5 Satisfied New Yorkers

Dear DAVID,

I have seen several references to a paper called THE ADVOCATE in your magazine. Would you please send me the address whereby I may get in touch with them. I enjoy your monthly magazine and am a faithful subscriber.

L.A.S.

Boca Raton, Florida

Ed:

You may write to THE ADVOCATE at P.O. Box 74695, Los Angeles, California 90004.

Dear DAVID,

Having just read my third copy of DAVID, I was thrilled to find your new section for girls. One gets so tired of reading gay books that are devoted to almost all male gays. I will now look forward to reading DAVID every time it comes out, and I also enjoy the pictures of the girls. Do you think you will ever have a sort-of pen-pal section, it would also be very nice to list the bars where the girls mainly go.

Not being an American, I find it very hard to understand the gay life here, there is such a hang-up about it all where straight people are concerned. I also think that the girls should mingle more as the men do. It's so awful going into gay bars



and seeing hundreds of guys and one or two girls. It's much nicer to go to a bar and have a fair amount of both males and females.

All my friends now read DAVID and it is fast becoming our favorite, it's really nice to know what is going on at all the bars in the area. We will be looking forward to all future editions.

Thank you for your part of the magazine. I am enclosing a picture of myself.
Very Sincerely,

Toni Mann
Miami, Florida

Dear DAVID,

I have been following your magazine quite carefully for the past few months and must say, you are doing a fine job. I am interested in submitting some of the short stories I have written in the past couple of years and wish to know how to go about doing this properly.

M.M.

Atlanta, Georgia

Ed:

We gladly accept any work that our readers care to submit. A short story which is at least 5 typed pages, if accepted, can be worth \$25.00 to the author.

BUFFET SUNDAY THE EVER GAY

Your Host: Louie

"HOME OF THE
TWE DOLLAR BILL"

Everglades Bar

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SANDWICHES

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

FROM



SANTA KEITH—his REIN DEARS and STAFF

Join our CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19th
SHOWS AND MERRY MAKING

USHER IN 1972
AT KEITH'S GALA



FAVORS

HATS

SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S SHOW

LIQUOR-BEER-FOOD-DANCING

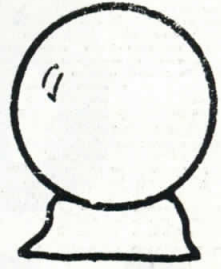
OPEN 6 PM 'TIL 4 AM

KEITH'S CRUISE ROOM

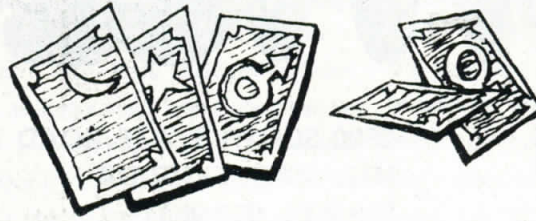
813 SOUTH EAST FIRST AVE. HALLANDALE FLORIDA

PHONES (AREA CODE 305) 920 - 3403 929 - 0160

CRYSTAL GAYSING



With Mrs. Penny



Dear Mrs. Penny,

I have a lover who never seems to share the love I feel for him. I'm sure he has a steady friend coming to our house while I'm at work and it hurts me so very much.

I've tried to talk to him about it but whenever I even get close to the subject, he clams up and won't speak at all.

Up until about 3 or 4 months ago, we were very open with each other and very much in love. Since then, everything has gotten strained and distant.

My question is, is there another person in his life and if so, will this break us up?

We've lived together for nearly 4 years but have been lovers for only about 11 months. My second question is, will my business be a success? My third question is, will my lover get the job he's after? I'm 35 and he's 34. He's a Pisces and I'm a Virgo born on the Leo cusp with Cancer rising.

L.L.D.

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Dear L.L.D.

Your best bet is to forget this person. The interest you shared is waning and you are not compatible with each other anymore.

However, there will be someone coming into your life in 1972. I see a prosperous year in 1972 for you financially. Somewhere around the holidays, things will begin to show very favorably for you.

You are coming out of a seven year bad cycle. 1964 was a very bad year for you.

I do not get a definite yes on your lo-

ver's job but I do see a better job than he's hoped for. Working conditions will be very good for him.

Dear Mrs. Penny,

I need your help and advice. I would like to know if I will have a gay marriage and if it will work out and how long will it be before it happens. I would really like to know because I have never had love and I really need it. So please tell me all you know about my future.

Thank you most kindly for your attention.

Sincerely,

F.W.

Vero Beach, Florida

Dear F.W.

A definite love for you will be in the Fall of '72. This person will be from a Northern State, will have a dark complexion and be very kind and honest.

Many times, you confuse friendship with love. Please stay away from a man or men on a ship.

Dear Mrs. Penny,

I met B. at the bar here and was fascinated with him. He is 23 and a beautiful boy. I am 39 and he came to live with me for 3 months. We had a great relationship only he told everyone that we were only roommates. He finally left me and went on the road with a carnival, and I haven't heard a word from him

since.

A few weeks ago he called and said that he had learned his lesson and would be back before Christmas but I haven't had another word from him since.

What I want to know, Mrs. Penny, is, do you think he'll come back? Should I wait? I'm a hairstylist and this problem is causing me to mess up my work.

Thank you.

A.C.

Tampa, Florida

Dear A.C.

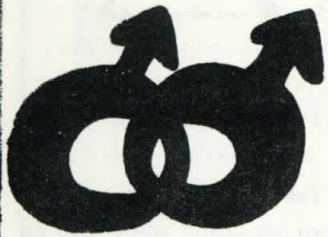
Do not wait for this friend to return to you. At that moment, he may have meant what he said, but he just needed something else to occupy his mind. I see no future for you with this person, but I do see one with someone else.

Before the spring of another year, you will find happiness that will help you forget this other person.

Mrs. Penny welcomes questions from all of DAVID's readers. She will answer all questions personally and confidentially, if you enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. In order to receive proper vibrations, Mrs. Penny requests full signature on all questions, however; should your letter be printed, only initials will be used. Send your questions to:

Mrs. Penny
c/o DAVID
P.O. Box 5396
Jacksonville, Fla.
32207

OFFICE II



2590 SOUTH STATE ROAD 7
MIRAMAR, FLORIDA
PHONE: 983-9541



OPEN TIL 4 A.M. 7 NIGHTS A WEEK

FIRST ANNUAL

XMAS PARTY

WED. DEC. 22

9:00 PM 'TIL 4:00 AM

ENTERTAINMENT

GO-GO BOYS & GIRLS

Take A Picture With Santa

YOUR HOSTS



JAY & CAROL

EXTRA SPECIAL DOOR PRIZES

Have A Christmas Toast

BETWEEN 11:00 PM AND 12:00 MIDNIGHT

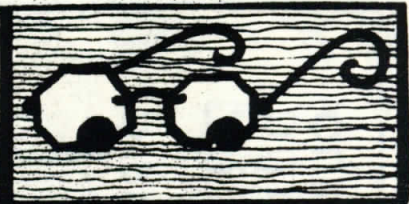
ALL DRINKS 50¢

DON'T FORGET

NORMAN & CHARLIE'S RESTAURANT

OPEN 'TIL 4:00 AM 7 NIGHTS A WEEK

looking SOUTH



On November 19th in Orlando, the NEW PALACE CLUB opened its doors to a packed house. The new bar is more than twice the size of the old Palace and has a stage that any drag queen would be proud to appear on. The huge horseshoe bar and the large number of tables allows everyone a great view of the stage.

Seeing that the Halloween Party turned out so nicely at CUCUJO's with the new special party deal of \$7.50 per person for food, entertainment and drinks from 9PM to 1 AM, they are doing it again for their Christmas party which will be held on Sunday night, December 19th. The entertainment that night will be the "Soul Operators" on stage with Pauline Mathews (Tina Turner). Also, an extra big party is planned for New Year's Eve. All of Tampa is welcome as is everyone else.!

The FIESTA ROOM in Panama City is increasing its size. They're doubling floor space by adding a stage and a good dance floor. A new back entrance, called the "Closet Door" will also be added.

The next few month's work around the WAREHOUSE VIII in Miami, is being planned with the customer in mind. The New Year's Eve Ball promises to be a gas-er with everyone encouraged to dress as their favorite fairytale character. Look for the ad in this month's DAVID for all the details.

The latest addition to the club is the "Tool Room". Needless to say, we'll be seeing some real numbers with a hide-away like that on the premises. The decorating is almost complete and when the doors swing open, a new and exciting place will be available to our "ruff 'n

ready" swingers. Speaking of swingers, the warehouse go-go boys seem to really be packing the place. Drop in upstairs and check the kids out. Then go-go on downstairs and feel right at home at the largest piano bar in the South. With all the amusement you can possibly want for an evening, the WAREHOUSE VIII is the place. Stop around and notice the WAREHOUSE VIII changes and remember, they are being done with you in mind!

Watch for the opening of the Palm Beach area's first gay restaurant at the TURF NORTH. At the TURF SOUTH, your host, Eddie, is installing a piano bar for the enjoyment of his clientele who like to come in and play. Their new phone number is 655-9887.

Sunday November 14th was sort of a sad
Continued on Page 12

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Dear Brothers, Sisters, & Friends,

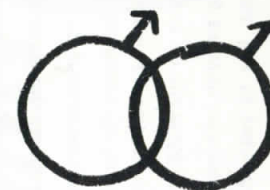
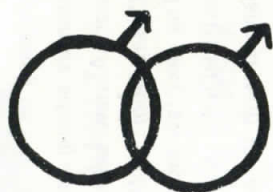
Mattachine is still up to its old things, and some new ones too. The old things include a counseling service and legal aid clinic. A referral service for medical, psychiatric, legal, and even religious problems gives help that cannot be handled directly in the office. Mattachine still maintains the largest library in the world pertaining to homosexuality. Mattachine continues to participate in scientific research and surveys, as for example, the recent Kinsey Report on HOMOSEXUALS AND THE MILITARY. Mattachine continues its educational program with information for legislators as well as psychiatrists, clergymen, and the general public. For 19 years Mattachine has been leading the way to establish the civil and social rights of homosexual citizens.

A glance to the left shows that Mattachine now has something new. These distinguished citizens are helping in a variety of ways to put our program across, and many of them are available for referrals as mentioned above.

Mattachine needs your help. We need volunteers to staff the office, serve as counselors, and help with publications. Sending \$15.00 for membership will help too.

As Thomas Paine said, on Sept. 12, 1777, "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must undergo the fatigue of supporting it."

WAREHOUSE



COMPLETE AMUSEMENT
CENTER

GO-GO BOYS

THREE BIG BARS

3600 SOUTHWEST 8TH STREET
MIAMI, FLORIDA

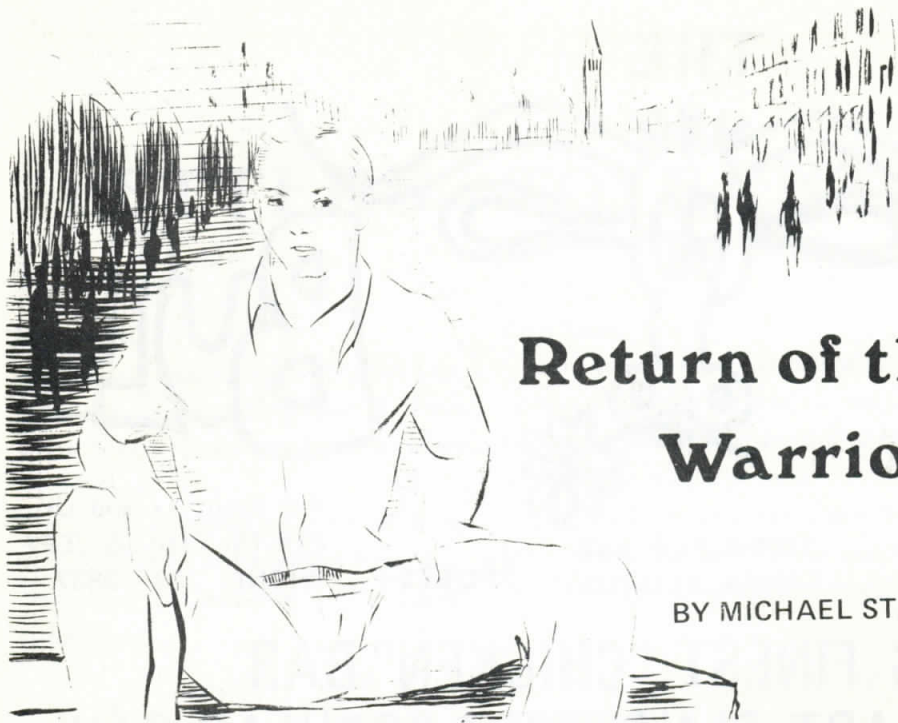
SUNDAY-
BEER BUST

THE TOOL ROOM
(OUR NEWEST ADDITION)

AND COOKOUT 7 to 10

WED. FEATURE FILMS-10:00

PHONE (305) 448-4011



Return of the Warrior

BY MICHAEL STARR



As the plane dipped slowly over the Sicilian countryside, Bob Baker glanced out the small seat window and his mind went back to a time some twenty years previous. He had been 19 then, an American foot soldier, fighting his way across that rocky land which he now flew over so effortlessly. He had landed that dark night in July, 1943, with the American troops and had pushed inland to secure a footing. There had been murderous enemy fire to stop the invaders, but the wave of determined soldiers had not stopped. It had kept going until a few weeks later, the entire island of Sicily had been subjugated by the Allied will and the victory was won. He remembered the joyous hilarity of arriving in Palermo and how freely the wine flowed, and how welcome had been the opportunity to relax, bathe, and make love. At this recollection, Bob smiled in reminiscence. At 19, he had loved girls. There had been girls in school, college, and when he had abruptly decided to enlist, there had been more girls. And the girl in Palermo. Pina was her name. He had managed to smuggle the extra rations from the army mess to her and in gratitude she had lain long hours in his arms.

"Fasten your safety belts, please."

It was the soft accented voice of the stewardess. They would soon be landing at the Palermo airport, and the short flight from Rome would soon be over.

As Bob automatically fastened the seat belt across his middle, he thought of the circumstances which were bringing him back to Sicily after the passage of so many years. He was a photographer correspondent for one of the big American picture magazines. He had been sent to Italy to do a pictorial essay on the country and the editors were so enthusiastic about his work, they had cabled him to go on to Sicily and do more. So here he was, with his camera equipment, preparing to land and begin the assignment which would give him the chance to see once again, the country he had first known as a conquering soldier.

The plane circled and began its descent. Bob saw the ground rushing up to meet the plane and there was a slight jolt to indicate that the wheels had touched. A few minutes later, the plane taxied up to the terminal and stopped.

Bob was glad to close the door of his hotel room and to start to undress for the shower he wanted so much. In a moment, he had stripped off his shirt and trousers and skimmed off the T-shirt over his

head. Then he pushed off his briefs and walked naked to the bathroom. There was a full-length mirror on the door and Bob caught a reflected glimpse of his naked body. He was solidly built, with a finely molded torso, trim waist, and long, tapering legs. He had a good sun-tanned color, started when he had been on that Florida assignment. His brunette coloring was indicated, not only in his dark head of hair, but also on his chest and in the lighter pattern below his stomach. He looked with some satisfaction at this area. Nature had been kind to him he decided. His male equipment was most generous, and even in repose, the length of flesh looked formidable, and with the two heavy sacs hanging below it, the picture was most impressive. He gave himself a quick stretch with his hand and felt an immediate response, but a shower was what he wanted now, so he stepped into the cubicle and let the warm spray beat down on him. It felt good and he recalled how he and Paul had showered together that last night in New York. Paul—How he wished Paul might be with him now, for some more of those fun and games under the shower. But Paul was finishing up college and so they arranged that last week-

(Continued on Page 13)

THE HORNY CHICKEN BULL

HOURS:

Thur & Sun 9 pm - 1 am

Fri & Sat 10 pm - 5 am

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Age limit: 17 and UP
HOSTS: CHIC & JEFF
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AMERICA'S FINEST "CHICKEN" BAR
BECOMES WEST COAST FLA'S MOST POPULAR GAY
NIGHT SPOT. WE OFFER THE ULTIMATE IN
HOSPITALITY AND ENTERTAINMENT. TWO SHOWS
EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHT, FEATURING:



***BIG CHRISTMAS SHOW FRIDAY, DEC. 24th
GIANT MASCARADE BALL AND CROWNING
OF MISS GAY TAMPA OF 1971 NEW YEARS EVE
FOR INFO CALL a/c 813-229-9837 or 933-6116***

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa,

Would you please stop at my place first. I want to ride with you over to Jim's house. I think it would be fun to go down his chimney.

I'm sure if he found me in his stocking, he would think I was a present from you.

