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THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

AUGUST 1978
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HONCHO

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COVER

When men get together—
and especially when the men are Colt men!—hot things happen. Beginning on page 35, a look at "Man Plus Man," reflecting masculine moods as viewed by the versatile camera of Colt Studios. Our covermen, Gary Franklin and Nino Scappa, are just two of the sixteen models featured, courtesy of Colt.

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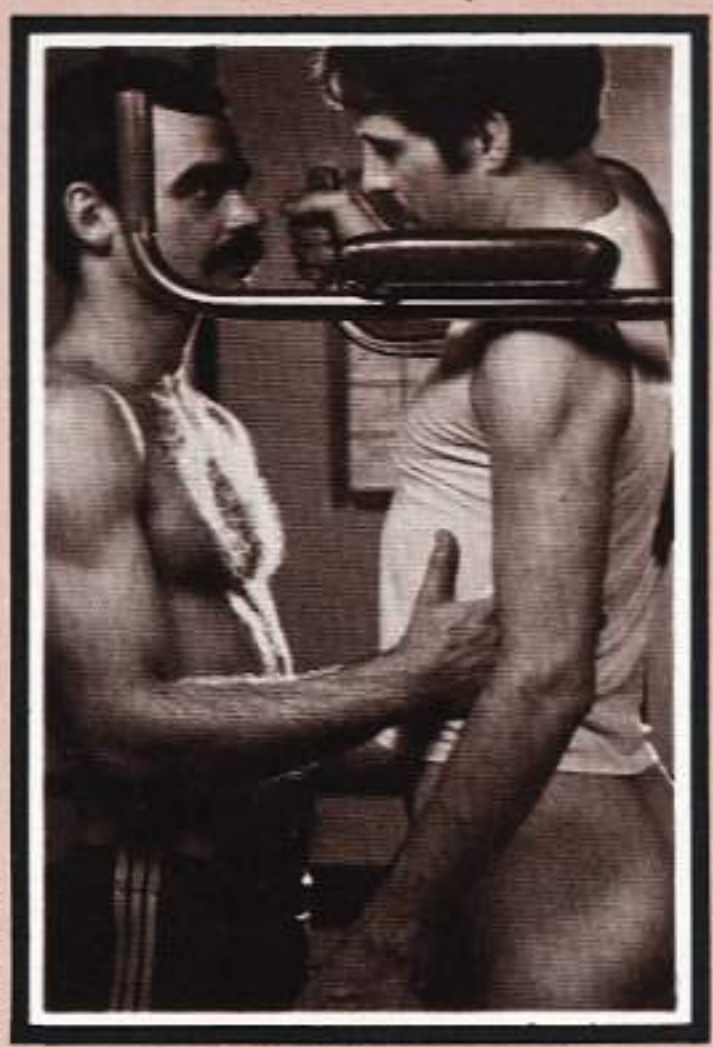
EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

Honcho continues its coverage of features for the macho male with a special focus this issue on men together. The honcho potential for male/male liaisons is examined in an exclusive pictorial featuring 16 Colt models. It's entitled "Man and Man" and the two cyclist studs opposite are one example of the wide range of men shown. More masculine relationships are viewed in something called "Scott and Jayson" in which the two young men below suggest a physical and mental interraction that is more than merely touching. We take a close look at our 50th State this month in an article about gay life in Hawaii. The honcho potential is examined in detail in this story which will help you find the action from Honolulu to the Big Island. Accompanying this is a piece on Mr. Waikiki, a body-building champ who makes his nude debut in this issue of *Honcho*. We're all aware of the hate campaign launched by Anita Bryant in Miami over a year ago. *Honcho* takes a look at the progress and setbacks which have since occurred in the fight for gay rights. Although other cities have followed Miami's dangerous example, others are fighting to establish ordinances protecting the right of homosexuals to enjoy the civil liberties guaranteed to every other minority group in the nation. Nudes, politics, travel, fashion, erotic fiction, this action-packed issue has it all.

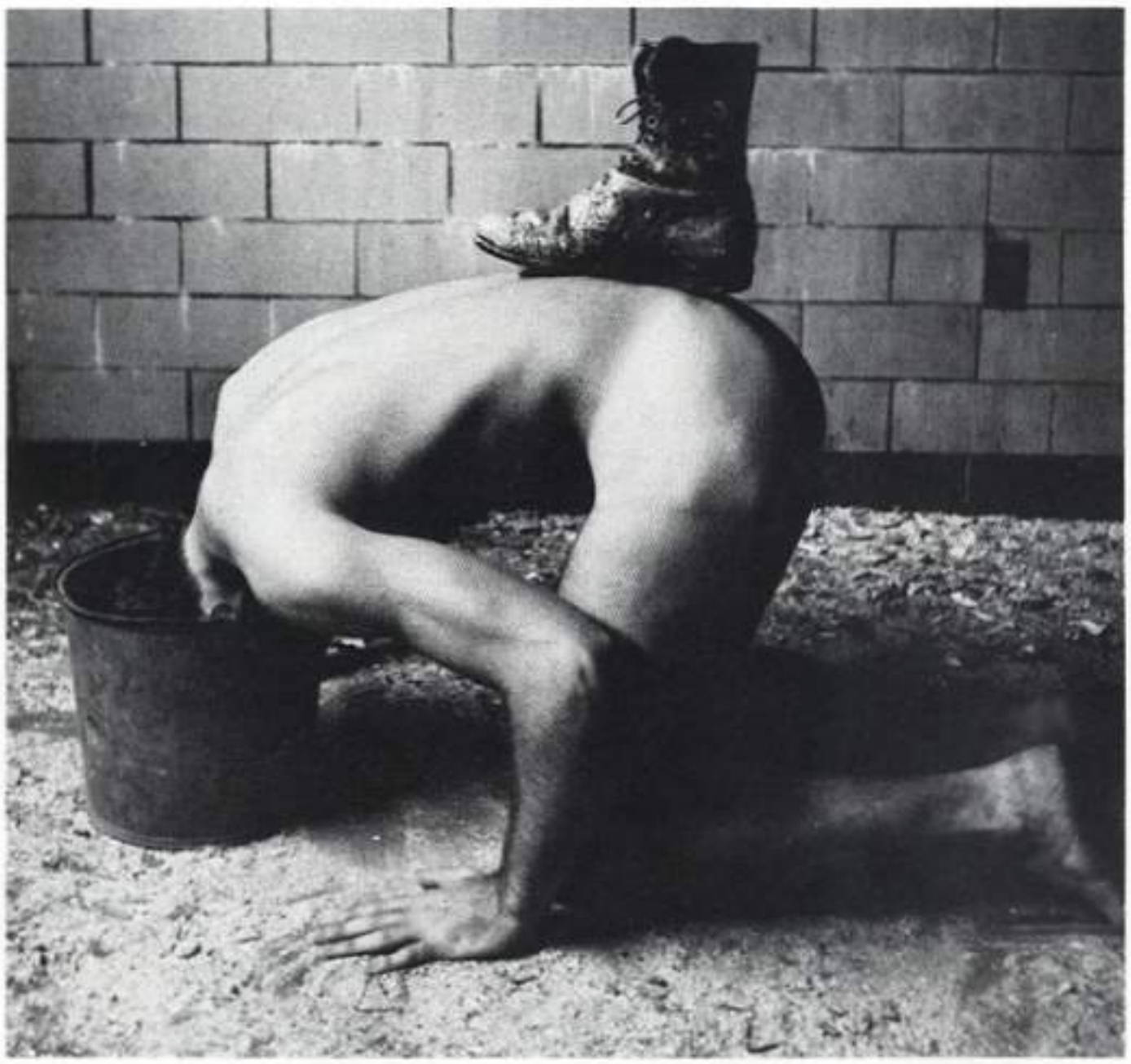


John Gamble

Colt

OTO GUZZI

THE BODY



In St. Paul, voters recently repealed a homosexual rights ordinance, 54,000 to 32,000. Such ordinances will soon be on the ballot in Seattle and Hartford.

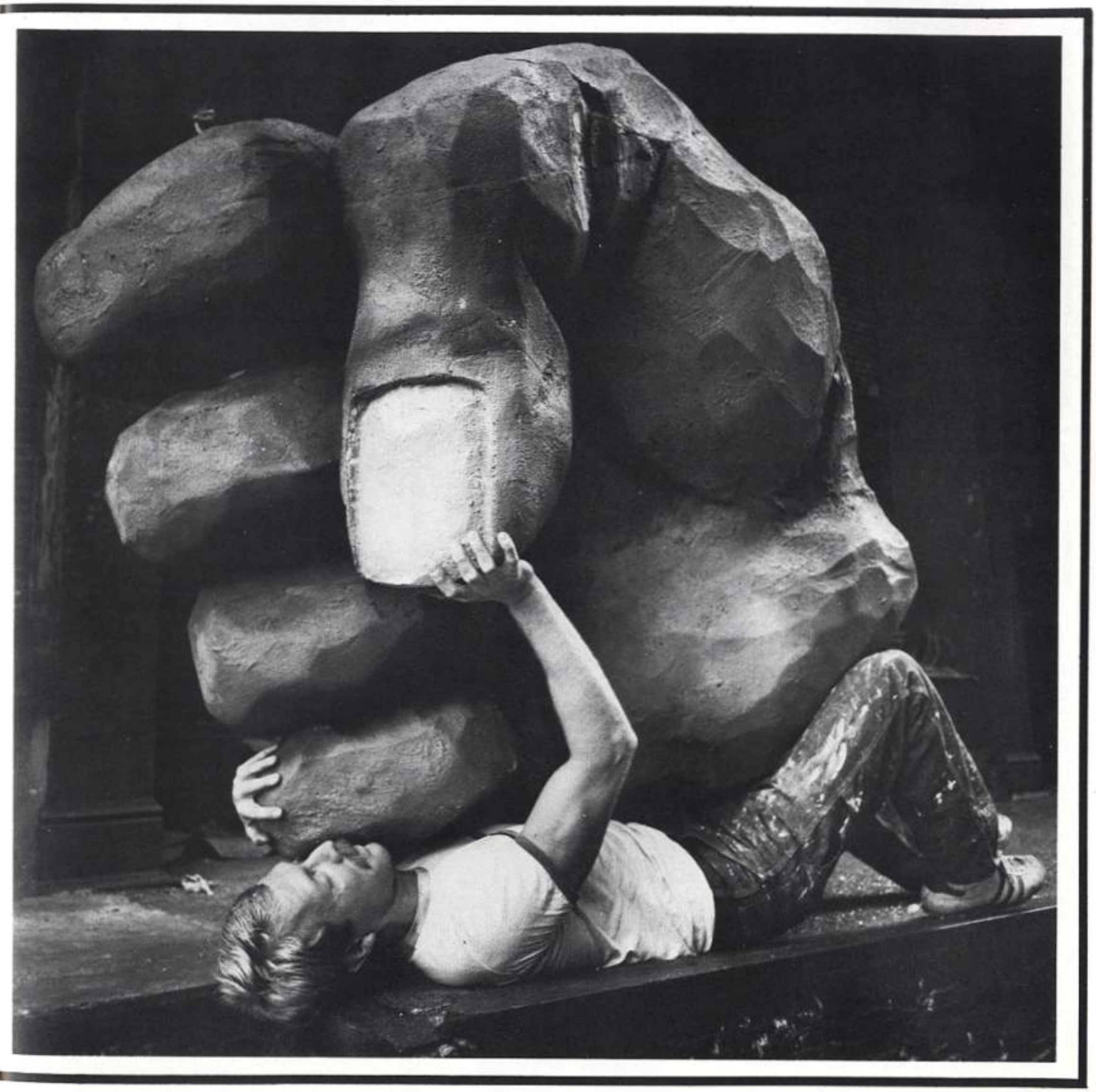
The words "Dade County" immediately bring to mind the crushing defeat over a year ago when the citizens of Greater Miami voted to repeal a homosexual rights law. That unfortunate incident set a dangerous precedent which, it appears, is going to be followed by other communities. Back in April, voters in St. Paul, Minnesota, turned out in large numbers, especially considering it was an off-year election, to repeal that city's homosexual rights ordinance. It was an over-whelming defeat for gays with some 54,000 voting in favor of rescinding the four-year-old law and 32,000 against repeal. Speaking for the National Gay Task Force, co-executive directors Jean O'Leary and Bruce Voeller said, "We are outraged that a majority of misinformed voters have once again denied civil rights to a group of American citizens." In other cities, anti-homosexual organizations were accelerating their efforts to repeal similar measures.

In Seattle, a drive to get 17,000 signatures by August 1 has been launched by two police officers who want to repeal that city's two homosexual rights laws. If they are successful, an initiative will appear on the November ballot. If they get twice that number, 34,000, there will be a special election. California State Senator John Briggs, has been campaigning to get enough signatures to put on that state's ballot an initiative that would allow local school districts to discharge homosexual teachers.

All is not discouraging, however. Hartford, Connecticut, has a proposal before the city council which local gay rights leaders say is more symbolic than concrete. The ordinance states that neither the city nor any "firm or corporation with which the city contracts for the purchase or sale of services or products of any kind shall discriminate against any person because of sexual orientation." The word was that most council members

POLITIC

Photographs by Arthur Tress



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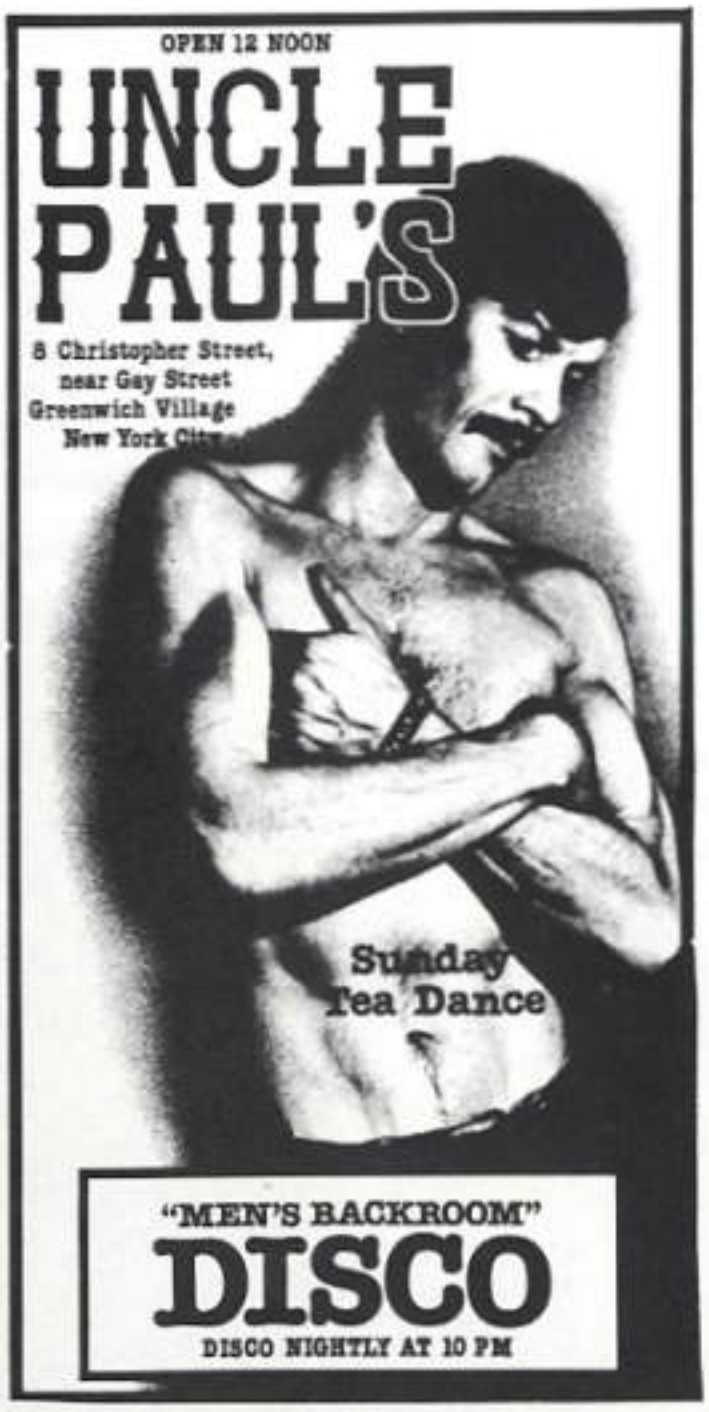

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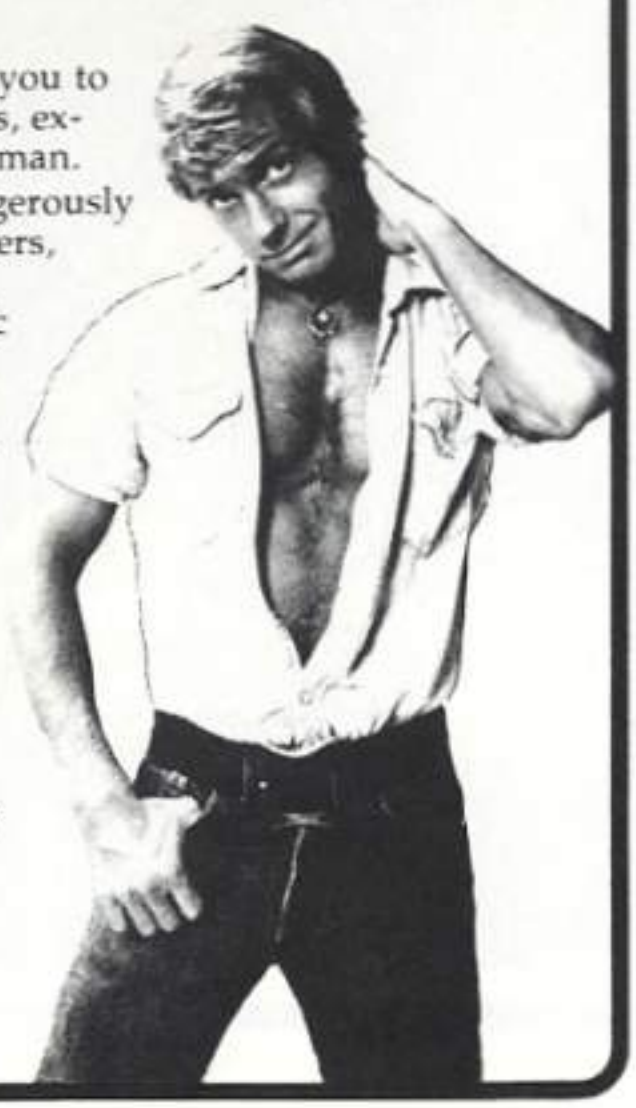


favored the idea but disagreed on the language. Laws barring discrimination against homosexuals were also on the ballots in Wichita, Kansas, and Eugene, Oregon. As we went to press, sources informed us that polls in Wichita and Eugene indicate that there is a good chance existing ordinances banning discrimination could be repealed. Wichita, a city of 245,000, is considered conservative on social issues, and the original ordinance was passed barely by a 3-2 vote last September. In Eugene, a city of 97,000 about 100 miles south of Portland, the vote was 5-3 when the City Council voted last November for a homosexual rights ordinance. In both cities, passage of those ordinances spawned the creation of citizen groups led by local clergy who began drives to repeal the ordinance, much in the fashion of Anita Bryant's now-defunct "Save Our Children" organization in Miami.

Other cities such as Atlanta and New York are moving in positive directions for gay rights. Homosexual activists in Atlanta say that specific legislation will soon be presented to that city's city council. Bill Smith, general manager of *The Southern Gay News*, said of the councilmen, "They received our help during the election, now it's time we got theirs." Doing battle with Mr. Briggs, the California State Senator, is David Mixner of MixnerScott, a political consulting firm working for the New Alliance for Gay Equality. Mr. Mixner said, "The Briggs initiative could rip this state apart. I think we have a chance of defeating it, but it will be an extreme uphill battle."

In New York City, Mayor Ed Koch issued an executive order, shortly after taking oath in January, that forbids discrimation against homosexuals in municipal government. (See "The Koch Watch," *Honcho*, April, 1978.) Several times in previous years, the City Council had rejected proposed ordinances on homosexual rights. The courageous Koch changed all that in a matter of minutes. It is still at the center of a political hurricane. Elsewhere in New York state, the towns of Ithaca and Alfred have taken actions similar to New York City's executive order. No government in New Jersey or Connecticut has yet passed such provisions, although, as mentioned earlier, Hartford has taken steps.

It would appear that Anita Bryant opened a can of worms with her hate campaign of misinterpreted scriptures in Miami last year. Others such as V.O.I.C.E. in Eugene (Volunteers

Continued to page 59

SCOTT &...

Almost too hot to handle
is newcomer Scott Cooper who makes his nude debut
in this issue of *Honcho*. He appears with the popular
Jayson MacBride in the new magazine, ***Manhandlers #2,***
and the result is some steamy gymnasium action. For an
idea of what happens when Scott and Jayson lock more than
horns, rotate the magazine 90 degrees clockwise and turn
the page.

