



1980

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

VOL. 1

NO. 3

SOME MEMBERS KEEP THEIR ORGANIZATION STRONG,
 WHILE OTHERS JOIN AND JUST BELONG,
 SOME DIG RIGHT IN, SOME SERVE WITH PRIDE,
 SOME GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE.
 SOME VOLUNTEER TO DO THEIR SHARE,
 WHILE SOME SIT BACK AND JUST DON'T CARE,
 ON MEETING DAYS SOME ALWAYS SHOW,
 BUT THEN, THERE ARE THOSE WHO NEVER GO,
 SOME ALWAYS PAY THEIR DUES AHEAD,
 SOME GET BEHIND FOR MONTHS INSTEAD,
 SOME DO THEIR BEST, SOME BUILD, SOME MAKE,
 SOME LAG BEHIND, SOME LET THINGS GO,
 SOME NEVER GIVE, BUT ALWAYS TAKE,
 SOME NEVER HELP THEIR ORGANIZATION GROW,
 SOME DRAG, SOME PULL, SOME DON'T, SOME DO,
 ...WHICH OF THESE AREYOU?

*****CONGRATULATIONS*****

THE SONS OF APOLLO EXTEND
 BEST WISHES TO:
 * * * * *
 BROTHERHOOD OF LOS ANGELES
 celebrating their fifth
 anniversary...
 * * * * *
 BUDDY M.C. OF HOLLYWOOD
 celebrating their crystal (15 years)
 anniversary...
 * * * * *
 The RAMROD - PHOENIX
 on the ninth anniversary...

*** OUR NEW OFFICERS ***

PRESIDENT.....Bill (STOP LEAK)
 VICE PRESIDENT.....Keith
 RECORDING SEC.....Brig
 CORRESPONDING SEC..Eddie
 ROAD CAPTAIN.....Terry

YOUR NEWSLETTER
 HAS BEEN PREPARED
 BY

EDITOR MIKE
 ASS'T EDITOR.... TOM
 STAFF..... SONS OF
 APOLLO

PROFILE

SONS OF APOLLO MOTORCYCLE CLUB, INC. PHOENIX, ARIZONA

IN AN ACIENT LAND once ruled by the prehistoric HoHoKam Indians, APOLLO himself made a pact with the Kachinas. In exchange for this pact, Apollo gave seeds to the indian gods that promised to bring new strength and pride to the land. After planting the seeds, care was given them for hundreds of years by the gods. When, on 02 May, 1979, the fruits of their labors began to appear. From the depths of the sacred land sprang forth 23 immortal men riding iron horses.

WITH THE SKY illuminated by their chrome and shiney new leathers, a voice within their massive midst proclaimed then "THE SONS OF APOLLO MOTORCYCLE CLUB".

All heads were turned and eyes opened as this mighty group ventured forth into the canyons, deserts, mountains, plains and waterways of Arizona. Without artificial environments surrounding them and the spirit of Apollo with them, a oneness was achieved with themselves and the land from which they emerged.

As eagles soar above the unwavering formations created by the Sons Of Apollo motorcycles, I can imagine their disbelief in seeing what looks like a powerful dragon making its way over the byways. It was evident that the road captain of this immortal race carries a tremendous amount of responsibility while leading his brothers into another adventure.

As Apollo decreed, their motto became "PROMOTE MOTORCYCLING", and as Apollo decrees, so it shall be done. The Sons of Apollo held several biking seminars for those learning to ride the mighty chariot. The enthusiasts were also permitted to buddy behind the bikers along with becoming full members and promoters of the club. This was done because one member said, "a ground crew is always needed for things that ride high".

You will find the Sons Of Apollo a very active club. Along with having a beerbust every Saturday night at the Ramrod, with a different member bartending, they also have an official run or event every month of the year. If you have ever camped out with the SOA, you know of the renewed kinship man can feel with himself and his mother earth. Most of the runs are never advertised as they are planned at the regular monthly meeting. Their monthly runs usually consist of camping, riding and enjoying each other and their guests, with simplicity high on the list.