Please use your influence as I don't seem to have any.

Love,
George

Dear Santa,

Don't you think it seems a little odd that all your reindeer are boys? Even more suspicious is that they can all FLY?

And then there's Rudolph, with his "pink" nose. After you made him the leader, oh, how the reindeer "loved" him.

And, to top it all off, last year when my little nephew pulled the beard on one of your helpers in the shopping center, we found out it was Mrs. Claus in drag!

Can I go back to the North Pole with you?

Love,
Mike

Dear Santa,

Remember how we did it last year? I'll be waiting at the foot of the chimney again. Don't worry about filling up the stockings. I live alone now and I don't like candy. I really enjoyed last Christmas Eve. You shouldn't have as much trouble finding my house this time--I have a purple flashing beacon installed on my chimney.

See you at midnight.

Discreetly,
Robbie

P.S. Please don't gift wrap "it" this year!

Dear Santa,

I want some curlers and hairspray and a hairdryer just like mother's. I could also use some more Chanel No. 5 or Shalimar--whichever you have on hand.

I desperately need a new gown for the New Year's Eve party. You could also throw in a pair of size 9 silver heels.

Love,
Clifford

P.S. Maybe a "G.I. Joe" too.

Dear Santa,

I realize it's short notice, but please ask your elves to design a special toy for me. I promise not to abuse it. Since you gave me that "Barbie Doll" this year, could I have a "Ken Doll" this year. (That may not seem difficult, but could I have one with a hairy chest?)

Love,
Bill

Dear Santa,

This year, Christmas is going to be different. Mommy and Daddy got real mad at each other a couple of months ago and Mommy went to live somewhere else but she forgot to tell us where.

A friend of Daddy's moved in. His name is Fred. But you know, Santa, he told me to call him "Mommy" also. And Daddy even calls him "Dear" and "Sweetie" just like he used to with my real Mommy.

Daddy and Fred want to go away for Christmas and they don't want to take me along but Daddy says he can't find Mommy. We never went away before on Christmas but Daddy says Fred insists on it. Something about having a gay holiday.

Santa, I thought all holidays were gay,

no matter where you spent them!

My friends all say that Fred isn't like their Mommies. They say that their Mommies don't need a shave in the morning or smoke cigars like Fred. But Fred wears dresses and high heels just like their Mommies and I tell my friends that no one is perfect.

Daddy and Fred have lots of friends. They are all very nice because they are always holding hands and kissing.

It must be very hard for them to find girlfriends because lots of times Daddy plays the stereo and they dance together!

Daddy and Fred have given me everything I could possibly want. And when I'm good, Fred lets me play dress-up with him and he even lets me use some of his make-up!

So this year, Santa, I'll only ask you for presents for Daddy and Fred. You may think what they asked for is a little funny but I overheard them telling one another what they wanted. I'm not too sure if I heard it right because it was late one night and they were in the bedroom making funny noises while they were talking. Santa, what would Daddy do with a jar of mayonnaise in the bedroom?

Anyway, Daddy wants a new chain. I guess it's for his car. And he wants a whip and thick ropes. Maybe he's going to buy me a horse, huh Santa? Also, he wants a leather jacket and cap to wear when he rides his new motorcycle.

Fred said that he would like a silk nightgown, a new purse, and a hairdryer. I guess he's going to try and find Mommy and give them to her. Fred must like my Mommy very much because one day he and Daddy had a big fight about getting a mink coat (to give to Mommy, I guess). So please bring a mink coat too--size 44 long.

That's all, Santa. I'd really appreciate it if you would bring these. By the way, Santa, my Daddy says that you're a big fairy. Does that mean that you're taller than the Tooth Fairy? Merry Christmas.

Love, Brucie

Continued from Page 7

day at the CRUISE ROOM. It marked the end of a very successful engagement of the GAY DECEIVERS.

After treating everyone with their singing and comedy talents, they broke from their normal routine to show us another side of Pryse Williams and Frost Martin.

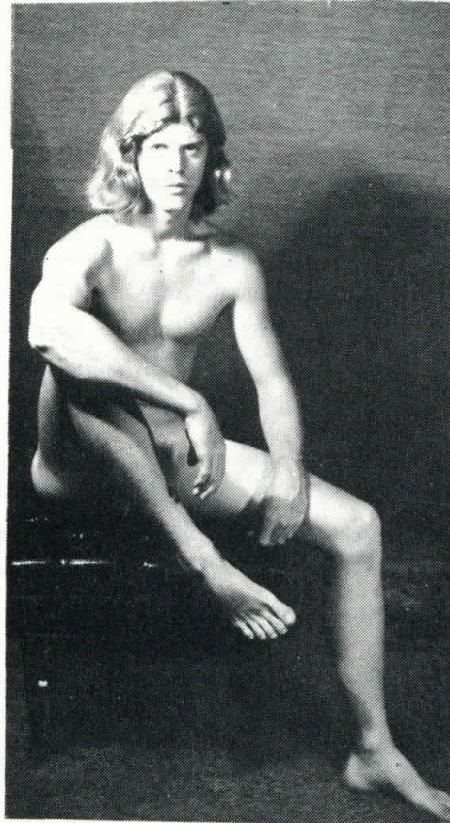
This was a pantomime bit, but not just another pantomime show. It was the most entertaining, funniest and best received show of it's type that has been seen around here in along time.

Sunday, November 28th, was party time again at the CRUISE ROOM. This time, the celebation was in honor of Keith's birthday. For those who attended, it was quite a night, even if Keith wouldn't reveal his age.

The CRUISE ROOM's own Ashley was included in the show, and called on Billie Boots to assist in one of his Ernestine take-offs.

Billie Boots also announced that Ashley has been signed for the current season in the Tubby Boots Revue at the Dunes Hotel on Miami Beach.

Mr. Tubby Boots was present in all his emmensity, treating everybody to his ar-ray of talents. Little Lil flew down all the way from Chicago just for the occasion,



and she brought the house down with some very funny routines. Another familiar face (who has been absent for a while) who came to honor Keith on his day, was Jamie.



The Red Lion

Cocktail Lounge & Package Store

"Your Fun is Our Pleasure"

Sunday Cocktail Party

Buffet Dancing

7 pm to Midnight

New Years Eve Party

8 PM TILL.....

JACKSON ST.

"Downtown"

FORT MEYERS, FLORIDA

Your Congenial Host.....Dan

WAREHOUSE VII

Proudly Presents A

"FAIRYTALE, COSTUME BALL"

Prizes

*New Years Eve
Dec. 31'*

Floor shows

Fun

Costume

Live Band

Coat and Tie

Ticket \$5.00

400 available ticket

9 pm to 5 am

Out of Town Guests Request Tickets by Mail

3600 S.W. 8th St., Miami, Fla. ph. 305-448-4011

WARRIOR (from pg. 9)

end together.

There had been lots of good food, drinks and shows together, plus all those wonderful hours in the apartment, just lying around naked and making love whenever the urge came upon them, which had been pretty often. Paul, at 19, was as much as Bob himself had been at that age when he first knew this country of Sicily. Except that Bob, at 19, had not yet discovered that his true instincts were for the male image and none else. It was not until after the war and he was a freelance photographer that he began to realize the powerful appeal that the male body held for him. Maybe it all started when he had begun to photograph those physique models for the magazines. One evening, one of the models had not started immediately to dress after the posing session, but sat around naked while they had coffee, and possibly that was the beginning. It was then he first realized his need for the demanding hard male flesh, rather than the yielding softness of the female.

Some fifteen years had passed since then. Years in which he had known many loves and many bodies. There had been Tom, who for seven wonderful years had shared his life and possibly the most happy period he had ever known. Then had come the break. A mutual feeling that they should part.

All these thoughts came to Bob as he lathered his strong muscular frame and felt the wonderful relaxation induced by the warm stream of water upon him. Now if only Paul were here, he mused, he could have his back scrubbed. Well, next week he'd be back in New York and Paul would come down from school for the weekend. There would be back scrubbing and other things too! They had discovered, that sex in the shower could be fun though you had to be careful to wash off the soap! Just thinking of it now, roused Bob and he realized that his flesh had lengthened and become hard. Well, why not; it wouldn't take long with the soap in his hands. But he decided against

it. He'd hit the sack early tonight and maybe tomorrow would bring him an adventure.

Once out of the shower, Bob realized he was hungry so he phoned downstairs for a sandwich. When it arrived, he was dressed only in the towel wrapped around him. The boy who brought up the sandwich appeared to be about 18, with dark, glossy hair and luminous, brown eyes. He gazed at Bob's scantily covered body with some obvious interest.

"What is your name?" Bob asked in friendly tone.

"Mario" replied the boy.

"You speak English?"

"Oh yes," Mario replied. "That is why I have job here in hotel."

"Do you know Palermo very well?"

"Yes. I am born here. I could be guide for you if you wish."

"That's what I had in mind. You see, I'm a magazine photographer and I'm here to take pictures."

"Pictures?" asked the boy.

"Yes. Many color pictures which will be seen by people all over the world."

Obviously, Mario was impressed. He was a truly handsome lad, with a fine skin texture, aquiline nose, and a soft, sensitive mouth. Bob knew that he would enjoy being with Mario.

"Okay then, 8 A.M. tomorrow. Can you get away from your duties here at the hotel?"

"Oh yes. I'll have Paolo take my place."

Paolo. That would be Paul in Italian, Bob thought. He called to mind his own Paul. In some ways, he was like Mario, who was now standing before him.

After the door closed, Bob relaxed on the bed, and his mind went back again to the Palermo of 1943. A shattered, war-torn city it had been. And then again, he thought of Pina. Pina, with her small lithe body and soft sad eyes. Life had not been easy for her, and Bob had been glad he could bring her the much-needed food. And those nights in her bed when she had so gratefully given that body to

(Continued on Page 15)



PRIVATE CLUB

Out of TOWNERS
WELCOME!

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COMMODORE
BAR
and
COCKTAIL
LOUNGE

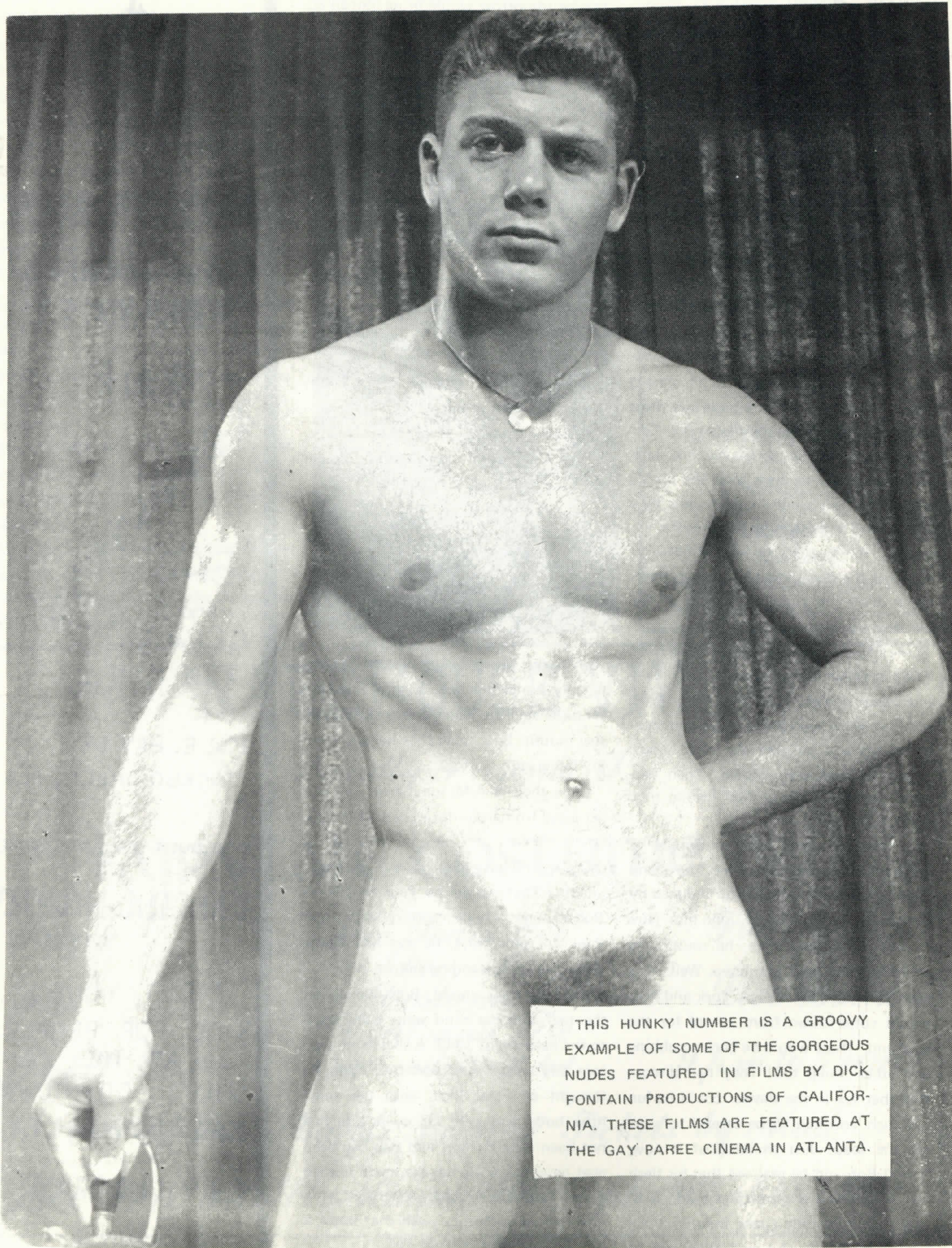
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MEET YOUR
KIND OF PEOPLE
AT THE
ONLY DOWNTOWN
JACKSONVILLE

GAY LIQUOR
LOUNGE



THIS HUNKY NUMBER IS A GROOVY EXAMPLE OF SOME OF THE GORGEOUS NUDES FEATURED IN FILMS BY DICK FONTAIN PRODUCTIONS OF CALIFORNIA. THESE FILMS ARE FEATURED AT THE GAY PAREE CINEMA IN ATLANTA.

WARRIOR (from pg. 13)

him and he had poured out his young vitality with the rush and intensity of all his pent-up masculinity. Now, he felt his eyes grow heavy, and he let himself sink down into sleep.

Promptly at eight the next morning, Mario presented himself at the door. He was dressed in a tan shirt and shorts, which set off his sturdy brown legs. His flashing white smile was an indication of how happy he was to be with Bob.

They roamed all over Palermo. To the Cathedral with its massive tomb of Frederick II, and the Palazzo Reale which Bob remembered had once been Patton's army headquarters. They went to Mondello to see the bathers frolicking in the bright warm sunshine, and everywhere Bob's color camera caught the scene. Later, there would be an essay written to match the pictures and they would decorate the pages of the world-famous magazine. But for now, Bob took pictures with an eye for the pictorial beauty that he saw before him, and Mario chattered away in his broken English, explaining and pointing out things of interest. It seemed as if they had been friends for years, not just hours. Bob found himself putting his arm about the sturdy shoulders of Mario, and was glad to feel his response as he pressed his body against his shoulder.

They went up to Monreale and Bob lost himself in the contemplation of the beautiful mosaics and the quiet solitude of the cloisters. It was a hot humid day and once back at the hotel, the prospect of a cool shower seemed a delightful treat. Mario accompanied Bob to his room, and helped him pack up the camera equipment.

"Where do you live in Palermo? I don't believe I ever asked you anything about your family."

"I live with my aunt in Via Dante. I have a small room and I pay for my food with hotel pay."

The boy seemed to announce this last bit with some pride in his voice. He stood before Bob now smiling and happy.

"Say, Mario, how about a shower? You must be as hot and dusty as I am."

Bob realized he was making a rather obvious suggestion, but Mario's face broke into an even wider grin.

"A shower? Oh, yes, that would be fine. It would not bother you?"

"Bother? Of course not. Hop out of those clothes, and I'll even scrub your back."

Mario began to undress. In a moment he had slipped out of his tan shirt and shorts and had on only a brief tricot of thin cotton material. For a moment he hesitated, then quickly pushed down off his hips this last remaining garment. Bob saw he was a well-developed young man and had a sturdy chest and firm strong legs. His brown body was hairless except for a small tuft below the groin and a trace on his thighs.

"Okay, into the shower with you," Bob said gaily, and as Mario hastened to comply, Bob could only admire the sight of the firm compact backside as the brown naked form walked into the bathroom.

In a moment, the warm stream of water was beating down on Mario and he burst into song to express his happiness.

"Ready for a back scrub?" asked Bob.

"Yes, Roberto. When you like. The water feels so good to me."