Photographs by John Gamble

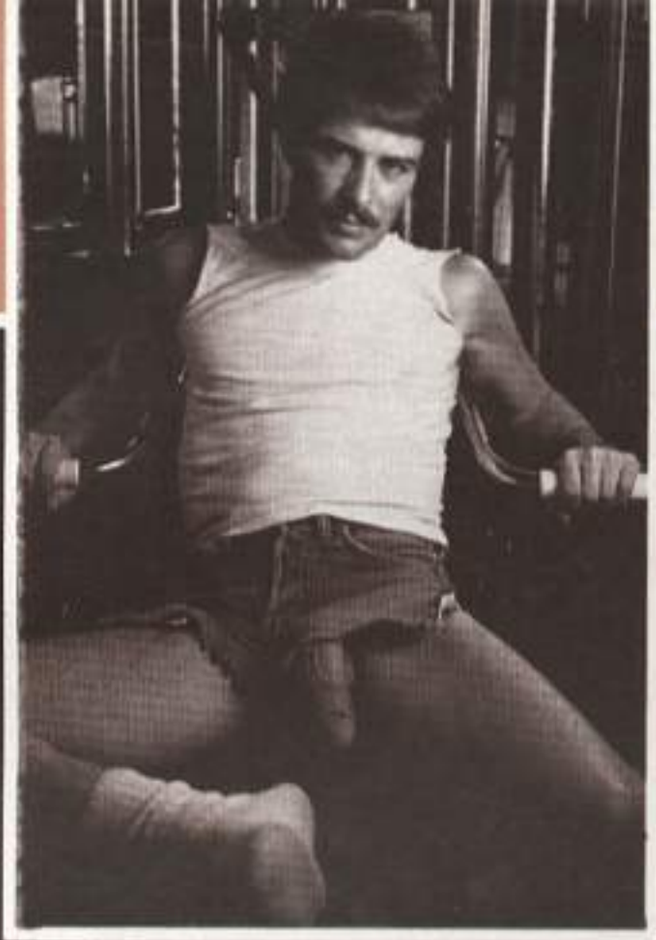
SCOTT & JAYSON

In *Manhandlers*, Scott and Jayson first encounter each other while on the job in a warehouse. They horse around for a while, getting to know each other in a very special way, but still keeping on their jocks and socks. Scott decides the best way to get a better look at the hunky Jayson is to take him to his gym where these two studs pump a lot more than iron. They really know how to work out!

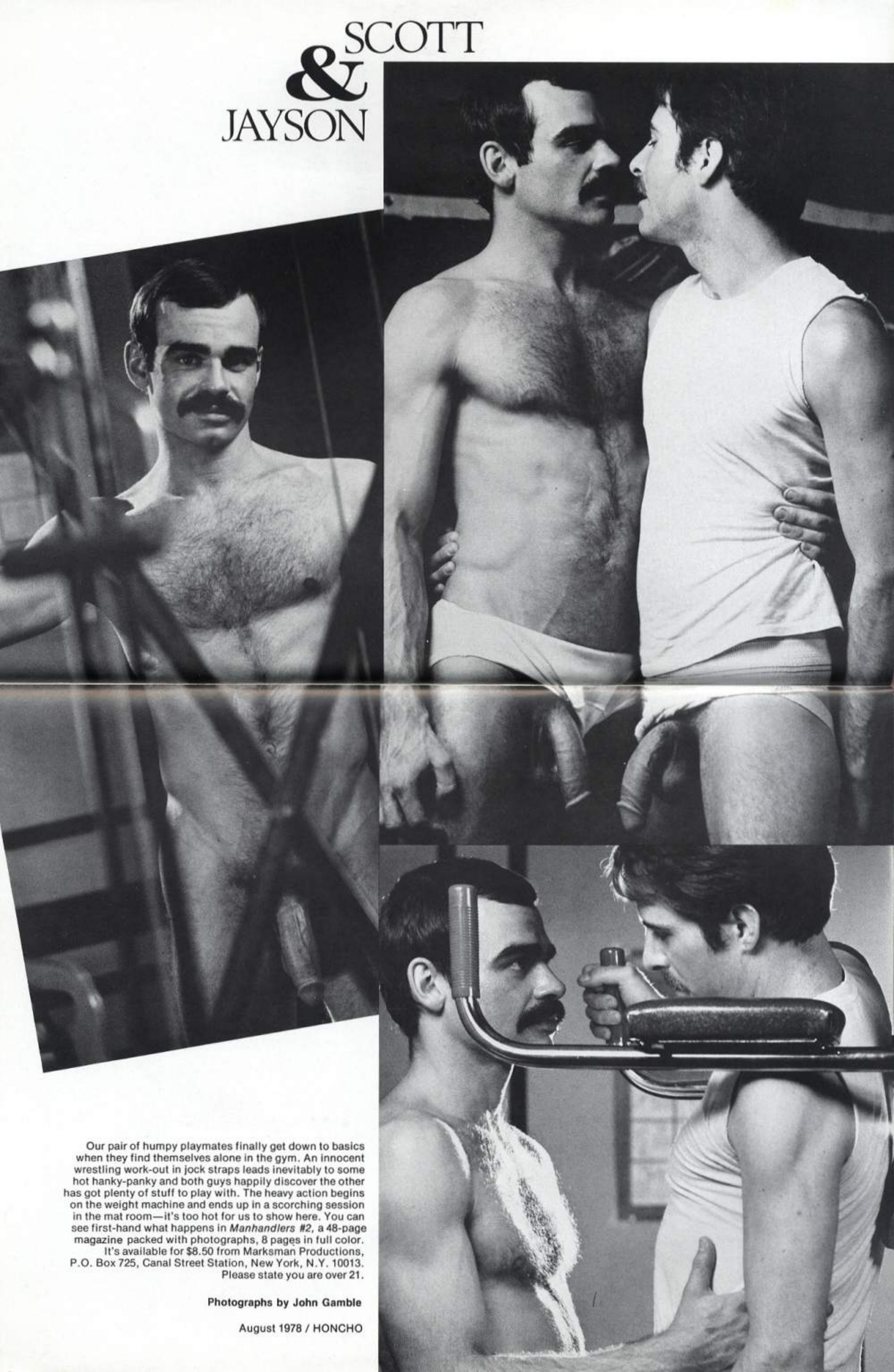
Produced and photographed by John Gamble

SCOTT & JAYSON

Photographs by John Gamble

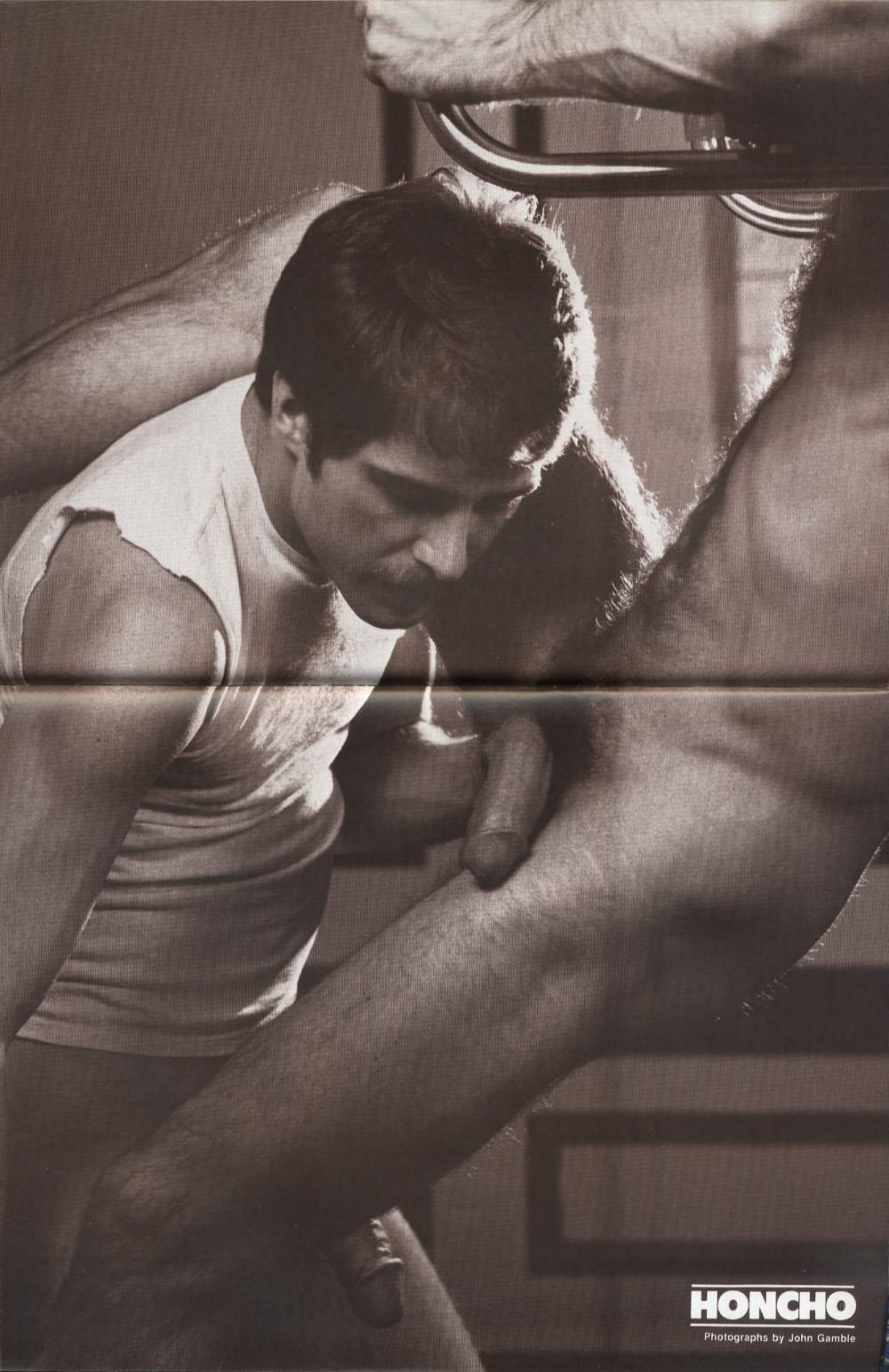


SCOTT & JAYSON



Our pair of humpy playmates finally get down to basics when they find themselves alone in the gym. An innocent wrestling work-out in jock straps leads inevitably to some hot hanky-panky and both guys happily discover the other has got plenty of stuff to play with. The heavy action begins on the weight machine and ends up in a scorching session in the mat room—it's too hot for us to show here. You can see first-hand what happens in *Manhandlers #2*, a 48-page magazine packed with photographs, 8 pages in full color. It's available for $8.50 from Marksman Productions, P.O. Box 725, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013. Please state you are over 21.

Photographs by John Gamble


HONCHO
Photographs by John Gamble

THE GAY PICTURE BOOK

Photographs by Michael Emory

The billboard below, at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street in New York City, has for a long time symbolized a well-known part of gay life. So, too, have the colored handkerchiefs and keys shown at right, a reproduction of the cover of *The Gay Picturebook*, edited by Michael Emory. Designed by Carl Barile and illustrated with photographs by thirty-five photographers, nine of which are women, the book is a pictorial essay on various segments of gay life in America today. In a progressive introduction, Dennis Sanders, editor of *Gay Source, A Catalog for Men,* defines the book's concept, drawing a distinct difference between the use of the words *gay* and *homosexual*: "Gay life is essentially an urban social phenomenon, a community which might be described as a lot of very different people being very different together. One thing gay is not is just another word for homosexual. Though gay life is made up predominantly of homosexuals, it is in reality a subculture of people who are different from conventional society in many ways, not necessarily sexual... Most of what makes up being 'gay' is not two individuals of the same sex doing it together, it's people *being* together." One in an increasing number of books documenting what it means to be gay, *The Gay Picturebook* (published by Contemporary Books, Inc., Chicago, 112 pages. $8.95) will be available in bookstores in June, 1978.

THE 50th STATE OFFERS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A GOOD LEI

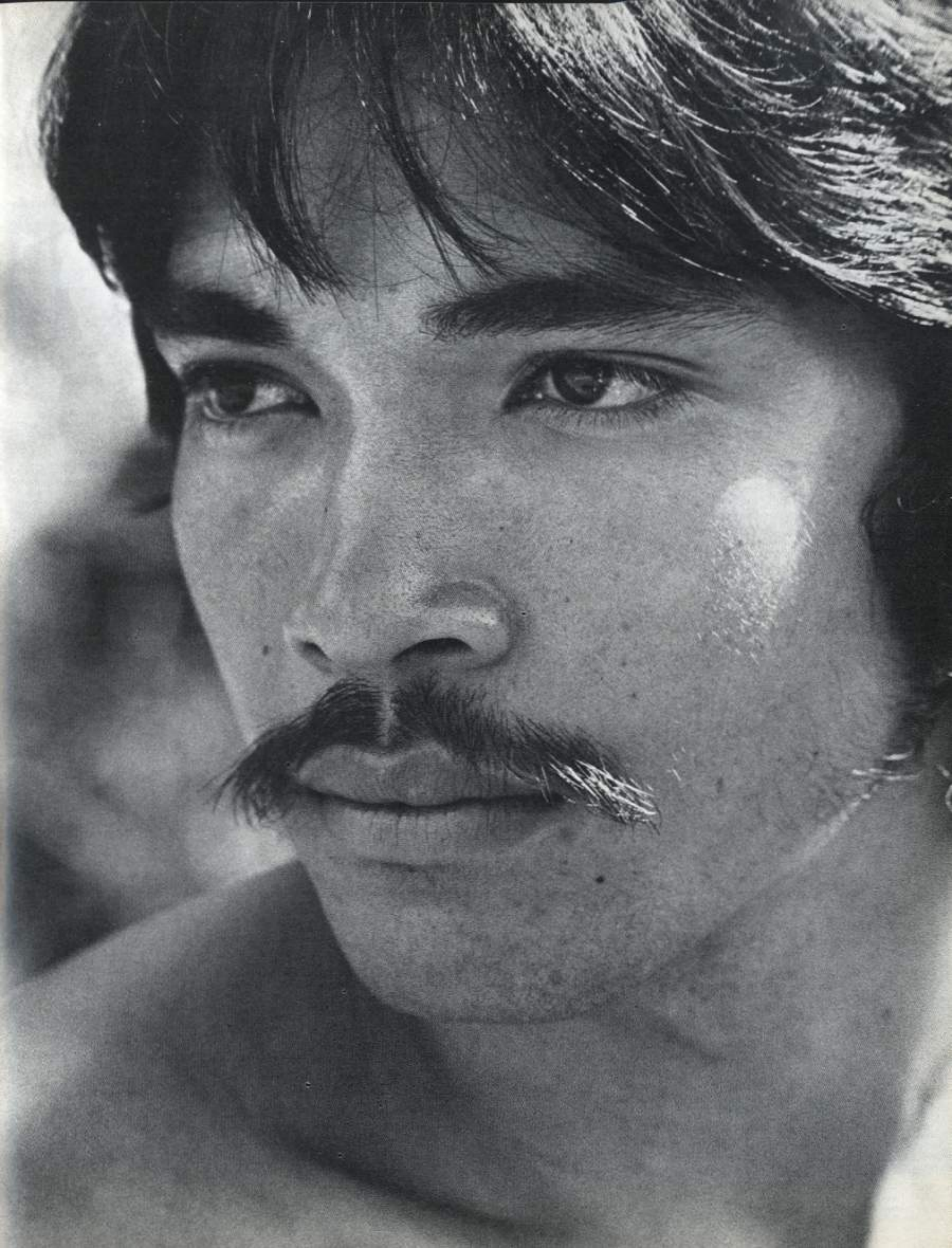
HAWAII!

Photograph by Roy Dean

The face of Hawaii is that of countless blendings of nationalities and cultures. It is evidenced in the face of the young men at right whose heritage is a mixture of French, Chinese and Polynesian. His exotic look is typical of the gorgeously polyglot populace of our 50th State who enjoy an unfettered lifestyle, welcoming people of all sorts. It is not surprising, then, that gays have discovered Hawaii to be a very special paradise.

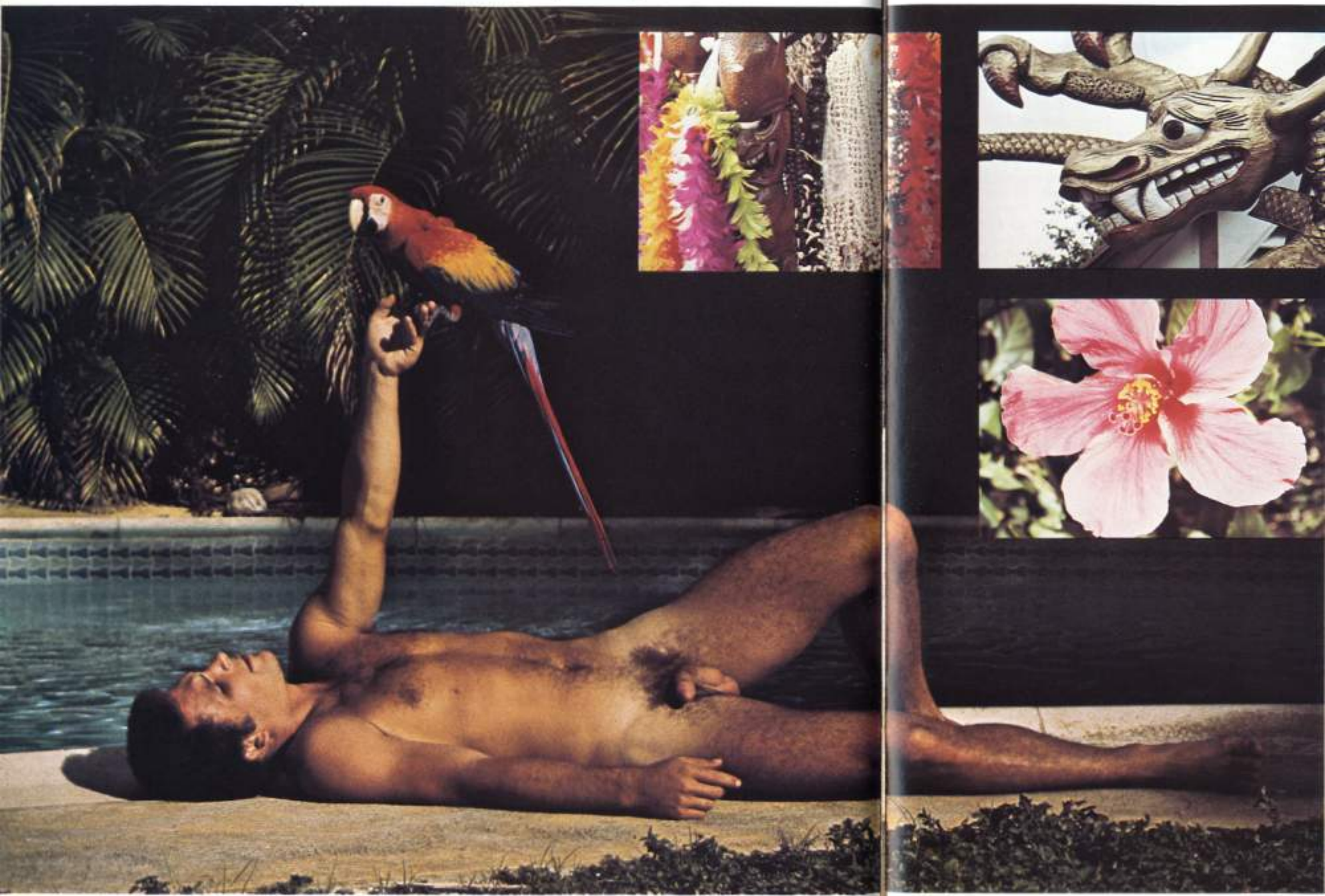
Hawaii is actually a chain of 132 islands, with eight major ones making up all but three square miles of the entire area. The average tourist will arrive not in Hawaii itself but in Oahu because Hawaii, "The Big Island," is a separate place altogether. 82% of all Hawaiians live on Oahu, most of them in Honolulu. Aside from the aforementioned islands, your interests will lie in Maui, Kauai, Lanai and Molokai. Now that you've had a quick geography lesson, we'll get down to the basics of why tourists spend almost $900 million annually making Pacific overtures to this specific Garden of Eden.