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PROFILE,,,CONTINUED.....

One run you might see advertised is the Memorial Day weekend Grand Canyon run. It is a run you will never want to miss featuring a motorcycle ride through the Arizona past of pre-historic years, as a man surrounded by volcanos and giant monsters that roamed this varried terrain. You will see the unusual red rock country of Sedona along with mountains, forests rivers and believe it or not, woods of the New England style right here in Arizona. But never to be forgotten, you will see the land of the Navajo, Havasupai and Hualapai, Indians -- the Grand Canyon.

Looking over the general spectrum of the Sons Of Apollo MC, I can truly see the immortal spirit of Apollo as he works through the men of adventure. Did you know that their active membership now consists of 32 men from six different cities in Arizona, including Tucson? Also you should see their motorcycle christenings, when the handcuffs and leg irons are utilized. Truly a sight to behold, and a magnificent club to associate with.

To the Sons Of Apollo MC., of Phoenix, Arizona...we are proud of you.

...Bill L (Stop leak)

Editors note:

I want to thank Bill for this piece of workmanship, and to all the members who contributed their time and effort in this newsletter.

Thanks

...Mike
Editor

**YOUR AD
COULD BE HERE**

**GET YOUR LEATHER
TOGETHER!**

**or
BLACK APPAREL**

**don't miss
the CONNECTIONS'
2nd ANNUAL**

**DISCO
DUNGEON PARTY**
OCT. 30th...8pm to 1am
NO ONE ADMITTED INTO
THE DISCO DUNGEON
UNLESS IN BLACK

watch for more details*...*

4211 N.7TH. ST.

PHOENIX

TAYLOR'S



FEATURING

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING

6:00 PM to 10:00 PM

WITH

1 1/2 OZ. CHARCOAL BROILED
PORTERHOUSE STEAK

STUFFED BAKED POTATO

TOSSED GREEN SALAD W/ HOUSE DRESSING

BLUEBERRY BRANDY MUFFIN

GLASS OF WINE WITH DINNER
\$6.99

ALSO ENJOY

OUR SUNDAY BRUNCH

FROM NOON TO 3:00 PM

TAYLOR'S LOUNGE
4223 N. 7TH ST.
265-0851

RUN NEWS

GUARDIANS M.C.

THIRD PRIDE RUN

On September 26, 27, and 28, I attended the Guardians "Third Pride Run" sponsored by the Guardians M.C. of New Haven, Connecticut.

The run was held in Springfield, Mass. The hospitality of the Guardians and of the others attending was superb.

Housing was at the Holiday Inn (they were never provided with such service before), and all events took place in the three local bars, "The Pub", "Frontier", and "59 Taylor". Fun, food and fantastic people were the highlights of this yearly occasion.

Using a club pennant, I represented the Sons of Apollo in the parade of colours along with representatives of about twenty other clubs. During award ceremonies, the pennant was presented to Al Nadeau, president of the Guardians M.C. I was awarded a trophy for distance, no close competition for that.

The competition for trophies was a little more involved in the people events. My wrist wouldn't work well so I didn't win, (at least I have an excuse). My luck wasn't with me (another excuse), so I missed out on the trophy for the Poker Run also. (Note: I didn't have room in my suitcase for another trophy anyway.

Howard, the Guardians' Treasurer along with other members of the club and some local talent presented a show on Saturday evening. Howard was great (aren't all treasurers)? The highlight of the show was the Guardian Richard who sang a couple of numbers. He has a superb voice.

Drinking and talking (and other sports) kept me busy the entire weekend. All local bars furnished free drinks as well as a cocktail party hosted by the Falcons of Rhode Island.. (down that bubbly) and dinner wine was courtesy of Marty Balloin of the "Thunderbolts".