Bob had stripped off his clothes by now, so he too was naked when he stepped in beside Mario. He began to lather up the strong sturdy back in front of him and Mario groaned in pleasure.

"Now please. I do for you," said Mario, taking the soap from Bob. As he turned to face Bob he could see that his ministrations had caused a reaction from the boy's male flesh, and he decided that the sight was damn attractive. Mario expertly soaped Bob from his shoulders down to his legs and both let the water play upon them. It would be so easy, Bob knew, for it was obvious they were both excited, but he decided to wait. Also, he somehow felt that part of his life belonged to Paul.

(Continued on Page 44)

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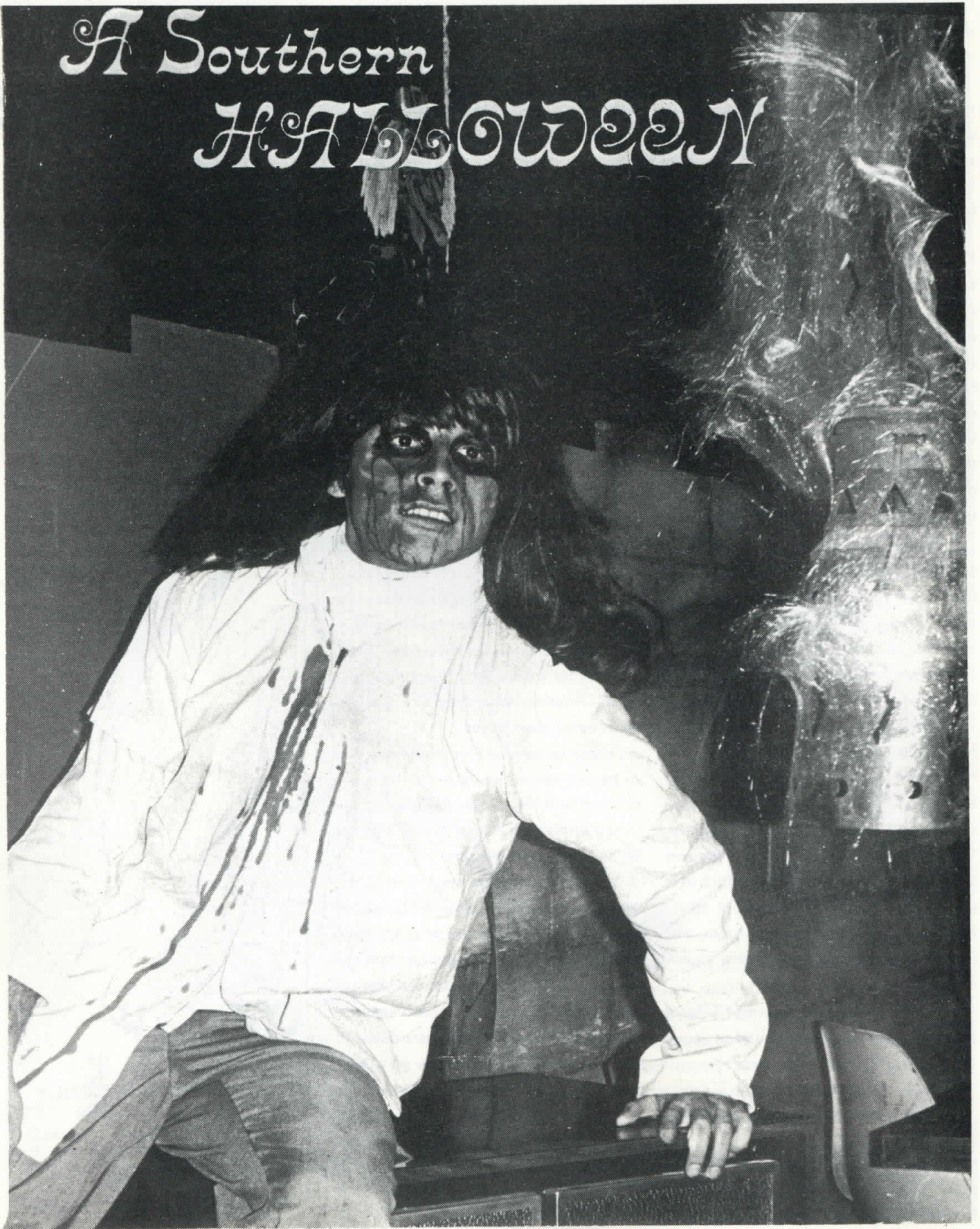
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HALLOWEEN





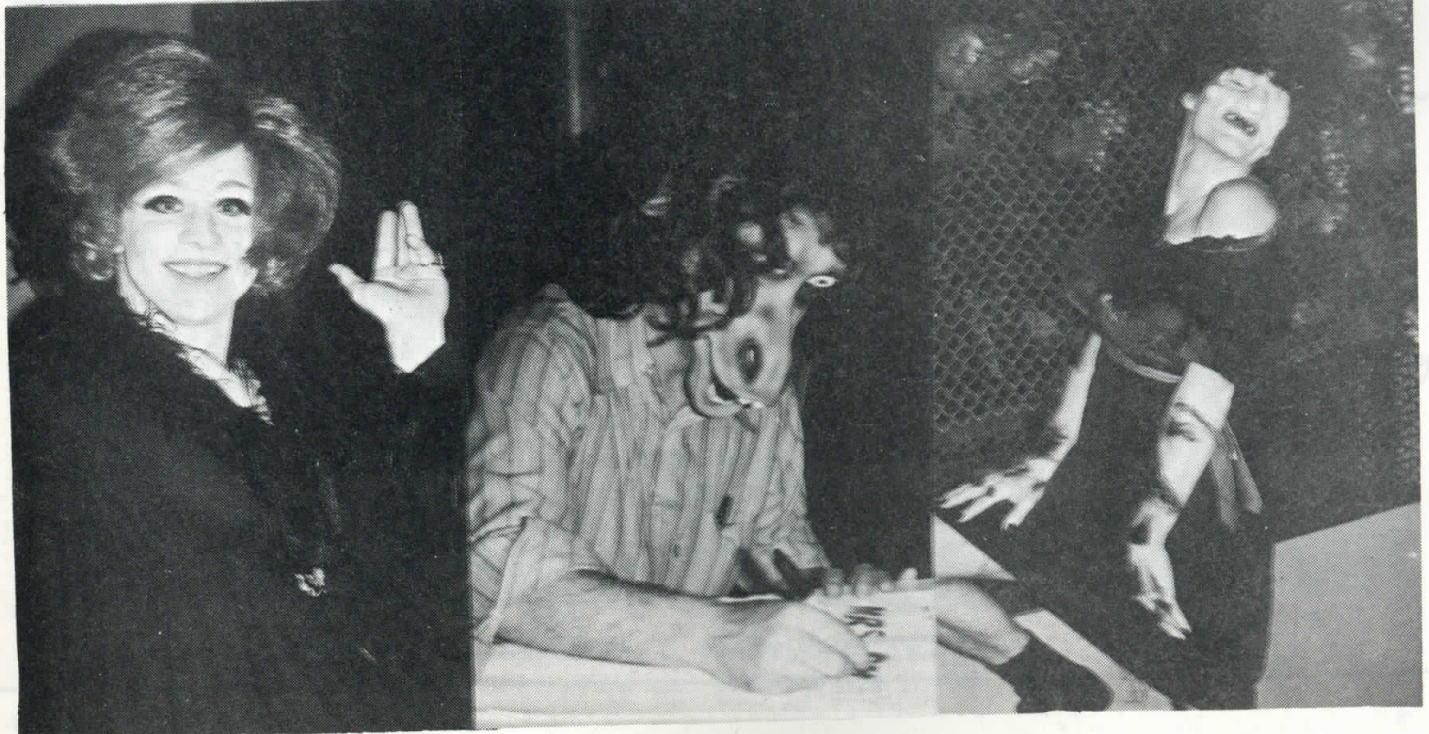
The night of Witches and Gobblings hit the south this year with a real howl. Most bar owners were very pleased that all the preparations for the various contests were appreciated so well. Contestants came out in record numbers this year both for the costume and drag balls.

Pictured on the opposite page and this page are a few of the many imaginative beautiful and ugly costumes worn for the

contest at the Knight Out in Jacksonville, Florida.

The bar went all out with decorations featuring stools and pictures that seemed to float in mid air while screams, moans, and groans from an imaginary nearby haunted house punctuated the air between songs on the kicky juke-box.

CONTINUED





The TURF SOUTH in West Palm Beach, held their 18th annual Halloween Party on Oct. 29th to a capacity crowd. The party at the TURF NORTH was held the next night to a standing room crowd only. There were 3 first place winners in the Costume Contest because the judges were unable to break a tie. All three were a-

warded a week-end for two in Miami.

The second annual Halloween Party at the FIESTA ROOM in Panama City was a great success, with "Louise the Lovely" coming in first in the costume contest.

Halloween 1971 was served up in two portions at Keith's CRUISE ROOM in Hallandale, Florida. All entrants in the Miss Cruise Room Contest paraded before the judges on Sat. night, Oct. 30th. Of the multitude of beauties before them the four judges were hard pressed to decide on seven finalists.

The next night (Halloween night) the 7 fortunates returned for one more crack at the judges. Again, the judges were put

to the task of selecting just one Miss Cruise Room. The beauty was well-chosen as can be seen in the picture of her, the first and second runners up, and Miss Cruise Room 1970.

Although this contest was the highlight of the event, it was by no means the only activity. There were contests both nights for the ghosts, vampires, spidermen, Tin-men etc. The crowd was also treated to the antics of the Gay Deceivers, Billie Boots, Ashley, and Ernestine. Even one of the go-go boys, Ronnie, got into the act with his ventriloquism act. All were great as always.

(Pictures of Keith's Party at Right)



PICTURED HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE TURF BARS' HALLOWEEN CONTEST



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AND DON'T FORGET

THE GREAT
CHRISTMAS PARTY



TOP (left to right): Billie Boots, Frost Martin, Pryse Williams, and Contestant as Mae West.
 CNTR PAGE (Left to right) 2nd Runner-up, Miss Cruise Room 1970, Miss Cruise Room 1971 and 1st Runner-up.
 BOT. LEFT: Billie Boots and Ashley as Ernestine BOT. RIGHT: Terry and Dick.





WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS



MR. FARRELL

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When John R. arrived in town, he had no job or a place to live. He had \$2.00 in his pocket and the clothes on his back. To avoid starving to death or ending up in jail, he went to the only volunteer army in this country--the Salvation Army. Here, he was given hot food and a place to sleep plus some other clothes. John stayed with the "Army" and was taught a trade which would be useful to him in making his way in society. Under the skillful eye of the "Army" supervisor, John became a carpenter's apprentice and eventually, became self-supporting and a contributing member of the local community.

After hearing this story, we decided to visit the Salvation Army to find out exactly what goes on there.

Our recent tour of the "Army's" facilities in Jacksonville, Florida, proved to be a most informative venture. Guided by Mr. Farrell, the number one man in the outfit, we witnessed the procedures that produce one of the most efficient organizations we have.

We were surprised by the fact that the local center boards 77 men while they re-establish their work patterns. We were

more impressed by the amazing level of cleanliness we found.

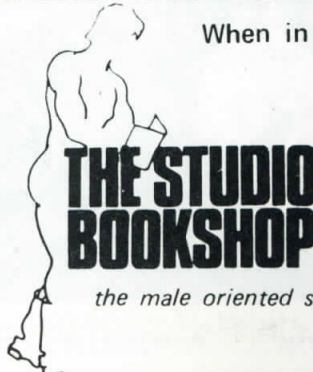
The facilities include dormitories, a cafeteria, a snack bar, entertainment rooms, a chapel, and jobs for the men during their stay at the center. Mr. Farrell explained that they repair clothing, furniture and various household appliances.

The "Army" doesn't stop here, either. They have other centers for unwed mothers, Thrift Stores, transit centers and special parties. No needy person is refused. They show movies, have a pool-room and have hired professional skilled men and women to maintain the various programs.

So what does all this have to do with you? A lot! With very little effort, you can be a benefactor to the "Army", do your share to help a little, and even benefit by your own effort.

There are three major ways you can help. The most commonly known way is your personal contributions. A phone call to your local center will assure pick-up of your unwanted merchandise. (The next time you go to throw something away, throw it by the phone and call). They can repair almost anything, even if you

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think it's not worth it or beyond repair.

They have hired help who repaint, repair and refurbish almost anything. Articles which they can't fix, are sold to rag or junk dealers, bringing in a few more dollars to the center. The center receives no money from any Community or United Fund.

Don't be misled. Even canned foods, old appliances, ties and belts, are all valuable to them.

The second way involves your job. Not all of you, but perhaps a large quantity work in wholesale or retail stores, or manufacturing companies. The next time you or your company have salvagable goods that are to be thrown away or destroyed, call the "Army"—they want those goods. There's no need for labels or price tags, or fancy wrappings. It's what's inside that they want. Those old display cases, the 1936 almanacs, the box of 2-inch washers or the purple hula hoops.

For those of you in the perishable foods trades, don't let that milk sour or the bread go stale. You'll feel better if the men at the "Army" have it—and remember, it's all tax deductible.

The final way to help is the most fun. The Salvation Army Thrift Stores. They don't sell junk. What they do sell is very good merchandise and the prices are quite reasonable. Our office manager picked up a 20-gallon leakproof aquarium for \$2.00, including cover, filter and heater. There are office desks for \$22.50, T.V.'s for \$30.00 (they do work), reupholstered couches for \$80.00, plus almost anything else you might need.

For those of you who are "fix-it" nuts, there is the "As-Is Shop" for you. Lamps, furniture, beds, toys, appliances, all needing a little fixing for quite a little price.

Finally, for those of you who have everything you need and need everything you have, how about a couple of dollars. After all, it's Christmas time, the time to give. So give the "Army" a call and find out what you can do. And whatever there is—do something.

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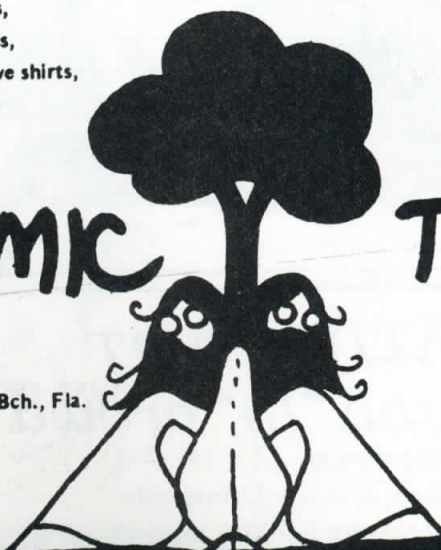
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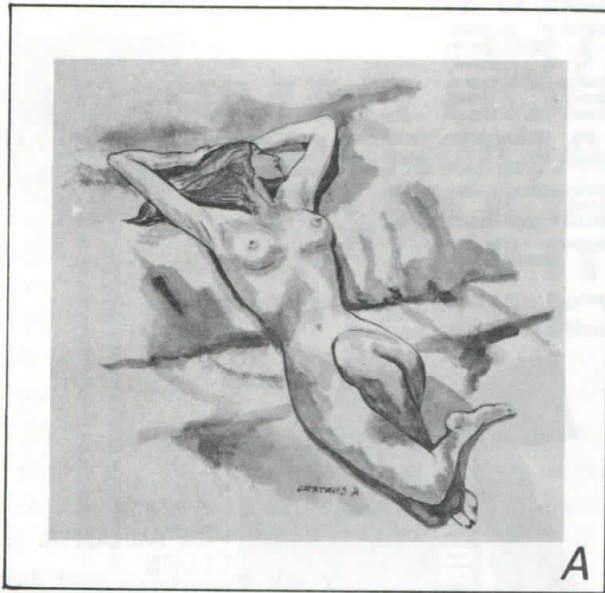
COSMIC