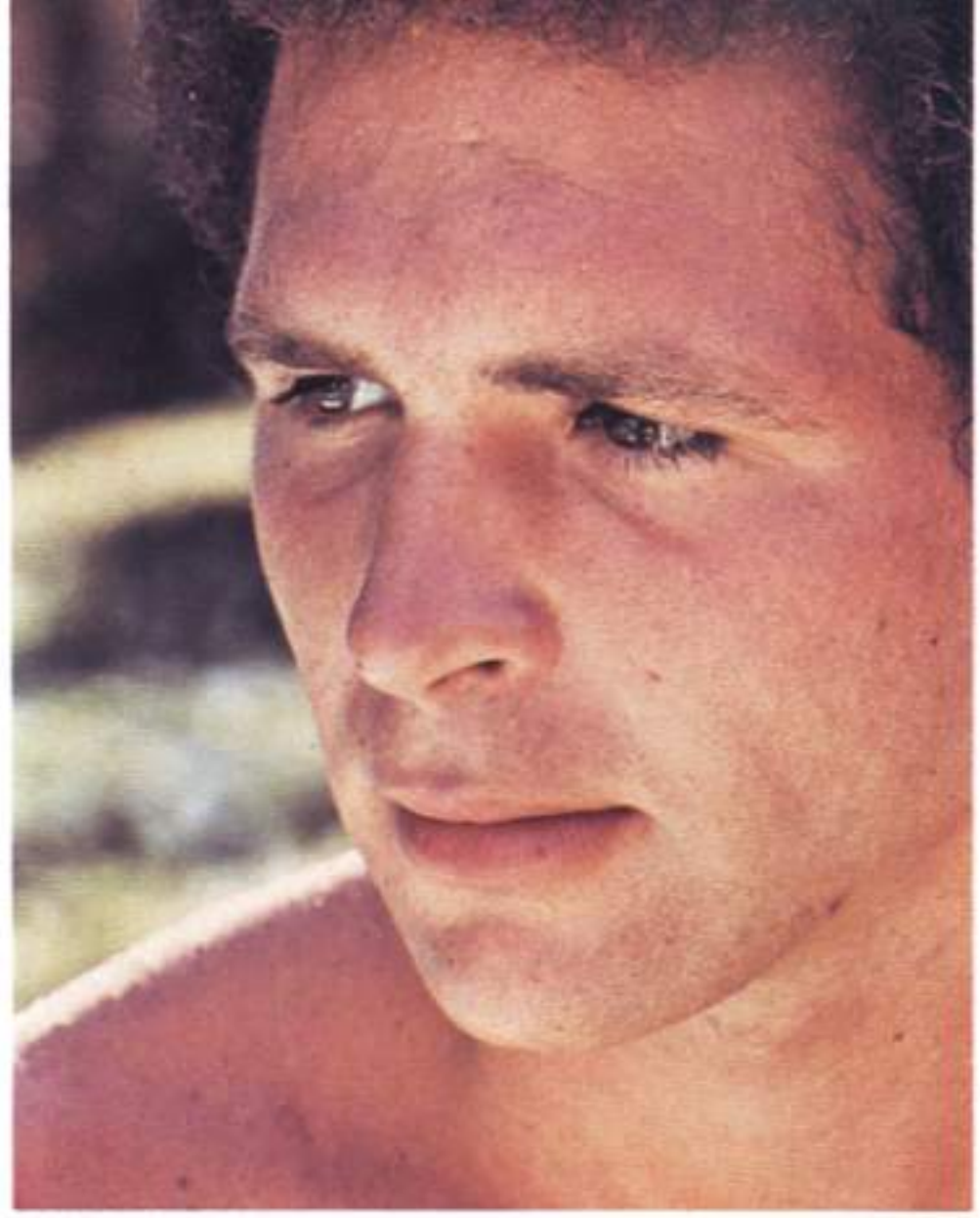
It's true that Honolulu has become something of an urban nightmare, sprawling recklessly from Waikiki Beach in an attempt to accommodate locals and the ever-increasing crush of visitors. But natural beauty is still bountiful, and Hawaiians have fortunately put considerable focus on environmental quality control. In other words, the Aloha State still has unspoiled areas which will take your breath away. It also has some men



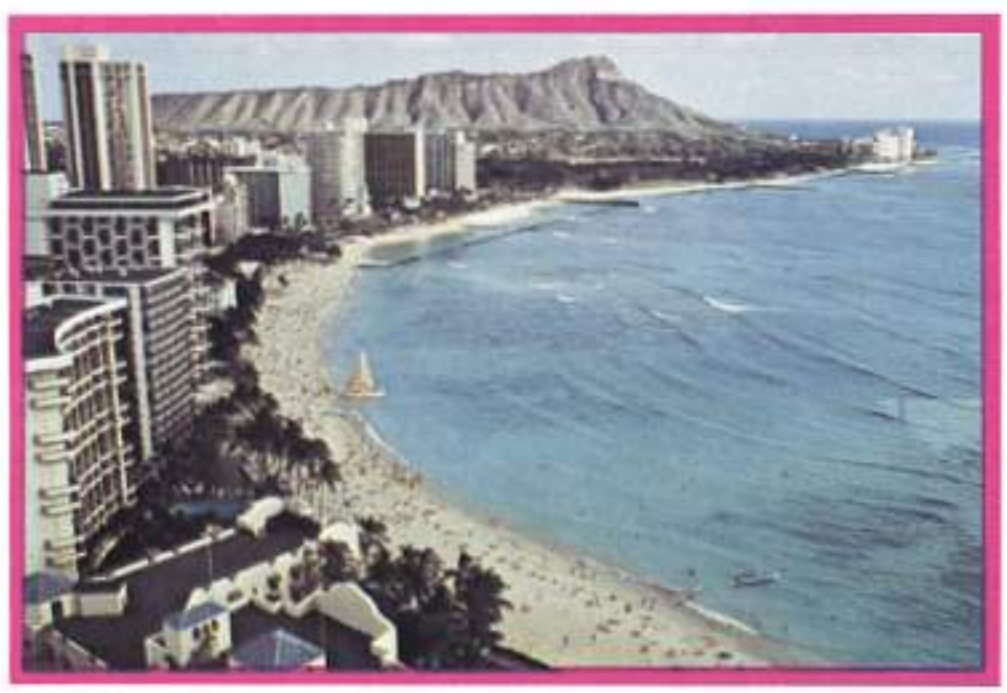
A GOOD LEI

The riot of color that is our 50th State is suggested here in a rich montage of photographs by Roy Dean. The turquoise and white of Waikiki, the blazing pink of hibiscus, a rainbowed potpourri of feather leis, earth shades of a fierce temple demon, multi-colored native handicrafts: each reflects a special facet that makes Hawaii unique. Of course, there are also the flesh tones of a dozen nationalities, only one of which is represented by the young man taking a poolside Hawaiian lay with his big cockatoo.





Photographs by Roy Dean



A GOOD LEI

who will do the same.

Most likely you'll make your base of operations in Honolulu along with the other 3½ million travelers who go there each year. There are no strictly gay hotels in Hawaii because the action centers in bars and on the beaches. You should consider staying at the incredibly lush Kahala Hilton which is a ten-minute ride to the other side of Diamond Head. The Hawaiian Regent which has Honolulu's savviest restaurant, the Hyatt and the Halekulani are also recommended. The dowager of them all is the venerable Royal Hawaiian, on Kalakaua Avenue directly on Waikiki Beach. Maybe not as posh as it once was, the Royal Hawaiian is nonetheless soaked with atmosphere.

Aside from pineapples, luaus, hulas and leis, there are other things worth seeing in Honolulu. There is the impressive memorial at Pearl Harbor, Ala Moana Center, Iolani Palace which is the last residence of Hawaiian royalty, Bishop Museum, the mission houses, Nuuanu Pali cliff and Sea Life Park. If surfing is your game, head north through the Pali Tunnel to the north shore where you'll find the greatest surfing beaches in the world. For swimming in that area, try the Lanikai and Bellows Field beaches.

Naturally, you'll want to spend a goodly amount of time soaking up that famous Hawaiian sun. After all, you're in the tropics, and the gloriously sunny weather is a main reason why you came. You'll be glad to know there are places where you can combine getting a suntan with getting another kind of hot action. There's very heavy cruising in the dressing rooms and showers at Ala Moana Beach and the park. Also Coco Head Stables, Kapiolani Park Beach, Sheraton Waikiki Beach and especially Queens Surf Beach. If you want to take the sun bareassed, try the Diamond Head Beach below the lighthouse. You'll find lots of nude young bodies to keep you company.

As you might expect, when the sun goes down, much of gay Honolulu gets up. In the city proper are Glades, 152 N. Hotel Street and the Question Mark, 43 Beretania. Most of the action, however, is on Waikiki Beach. Try the Blowhole Cabaret, 124 Kapahulu; the very popular Cocktail Center, 435 Atkinson; Coco's, corner of Kalakaua and Kapiolani; Hula's Bar & Lei Stand, 2103 Kuhio Avenue; and the Lavender Fox, 478 Ena Road at Kalakaua. Also very popular is the Steam Works, 307 Lewers, a baths reached by taking the elevator to the second floor.

If you're with a lover, either newly met or brought from home, you'll want to get away from the craze of Honolulu and discover the real Hawaii. Island-hopping is both easy and cheap. If you have a round-trip ticket from the Mainland, Aloha and Hawaiian Air offer frequent flights for just $11. SeaFlite is a hydrofoil operation and a fun alternative to flying with fares at $21. Another bargain: once you get to the island of your choice you can do your exploring in a car rented for as little as $12/day.

The island of Hawaii is definitely worth a visit. With over 4,000 square miles, it can easily make you forget you're on an island, especially when you stand on a snowy tip of the crater of Mauna Kea. Hawaii has everything from lush forests to a volcanic terrain reminiscent of the moon, and the diversity, especially after Honolulu, is refreshing. Once the coffee capital of the islands, the Kona Coast has splendid accommodations including the Kona Hilton, Kona Surf and Keahou Beach. The Mauna Kea Beach Hotel just up the coast is the most luxurious resort in all the Pacific. It has an overwhelming collection of Polynesian and Oriental art, and the service is fabulous. You'll find a fresh tropical flower placed on your pillow every night! Inquire locally about the Kona Steak House where you might find somebody to share that flower with.

If you want to get even further from civilization, go to the Hilo side of Hawaii, specifically a town called Pahoa. They've never heard of packaged tours and Coppertone. In Hilo itself are two places where gays congregate. The Hilo Travelodge Bar, 121 Banyon Drive, is mixed but can be fun. And if you want to meet the natives, try City Tavern at 55 Haili Street. For a first-hand look at real live volcanoes, check into the Volcano House not quite an hour from Hilo. It looks out over the constantly smoldering Kilauea crater and the Halemaumau fire pit.

Photograph by Roy Dean

Opposite: Bareassed and bareback, two native Hawaiians enjoy the lush beauty of Kauai, "The Garden Island" where locals insist that the Menehune, a two-foot tall race of Polynesian pixies, still live in the dense forests.

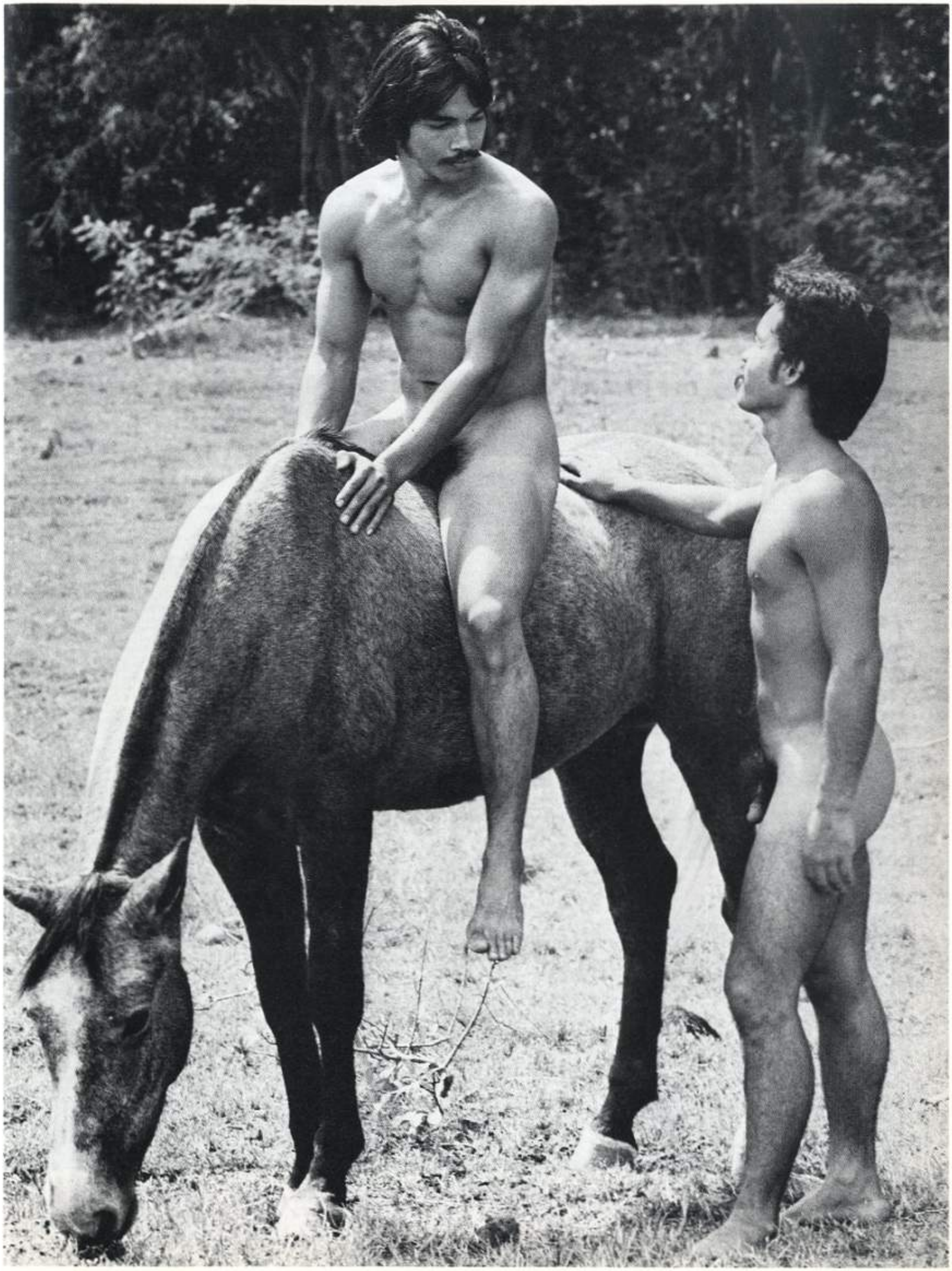
The island of Maui has been called the resort of kings. Lahaina was once the capital of the kingdom, and it is steeped in legend and mystery. The big tourist strip is along Kaanapali, but once again you'll want to get away from that with a side trip to Haleakala, a 10,000 foot volcanic peack blanketed with snow in the winter. It's the largest crater in the world and a spectacular sight, especially if you're willing to get up at 4 A.M. for the drive from Kaanapali to watch the sunrise over the Pacific at Haleakala. It's worth it.

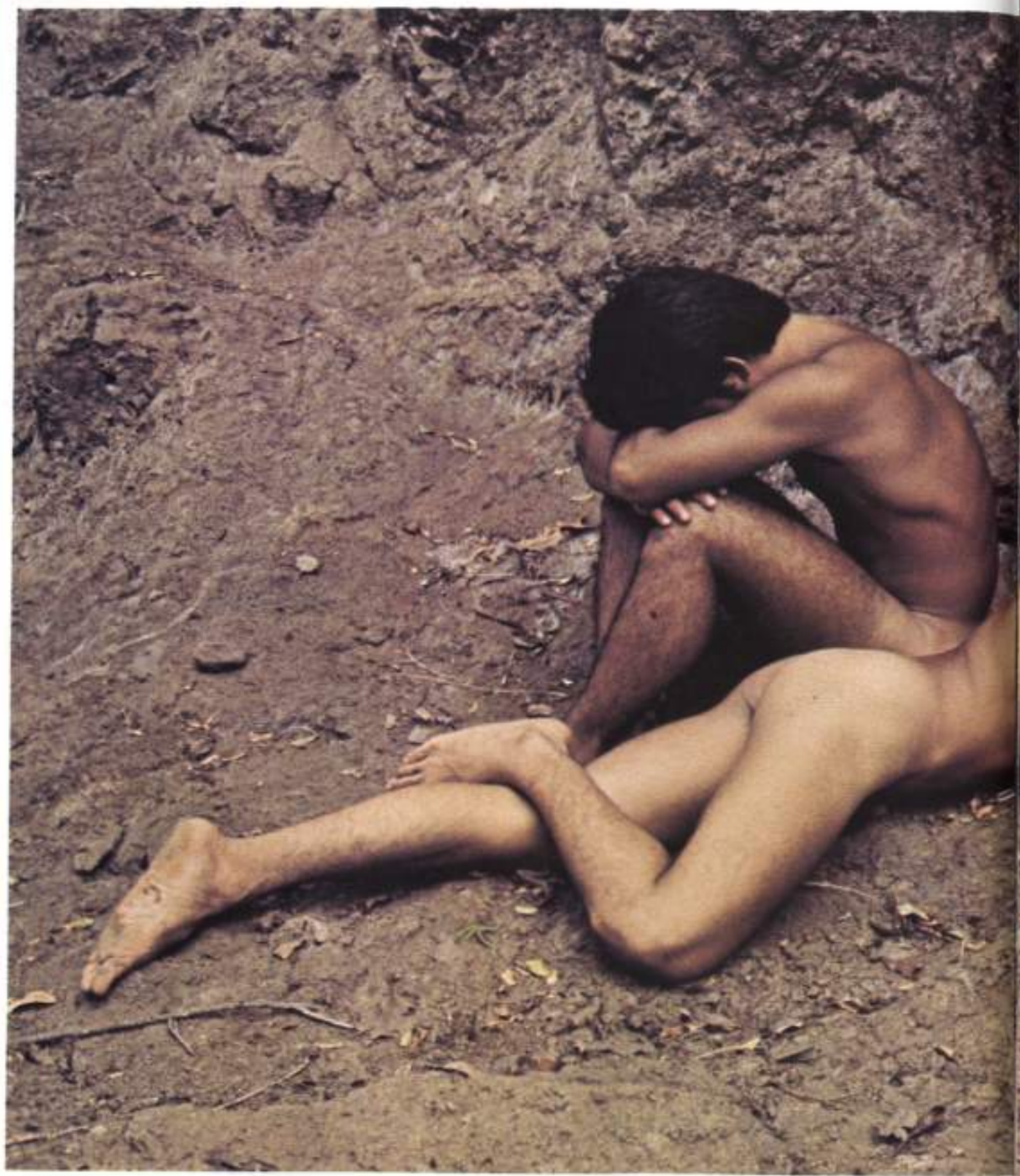
The least developed of the major islands (excluding Kahoolawe which is uninhabited) is Kauai, "The Garden Island." Unbelievably lush, Kauai gets its greenery from 486 inches of rain annually. Mt. Waialeole ("Rippling Water") at just over a mile high is the wettest spot on earth. Don't let that bother you. Hawaiian islands almost all have split personalities—one wet, one dry—and the south shore of Kauai is arid and sunny almost the year-round. For hikers, there's both the Kokee State Park with 45 miles of trails and the Kalalau Trail, an 11-mile trek along the great cliffs that is truly spectacular. Take a stroll through the Hanalei Plantation Hotel where Elizabeth and Richard Burton used to hide out.

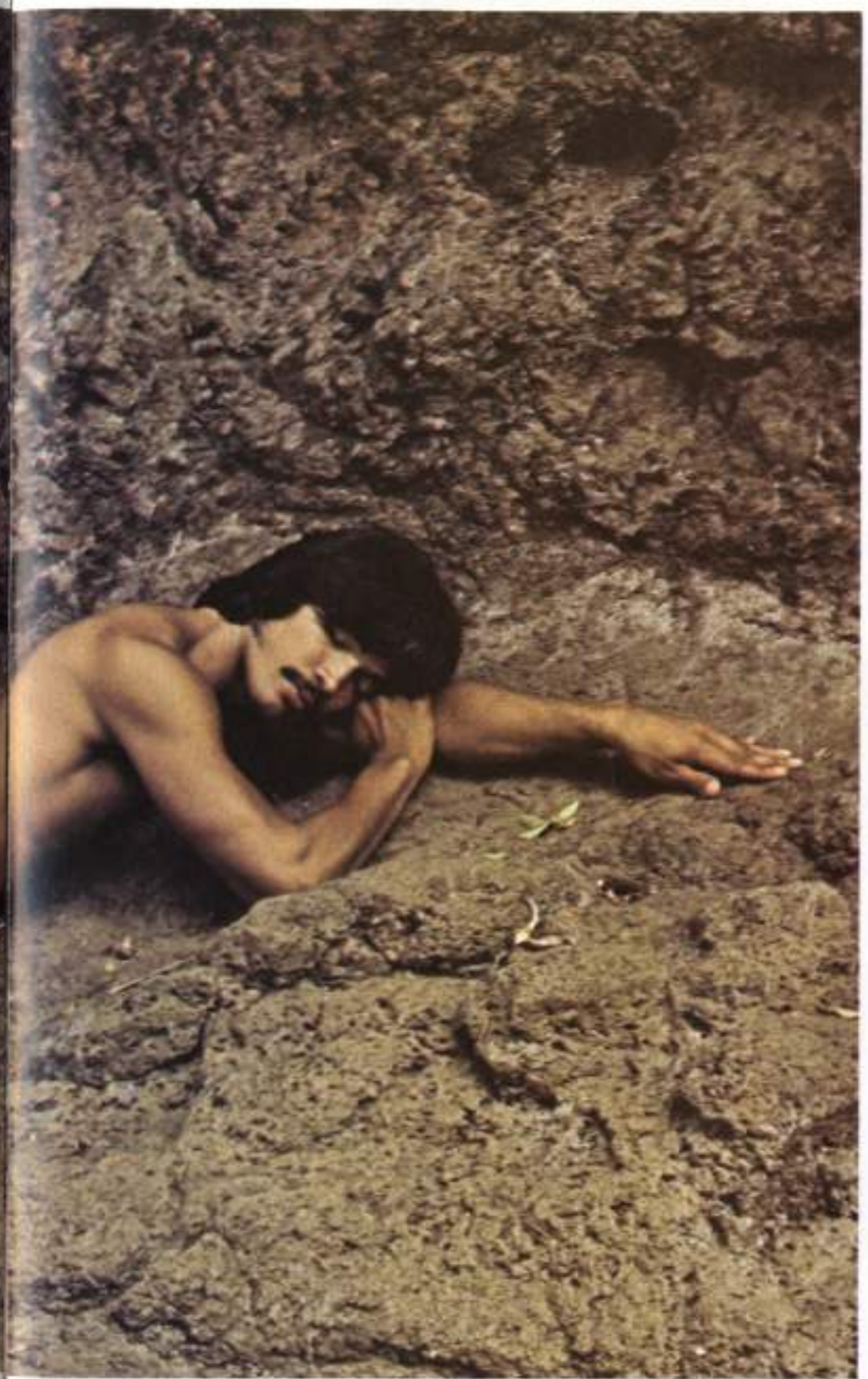
Nightlife for gays is limited to the Casa Nostra bar in the center of Hotel Row, and outdoor cruising can be found at Queen's Pond, a bareassed beach on the west side of the island. Speaking of beaches, be very careful of the undertow at Lumahai's Beach, beautiful but treacherous.