TREE

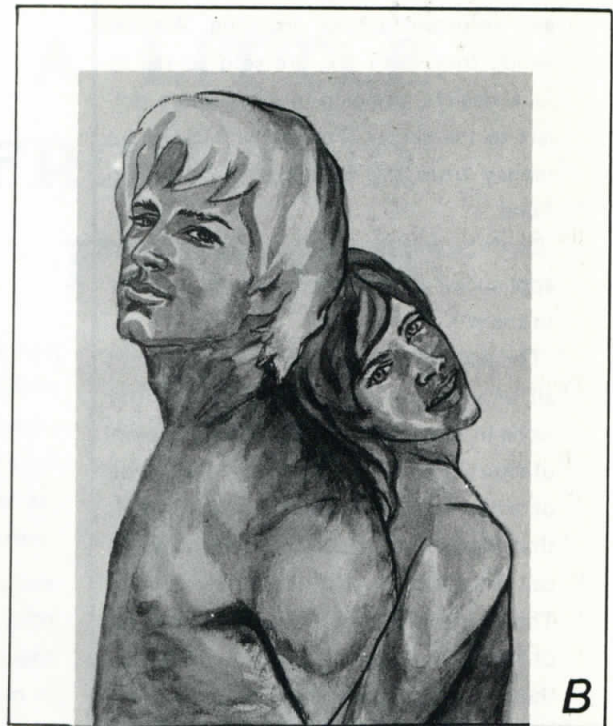
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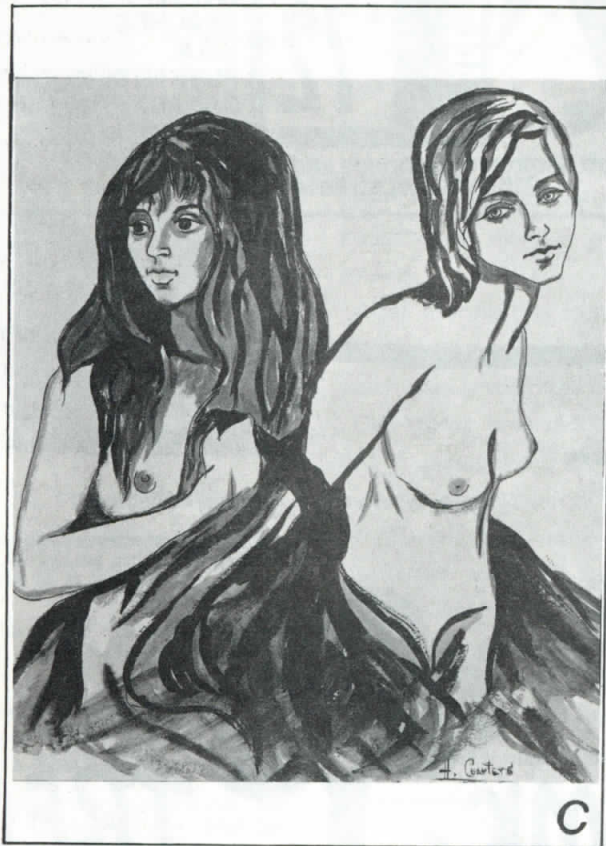




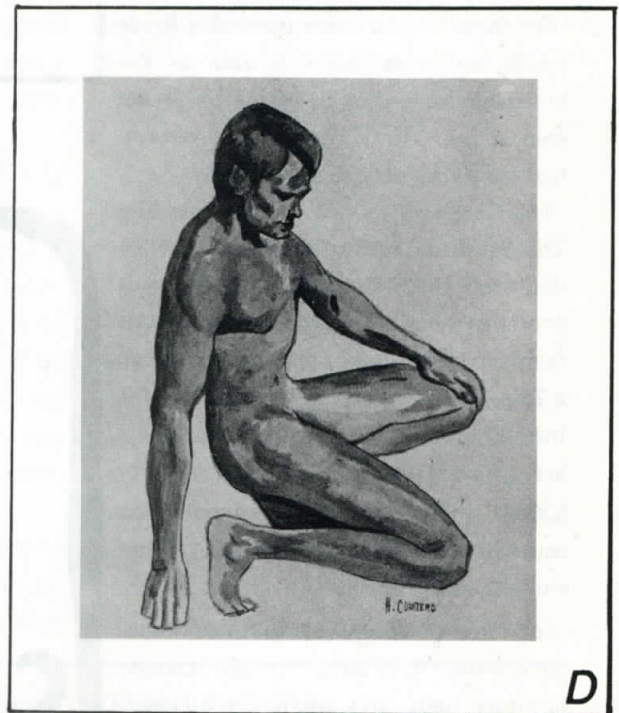
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The Night The Ghost Of Christmas Past

Bit Me

I can't believe it's almost here again. Is it possible that almost a year has gone by already and once again, it's time to deck the halls etc.? Sure enough--Christmas is just around the corner! The stores are filled with people, all running around like madmen. And honey, those elevators! Packed like a can of sardines! Oh, I love it!!

But the Christmas spirit of the season to come, quickly drains from my body as I think of last year. The only thing that got decked out last year was me! By midnight on New Year's Eve, I was too pooped to pucker!

I can remember it all so well, thinking back twelve months:

The days here in Florida were still sunny and the air was clear and crisp. I became a faceless member of the mobs that were out on the streets (a new switch for me) and in the stores everyday. My first task of the season was getting all the Christmas cards out. What a hassle! You would think that all I had to do was to check my list, write them and send them out. But no--first I had to check all the addresses as quite a few of them had changed--several times. On top of that, many couples who received one card together, now had to get two cards, due to circumstances beyond their control, if you know what I mean. Plus, I had to cross off the list, all those tacky numbers who didn't send me a card last year!

Once the card task was over, I put on the 'ole flats and hit the stores. Buying for my parents was simple--an ashtray. I've sent them an ashtray for every gift-giving occasion since 1962. I sometimes wonder what they do with all of them. I must give them credit, though. Every single time I go home, they have each one of them out on display somewhere in the house. And of course, Granny gets her usual bottle of toilet water. With the mon-



by Alan Bing

ey being the way it was, she was lucky she didn't get it fresh from the commode. The "problem" gifts were those for my close friends and my lover.

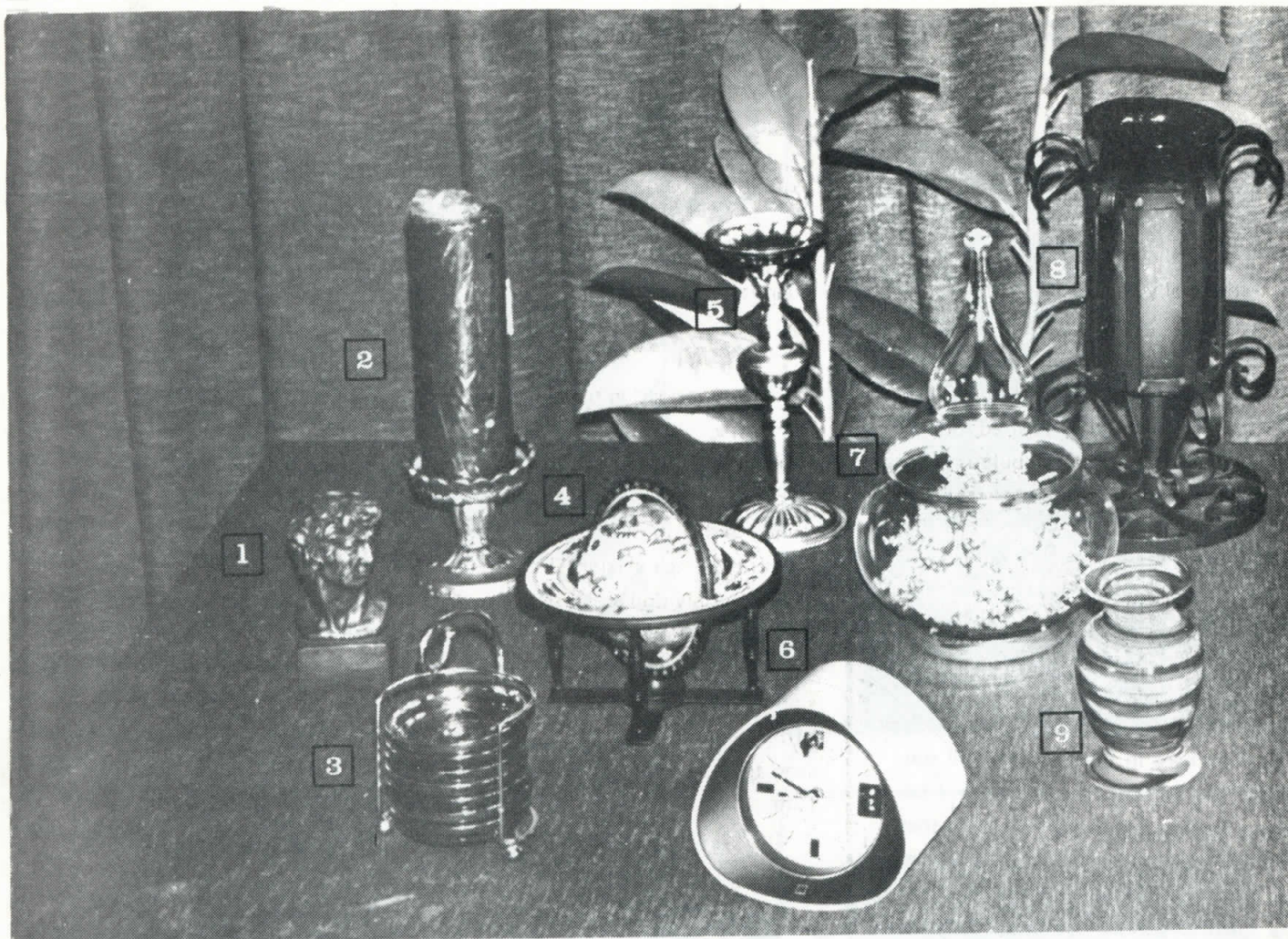
Clothes were completely out of the question. None of my friends would admit their right sizes nor would they wear anything some other queen bought for them. Several of my friends were partial to drag but I always got so embarrassed with the salesperson, that I usually just threw up my hands in disgust and walked away, empty-handed. I figured I'd just give 'em all gift certificates and let them pick out whatever they wanted. The only problem with that was where to buy them. Everyone has their own favorite place. On top of that, they would all know how much I spent on their gifts. Oh hell--I'll just plead bankruptcy and have everyone over for eggnog and hope that keeps them quiet for a while.

Now for my lover. If there was only a way to find out what he was giving me--or at least to find out how much he was going to spend. Nothing irked me more than to go out and blow a bunch(!?) on his gift, only to find out that he hardly spent anything on mine. I guess I'll have to go through all his drawers and the closet. Of course last year, he had it locked up in the trunk. And I'll never forget that gift. Rhinestone-studded, Mother-of-Pearl salt and pepper shakers. To this day, I can vividly remember the excited look on his face while I opened his gift. I can also remember, all too well, how my sides hurt after I finished crying.

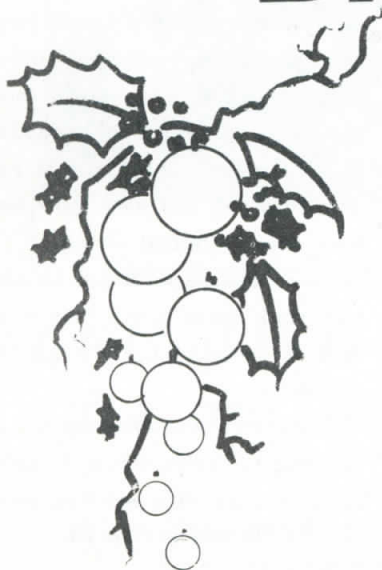
I think this year I'll just sit under the tree, stark naked with a bow in my hair. And as always, KY makes a great stocking stuffer.

My memory now sharpened, I can still see that Christmas dinner I made for 12 of our friends. How well I remember stuff-

(Continued on Page 48)



DAVID'S Christ



DAVID is pleased to offer suggestions for what to buy for friends and/or lovers at the hardest time of the year—Christmas.

In this selection, prices range from those geared to newlyweds on a tight budget to those who can afford to splurge. These items can be found in many of the fine retail stores throughout the South. The prices may vary slightly from store to store.

On checking the gift list and comparing it to his budget, the average person must learn to buy carefully, spending the right amount of money for the right gift for the right person.

For example, if your lover is an art-lover, he'd probably enjoy a **Bronze-like statue of "Boy Removing a Thorn"** (from the Greek, 500 B.C.), \$50.00 (10) which would look great in any living room. Do you find that you have problems waking him up in the morning? A **Space-age Clock-Radio**, \$25.00 (6) will wake him gently to the music of his favorite station. For the lover who

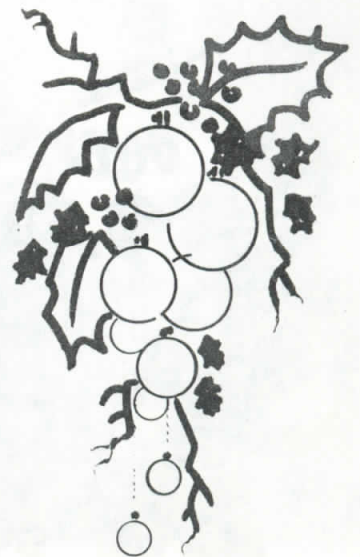


mas Gift GUIDE

is a book-worm, **Copper Bookends**, \$20.00 (14) would be an ideal gift for holding his favorite classics together. And if your lover is a music nut, try giving him a **Tape Recorder**, \$200.00 (13) so that he can enjoy hours of music on tape.

For your best friend who prefers the elegant touch, a **Spanish wrought-iron candle holder with candle**, \$25.00 (9) or a **Raspberry candle with gold holder**, \$7.00 (2) will add taste and beauty to any home. A **Mounted stone bust of "David"**, \$12.00 (1) would be ideal for the lover of statuary and for that friend who always complains when you put your glass on his wood tables, we suggest a **Coaster Set with holder**, \$8.00 (3).

To get in good with your boss, give him a **Wood-encased Carving Set**, \$5.00 (11) or a **Pewter candle holder**, \$18.00 (5) for his home. The **Straw-flower arrangement in glass decanter**, \$25.00 (7) would add color and beauty to any office as would a **Ceramic vase from Mexico**, \$7.00 (8).



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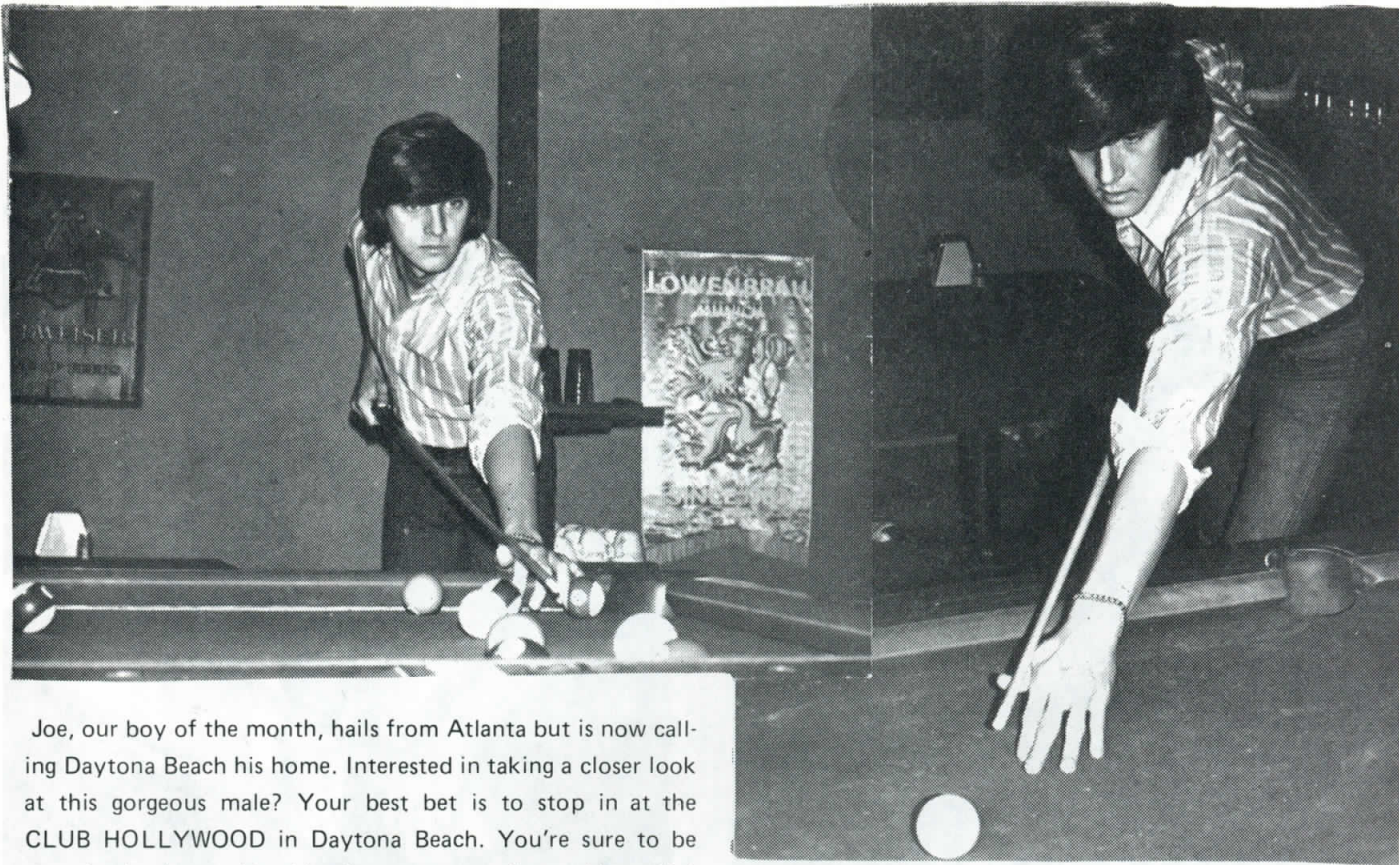
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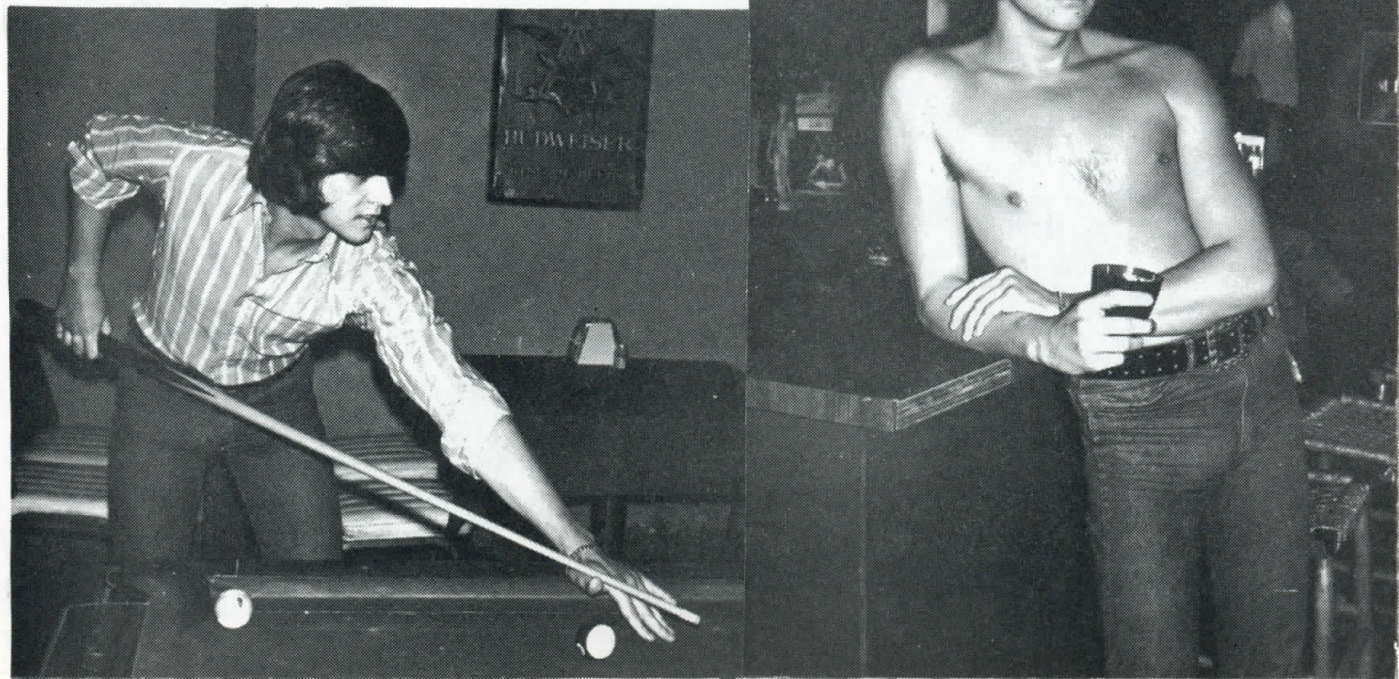


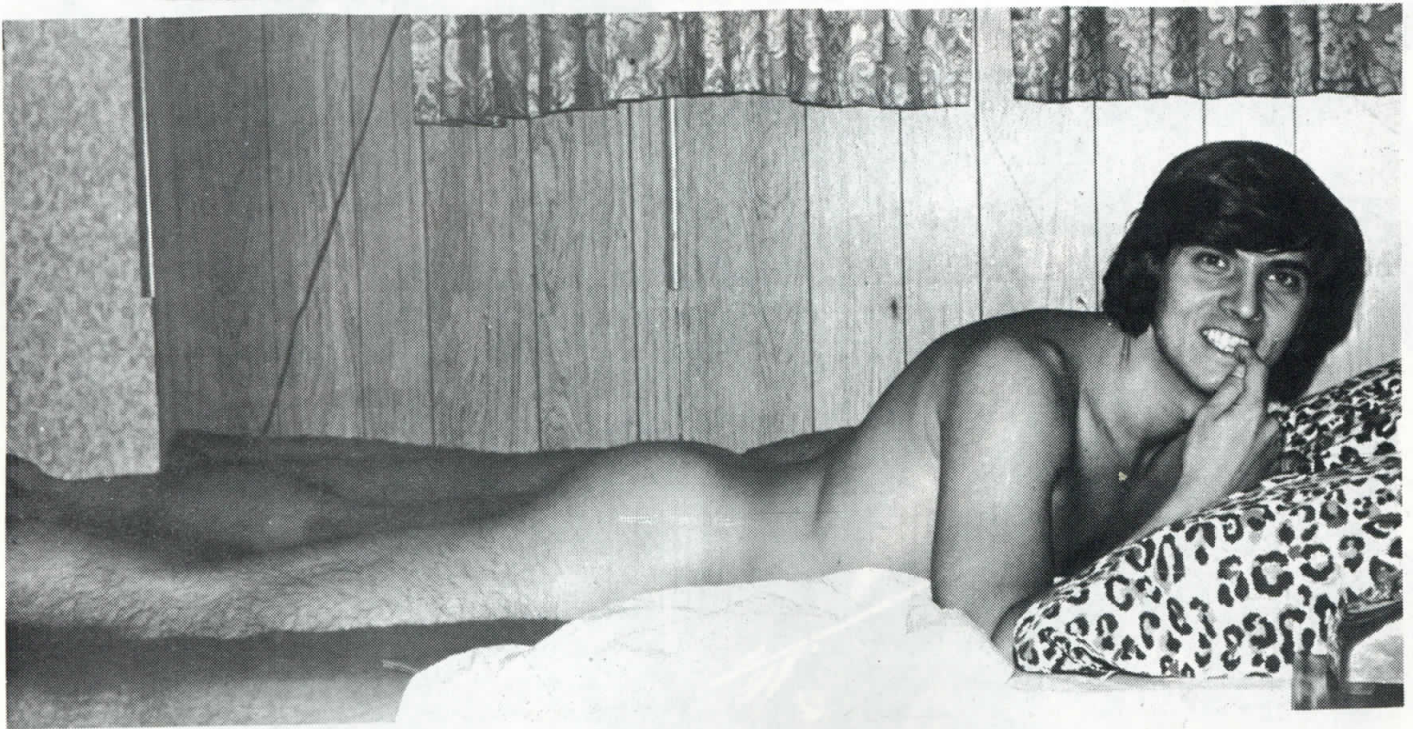
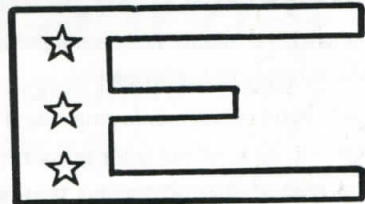
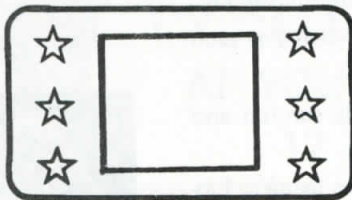
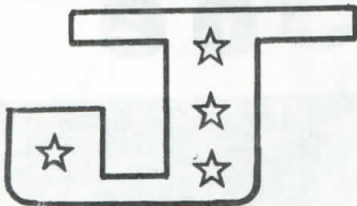
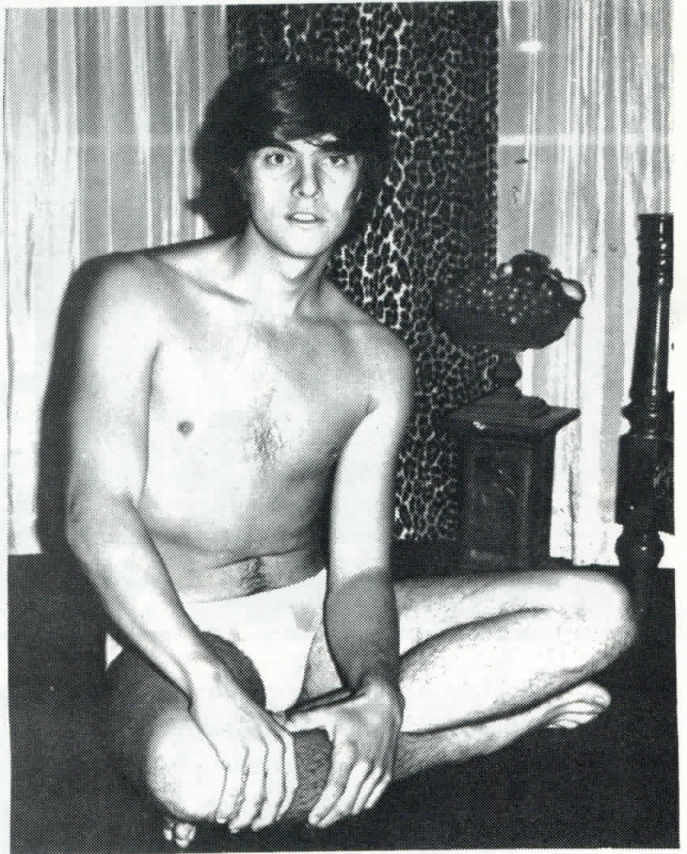
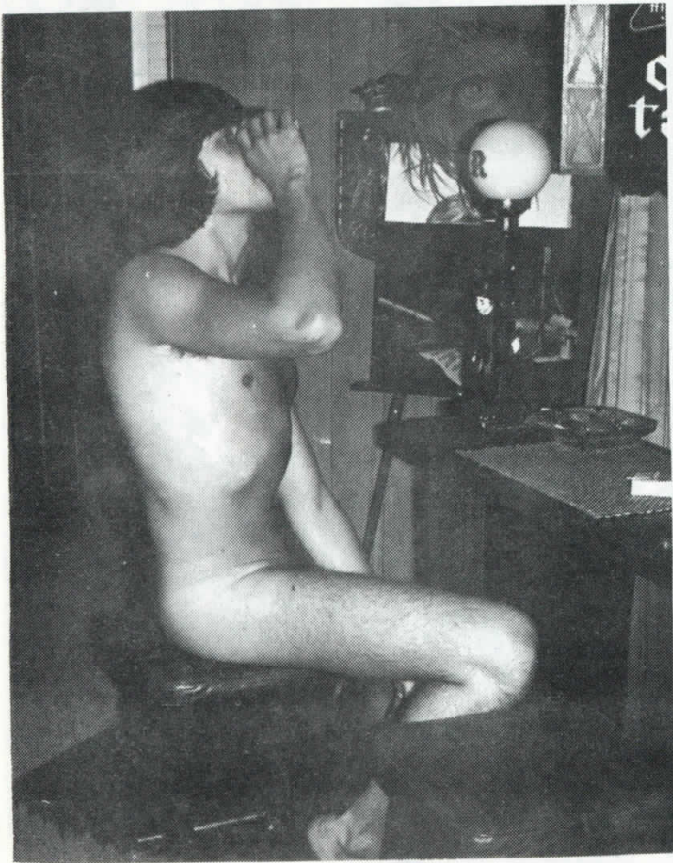
Joe, our boy of the month, hails from Atlanta but is now calling Daytona Beach his home. Interested in taking a closer look at this gorgeous male? Your best bet is to stop in at the CLUB HOLLYWOOD in Daytona Beach. You're sure to be completely charmed by his pleasant personality and beautiful smile. Even just sitting at the bar just looking at him can be a fascinating way to spend an evening. Besides being a good looker, Joe mixes a great drink!

Keeping in good shape, enjoying the Florida sun-fun and playing pool are three of his favorite pastimes.

Though he misses Atlanta, he says that he loves living in Florida and thinks the people here are the greatest.

Joe







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A white Christmas in the South is not necessarily as impossible a dream as it might seem. Especially if you are within travelling distance to the heart of the South, Atlanta.

This glorious city is not only one of the most progressive cities in this country, it could easily be called the gayest and most traditionally beautiful anywhere with gorgeous Atlantans scurrying through the snow to the parties that are so abundant this time of year.

Speaking of parties, your editors witnessed two of the most fabulous parties of

the year in Atlanta last month.

The grand opening of Chuck Cain and Frank Powell's SWEET GUM HEAD took place on Saturday night November 13th and Atlantans went wild.

Joining a very lively show by regulars, Allyson, Lavita and Wendy were special guest appearances made by Frank Wright (Juanita Banana), Maxine, Stephanie and Candy Jo, all from Daytona Beach.

Candy Jo said she was so impressed, she's seriously considering making Atlanta her new home.

A real highlight of the show was a special production number from Hello Dolly. Wendy did a most convincing interp of Carol Channing's version of the title song. Lavita lavishly dollied herself through the same number as done by Miss Striesand. Allyson followed with a "turned on" version sung by Pearl Bailey.

To cap the production off, all three girls sang the song together, much to the delight of the audience, all of whom were by then giving the much coveted standing ovation.

The Sweet Gum Head is such a cheerful, colorful bar, it is bound to stay high on the list of the most popular bars in the south.

The Other Room at the Rathskeller celebrated it's first anniversary Sunday, November 14th with a party Atlantans will remember for years to come.

The guest list (by invitation only) read like the who's who in the Atlanta area.

Approximately 800 people crammed in to the restaurant and bar for their fill of

complimentary food and drink.

The party naturally put everyone in a super good mood but Monday didn't feel so pretty good. And that's the truth too! Wow! What a party!

Paul, of Mr. B's Book Store has proudly announced the opening of his new Piccadilly Lounge at 1129 Peachtree St. N.E.

Atlantans will recognize the address as that of the former Piccolo Lounge which was closed by fire damage a year ago.

The bar has been practically rebuilt into a cozy attractive two room lounge and is very tastefully decorated.


Jim Painter of the Gay Paree Cinema told DAVID recently that plans are being completed for lounge facilities to be installed in the theater. Comfortably decorated, the lounge will serve free coffee for the Cinema's patrons.

The Armory Lounge of Atlanta, considered to be one of the most elegant and vibrant gay clubs in the South, proudly announces its 1st anniversary this month. The celebration, set for the 15th of December, will climax a year of high success. David Lacks, Manager and bartender with a message, commented on his thriving trade with, "There's no way to go but up!"

Just walk in The Armory and you'll immediately be surrounded by the light of friendly and beautiful people. There's no other entertainment than that provided by David and his merry team of helpers-- Jimmy Riley and Don Newbern.

The Armory, located at 836 Juniper St., evolved out of the Prince George Inn, a popular gathering place for both gays and straights next door. The decor is Western-Renaissance, with blues and deep browns creating a soft, warm atmosphere of your own "ideal" living room.

Everyone is welcome in the anniversary spirit December 15 and to become part of the increasing following of David. The Armory is flowering right now in Atlanta-- the original bar for the bees. And it should continue to flower for many years to come.



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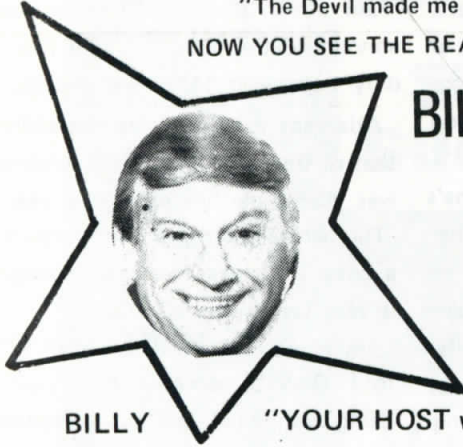
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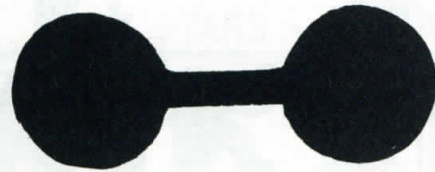
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BILLY'S BACK ON PEACHTREE!

"Welcome to Atlanta, Home of Scarlett O'Hara, Coca Cola and Margaret Mitchell, authoress of Gone With the Wind." purrs Billy Jones as he greets you at the door at the fantastic Funochio's on Atlanta's famous Peachtree Street.

Billy said he would be back with drag a year ago, and back he is in a grand and glorious way playing to a packed house at Funochio's opening night.