For roughing it a bit, hop over to Molokai whose north-shore scenery is the prime attraction. For something unusual, sign up with Tropical Rent-A-Mule (office at the Kaunakakai Airport) for a jaunt down to Kalaupapa to tour the state-run leper colony. From Molokai you can hop over to Lanai, the island specializing in pineapples and solitude. Difficult to get to but worth the effort is the dramatic Halawa Valley. There is no gay action on either island, but each has its own special other charms.

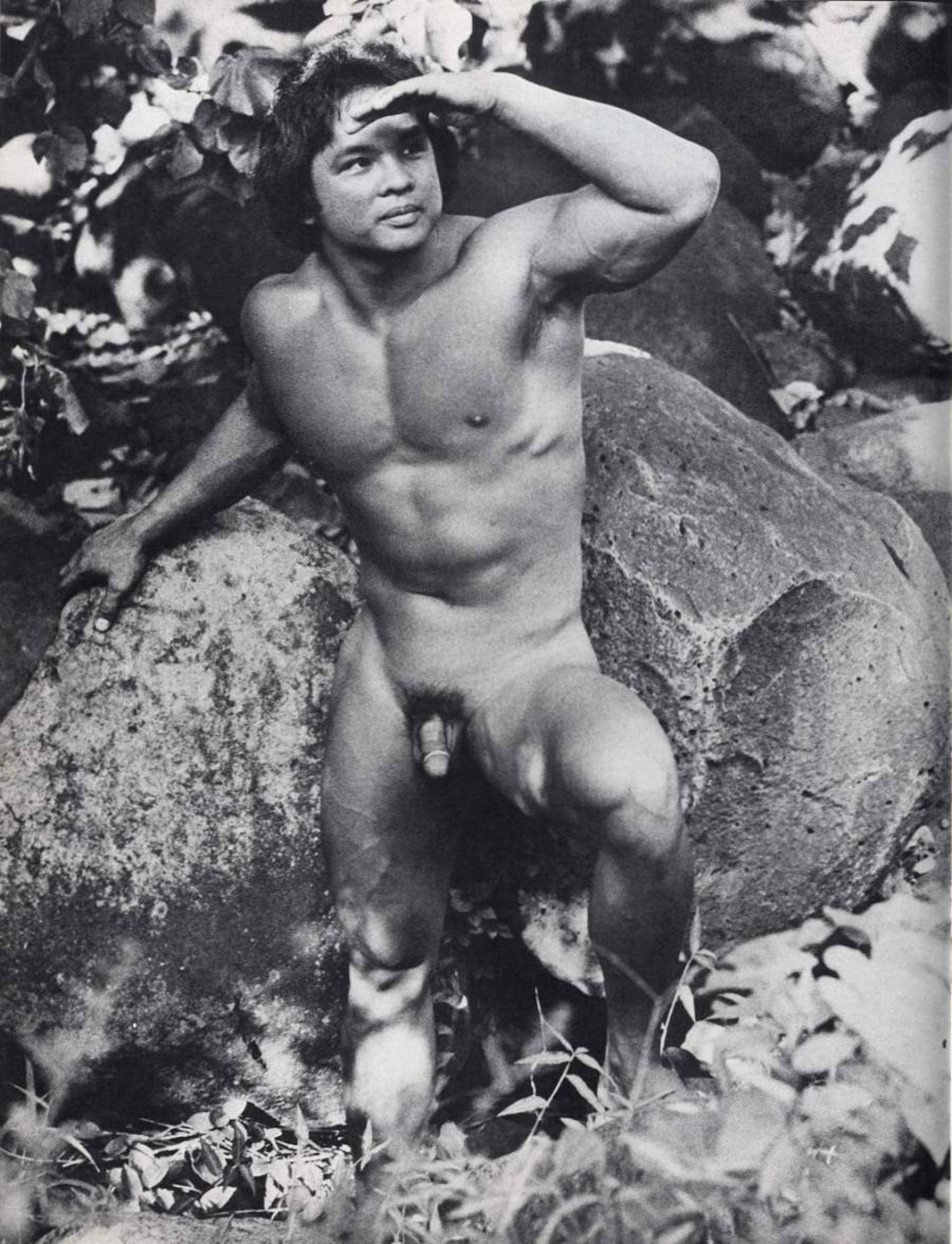
Armed now with all this information, you should have no trouble in finding your own personal Hawaiian lay. Aloha!



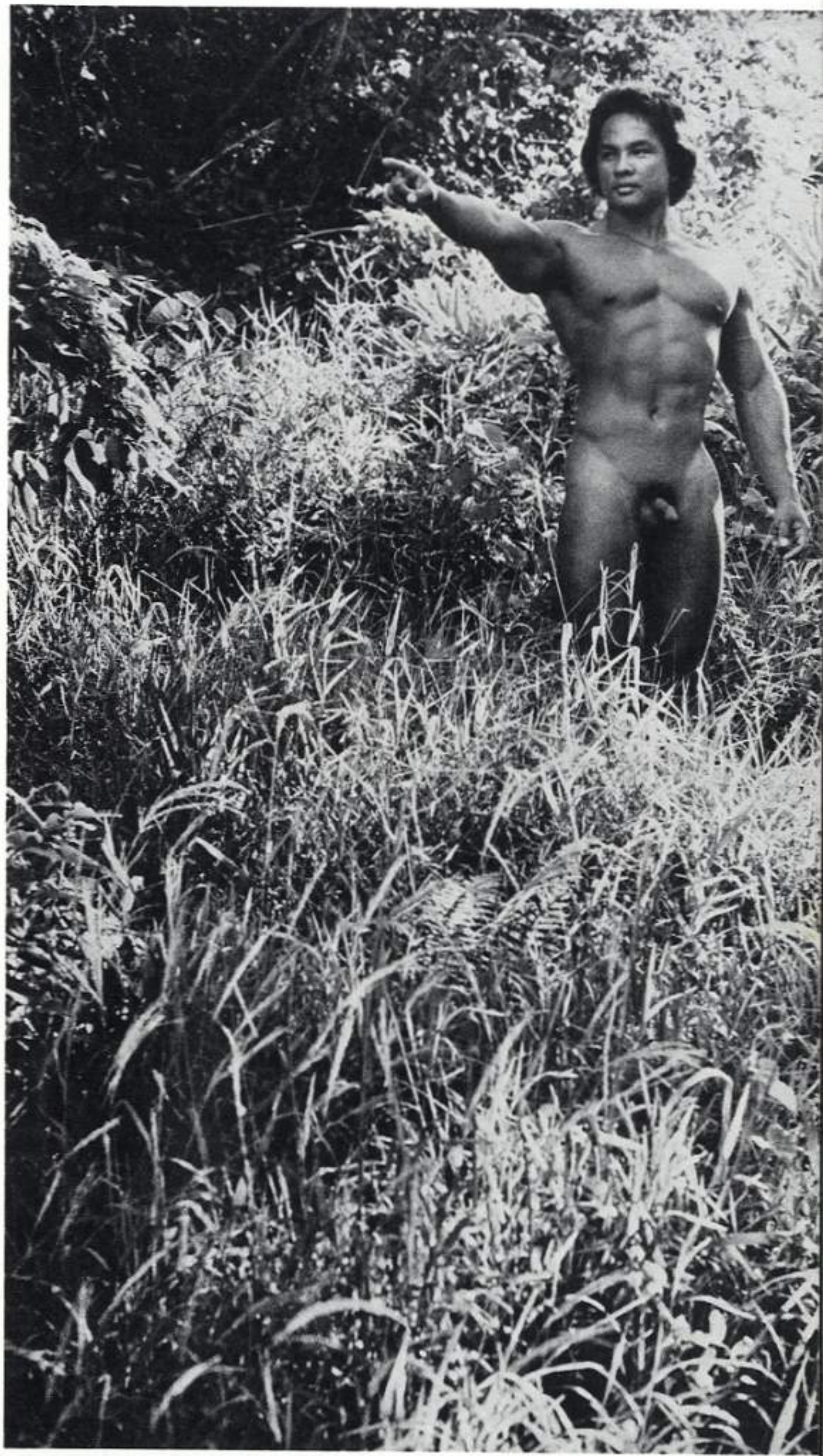




Volcanoes are evident everywhere in the Hawaiian Islands. The two young men here radiate their own special brand of heat as they sprawl appealingly on a bed of lava on the island of Oahu. Photo by Roy Dean.



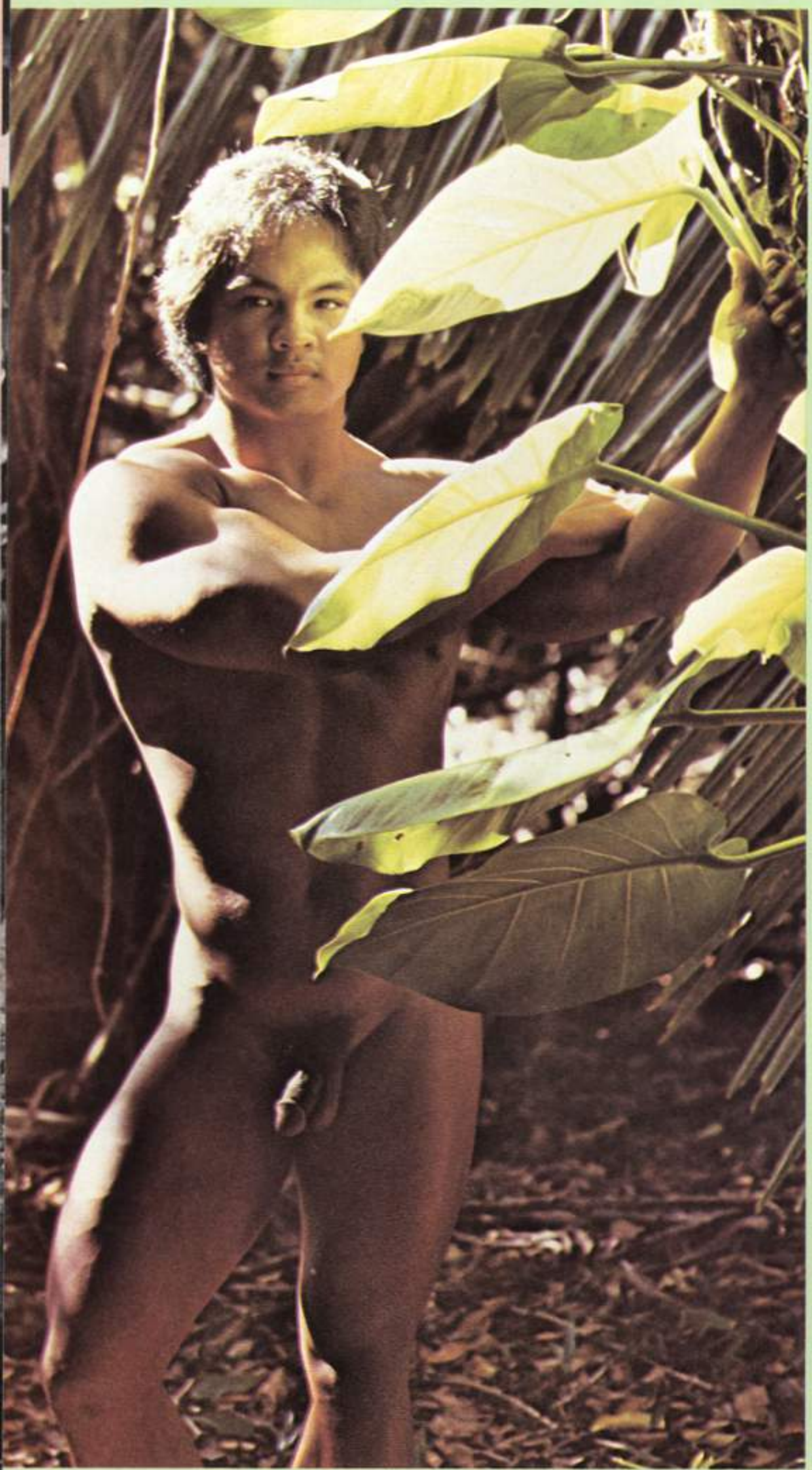
HAWAIIAN EYE ON: TONY TACLAN



Certainly no stranger to paradise is 24-year-old Tony Taclan, a native of the Aloha State whose face and body reflect that amalgam of nationalities Hawaii is so famous for. Half Hawaiian, half Filipino, Tony has the slightly almond eyes, smooth hairless body and black hair that make Polynesians the exotic people they are. Also typical of his people, Tony has a carefree, uncomplicated approach to life, untroubled by the increasing throngs of tourists and locals which threaten to turn Honolulu into an asphalt jungle.

Tony has a lot more interests than luaus and leis. A dedicated weightlifter, he won the Mr. Waikiki contest and placed third in the competition for Mr. Hawaii. His most recent challenge was the Mr. Aloha contest in which he flexed the muscular results from his years of weightlifting. Hawaii is missing this native son this summer; he's at U.C.L.A., combining his studies with work as a gym assistant in Los Angeles.

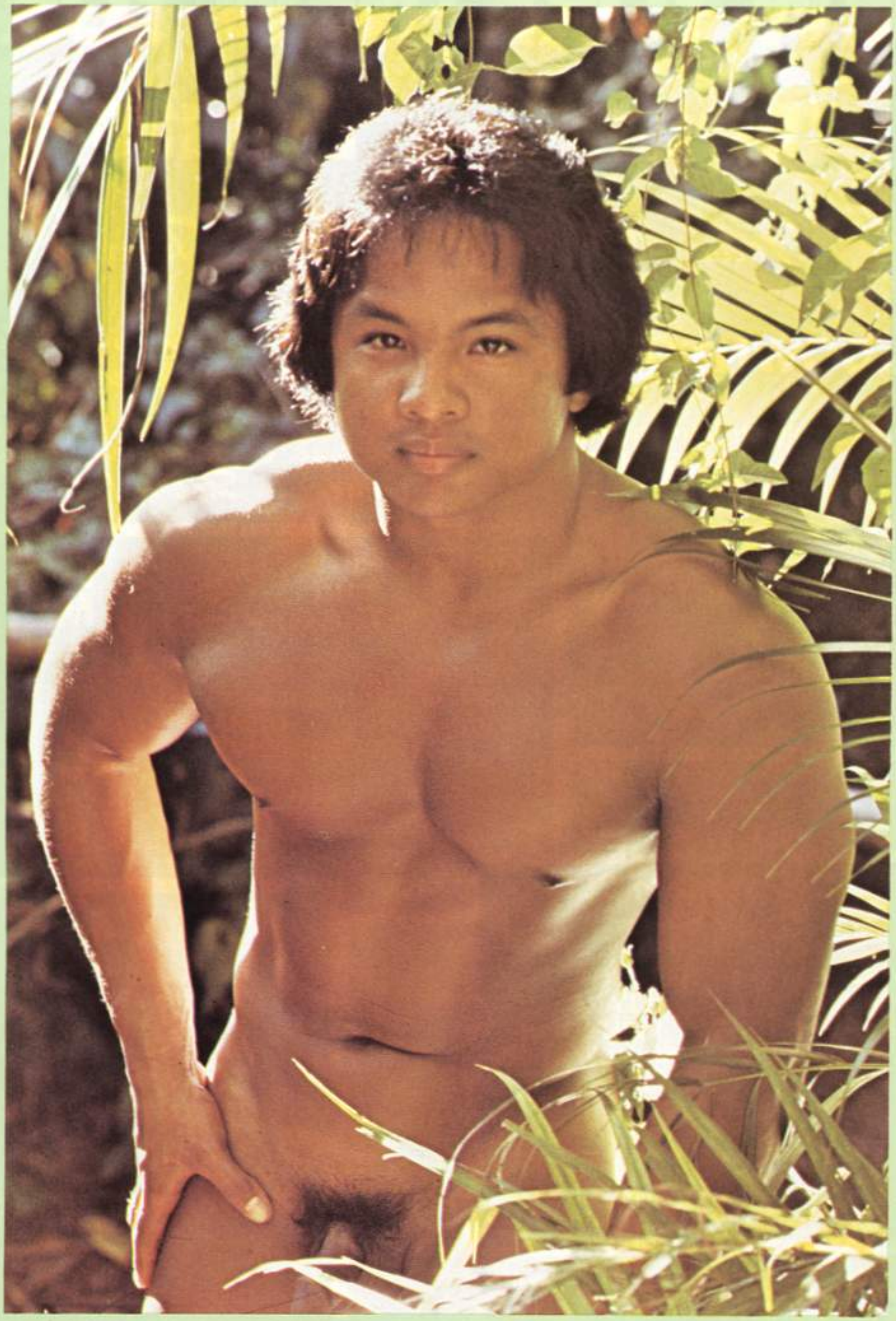
Photographs by Roy Dean



HAWAIIAN EYE ON: TONY TACLAN

Tony is seen here in a state as natural as that surrounding him. He was lensed by photographer Roy Dean on Kauai, referred to by locals as "The Garden Island." The least developed of the major islands, Kauai boasts Mt. Waialeole, the wettest spot on earth with 486 inches of rain annually. All that moisture has produced an Eden with incredibly lush tropical vegetation, a true Bali Hai with its own modern-day Polynesian prince. We think Tony's physique is as impressive as the terrain of Kauai, a beautiful juxtaposition of man's work against that of nature. But those Hawaiian eyes have it.

Photographs by Roy Dean



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THE BOY NEXT DOOR

By Carter Timmons

He lay on his back staring at the ceiling. Eighteen-year-old John Gable was restless and confused. The day before, he had graduated from high school, and he was facing a summer that was both empty and unpromising. He had been trying for months to locate some kind of job, even part-time work. Anything to give his something to do for the next three months.

"Shit," he muttered to himself and reached down to scratch his balls. It was a warm June night, and John was wearing nothing but jockey shorts. The window on his second story bedroom was flung wide open, and he was grateful for the light breeze that occasionally blew into the room and stirred the hair on his chest. He spread his legs wide and let the air cool the inside of his warm thighs. When he finished tugging at his testicles, he ran his hand over his limp prick, giving himself a good feeling. His touch through the thin cotton brief was light at first and then heavy as he rubbed his lengthening cock toward arousal. He was considing jerking off when his eye caught something moving across the narrow alleyway separating his parents' home from that of the Jackson's place.

A light had been turned on and John had a clear view of a bedroom and the person in it. He saw a young man maybe just a few years older than himself and he figured that was probably Ken Jackson. He had never met the guy since he and his family had moved there six months earlier. He had heard his mother say something about the boy next door being in the service, and John figured the guy must be home on leave.

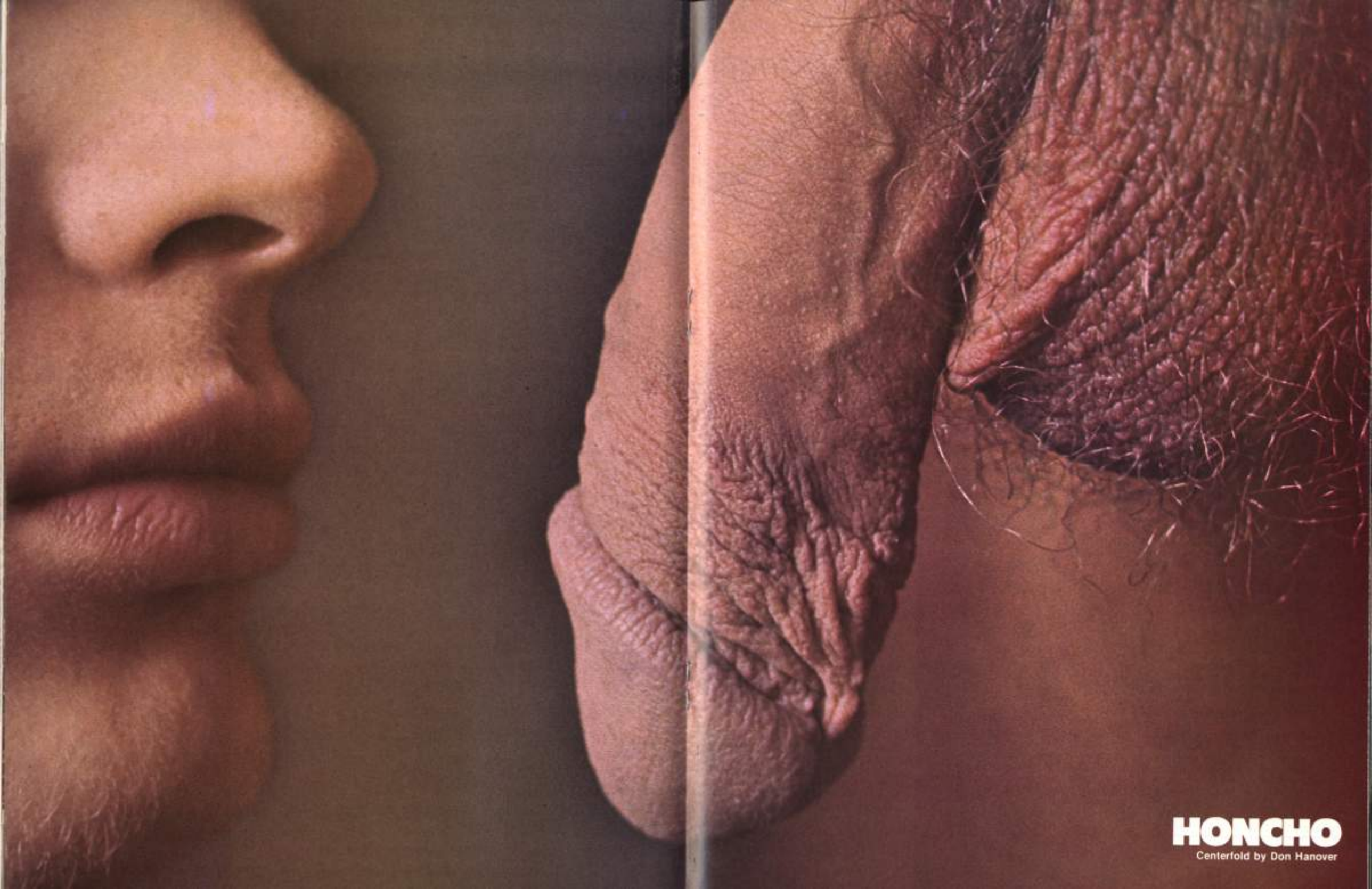
He was impressed by the guy's fine physique straining inside the neatly tailored army uniform. He hung up his jacket in a closet and sat on a chair facing the window and untied his shoes.

"My god!" John whispered. He's going to undress! He held his breath and wondered just how much clothing Ken would take off before lowering a shade or turning the light off. His eyes were riveted to the big bulge between Ken's thighs as the man removed first one shoe then another.

Ken stood and walked to the closet, bending down to put his shoes on the floor and affording his voyeur a good view of nicely rounded buttocks tightly encased in the form-fitting uniform pants. John was certain he must have had his clothing especially tailored. Surely, he thought, the army doesn't cut uniforms that well for everyone. His thoughts were interrupted when he saw Ken turn again toward the window and unknot his tie. This, too, was removed and laid over the back of the chair. Then came the shirt, slowly unbuttoned to reveal inch after inch of hairy chest. Ken had a thick head of black hair, worn rather short, and the darkness of his beard stubble had already suggested to John that the man was extremely hairy. When the shirt came off, John could see his suspicions had been correct. Ken's chest was covered with a mass of curly black hair that swirled around two copper-colored nipples that were as big around as silver dollars. John noticed, too, that those nipples seemed to be in a state of arousal, jutting outward with thick, inviting points.

The shirt and tie were placed in the closet along with the serviceman's socks. John felt his heart start to race when Ken unbuckled his belt and unzipped his fly. The pants were lowered over well-muscled thighs and calves, again the flesh blanketed with black hair everywhere. Ken now wore only a tight pair of white jockey shorts and that bulge John had ogled earlier was now even more tempting as it was concealed poorly by the thin briefs. John could see the outline of Ken's thick cockshaft and the shape of the balls hanging low, big rounded balls that John was sure would be covered with more black hair. "The man's like a fucking bear," John mumbled softly, only then realizing he had a full erection that was pressing hard against the restraining shorts.

John was disappointed when he saw Ken leave the bedroom, but the emotion was short-lived as the guy quickly reappeared and sat tiredly in a chair. He lit a cigarette and stared out of the window, and John wondered if he himself was visible.



HONCHO

Centerfold by Don Hanover

His room was almost pitch black, but he suspected his outline might be discernible, especially considering the stark white jockey shorts. Ken gave no indication that he could see anything and, in fact, gave the appearance of believing himself to be entirely alone. John was sure of that when he saw Ken move a beefy hand to his crotch and begin to rub his cock and balls.

"Damn!" John breathed. This was too good to be true. It looked like the guy might be going to jerk off.

Ken stubbed out the cigarette he had just lit and put both hands between his legs and began rubbing. Lightly at first like John had done a few minutes earlier. Then harder until the lump of flesh inside the confining jockey shorts was plainly prominent. It was a massive hunk that looked like it might be almost too heavy for its owner to carry around. The sight of that glorious maleflesh was almost too much for John, and he slipped his hand under the waistband of his shorts and down into his bush of pubic hair. His prick was now fully hard and the head of the manroot popped out from beneath the elastic band and flopped down across his navel.

Slowly, painfully slowly, Ken pushed down his briefs, lowering them over his hairy legs and finally revealing his thick, fat dick. It was juicy-looking, John thought, and uncut just the way he liked them. John was going wild at the sight, his briefs shoved to his knees, one hand moving up and down the malepole, the other stroking his nipples. First one then the other until they were almost as erect as Ken's seemed to be.

Ken stood and went to the closet. When he turned sideways, John could see his stiff prick arching out far from his body, a beautifully curved piece of meat that John could find plenty of uses for. Ken removed a box from his suitcase and opened it. He took out something John had seen advertised before but never tried, something he had seen lots of pictures of in some of the gay magazines he had hidden under his bed. It was a plastic device with a long tube attached to a cord leading to a black box. John watched with fascination as Ken lubricated his throbbing meat and slipped the plastic shaft over it. He turned the machine on and began being electrically jerked off. The tube sucked at his big tool, combing the feelings of being blown with being masturbated. From the look on Ken's swarthy face, John could tell the guy was really getting off on the thing. He threw his head back and moaned so loudly John could hear him clearly. Their houses were only about ten feet apart, so listening to Ken's groans of ecstasy was not difficult.

John was furiously pumping his own meat, his hands flying faster and faster up and down his hot cockflesh. His nipples were now so aroused that they were almost painful to touch. Still, John tugged and pinched them and felt rushes of pleasure course through his chest. He reached beneath the bed and pulled out a dildo about 10 inches long. Now so hot that he couldn't wait, he spit on the plastic toy and raised his legs high in the air. He was in such a hurry that he didn't take his shorts off and they bound his legs together at the knees. All the time keeping a watchful eye on Ken, John put the tip of the dildo against his love hole and shoved hard. The shaft slipped up his ass hole, burning his sphincter as it roared by. Writhin in ecstasy, John pushed the thing in to its limit, the pain quickly subsiding and changing to ripples of pleasure. He was fucking himself furiously in the ass and jerking his dick even harder.

He heard another groan and looked as Ken shot a thick gooey load of cum into the jack-off machine. Spurt after spurt of the creamy gism flew into the tube and John's chest was covered by a spray of his own load. He struggled to keep himself from crying out, fearful that Ken might hear him and put an end to such late-night displays. Ken seemed to be oblivious to anything outside his room. As John slowed his thrusts of the dildo and also his hand movements, he saw Ken pull his half-hard cock from the tube and do something strange. John could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the army man drinking his load and licking the mouth of the tube to get as much of his own sperm as he could. Almost without realizing it, John ran his fingers across his sticky chest, coated them with his cum and then licked his fingers. He had never tasted his own love-juice before and he found that he liked it. Greedily, he wiped up more of it and sucked his dripping fingers until they were coated with his spit.

He shucked down his gym trunks and stood bareass, his thick thing swinging heavily out from his hairy groin.

Exhausted, he lay back, lowering his legs and pulling the dildo out of his ass with a loud slurping noise. He was only dimly aware of Ken as the guy stood, put his machine away, and flipped the light switch. His bedroom was plunged into darkness. Ken could see nothing more but was more than a little excited about what he had just watched. He wished Ken had used some kind of picture magazine to jerk off with. If he could see whether the photos were of men or women, he would know what the man's scene was. Still, he thought. How many straight guys would want to eat their own cum?

Blissfully spent and contented, John drifted off into a heavy sleep where he had repeated dreams about Ken.

The next day was damned hot and sticky, typical of the weather in the part of southern California where John lived. It was a Saturday, so there was no way he could go looking for work. His parents and younger brother tried to get him to join him for an outing at the beach, trying to cheer him up from his depression. But he told them he wanted to spend the day alone and they gave up and left him by himself. John rambled around the big empty house, unable to find anything to interest him. His thoughts continually drifted to Ken Jackson and what had happened the night before. Now, in the light of day, it almost seemed like a dream.

Back up in his room, John noticed that Ken was nowhere to be seen. His bed had been made and he had apparently gotten up before John because he hadn't seen him all day. He heard voices coming from the alley below and saw the Jackson's car pulling out of the driveway and onto the street. He quickly checked out the passengers and noted that Ken was not among them. The Jackson family had apparently left for an outing, too, leaving their son behind as had John's parents. John sat on the windowseat and wondered where Ken might be. His thoughts were interrupted when

Continued to page 59

man & man

Photographs by Colt

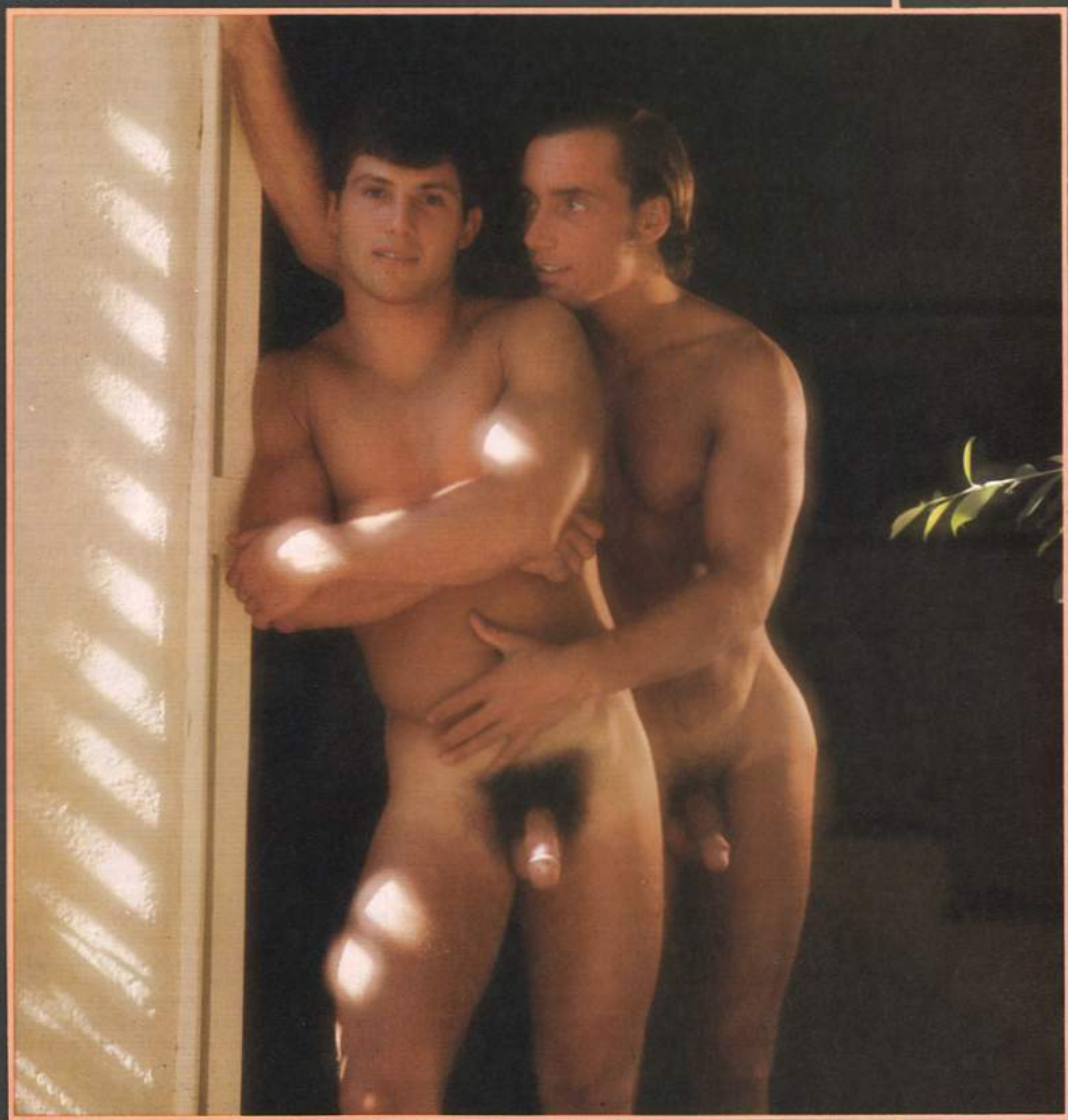
Man plus man equals much, much more than a double dose of masculinity, especially when the men are Colt men. Whenever Colt men couple, the temperature's risin' and it isn't surprisin'. They certainly can, can, *can!* And *do!* One Colt man causes more than the temperature to rise. Two can trigger each other *and* you toward volcanic eruptions. Eruptions of the imagination, of course. As well as other kinds. In a special nine-page pictorial, *Honcho* proudly presents no less than sixteen

handsome young Colt men, manly men in many moods, in a diverse series of settings. Males interacting with males. Above, moustachioed Paul Baressi has a swarthy appeal that's irresistible to his newfound blond, blue-eyed Adonis. The gentle placing of hands upon bare flesh is a reflection of masculine sensitivity, proving that powerful arms are capable of caressing with tenderness—romance isn't obsolete!—without the loss of one ounce of honcho maleness.

man & man

Photographs by Colt

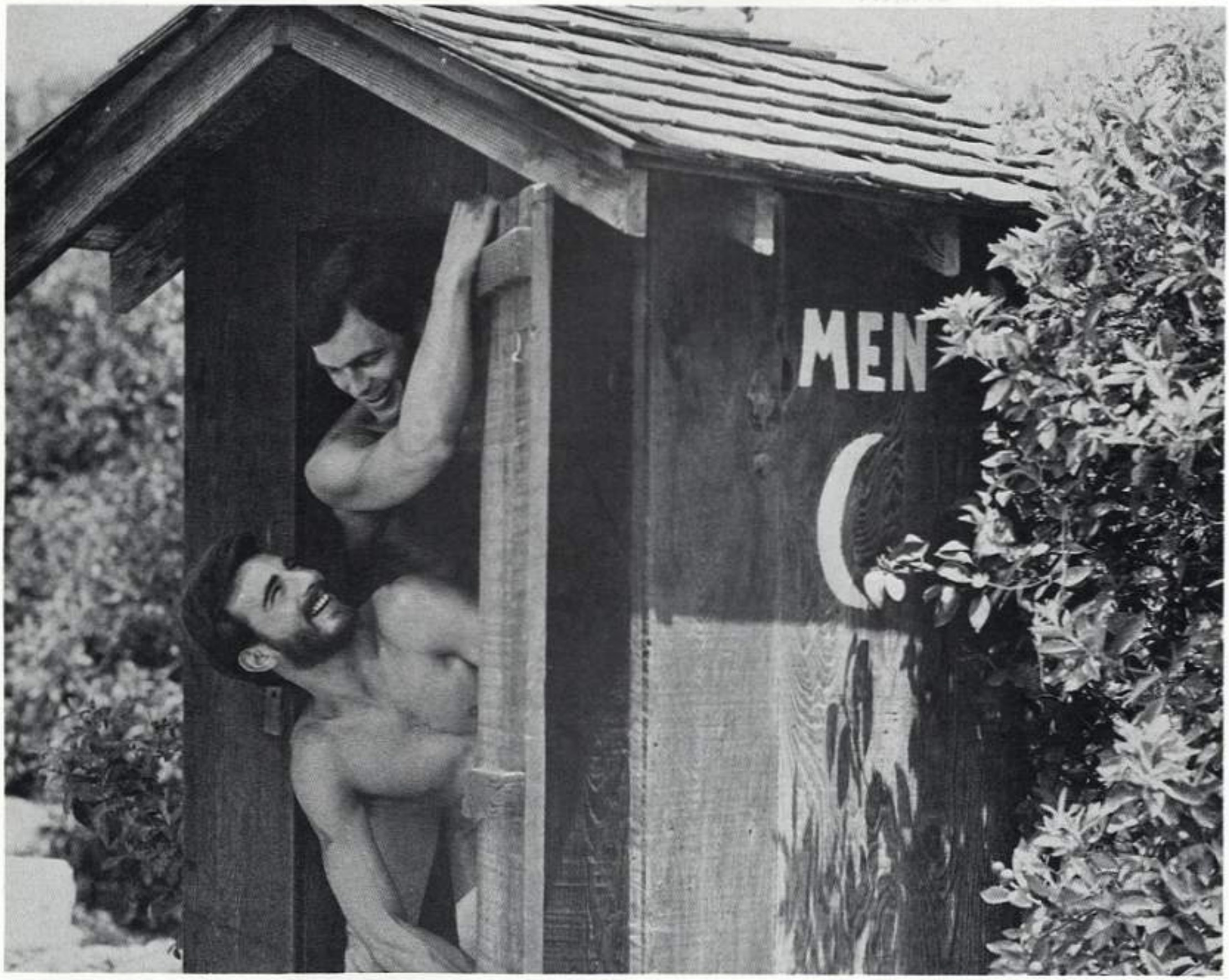
Quiet, erotic reveries, whether post-coital or pre-, are reflected in the eyes of Nino Scappa, left, and Gary Franklin. The mood is as soft as the dappling sunlight as these two healthy, brawny animals make a strong statement of honcho gentleness. Opposite, two other Colt men, and more of the sensual same.



man & man

Photographs by Colt

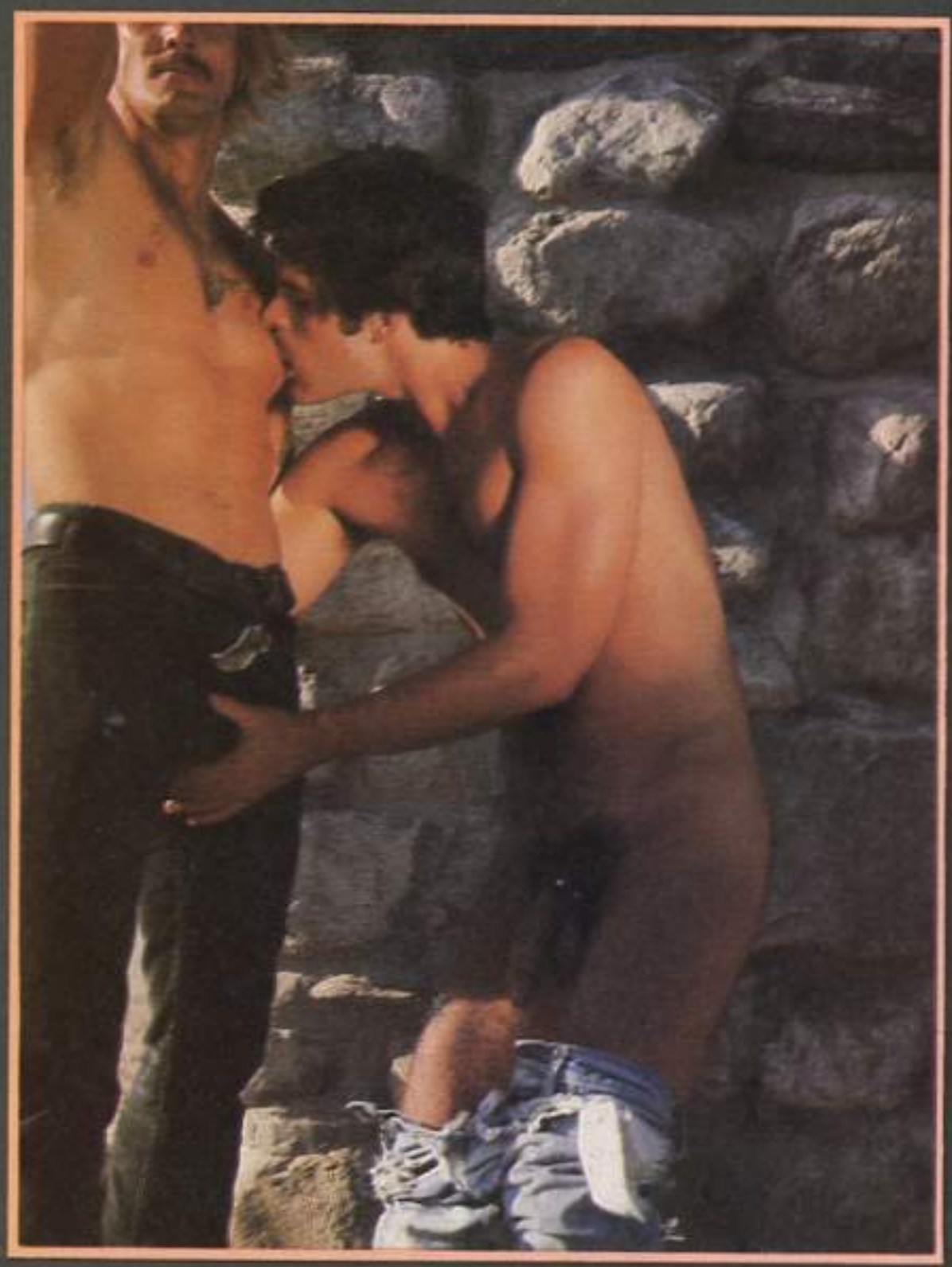
Male/male liaisons can also include good humor and boyish fun. Below, Al Parker and Mike Davis cavort happily in a setting that's definitely for men only. There is, of course, a place for light heartedness as well as heavy seriousness in such relationships. Opposite, a definite change of mood as Scott Butcher, standing, and Toby project a very different sort of intermale rapport. A fiercely flexed bicep, a cigarette dangling from sensual lips, the touch of leather: all suggest an underlying explosiveness which might erupt at any minute to something very physical and very macho. Rough, tough, gruff, and fiercely wonderful.



man & man

Photographs by Colt

More leather and levis as Van, below, zooms in on some 100% prime American meat, firm and fully packed inside those tight blue jeans. Opposite, Toby and Scott again, this time linked much, much more than romantically with a pair of steel handcuffs that bind them together in a most unusual manner. Again there is the suggestion of violence lurking just beneath the seemingly tranquil surface. One quick move, and those cuffs will become more than the tie that binds. This scenario is certainly not tongue-in-cheek, although what these two studs did afterwards is anyone's imaginative guess.