"A few years ago drag was unheard of in Atlanta", he says. "The only really swinging bars in town were Frank Powell's JOY Lounge and Mrs. P's where Chuck Cain was holding court every night. Frank had heard about the success of Phyllis Killer at Mardi Gras and asked me to come over one night in the prize winning costume. Instead of one appearance I was asked to make many more with my "Darling Daughters" and drag in gay bars in Atlanta began."

Billy's dream to get drag on Peachtree finally was realized the day Chuck Cain opened the doors to The Apple Tree and Phyllis Killer was called in to handle the shows. The crowds loved it but the neighbors, with the help of city hall, cut down the Apple Tree. Seems they couldn't understand all these men and all this HIMary talk. and "Get you girl". So back Billy went to continue the pleasant duties of working with Frank and Chuck on their shows. During this period Billy had the pleasure of working with Lavita, Danny Davis, Allyson, Gina and Deserie as well as the honor of crowning the first Miss Gay Atlanta on Halloween in 1968.

Billy's dream came true again late in 1970 with the opening of the Club Centaur on Peachtree where he introduced "Billy's Beautiful Boys"

This again was short lived because of personal problems of the owners and the Club Centaur closed it's doors.

They say the "Third time's a charm" and "You can't keep a good man down" so Billy's dream is a reality again with the opening of Funochio's where he sang out "There's no biz like drag biz" to a packed house. That same night he had the pleas-



ure of introducing Neely (pictured here) and the Doll House Review.



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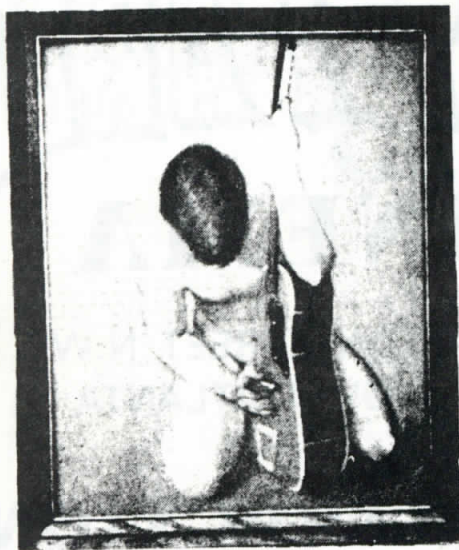
ATLANTA (from pg. 37)

Neely is from a long line of great female impersonators--not exactly blood-line, although some blood was shed on his climb to the peak where we now see him in his own "Doll House Revue". Neely appears with his "Revue" nightly, Monday thru Saturday at Atlanta's FUNOCHIO's, at 6th and Peachtree Streets. Between the shows on Tuesday nights, he dashes over

to Chuck's RATHSKELLER on Monroe Street, to put in an appearance with one of the "Doll House Revue" troupes that has a weekly engagement there.

There's a lot one could say about Neely, but how does one sum up 5' 9½", 140 pounds of pure talent? Neely has behind him, a state and national baton twirling championship of which he displays his fantastic style in "Before the Parade Pas-

ses By" from "Hello, Dolly". He has almost seven years professional dance training skills with an ex-June Taylor dancer, Miss Zola Medcalf. This is quite evident in his personal performances and in his production numbers. He also could very well be a leading dress designer which is evident from one glance at his costumes or personal wardrobe, which he designs and makes himself.



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MOTHER MOLLY'S



Mother Molly again, folks! This month, I've got a real treat for all you meat-eaters--Ha! Here's what you'll need:

Recipe

- 1 pot roast (a rib-roast will do fine)
- 1 small bottle of chili sauce
- 1 bottle of coke (regular size) or 1 can of coke (after you've taken a large swallow).
- OK, sweeties, salt and pepper your hair--I mean, the pot roast. Then, in a large skillet, brown the meat (for those of you

who enjoy that sort of thing). Add the bottle of chili sauce and the whole bottle of coke.

Cover the pan and simmer over a very low heat, as low as possible, for 3 hours. This time can be well spent by catching up on your knitting or checking out those same cute sailors across the way. Oh fellas! Mother Molly has a big piece of meat for you!!

Another way to pass the time, for those of you who don't take more than three hours, do your hair and prepare for the evening's activities.

And friends--during the three hours, be sure to remember to flip the meat over

every half hour.

Three hours, and two sailors later, it should be tender and tasty. Serve with a green vegetable and a baked potato.

For those of you working girls who cannot spare 3 hours when you get home from work, you can prepare this one night and serve it the next. Cook the roast for two hours. Then put it in the frig, lock, stock and skillet. The night you wish to serve it, just cook it for an hour.

And so friends, once again, it's time for Mother Molly to get back in the 'ole Packard and get on her gay way. Happy appetites!!

The GYM

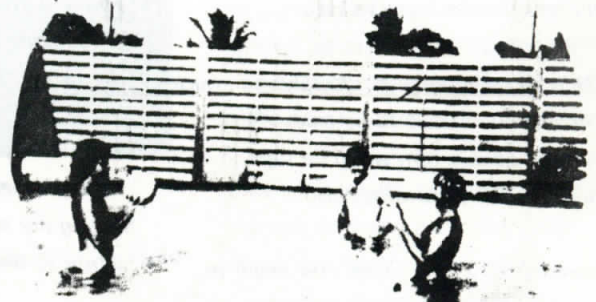
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Don't ever fall in love my friend,
You see it doesn't pay;
Although it causes broken hearts,
It happens every day.

At first love lets the sunshine
Light up every place you go.
And when he says, "I love you,"
Deep down inside you know.

You whisper back, "I love you, too,"
And watch his soft eyes melt,
When he drags you even closer
You know what he said, he felt.

But it doesn't take long for his love to
fade
And that's when the pain will start.
You become two instead of one.
As you slowly drift apart.

If you'd only stop and watch for a minute
You'd see him fading away;
You'd hear the note of impatience
When he swears that he will stay.

You watch the promises one by one
As they're broken and forgot.
But then he'll smile that same old smile
And tells you he loves you a lot.

Like a fool you believe him take him back
And again he swears to be true.
And you believe him when he says,
There'll never be another you.

There comes a time when you begin to
think
That me must not care at all;
For as the hours and days crawl slowly on
You wait-but he doesn't call.

Little arguments grow into fights
Your eyes grow red from tears.
You can't believe what seems to be
Cause you've loved him for too many
years.

POETRY

See the children in the park
playing on a merry-go-round,
I can see them laughing gaily
from my seat on the ground.
I can see them growing up,
learning to laugh and cry.
I recall you playing there,
before you learned to hurt and lie.

Do you remember as I do
the fun we had as we played there?
Do you remember how you blushed
as you told me how much you cared.
But we were only children then
and childhood love soon goes astray;
As roses in the early spring
with summer's touch fade away.

There's your wife driving up,
you and your son rush to the car.
I sit, playing a while,
then wipe the tears from my guitar.

I wonder if you saw me here
sitting beneath a tree,
Singing my songs and watching your son,
a boy so dear to me.

He's strong and so good-looking
and as tall as a Georgia Pine,
He's just like you in every way,
except his eyes are blue like mine.

Now night is here and I must go,
again my day is done;
I still see you riding by,
with your arm around our son.

from our

readers...

As the sun, through Heidelberg's mist,
My mind, only slightly with clearness
kissed,
Begins to pattern my lovely troubles
anew,
And above reason's protests, a soul insists
This sweet confusion of love is you--

I dare not dam insistant tears,
Restrain dream, supress natural fears,

Nor forbid bird-like heart and fawn-like
sinew,
Silver hair, standard of hard advancing
years,
When their reasons for being are you--

Environ's slave, my thinking declines,
To rip society's narrow knot that binds,
Me slave to custom, my life thru;
But reason, jousting with my heart, finds,
A worthy opponnet, holding out for you--

I shall divorce reason from my bed,
For young love's wine is better, it is said,
Than barren reason's insipid brew,
And while my taste-buds of life are not
dead,
I'll drink from the cup of love and you--



Although I have no basis for feeling as I
 do,
 I should love you through eternal time, if
 you would allow me to.
 That one magic period, those five short
 hours, was worth
 All of Life's valuables, all the ivory
 towers.
 "You will encounter only sorrow,"
 warning voices cry.
 "Save yourself from hurt...stay high and
 dry."
 I feel these prophecies have little truth
 and are not very real

To those who bear these warnings I
 readily appeal:
 "Leave me my life, my own life, without
 having benefit of false
 Advice you give!"
 if error is made and hearts are soared too
 high,
 I shall survive the sorrow...I know I shall
 not die.
 I shall go on living, perhaps a life forlorn
 Yet all the better person, than ever I was
 before.

R.R.

I started out today with doubt in my
 mind,
 Scared to leave my city frills behind/
 50 miles isn't far, but it makes a great
 change,
 To go there forever would indeed be
 strange.
 I was born in a hospital, rode home in a
 car,
 Without life's conveniences I haven't
 gone far.
 Now I'm nearing a life I've never known,
 But the closer I get there's a thrill in my
 bones.
 Now here I am with a hand on the plow,
 Sooner or later I'll milk the cow.
 There's beauty in the field and life in the
 land,
 Plus strength beyond measure in a sun-
 burned hand.
 At last I've found my heart's true way.
 I thought I was a city girl, isn't it a pity,
 I'm just a little country girl, who grew up
 in the city.



Tired, disconsolate, I think about
 how things might have been.
 Weary from trying so hard
 Glad at what has been accomplished
 but wondering about the never seen
 the never fulfilled, the never done

Like an intricate, beautiful spider web
 woven between two close twigs
 with another twig far away
 not up or down, but beyond.
 no web there ever, no extension
 of this precious pattern, no way.
 Unless a wind comes.

Raymond Ward

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CHAFFER

with Auntie Laurie

Certain signs and clues tell me that THAT time is here again, and no place to hide. Ah, me, nothing to do but face it--Christmas is coming, and that shoots the social life for a week, the diet for a month, and the bank account just may stop quivering in July.

Christmas, you see, means home with the family. Being unattached and nearby, I would become the cause of great rifts and unpleasantness were I not to go home.

Well, it's only a week. If there are any recurrences of last year though, I may commit an ax murder.

I drove in early on the 24th last year, and discovered no tree.

"You kids are all grown," my mother said, "and so Dad and I didn't see any reason for a tree. Unless..."

My brother and sister, both home from school, objected to this and appealed to me. Sloppy sentimentalist that I am, I threw in with the pro-Christmas tree forces. I offered to pay, and Ma surrendered. "You'll have to go pick it out, I've got work to do" and she hustled back to the wonderful world of pie crust.

Mike, Katherine, and I set out in the car. The dachhund, who worships my brother, insisted on coming.

Have you ever bought a Christmas tree at noon on the 24th? It's pretty much a buyer's market; the merchant knows he won't have a successful January sale on the article. Unfortunately, all the good ones are gone, and what's left is uniformly scraggly, mis-shapen, and dried-up.

(There has been a depressing glut of a thing called a Scotch pine. This so-called tree is much touted because of its "perfect" shape. It looks like it was turned on a lathe. This product has proven so popular with the unthinking masses that most tree lots have nothing else. Well, excuse me, Madison Avenue, but it is NOT a Christmas tree. We were trying to find a



spruce, which is a REAL tree that looks and smells right).

At the seventh place we finally found a spruce that was not too dead and not too dry and did not look like a cow had been chewing on it. Ignoring comments from the siblings that it was too tall, I grabbed it, haggled the man down to less than half the price, and hauled it off to the car. First obstacle--how to get it home in a two-door sedan? The roof? No. The back seat? Not unless I wanted to drive home sitting in the branches.

Katherine sat on the hood sneering. Mike held the tree upright, while I thought of where to put it. The dachhund was debating whether or not to eat a pine cone she had found.

It had to go in the trunk, but we had no way of tying it down, and the trunk lid is spring-loaded and would bounce and flap all the way home unless held down. I suggested that someone could ride in the trunk and hold the lid down.

"Not I," said Katherine.

"I have on good clothes" said Mike.

Three guesses who had on old clothes that day.

We stuffed the tree into the trunk, and I gingerly got in with it, nestling down into the greenery like a woodland creature. The dog had eaten the pine cone by this time and now she decided she wanted to ride with me. My brother scooped her up and tossed her in. She wriggled over through the branches and licked my face. I pulled the lid down as far as it would go without breaking the tree.

We started back home--five miles. With every stop and start, the lid banged down on me. The tree was prickly and sticky with sap. The jack was digging into my back. People noticed and pointed. Some waved. Cars honked at me. My brother began to get grandiose ideas, and he altered our course through the center of town. I cursed him in a most unbrotherly fashion.

My left leg was asleep, and my brother

drove around through town for a second time. He and my sister were waving to everyone and enjoying themselves thoroughly.

The dachshund was also having second thoughts. She looked very unhappy about the pine cone, and she was regretting her rash act in eating it. I pushed her away but she kept returning, seeking sympathy in her hour of grief. I feared the pine cone's imminent resurrection.

We finally drove down our street, to the entertainment of the neighborhood. I was now screaming at my brother and he was honking the horn to drown me out. The dog was undergoing those ominous seismic tremors which indicated the Second Coming of the pine cone.

We stopped in the front yard, and Mike got out, came back to me, and started to laugh. I released the lid, and jumped out at my brother going for his throat. I landed on the left leg (asleep, remember?) and collapsed. My brother laughed so hard at that, HE collapsed. I got up and crawled

after him on all fours. The dog jumped out and landed smack on my back, ensuring confusion, giving my brother a chance to scramble away.

My mother came out and found me and my brother crawling around on the lawn, he in hysterics and me roaring after him. The dog was yelling and dancing around both of us. My sister lay on the ground next to the car, gagging and choking from laughing so hard.

"What the hell is going on out here?" was all she wanted to know.

Well, of course, the tree was too tall and I nearly removed several finger tips cutting it shorter. I will not talk about how it fell over on me as I set it up, alone and unaided. I will not mention my remarks when my sister plugged the lights in while I was picking a piece of tinsel out of a socket. She only said that you can't be too overly endowed with intelligence if you stick your fingers into light sockets.

Thus my initial remark about an ax murder. And if we don't have a tree this year, I shall not say a word!

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WARRIOR (from pg. 15)

Moments later they were towelling and then sat on the bed for a cigarette. Mario loved American cigarettes and now he savored the strong tobacco flavor with great relish. They hadn't stopped to dress but lay naked together now, and Bob felt a strong desire to take the boy into his arms.

"Have you any other family anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, I have brother. He is one year older. He is 19 and lives in Rome."

"A brother? What's his name?"

"Oh, same as you. Roberto. But he is only half my brother."

"Half your brother?"

"Yes. You see, he have American father. A soldier of the war."

For a moment, Bob's heart felt it would surely stop.

"An American father? Was Roberto born in Palermo?"

"Yes, but the American had gone. He left with his other soldiers. It was April of 1944 when Roberto is born. My father was an Italian soldier who work here to rebuild city. Later on, he catch fever and die. But I think he love my mother very much. He married her in church when Roberto come. And she die giving me life, year later."

All through this account, Bob's mind kept going back to a dimly lit room in war-torn Palermo.

"And your mother's name. What was that?" he asked, almost fearful of the answer.

"Pina," replied Mario. "My mother's name was Pina."

For a moment, Bob could find no words. Then, slowly and simply, he put his arms around the boy beside him.

"Mario, dear Mario."

He clasped the boy to him now, and their lips met and he repeated, almost in a whisper: "Mario, Mario."

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JOKES



"Honey," Clem said, hugging his lover in the haystack. "I'm going to love you and love you and love you until the bull comes home."

"Why Clem, what made you think of the bull?"

"Well, honey, you have such big eyes."

.....

A friend of ours came home unexpectedly from visiting his mother and caught his lover in bed with a midget.

"Liar!" he yelled. "You promised me you would never cheat again!"

"But honey," the lover pleaded, "can't you see I'm trying to taper off?"

.....

"Yes," said the salesman, about athletic supporters. "They come in four sizes--small, medium, large, and Holy Mackerel!"

W. C. in the FIELDS

An English gay, while in Switzerland, was looking for a room to live in and so he asked the local schoolmaster if he could recommend any. The schoolmaster took him to see several rooms and when everything was settled, the gay returned home to make the final preparations to move. When he arrived home, the thought suddenly occurred to him that he had not seen a single W.C. (toilet or water-closet) around the place. He immediately wrote a letter to the schoolmaster asking if there was a W.C. around. The schoolmaster was a very poor English student so he asked the Parish Priest if he could help him in the matter. Together, they tried to discover the meaning of the letters "W.C." and the only solution they found was "Wayside Cha-

pel." The schoolmaster then wrote the following letter to the gay:

Dear Sir:


I take great pleasure in informing you that the W.C. is situated about nine miles from your room in a beautiful grove of pine trees surrounded by lovely grounds. It is capable of holding 229 people and is open on Sundays and Thursdays only. As there is a great number of people expected in the summer, I would suggest you come early, although there is usually plenty of standing room. This is an unfortunate situation, particularly if you are in the habit of going regularly. You will no doubt notice that many people bring their lunch and make a day of it, while others who can afford to go by car, arrive just in time.