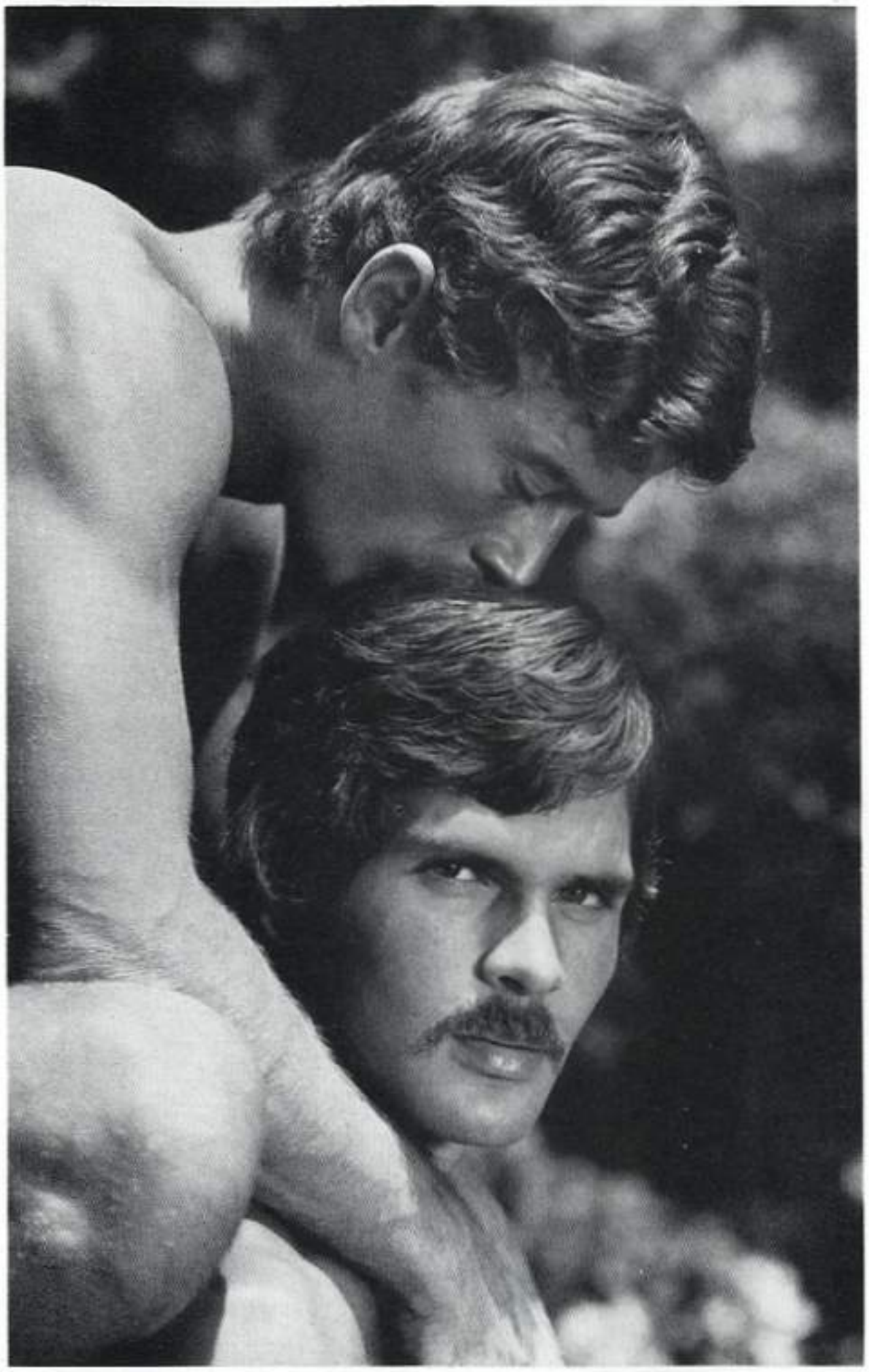


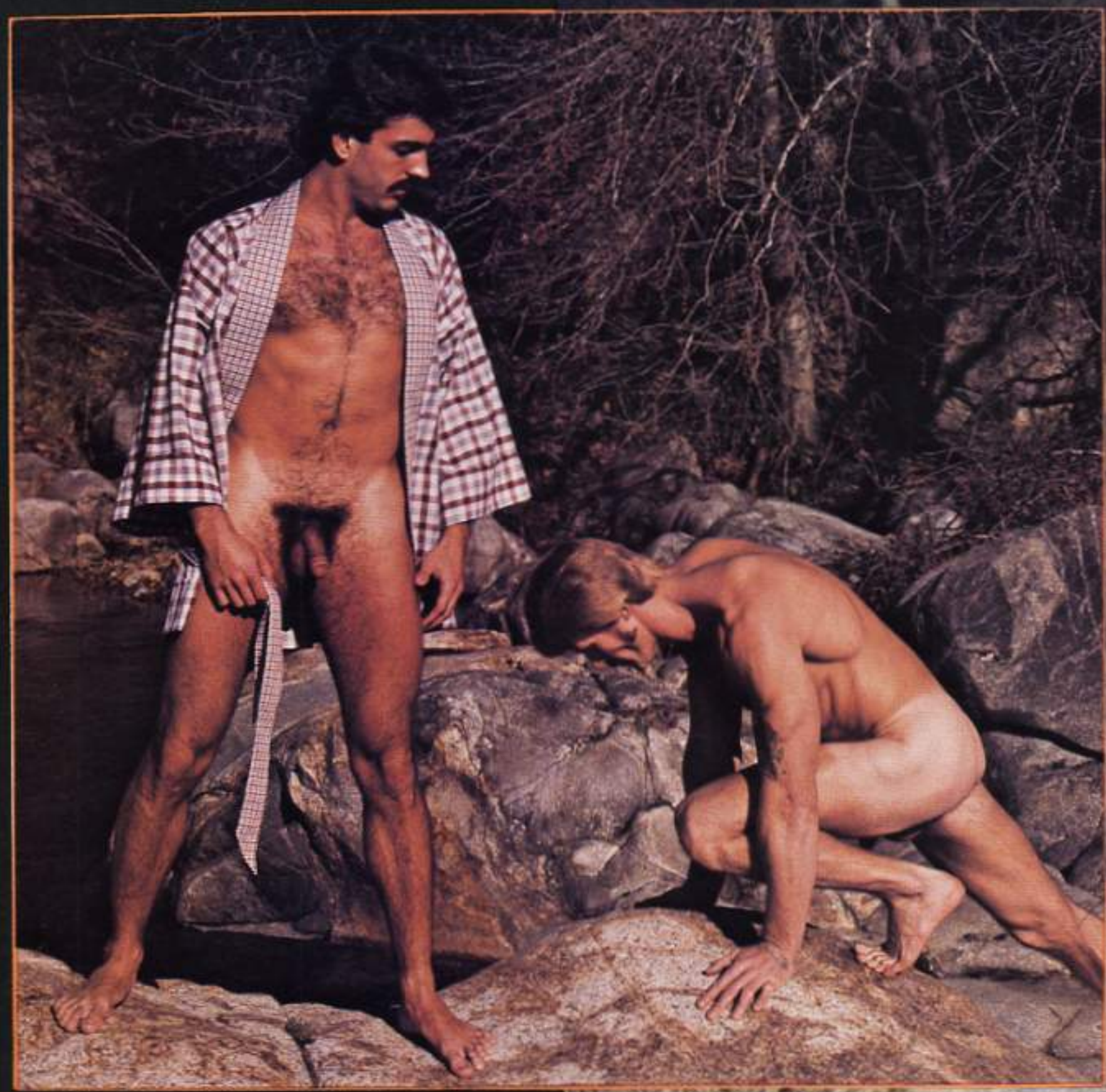
CANADA

man & man

Photographs by Colt

The mood shifts back toward tenderness as Glen gives Gary an affectionate kiss, below. Sharing a mutual embrace opposite is big Gordon Grant and his buddy, Tony Romano, two more men enjoying the touch of another man. Male flesh encountering male flesh, intimate moments shared privately with no thoughts of the outside world. Slightly narcissistic, it is perhaps a little like making love to a mirror, a deepening awareness of the self, manliness reflected in another man's presence. Man and man... together...beautifully.





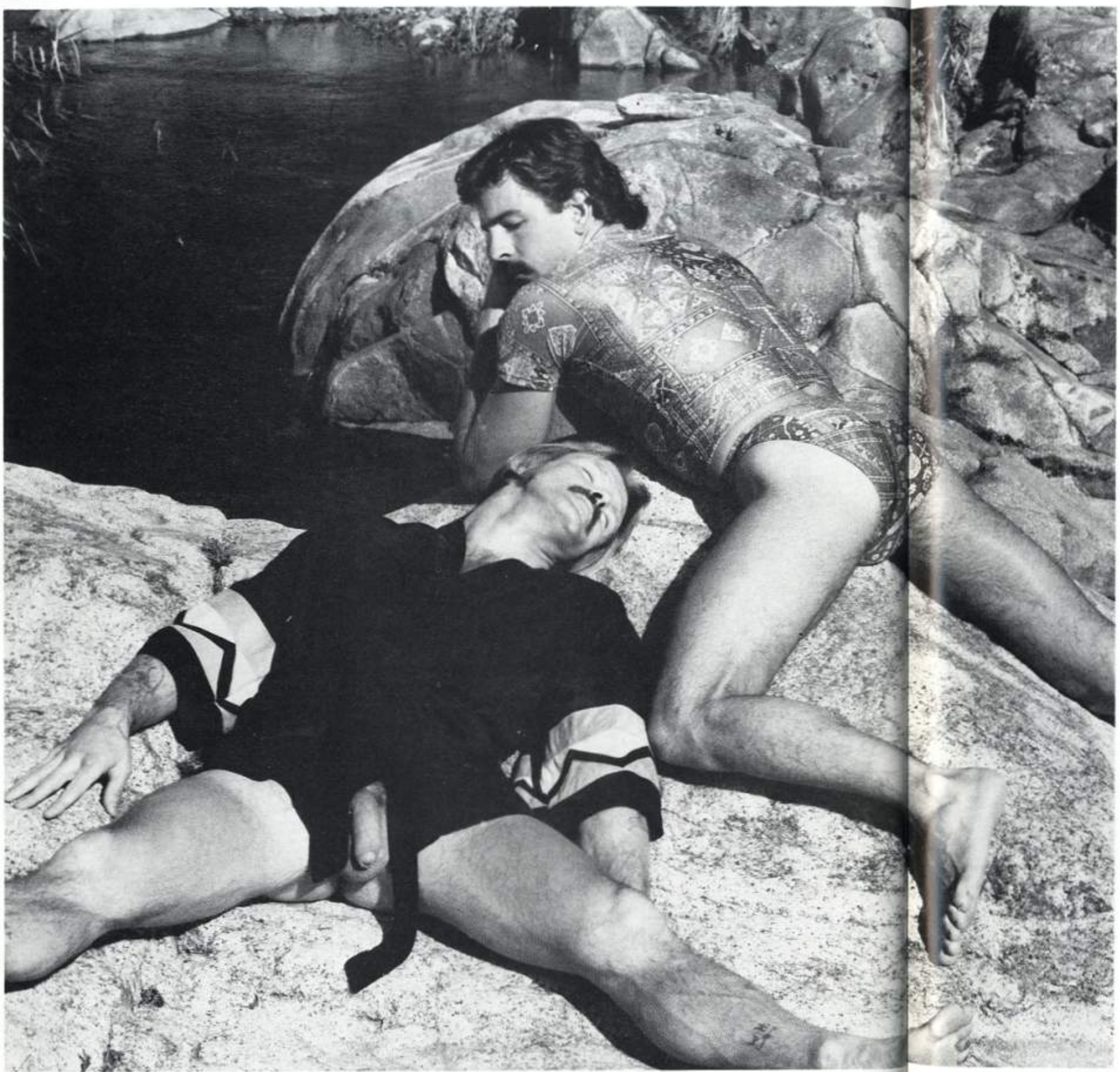
STUD DUDS

For the long hot summer ahead, whether you spend it in Honolulu or Hoboken, Ah Men and International Male have come up with some tropical topicals to help you strut your stuff to its best advantage. Combining sensual synthetics like velour, tricot and vinyl with the basics of natural poplin and cotton, these stud duds are easily cared for and reflect a look that is ultra casual and sinfully sexy.

Above, Barry takes a bow but it's Johnny who gets the attention in a Hopi Coat of crisp polyester and cotton. In blue, brown or burgundy. One size fits all. $19.95. From Ah Men.

Opposite, Clay shows the come-hither results of a reversible rain jacket with epaulets, four pockets, knitted cuffs and waistband with heavy duty zipper. In natural high count poplin, as shown here, with chocolate brown vinyl on the other side. S-M-L. $35. From International Male. Johnny is the object of Clay's affection, wearing 100% natural flesh designed by Father Nature. One size fits all. Price unavailable although the man himself *may* be.

Photographs by Target



STUD DUDS

Photographed exclusively for *Honcho* by Target Studios

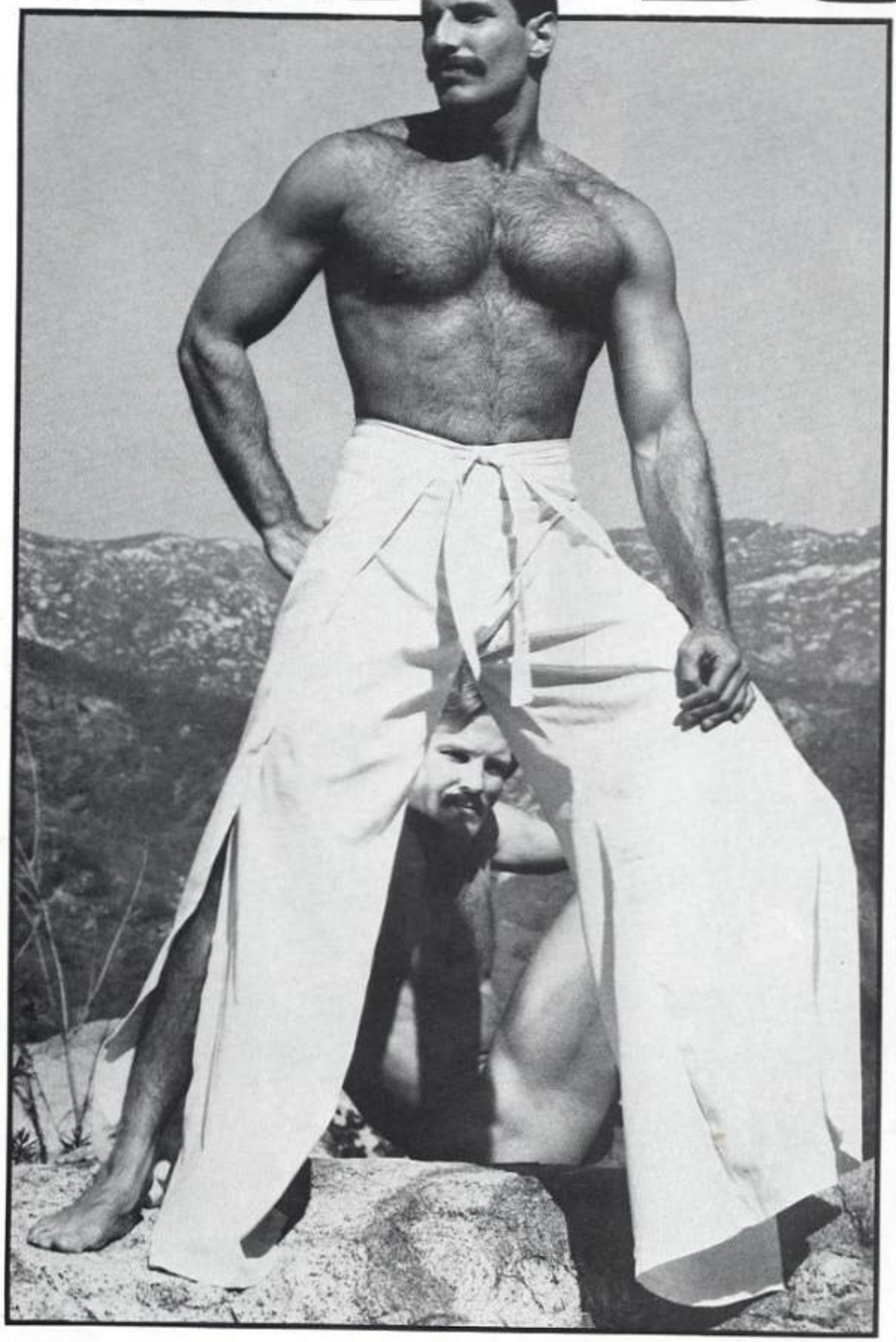
Getting off on their rocks, Barry and Johnny at left, find their own place in the sun with more Ah Men designs. Barry lets it all hang out in an arnel velour Hopi Coat in chocolate brown/gold and white trim. One size fits all. $42.95. Johnny plays the Persian boy in a Persian Rug Tee Shirt and matching Buckle Bikini inspired by the carpets of the Middle East. In Antron Lycra tricot. Both in S-M-L-XL. Shirt, $15.00. Bikini, $11.95.

Below, Clay gets hold of things in the rain jacket shown on a previous page. Barry weathers his personal secret storm in a denim jacket with a look that's both rugged and casual in 100% prewashed denim. Check out the natural strip detail and groomet sleeve snaps lending it an extra fashion touch. In natural blue denim. S-M-L-XL. $35. Both from International Male.

Perched on a piece of the rock, Barry bares his all, at far left, in x-rated lounge pants done in see-through nylon tricot, with a tempting side slit that Clay finds touching. In black and white, S-M-L-XL. From Ah Men. $14.95.

Below left, Clay takes things lying down in a hooded arnel velour robe with waist tie. Light-weight, machine washable and soft as velvet, it's a one-size-fits-all item from Ah Men. $55.95.

STUD DUDS



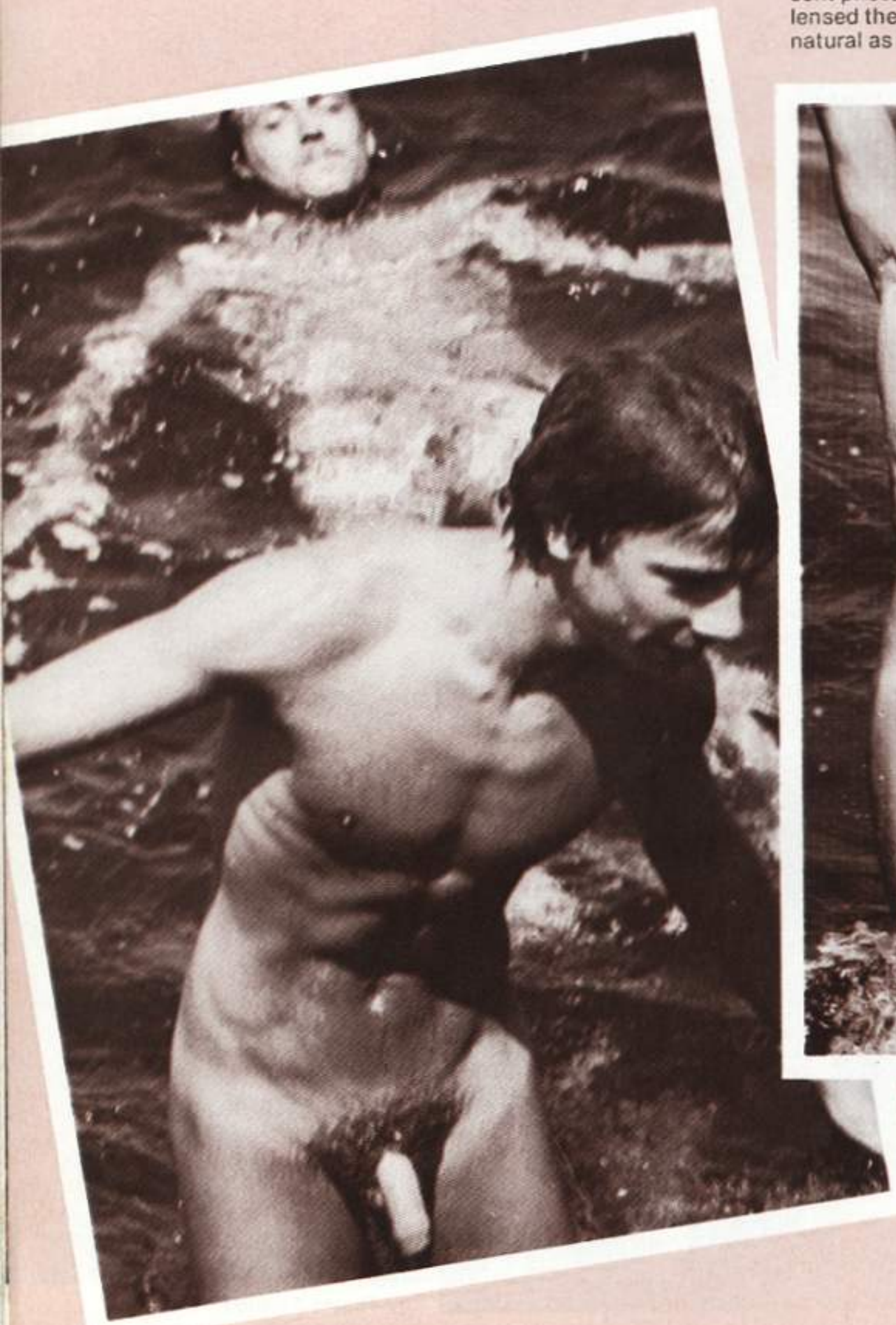
Consider Clay Russell here,
getting the soft touch in a pair
of white wrap-around pants
of cotton and polyester.
They tie front and rear to let you show
as much flesh as you dare.
One size fits all.
From Ah Men. $14.95.

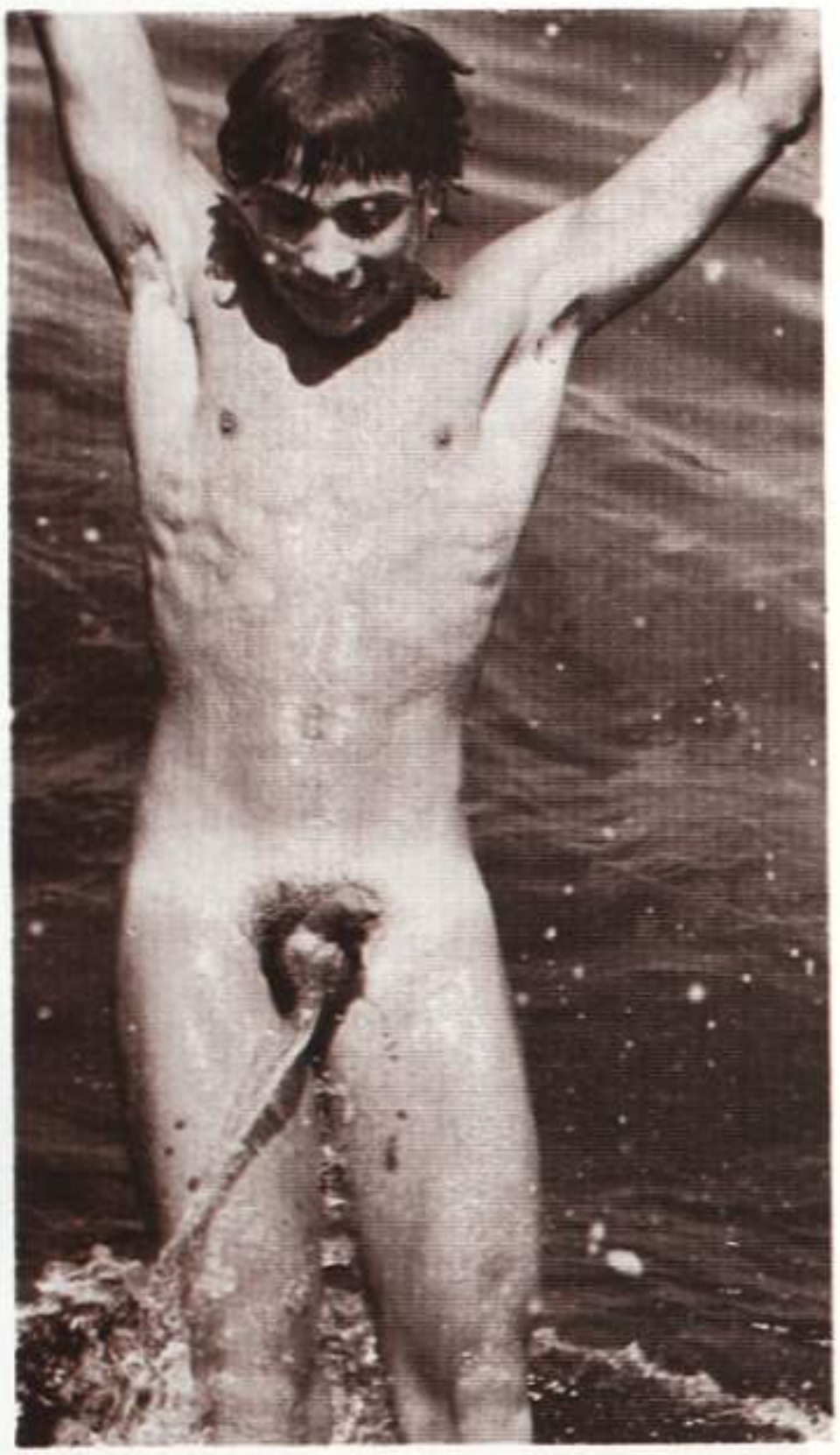
Peering between the legs of this
colossus is Barry,
who adds his own
natural wonders
to the California landscape.

**Photographed
exclusively for Honcho
by Target Studios**

WATER SPORTS

Since we began publishing *Honcho* only a few months ago, we've had quite a few letters from readers requesting that our nude pictorials go beyond the photographer's studio to encompass real people doing real things. Perhaps a lot of this was in response to the spread called "The Equus Complex" in the April issue which featured a nude boy in the great outdoors with his horse. We sent photographer Frank Dileo to Spain where he lensed these swarthy youths in a setting as natural as their own.





These lusty Latin lads were photographed on the Costa Brava on the coast of Spain. All three of them cavorted happily and with no inhibitions for our photographers. He said they

Photographs by Frank Dileo

appeared to be more at home out of their swim trunks than in them, and fortunately was there to record that sunny afternoon. Looks like all Spain's treasures aren't in museums. Ole!

Photographs by Frank Dileo

A GOOD MAN IS HARD...!

...to find. But lots of good men—and lots of ba-a-a-ad macho men—can be found monthly. In *Honcho*. In issue after butch issue. Subscribe now.

Next month's Honcho has a leathery, Western look and the cover features the two Colt cowboys opposite page, far right. You'll want to tangle with these wranglers.

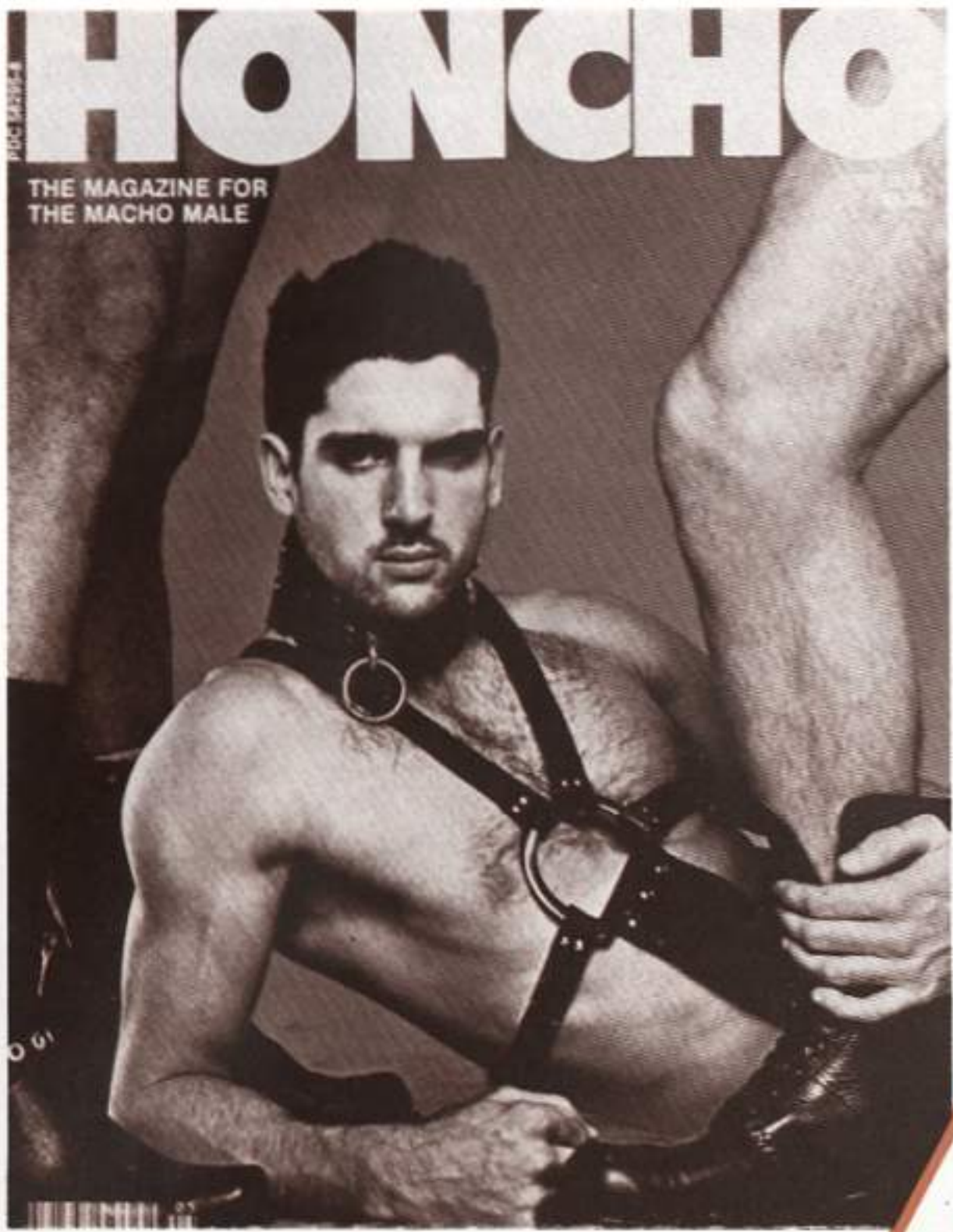


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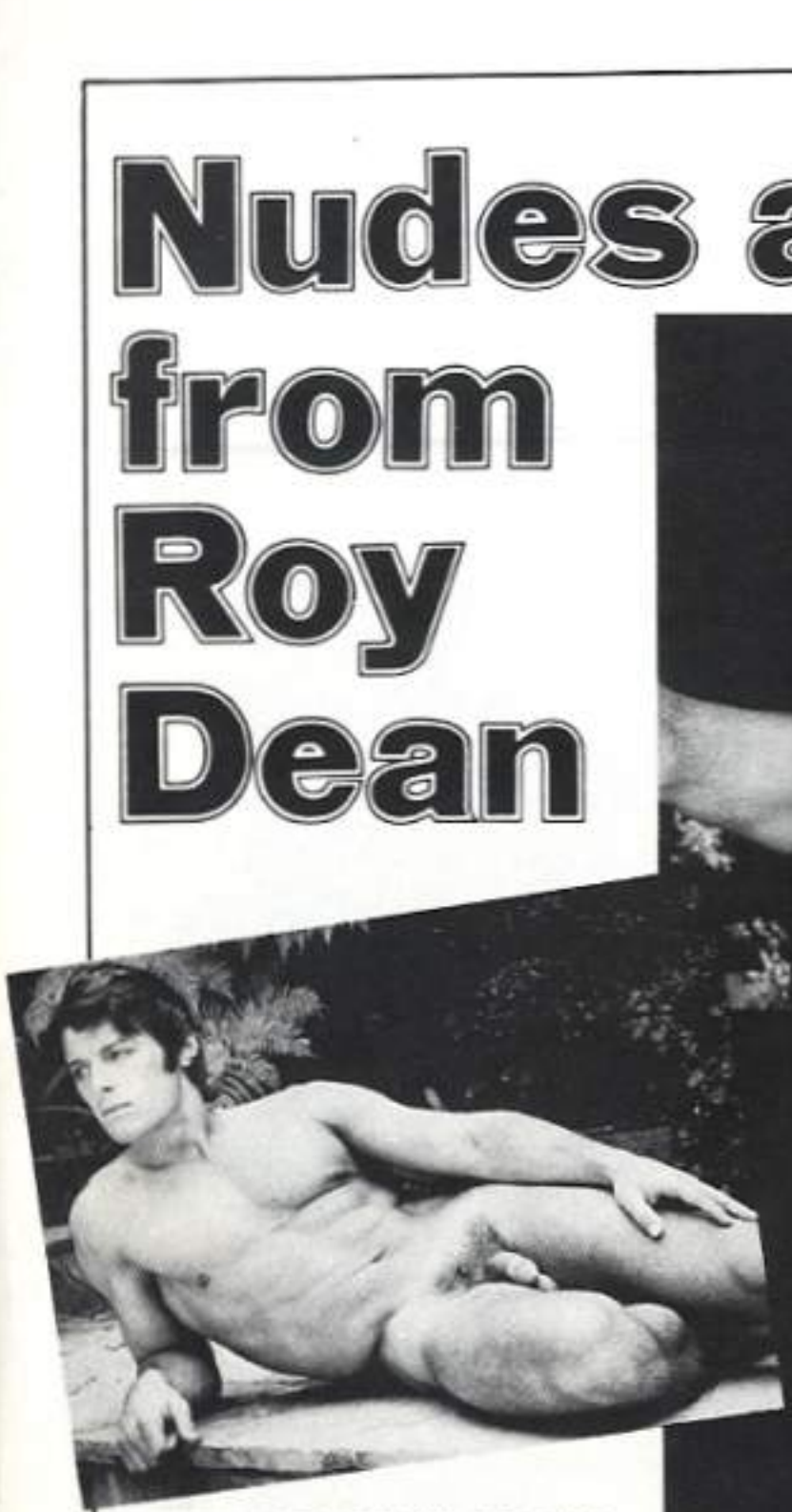
Photo by Arthur Tress

Nudes and Moods from Roy Dean



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GAY POLITICS

Continued from page 6

Organized and Involved in Community Enactments) have followed suit. Religious groups are often behind these organizations. After the repeal of the ordinance in St. Paul, City Councilman Patrick Roedler said, "It's like the early days of Hitler—nobody believes that this thing can mushroom into a greater effort to take away the civil rights of other minorities. It's all cloaked in a veneer of godliness, sanctity and other religious rhetoric." Reverend Richard Anwin, pastor of the fundamentalist Baptist Church and leader of the effort to repeal the law, observed that "being a pervert is like being a thief—both are wrong and both can continue of repent." Similar "intelligent" thinking came from City Councilwoman Rosalie Butler, who said, "Those who choose a perverted lifestyle, whether it be as a homosexual, robber or drug pusher, can't expect the full rights and considerations that people who live in step with society get." For some reason, the folks on the St. Paul city council are fond of linking being gay with stealing. The only relationship *Honcho* sees is that our rights as human beings are being stolen away every day. Anita Brant united us once, and let's not forget the powerful brotherhood that resulted. We say "No more!" to Miami and St. Paul, and we say "Encore!" to New York's ballsy mayor, Ed Koch.

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BOY NEXT DOOR

Continued from page 34

Ken walked into his bedroom and noticed John sitting across the way. He raised his hand and called out, "Hi!"

John only managed to call "Hi!" back before the strapping soldier disappeared again. He didn't leave before John got a quick but good look at what he was wearing today. The uniform had been left in the closet, and Ken was wearing civilian clothes. He had on a pair of white gym shorts and a red tank top which showed off his muscles to their best advantage. As he walked out of the room, John was once again stricken by the beautiful bulbous buns. The back of the gym shorts were caught up in the crack of Ken's gorgeous ass and John could find no signs of a jock strap.

Figuring Ken probably wouldn't return to his bedroom for a while, John decided to go into the back yard to lie in the sun for a while. At least he could be working on a tan, he thought. He stripped naked and tugged on his swimsuit , a thin white nylon bikini that did little cover his cock and balls. He didn't bother to wear a jock since he wasn't planning anything more strenuous than lying on a lounge chair. He went into the bathroom and

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found suntan lotion left over from last year, carefully spreading it over his smooth young skin. John checked out his reflection in the floor-length mirror and was pleased with his image. He had played football for four years in high school, and the rough work-outs his coach had put him and the rest of the team through had paid off. His muscles were well-defined without being too heavy, and his body was set out with a handsome clean-shaven face and a shock of dirty blond hair. John was the quintessential image of the All-American boy with the one exception that he liked other football players rather than cheerleaders.

John got a beer from the refrigerator in the kitchen and walked out into the grassy back yard. The sky was completely cloudless and the sun was strong on his flesh as he stretched out on the lounge chair and began to doze. His nap was interrupted by a man's voice.

"Hi, again."

John drowsily opened his eyes and saw Ken standing over him. "Oh, hi."

"My name is Ken. Ken Jackson." He held out his hand which John shook firmly.

"I know. My mother mentioned you. Said you were in the army."

"Right. And you're John." He nodded. "Mind if I join you for a while?"

Hell, no, John thought, feeling a stirring inside his tight swim trunks as he looked up and saw Ken's thick uncut cockhead poking out of one leg of his gym shorts! He wondered if that was intentional as he said, "Make yourself at home."

Ken sat down on the grass and crossed his legs. As he did that, his shorts gaped open even more and John got a clear look of the man-sized meat. He tried to sneak an occasional peek when Ken was looking the other way.

"How did you know my name?" John asked.

"My mother told me who our new neighbors were. I haven't been home in nearly a year, and you moved in while I was gone. You just graduated from high school, eh?"

"Yeah."

"What are you going to do with yourself this summer?"

John shook his head, not pleased that he had been reminded of his dilemma. "I don't know, Ken. I want to get a job somewhere but haven't had any luck."

"That's too bad, man. I had trouble finding work when I graduated from high school. I didn't want to go to college, so I joined the army."

"You like it?"

"Yeah. I guess so. The work isn't too hard and they're not nearly as sticky about all those rules and regulations as they used to be. And it's better now because the guys are there because they want to be. Not because they were drafted."

John nodded, darting another glance at Ken's fat cockhead. He wondered if it was his imagination or if the thing seemed to be swelling. Almost as though reading John's thoughts, Ken dropped one hand to his crotch and tugged his dick and hairy ballsac into a more comfortable position. When he did that, he pulled even more of his cock out and John knew damned well the guy was doing it purposely. And knowing that caused his own prick to stir inside the bikini. He decided to take things a step further, reaching down and scratching his hardening cock. It was now plainly outlined beneath the thin nylon.

"Looks like you're gonna choke yourself to death," Ken said with a laugh. He had an appealing smile that John found quite a turn-on.

"Uh. What do you mean?"

"I mean that skimpy little swimsuit you're wearing. I never liked tight-fitting trunks. I need room to move around. That's why I just wear gym shorts and no jock. Hang loose, you might say."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Ken answered, his eyes flickering over the rising mountain of flesh between John's legs. "As a matter of fact, I'd make a guess that you're gonna bust right out of that thing at the rate you're going."

John looked down at his very obvious hard-on. What Ken said was true. He felt like his cock and balls were tied in a knot. His stiff dick was pulled across his lower belly, the prickhead pushing at the leg opening.

"Well,..." John said, turning blood red with embarrassment.

Ken laughed again. "Why don't you just take them off?"

"But someone could see from your house," John protested, although he

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was delighted at the idea.

"Nobody's home. They all drove up to the mountains today."

"I just don't know if..."

"C'mon, buddy." Ken jumped to his feet and tugged off his tank top. In one swift movement he shucked down his gym trunks and stood bareass, his thick manrod swinging heavily out from his hairy groin. John stared at the huge shaft just inches from his face. "You'll be a lot more comfortable," Ken said, grinning.

Raising his hips, John awkwardly pulled his bikini down his legs. It was difficult to get off because he was fully erect. He tossed the swim trunks aside and spread his legs, feeling his balls drop down to the seat of the chair. "I guess it is better," he said finally.

"Sure. Hey, tell me something fella."

"What?"

"How come that meat of yours is all hot and bothered?"

John looked at Ken's crotch where the huge manroot was not sticking far out from the nest of black hair. "Probably the same reason yours is," he answered, giving Ken a winning smile.

"We're wasting time, man," Ken said. "And we both know it, right?" He reached over and grabbed hold of John's cock, squeezing it gently and noting the pleased expression on his new friend's face.

"Right," John said, nodding in agreement. He slipped his hand between Ken's hairy legs and cupped the low-hanging balls. Ken groaned and sank to his knees, rolling over on his back and raising his big arms in invitation.

John slid from the lounge chair and lay down alongside Ken, his head toward the other guy's feet. He flicked his tongue over the large cockslit and tasted the saltiness of piss. It was mixed with the smell of Ken's hairy armpits. The sun had made him sweat heavily and John licked at the moisture inside Ken's thighs and on his swollen balls.

"Good, baby. That's real good."

Ken leaned over and swallowed John's long poker with one thrust. It slammed against the back of his throat, nearly making him gag. But he was determined to have every delicious inch of the boy's fleshroot in his mouth and sucked on it noisily. The two of them lay in the hot sun, wildly exploring every part of their bodies. Tongues were thrust into armpits and between buttocks where the musky smell of manhood was heaviest. John gnawed hungrily on Ken's out-thrust nipples, savoring their hardness and making them wet and glisten with his spit. Ken shoved a finger up John's young ass and felt the bung hole open instantly.

"You like a man's dick up your ass, don't you, baby?" Ken asked in a husky voice. His breathing was becoming labored like John's, and he longed to ram his shaft up the guy's ass chute.

"Yeah," John answered, running his tongue through the sweaty hair on Ken's chest.

"Then you're gonna get it, man." Ken put two powerful arms beneath John'n legs and raised them high, spreading them wide to expose the puckered brown opening between the ass cheeks. His cock was slippery from the hot blow job John had been

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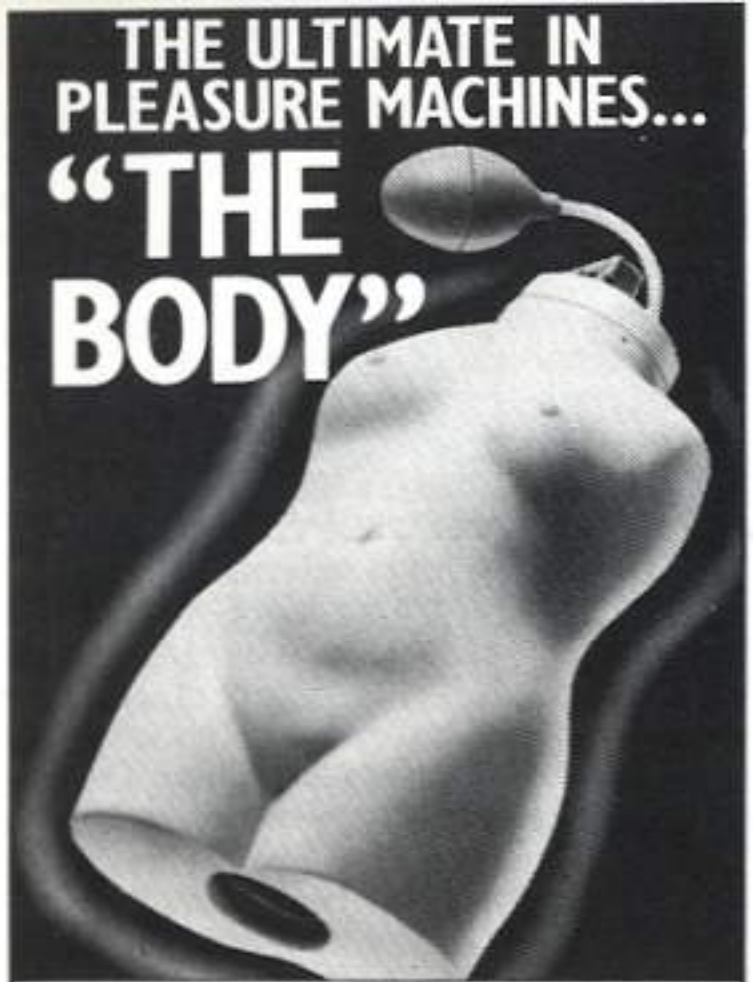

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giving him, and without further lubrication he put the massive cockhead against John's hole and inched his way in.