I would especially like to recommend that you go on Thursday, as there is an organ accompanist. The acoustics are excellent and even the most delicate sound may be heard everywhere. It may interest you to know that my daughter was married in this W.C. It was there that she met her husband. I can still remember the rush for seats. There must have been 10 people to a seat. It was a wonderful feeling to see the expressions on their faces.

The newest attraction are the bells that ring every time someone enters. A bazaar is to be held to provide plush seats for all since people seem to feel that they are needed. My wife is rather delicate so she cannot attend regularly. It has been almost a year since she last attended. Naturally, it pains her much, not to be able to go more often.

I shall be delighted to reserve you the best seat, if you wish, where you can be seen by all. For the children, there is a special time and place so that they will not disturb their elders. Hoping to have been of service to you, I remain, respectfully yours.....





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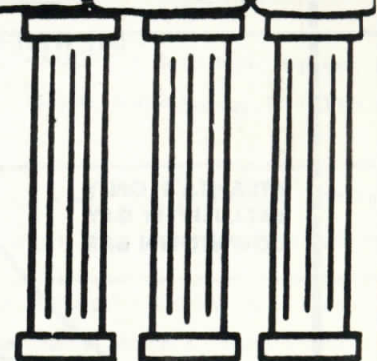
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CHRISTMAS(from pg. 23)

fing the turkey, preparing candied yams, and making fruitcakes. And will my lover ever forget spiking the eggnog a little too much, and then in his alcoholic stupor, trying to molest the turkey!? Or how about our best friend Roger, who lost his bridgework on the candied yams, which somehow came out too gooey!

I get sick when I think of the five fancy fruitcake tins I bought--and not one of the cakes fit into them!

Oh sure. Fond Christmas memories of last year. Fighting crowds, going out in foul weather to shop, writing cramp from the cards, scads of money going out for gifts. Not to mention all the decorating, complete with a tree, too tall for your living room and the millions of pieces of fallen, broken Christmas balls all over the rug. And to say nothing of all the unwanted friends and relatives who barge in and get crocked on the eggnog.

Christmas again? Bah! Humbug!

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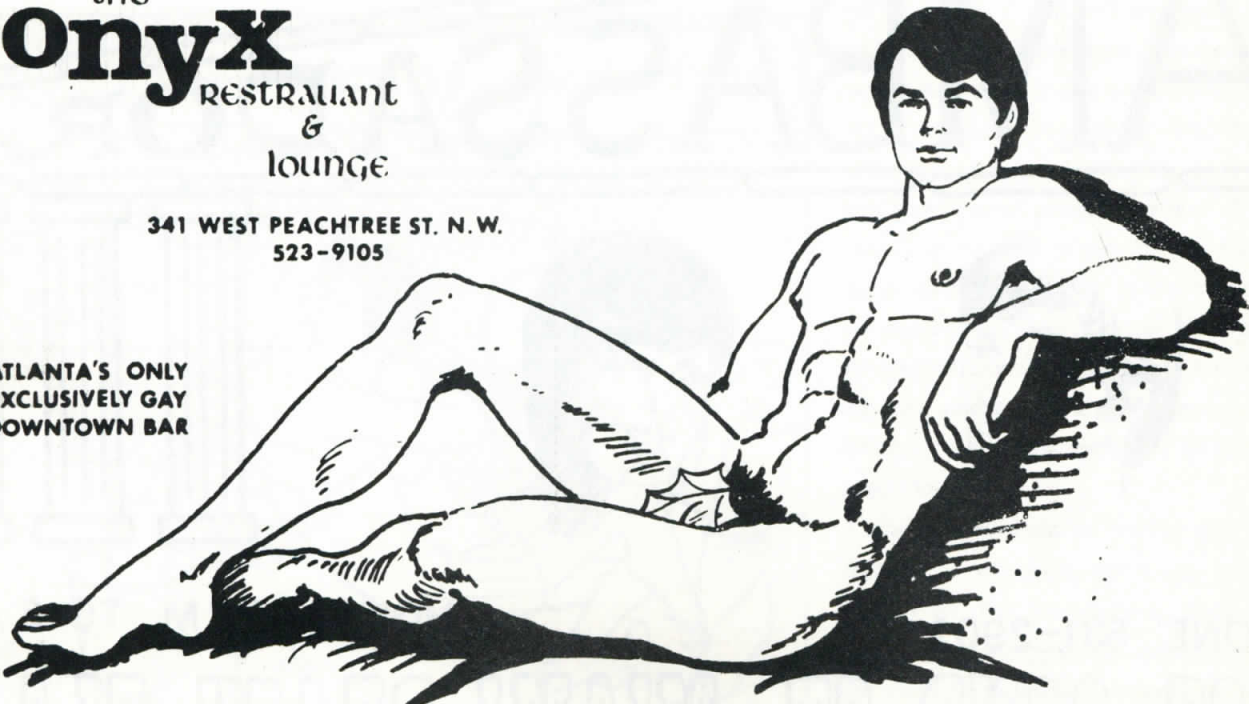
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DAVID SUPPORTERS - what's happening where

DAVID's Supporters column is brought UP TO DATE every month. Since we list only establishments that support DAVID, and we are in touch with each of our supporters every month, we can assure you this listing is ACCURATE and DEPENDABLE even though it does not list ALL establishments catering to gays.

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ROBBIE'S YUM YUM TREE * 703 Ridgewood (US 1) in Holly Hill. Open seven days a week. Live entertainment. Three shows every night except Monday. Free buffets 7 p.m. Sun. Ph: (904) 255-9174. Your host: Jim Whitehead.

FORT LAUDERDALE

EVERGLADES BAR * 1931 S.E. 6th Ave. Federal Highway. Shows Fri. and Sat. Buffets every Sunday night. Your hosts: Louie, Paul & Jerry. Ph: (305) 524-1718.

THE GALLERY * 2889 W. Broward Blvd. Open 7 nights a week from 5 p.m. till 4 a.m. Food, Dancing and entertainment. Your hosts: Wally & Michael. Phone: (305) 581-9912.

ODDS & ENDS * 3148 N.E. 12th Ave. (in Oakland Park). Oakland Park Blvd. & Old Dixie Hwy. Your hosts: Dottie & Annie. Ph: 564-9114.

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THE SALOON * 219 1/2 S.W. 1st Avenue. Your hosts: Jimmy, Fluffy and Joe. Ph: (305) 525-2524.

VENTURE INN * 1791 W. Broward Blvd. Restaurant and lounge. Open seven days. Shows and Go-Go Boys. Buffets on Sunday and Tuesdays. Your host: Scotti. Ph: (305) 524-9550.

FORT MYERS

THE RED LION * "Downtown" Ft. Myers. Cocktail lounge. Cocktail parties on Sundays. Open till 2 AM. PH: (813) 334-9775.

GAINESVILLE

MELODY CLUB * 4130 N.W. 6th Street. Live entertainment Thurs. and Sat. Dance Contest Fri. Cash prizes. Your hosts: C.L. & Pat. Ph: 376-9457.

HALLANDALE

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THE OFFICE II * 2590 State Road No. 7. Miramar (Hollywood). Open seven nights a week 'til 4 a.m. Shows every Sat. night. Contests every month. Your hosts: Carol & Jay. Ph: 983-9541.

JACKSONVILLE

COMMODORE BAR * 102 E. Bay St. Open Monday through Saturday 8 a.m. until 2 a.m. Discount Liquor Package Store, open same

hours. Your hosts: Days, Fred—Nights, Kip.

THE KNIGHT OUT * 9876 Atlantic Boulevard Open Monday thru Saturday from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing. Dining. Occasional shows. D.J. Discoteque-Wednesdays. Your hosts: Hank & Mark. Ph. 725-9968.

LAKELAND

BASKET AND BOTTLE * State Road No. 33. Open Tues. Wed. Thurs. & Sun. 8-12 midnight. Fri. & Sat. 9-5 a.m. B.Y.O.B. Shows. Your hosts: Shawin & Pauline.

LAKE WORTH

MUSIC BOX LOUNGE * 628 Lake Ave. Open Monday through Saturday 9 a.m. to 2 a.m. Open Sunday 1 p.m. to midnight. Your hosts: Bill and Jerry. Ph. (813) 582-9396.

MIAMI

BACHELOR'S II * 2847 Coral Way. Amateur night Mon. Buffet Fri. night. Piano bar. Your host: Ron.

THE HAMLET * 3416 Main Highway. (Coconut Grove). Buffet Sunday. Ph: (305) 443-9100.

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3 a.m. Sundays and 7:30 to 3 a.m. Mondays.
Shows on Fri., Sat., Sun., Host: Mama Dee.

THE HORNY BULL * 1100-A Florida Avenue

Open 9 PM-1 AM, Thurs. & Sun. 10 PM-5 AM
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and Sat. from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. Your Hosts:
Joyce, Biff Gail & Jeannie. Ph: (305) 833-9219.

TURF BAR * 221 Datura. Open Monday
through Sat. from 9:30 to 5 a.m. and Sun.
from 7 p.m. until 5 a.m. Your hosts: Eddie,
Terry, and Dottie. Ph: (305) 832-9243.

TURF NORTH * 1901 North Dixie Hwy.,
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9542.

FUNOCHIO'S * 845 Peachtree Street(at 6th
Street). Shows at 10, 11:30 & 1:00. Phone:
872-1188.

THE ONYX * 339 W. Peachtree. Open from
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MINI THEATER * 7321 Collins Avenue. Adult
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BOOK REVIEW

FROST

by Richard Amory. Copyright 1971 by The Traveller's Companion, Inc., affiliated with The Olympia Press, Inc.

Richard Amory has added still another relatively worthwhile contribution to the field of Homosexual literature with his new novel, FROST. FROST, unlike Amory's LOON SERIES brings us out of the woods and into an ultra-contemporary setting. It not only applies to the homosexual world of today, but touches on virtually every other minority group as well. Amory makes significant comments on everything from "The Establishment" to Drugs and Student Unrest.

The main character, DeWitt Frost, is a mid-twenties teacher's assistant on a rather explosive California campus. He is typical of much of today's youth in that he has a veneer of apathy which barely conceals his idealism.

The plot is somewhat of a mystery in that no one seems to know what's happening or who's on whose side. Even the major characters are left uncertain as to loyalty for one another, up until almost the end of the story. It deals with the relationship between Frost and his es-

tranged father. His father represents nearly everything evil about the current establishment. When Frost gets inadvertently pulled into his father's dealings and discovers how ruthless he is, some genuinely frightening and sad moments result. Frost enlists the aid of his new-found gay love, a semi-straight Black, a liberal college instructor, and a bisexual hippy to expose his father's true nature.

The novel ends with a pleasant yet disturbing twist. Nobody comes out of it smelling like the proverbial rose but we are left at least knowing that justice has been done in a small way and that Frost has succeeded in regaining his self-respect and happiness.

The sexual element of the story is nicely designed not to offend anyone but provides enough action for even the most seasoned voyeur. Fortunately, the sex scenes are actually a significant part of the novel because they do aid the development of the characters.

In all, FROST is a book that should have something to satisfy everyone. In the world of homosexual literature, this book is probably one of the best. Even from a straight standpoint, there is a social significance to the novel which cannot be denied.

David - Grams

"DAVID-GRAMS" are devoted to promoting communication between Gays within and between cities. For \$2.00, we will wish a happy birthday, tell him you love him, or just say hello for you.

Ernesto--Happy Birthday! You are great and we really love you! Happy, happy!!

Walter and Diego

To Tim of Coconut Grove: Happy Birthday with love and affection!!

Your twin, Tom of Lakeland

Rockie--

Love is--having you all to myself.

Paul

Alan and Jerry wish all their friends in Jacksonville, a very Merry Christmas. Yes, you too, Roger!

To Isabelle--

Merry Christmas from Diane.

Young guy is looking for a furnished 2 or more bedroom house in Central Fla. Send replies to DAVID Magazine.

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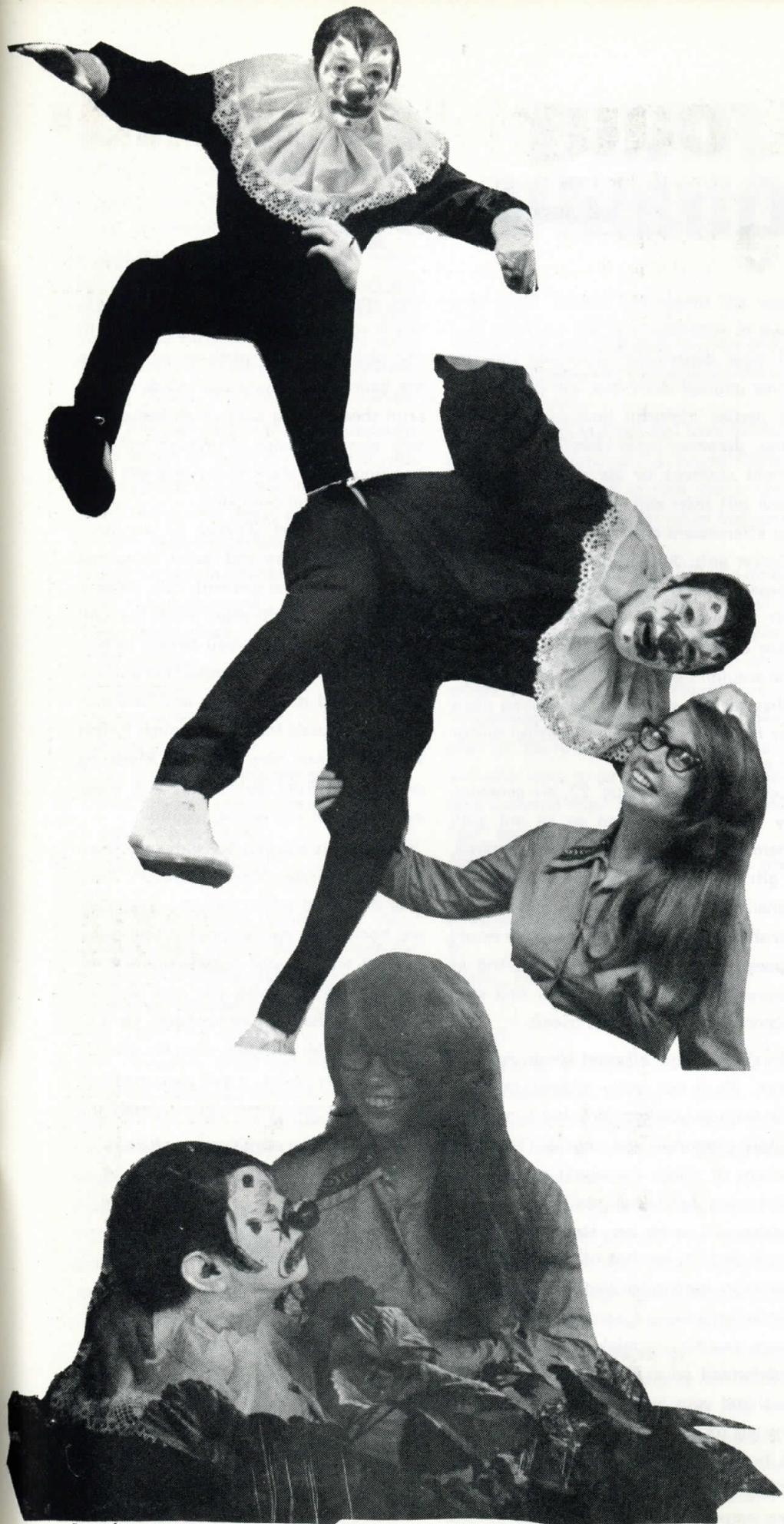
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EDITORIAL

We sat around discussing the problems of love and life the other night and came up with the interesting realization that jealousy has its flip side--and strangely enough it's mistrust. Yep, you sit there burning up with jealousy, totally angry and aching with resentment but is this how it looks to the one creating the jealous feelings? No, she sees the flip side and to her your actions speak of lack of trust.

This may come as a hard jolt to your ego if you're the original green eyed dragon lady, the one where a spark of jealousy soon mounts into a raging fire of anger.

But if you examine the flip side for a minute, maybe you can see her viewpoint. Try it on for size--think about the time you looked someone over with a less than casual glance. When Butch flared up, didn't you answer, "But I wasn't doing anything. Don't you trust me?" Hell yes, you did.

Understanding how your jealousy makes your butch feel doesn't help much when that old feeling sweeps over you. As one gal says, "It's like a burning torch. I see red and things begin to happen."