"Don't take your time!" John begged, "I can take that big thing. Don't hold back."

"You sure?" Ken asked excitedly. "You're talking about ten inches of stiff man dick." He looked between his legs where the fat cockhead was wedged between John's buttocks.

"Please!" John begged. "I gotta have it."

"Hang on, stud," Ken said loudly. He jerked John's body back toward his own and impaled the guy's asshole on nearly a foot of cock. John thrashed wildly around on the grass, beating his fists on the ground and clutching at his quivering dick.

"Fuck me, Ken! Give me that soldier's cock. Show me how you screw in the army. Hard, man! Real hard!!"

Ken lost all control as he began to fuck John like a crazyman. With each plunge up the ass, John saw his cock twitch in anticipation. He knew he didn't have to masturbate himself. The skilled pressure of Ken's dong against his sphincter was driving him mad. His love channel was slippery and hot, and Ken's cock was wet from sweat and spit.

"Take it, then!" Ken roared. In and out, faster and faster, he drove insanely, harder and harder until John blissfully thought he was going to be split in two.

"Oh, damn, man! Give it to me. Fuck my damned brains out. I got to have all that big cock! Fuck me!!"

Rotating his hips, Ken reamed out the hungry asshole, hitting areas inside John's body that had never been touched. He was pushing his partner fast toward explosion, screwing him like he had never been screwed before. John thought he was going to black out from ecstasy. He felt the cum start climbing up his cockshaft and his balls drew up tight against his body.

"NOW!!" Ken roared, erupting a river of steaming white gism up John's ass. He felt himself being drained, being sucked dry by John's clutching asshole. "NOW!! ARGGGGGHHH! OH, DAMN, MAN! YEAH!!"

"OH, GOD!!" John cried. He was clawing wildly at Ken's back, trying somehow to cram even more dick up his butt. He felt the streams of cum filling him up and then was aware of the hot spray of sticky, gooey gism

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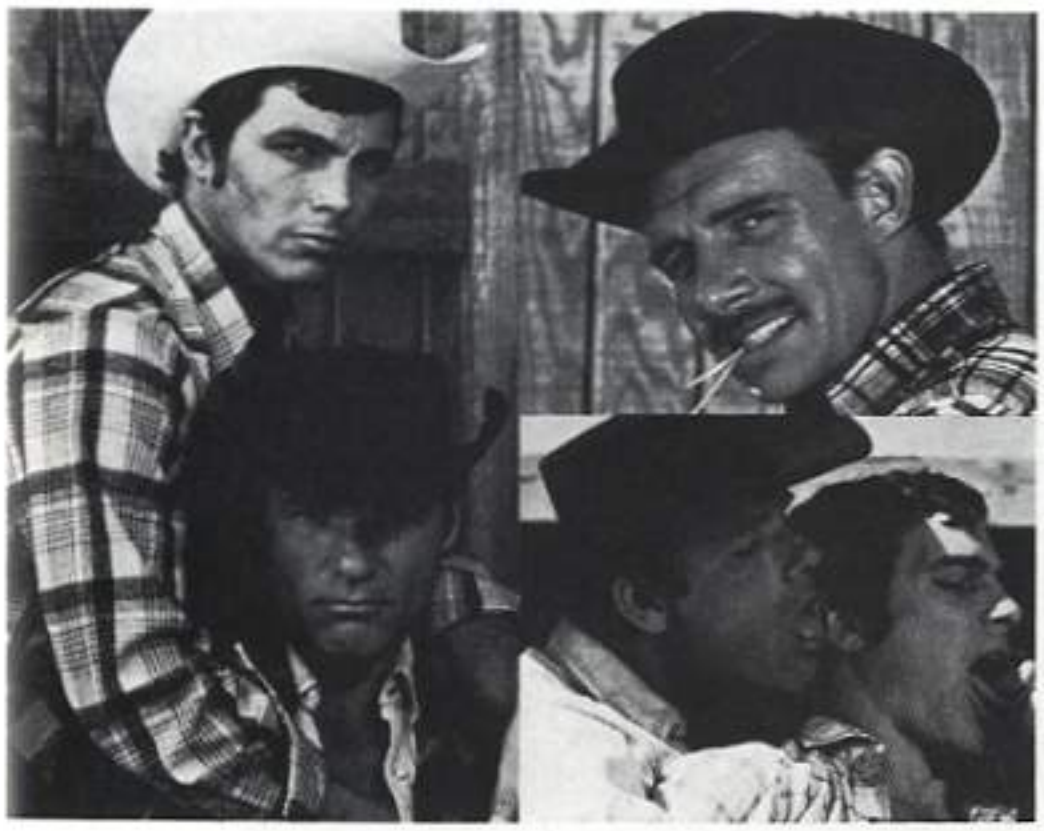

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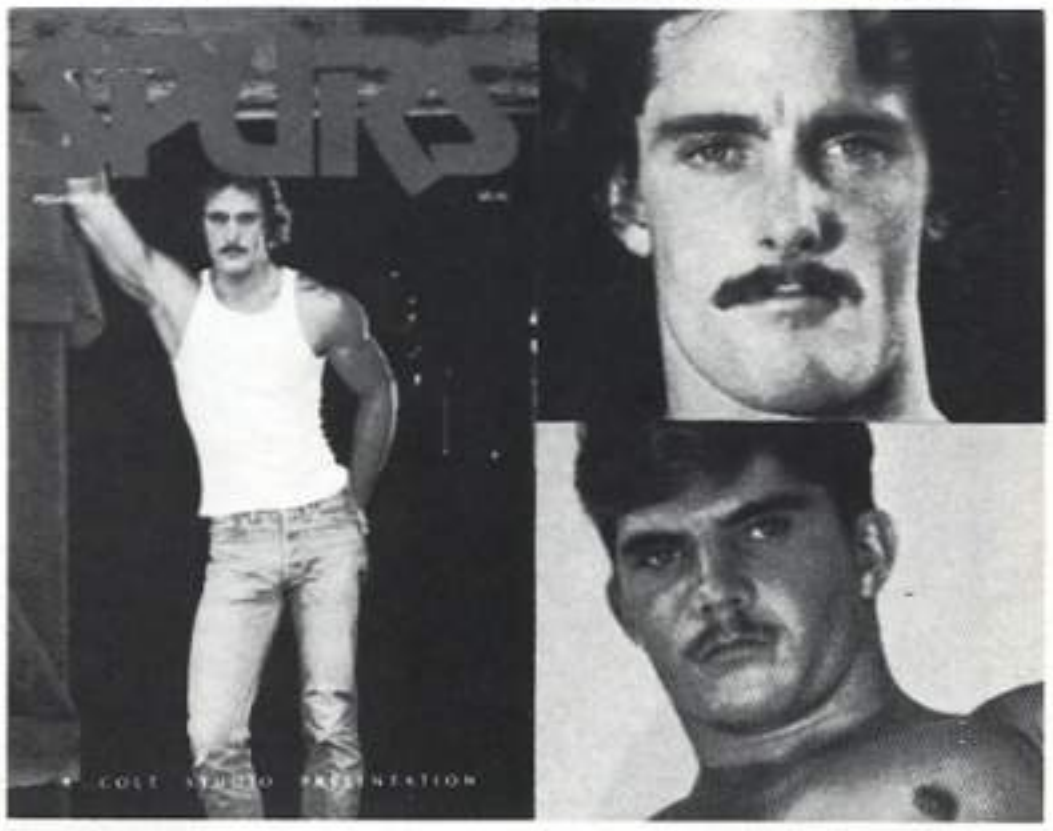

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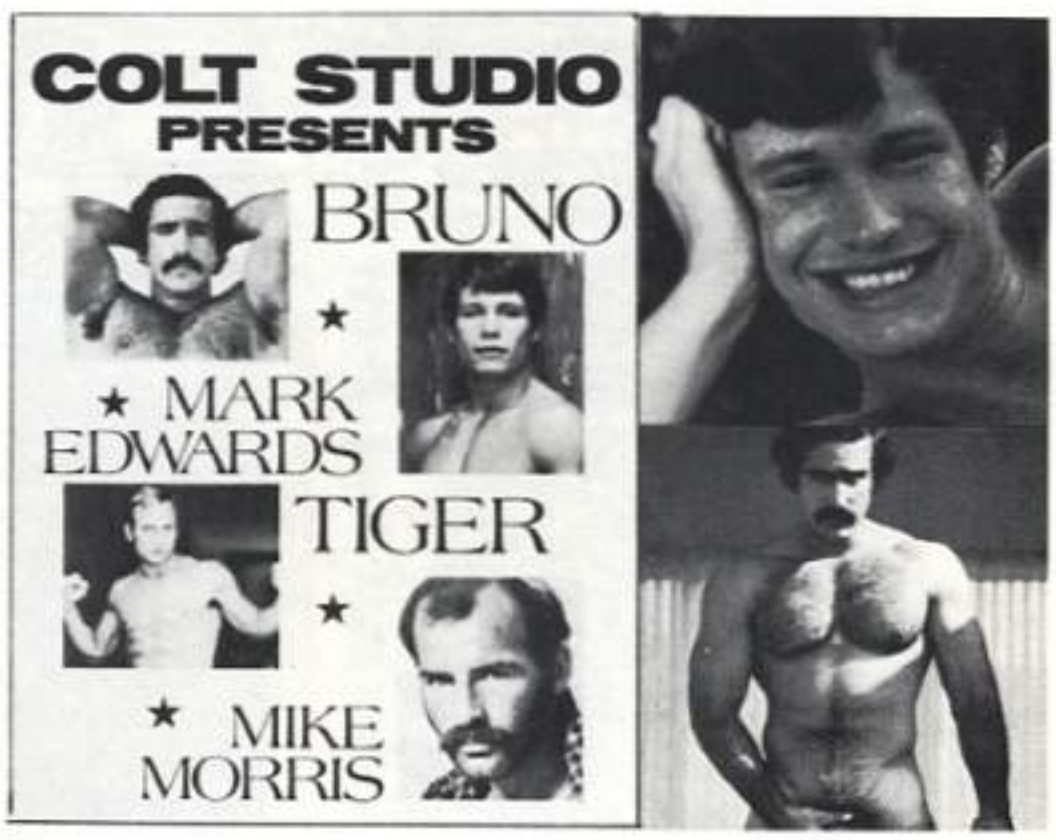

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that was flying all over his chest. Ken leaned down and licked some of it up, and John was hazily reminded of the night before when he had watched Ken drink his own load.

"Aw, shit!" John cried when he felt Ken's fat cock pulling out of his ass. "I wish you could have kept that monster up me for hours."

"There'll be other times, man," Ken said, now bending ardently to his task and licking up every drop of John's cum. He drove John to new waves of pleasure when he raised his legs again and buried his face in John's ass crack and plunged his long tongue into the space where his prick had been seconds before. As the dripping ass hole gaped open, Ken gluttonously licked out his own load, sending it to his belly alongside that of John.

"God!" Ken cried, lowering John's butt to the grass and sprawling on his back. His huge dick was half-hard, hanging lazily over one hairy thigh.

"How'd you know I liked to get screwed?" John asked, his breathing becoming more regular, his heartbeat returning to normal.

"Hell, baby. It wasn't hard to figure out when I saw you shoving that dildo up your ass last night." He laughed heartily.

"You saw that?" John asked, genuinely surprised.

"Not too clearly, John. But I could see just enough in the dimness to figure out what you were doing."

"Then you knew I was watching you," John said.

"Yep. And I really got off on it. I dig being watched, especially if the guy watching doesn't know I know what he's doing."

"You're something else," John said, laughing. "But I'll admit I got off on it, too."

"Well, I'll tell you what, John. I've just been transferred to Fort Willard which is about twenty miles from here. You got a car?"

"Yeah."

"Then I can give you plenty to do this summer. You won't be making any money, but you'll have one helluva good time." He reached out and groped John's hardening cock. "Seems to me it's something you'd look forward to. Specially since I got a whole lot of buddies who dig screwing guys up the ass."

"Looks like I'm sorta going to be joining up with the army, too," John said, his asshole tingling in anticipation of being plowed open by a whole squadron of soliders.

"You bet your ass, civilian."

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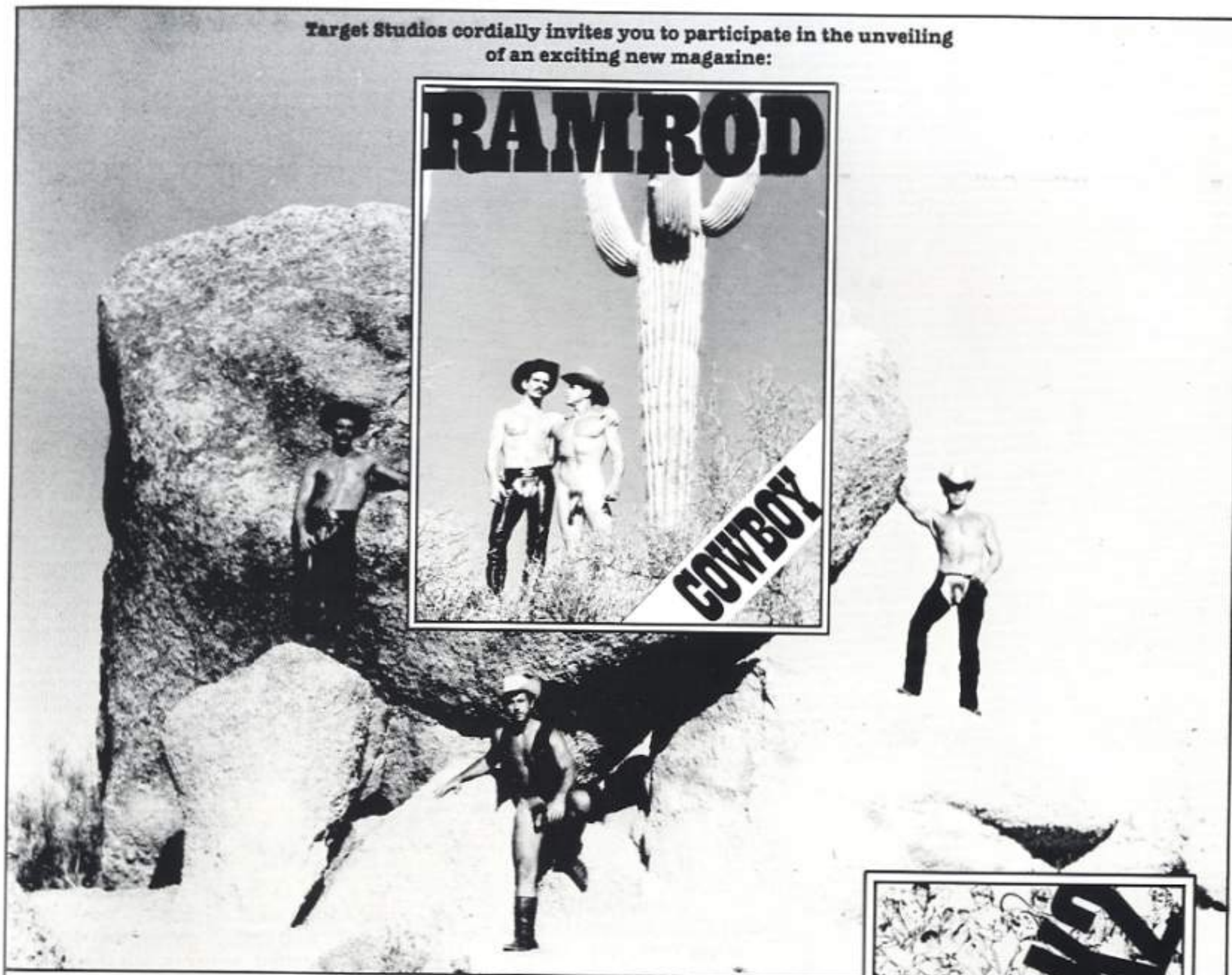

At last, the long-awaited second issue of Ramrod is ready, and this time we decided to explore the legend of the American cowboy. So we packed off **Will Seagers, John Colby** and our new discovery **Peter Bolt** to the wilds of Arizona to bring you this dazzling display of erotic Americana. We don't really know if this is the way it was in the good old days, but we do know that the expression "when men were men" certainly applies to these three hunky specimens. We've gone all out to create the most spectacular production of any magazine — ever! This edition is 8½"X11", 52 pages including 18 pages of glorious color, with a center gatefold that makes a great color poster. We printed the magazine on an elegant heavyweight glossy stock and laminated the cover for added sheen and durability, a trend we started with Javelin #3. So join our three intrepid studs in a lusty adventure you'll come back to again and again.

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(Owing to the extra-heavy weight of the paper used for this issue we must ask that you add $1.50 for First Class Postage. Thank you.)

NOTE: RAMROD # 3: Cowboy (Part 2) is now in preparation and will be coming your way soon. Watch for it!

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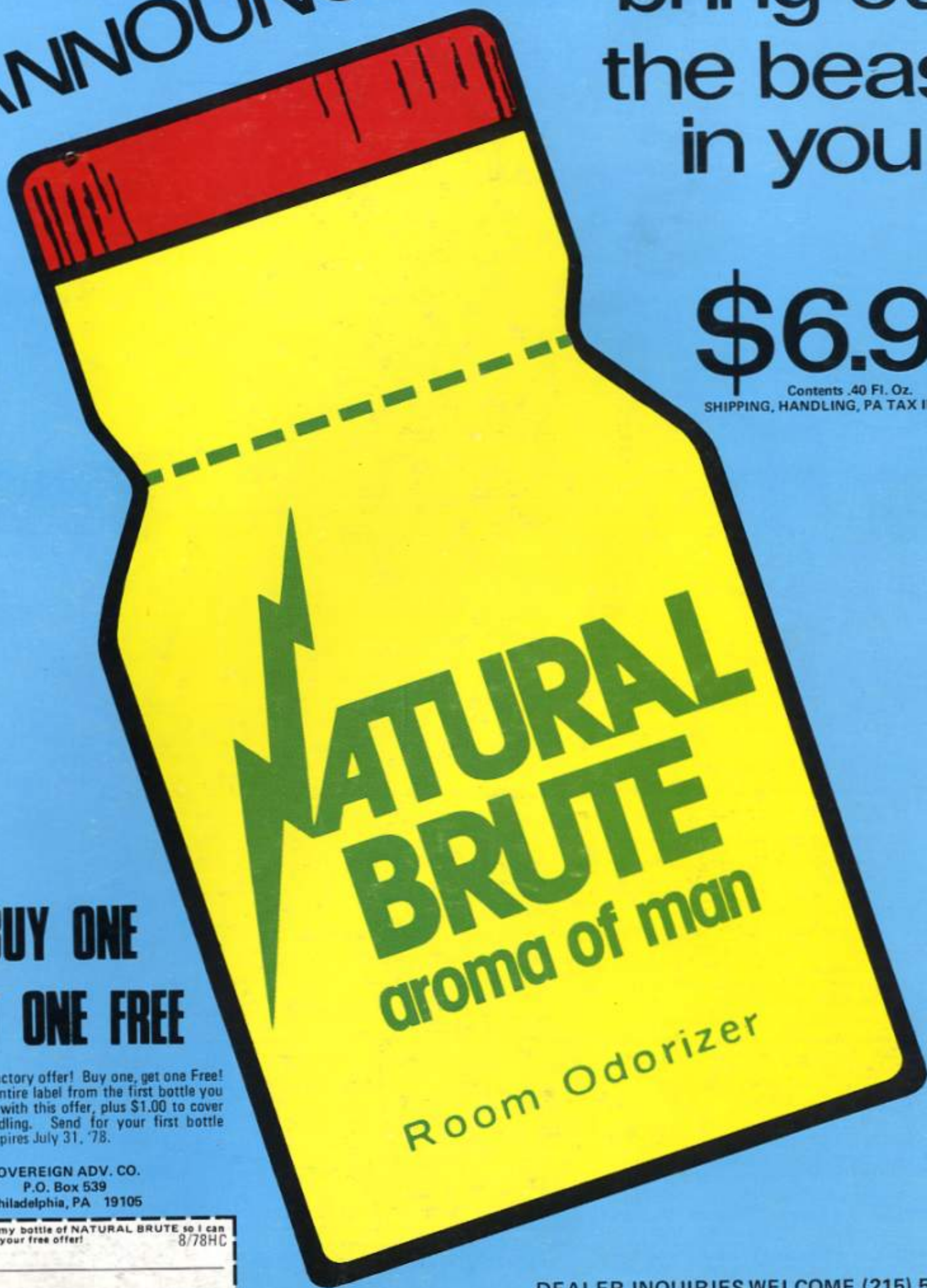

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