Jealousy makes all of us do such damned fool things--things we're sorry for 5 minutes later, we do them, actions that don't really help the situation. Jealousy can make a simple happening turn into a really major crisis, especially if you start bringing up the past, throwing in all the things that have happened before. Words get spoken that can't be called back--sure, they relieve your emotions temporarily, but are they worth it?

We all live with our fears and worries--doubts that can grow like Jack's beanstalk if we water them with jealousy.

Christmas-scope

It's time to play Santa Claus again---and picking out the perfect gift for the one you love is always difficult. This year, turn to the stars, let them reveal to you what gift will put a shine in her eyes and a glow in her heart.

So she's a Capricorn, born between Dec. 22 and January 19. Practical and logical, a glamor gift will upset her, make her wonder if you have splurged beyond your means. So stick to the practical gift such as luggage or an understated expensive pocketbook. She's a cloth coat gal, not a mink stole lady, at least not unless you can pay cash for it.

Aquarians, Jan. 20-Feb. 18, are not so hard to shop for. She'll love a way-out gift, a case of champagne, an assortment of gourmet foods, a shipment of western steaks. Anything that will fit into her very social way of life.

Pisces girls, Feb. 19-March 20, are artistic by nature so shop for something that complements their talents. Really good records, a new musical instrument, season's tickets to the symphony or dinner theater. They'll appreciate your understanding.

Impulsive Aries, March 21-April 20, are leaders, impressed by success, so make your gift something expensive, conventional, yet sexy. She'd enjoy a lavish hostess gown, an exciting cocktail dress, or something that she can wear during her gay social whirl.

Taurus, April 21-May 20, women have great respect for money, but they aren't impressed by showiness. Solid, practical expensive things are their bag. A lovely piece of antique furniture, silver to enhance their table setting, beautiful china, these appeal to Taurus natures.

Merry Gemini, May 21-June 20, doesn't want to be obligated to anyone. So keep

your gift simple and unique. Since they love to entertain, visit the boutique area of your department store and pick up some unusual items that will create a stir at parties. Colorful unusual plates and cups, Japanese patio lanterns, a stack of bright cushions to use at parties. Keep your gift light and airy, in keeping with her effervescent personality.

Cancer girls, June 21-July 22, value their homes beyond any other possession. A gift for her home will please her more than one for herself. Buy her something she wouldn't buy for herself, potted camellias for her porch; an everlasting plant for her entrance hall, a beautiful mirror or a painting.

Leo girls, July 23-Aug. 22, are generous by nature so you can go all out with them. Since they tend to be self-centered, a gift for Leo should be extremely personal. A beautiful negligee and nightie, lavish bottles of imported perfume would appeal to their sensual nature. And of course, it was a Leo girl who first said, diamonds are a girl's best friend.

Intellectual and efficient Virgo, Aug. 23-Sept. 22, is not really difficult to shop for because you can thrill her something wildly glamorous and unusual. There are dozens of things she would never dream of buying for herself, so your thoughtfulness will excite her. Her taste in clothing is perfect, but not daring, so surprise her with something wild and unusual, a red velvet jumpsuit, an embroidered cashmere sweater, a mink stole---but don't overextend yourself 'cause Virgo is practical and your impracticality would spoil the gift for her.

Libra is a comfort queen, Sept. 23-Oct. 22, so anything that appeals to her sensuous nature is a winner. Romance and sex are important to Libra so choose a gift

that appeals to this side of her nature. She'll enjoy something lovely to wear in the bedroom, or something to enhance the bedroom---a luxurious chaise lounge, satin sheets, a soft silky velvet bedspread, soft glowing lamps. Feminine right to her fingertips, she'll enjoy any gift that pertains to luxurious living.

Scorpio girls, Oct. 23-Nov. 22, are independent by nature and resent being tied down, so select her gift with care. Possessive by nature, she'll enjoy a gift that will show the world that you belong to her, she wants the world to know that you are branded and hog-tied. His and hers outfits are naturals for her, although in this case, we mean hers and hers. Matching sweaters, jackets, pants suits will show everyone that you belong together.

Want to buy a puppy for someone---then find a Sagittarius, Nov. 23-Dec. 21. They love the world which includes dogs, babies, horses and even elephants. Enthusiastic and warm, your Sagittarius will be pleased with anything you give her, but to stay on the track to her heart, tie it to her love of the outdoors. Give her a weekend at a ski resort, a golf club membership, sports equipment---give yourself the same gift so you can share her pleasure.



GORMET

Okay fems, let's face it--there are only two ways of escaping leftover turkey--invite ten for dinner on Christmas day or eat out. Naturally, both of these possibilities leave you feeling less than thankful; more like, slightly ill. But there's still hope. Just buy one of them smaller sized turkeys and surprise your butch by using the leftovers in a really unusual casserole, Turkey Diablo. It's a great party dish because you can toss it all into a casserole hours ahead of time. All you need with the casserole is a crusty loaf of French bread and a crisp salad, either of greens or fruit. Makes entertaining very simple.

2 cups turkey--in chunks

3 oz. cary mushrooms

1 cup black olives

¾ lb. noodles

turkey broth

1/3 cup minced onion

1/3 cup green pepper

1 can cream of mushroom soup

1/3 lb. cheddar cheese, grated

¼ cup pimento, diced

1 cup peas, cooked

Don't let the turkey broth be a major problem. Make it by boiling the neck and gizzard, or if you're really desparate, just use canned chicken broth. Combine the juice from the mushrooms and olives with the turkey broth and measure. Add sufficient water to make six cups. Bring to a boil and cook the noodles in this for ten minutes. DO NOT DRAIN. Meanwhile, saute the onions, peppers and mushrooms in a little butter. Then dump into the noodles. Add all the other ingredients and while blending, add ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon celery salt, and a couple of dashes of tabasco. Dump it all into your favorite casserole--a colorful Mexican one is ideal. Keep it cool until ready to bake. Anywhere from 45 minutes to 1½ hours in a 325 degree oven will bring it to perfection. See, I told you it's a great party dish--it doesn't care how long the crowd lingers over drinks.

DAVID/VENUS: DECEMBER 1971

DEAR VENUS

Dear Venus,

Where does one meet gay women without having to resort to frequenting the so-called "gay bars?"

I have been to gay bars and have found a certain stereotyped gal, i.e. young, flighty and only interested in how many conquests she can add to her list of bed partners.

Where does an older responsible woman find another woman with like abilities?

I am 44 years old (in chronological years only) enjoy life tremendously. In other words, I am very lonely. Would love to find someone who wants to settle down, plan for the future (our retirement years) and who loves to go camping, fishing and take weekend trips. Surely, there is some "gal" for me.

Where in this big city of Miami is my "Venus"?

Sincerely,

R.

Miami, Florida

Dear R.,

Availability is the key that unlocks the door of loneliness. In simpler words, Venus isn't going to beat a path to your door. You will have to be in the right place at the right time. How?

First a word in defense of gay bars. Yes, you will find the type gal you described but you will also find others there also. Gay girls and straight girls have one thing in common, they're all born match-makers. A girl who is happily married is eager to extend similar happiness to her friends, she wants to help her friends find the right mate. So don't avoid gay bars. Select one where you can relax and become a "regular". Pick a table or spot where you can sit each week and start to make

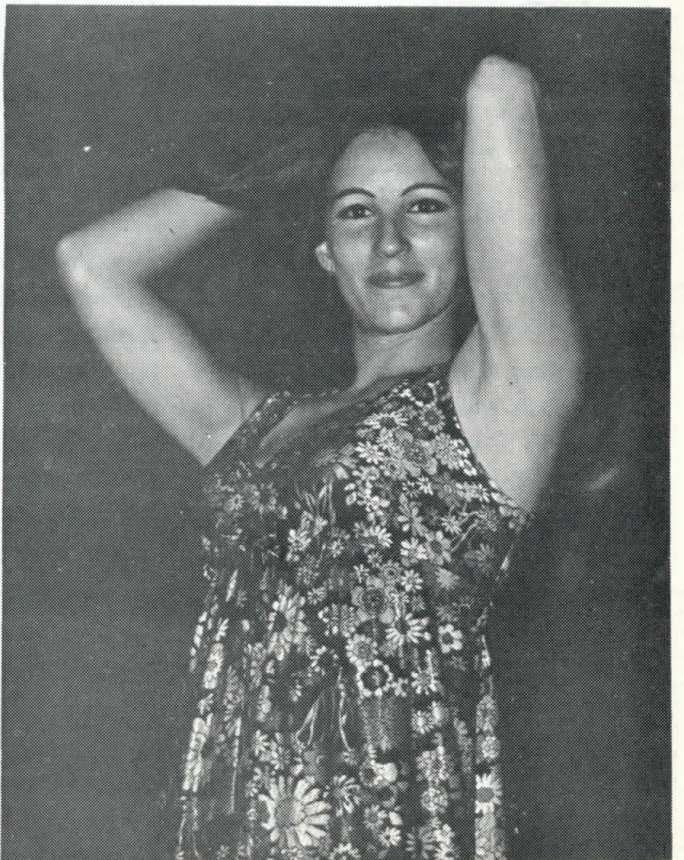
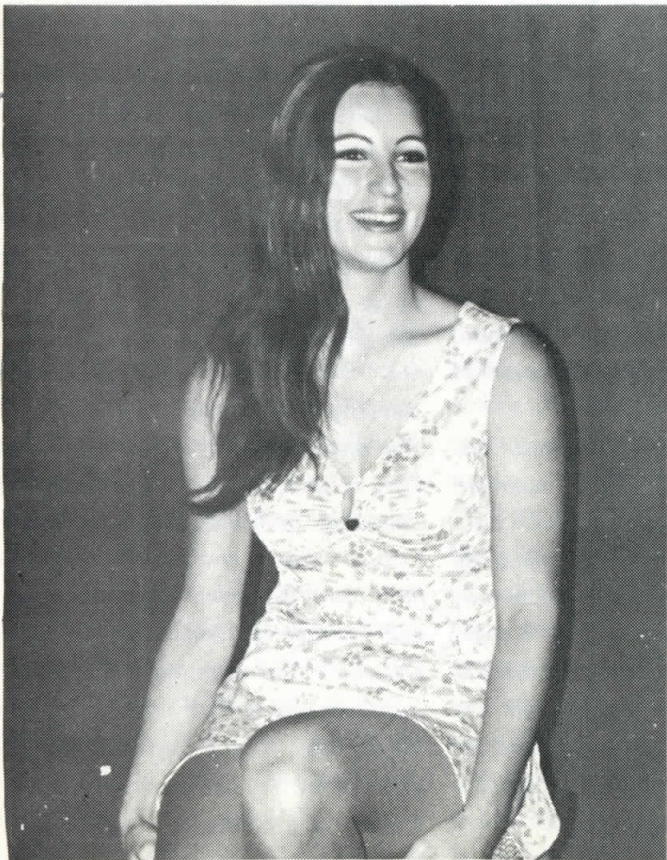
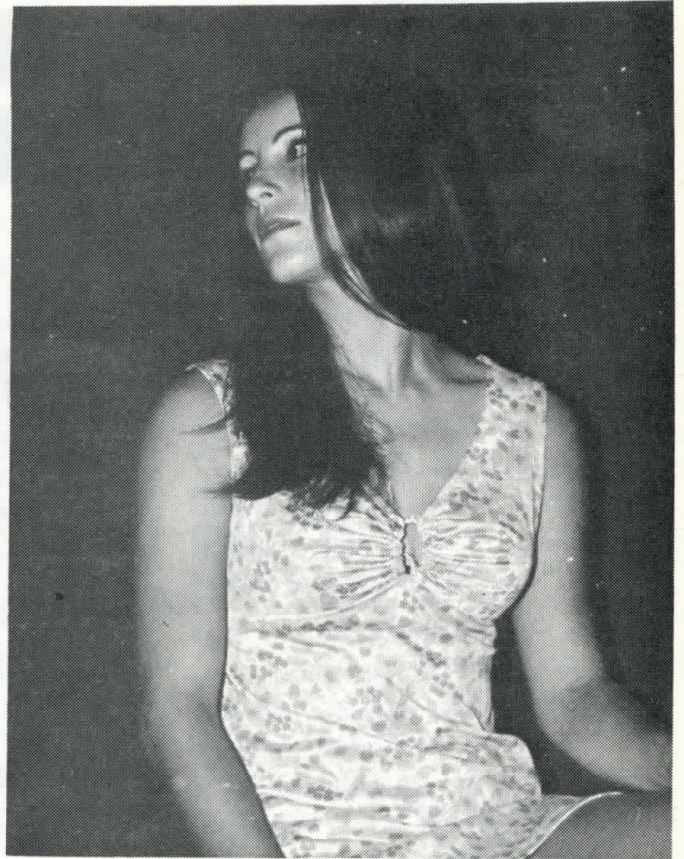
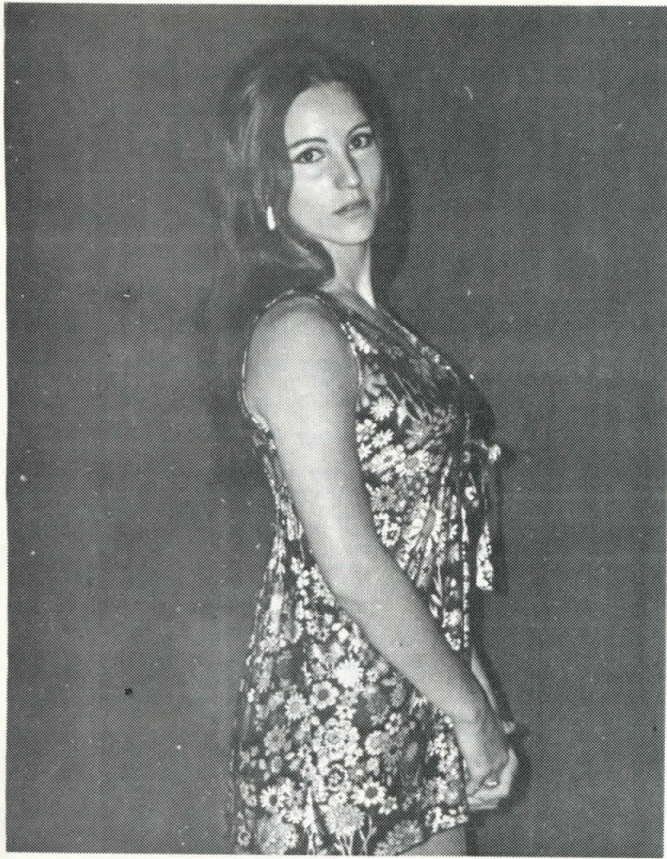
friends. Look the crowd over and stay out of the clutches of the lone hustler. Look for the couples and as you become a familiar figure to them, the smile and nod you exchange at first will be extended to a hello, then to a conversation. Fight your own shyness and show your own friendliness. Every gay couple knows other gay girls, perhaps many who never go to bars and eventually you will be included in parties etc. where you can widen your list of acquaintances. Don't jump into an association but feel your way (and I don't mean physically) into friendship. True love is based first on friendship and compatibility. There has to be a basis before a lasting relationship can begin to grow. In the straight world, physical attraction is so often the basis of marriage, and when this chemistry grows stale, the marriage dies. When love is based on friendship, physical love enhances the relationship.

Most lonely women are "joiners". Look around for clubs and organizations where women gather such as secretarial associations, women's clubs, sororities, professional associations. Don't hesitate to join several pertaining to your own professional field. Look the group over carefully, gay gals don't wear labels--the one you assume is super-straight may be doing a wonderful coverup job.

There's always an overabundance of women at resorts and it isn't too difficult in this relaxed atmosphere to get acquainted with them, since you are interested in camping and fishing.

I've saved a goodie for last--drag queens. They're easy to meet, fun to be with and since they have many feminine interests such as cooking and sewing they usually have many gay women friends. Let your own warmth and friendliness shine thru and you'll find them more than ready to introduce you to their circle.

So get busy, R., and start your search for your Venus. You are much too warm and interesting a person to be doomed to a lonely life.



"I'm the only non-topless dancer in a topless dancer's bar. I enjoy it, it's not work, it's pleasure, except for the guys always asking me out, I guess it's a compliment but I'm not interested in that type of compliment. Don't get me wrong, I don't hate men--if I did, I surely could not work around them. I really love my Dad and can't forget that he's a man.

As far as my personal feelings go, I'm as emotional as anyone else, even though I am a mother. I need an outlet for my affections and feel that any deprivation because of my child or profession would only be deceitful and eventually cause blemishes on all aspects of my life.

As far as that outlet goes, any girlfriend of mine doesn't necessarily need to dress like a man; sweatshirts and levis are fine, but they're not how I judge a person."



LYNN





VENUS