THE GUARDIANS, WITH FOUR MEMBERS AND TWO PLEDGES HOSTED THE ENTIRE RUN GRANDLY. THEY DESERVE MUCH THANKS. I HOPE TO DO THAT RUN NEXT YEAR WHEN I ATTEND "PRIDE 4". (WELL I CAN HOPE).

EARL OF THE "ENTRE NOUS" AND STAN OF THE "VOYAGERS" FURNISHED MY TRANSPORTATION BACK TO NASHUA, N.H. AFTER THE RUN WAS OVER.

THE RUN WAS GREAT, AND THE PEOPLE WERE FANTASTIC. THOSE NEW ENGLANDERS SURE CAN MAKE A WESTERNER FEEL LIKE ROYALTY.

THANKS, RONN TRASH



*If you haven't made **TRAX**
you haven't been anywhere*

Monday Beer Bust
9:00 — 12:00

1724 East McDowell Road Phoenix, Arizona 85006

RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...

BLACK MOUNTAIN RUN

RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...RUNS...

Take a heavily wooded area with cool clear water running through large breath-taking boulders. Then raise it all to about 7000 feet where the sky is blue and the breezes fresh, and you'll no doubt find yourself at Pacific Coast Motorcycle Clubs' "Black Mountain Run" in California.

Nestled in a secluded forest away from the highway and high on the San Jacinto Mountains near Idylwild, alot of us can still remember the warm feelings our bodies experienced while there.

The "Black Mountain Run" is an annual 4th of July treat for many of the Sons of Apollo who have through the years developed a close relationship with the Pacific Coast M.C.. This years event was no exception to the rule. Every single thing the P.C.M.C. did only insured our comfort and kept us entertained the entire weekend.

Their hospitality began when four of us arrived on motorcycles late Thursday at midnight, too early for the official run. A few of the members were still awake and offered to open the kitchen and feed us to our fill. Fortunatley for them, we were too full to be filled.

After finding out that we had already eaten in Blythe on our way over, they offered campsite suggestions over several beers and whatever.

The official opening of the run began with a beautiful day and more arrivals of the Sons of Apollo with their guests. Breakfast, booze and registration broke what little ice you might have found lying around. A campfire was kept burning like the men, 24 hours a day. The food kept the people happy with the dessert putting everyone into ectasy. (So many men with so little time.)

The events looked well planned and proved to not be of the easiest variety. Those who won awards, truly earned them. Fortunately, the Sons of Apollo brought home 3 of the awards, with Bill "Stopleak" Laybourne taking first place in heavy biking events on his Honda 1000cc. Don Davidson took 2nd place in the same event with his Honda 1000cc, and Keith MacDonalld took first place in the people event, using his own bod.

After working up a sweat in the events, many of us cooled off in the stream which really kicked you in the crotch. (It was that cold)! But after a steak dinner and carrot cake that sent you out of this world, we were all getting hot and ready for the show that promised to orbit us at high speed.

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BLACK MOUNTAIN RUN., continued...

Well, we not only orbited at high speed, we were hitting hyperspace as our laughter ripped stomach muscles while watching the show. The P.C.M.C.'s work toward this run sure polished itself off as we watched in amazement, their feature film starring themselves in situations unbelievable.

If you missed the Pacific Coast M.C.'s "Black Mountain Run" this year, I can only suggest that you attend the next one and find out the rest of the story. It was great!

The Sons of Apollo, sure thank all of the Pacific Coast M.C. for the hospitality during our stay and sincerely hope our clubs can grow even closer in the future.

STOPLEAK.....

SOA/CMS LABOR DAY RUN

The Sons of Apollo had their sixth annual Labor Day weekend run to San Diego sponsored by the Cycle Men Men South, (C.M.S.).

Members of the S.O.A. and their guests left on Friday night, August 29, as always from the Ramrod bar led by our great road capt. Terry via Buckeye and Yuma Arizona. After stopping for gas and something to eat..it was off again through the Imperial Valley, and over those @#*!! mountains to San Diego.

I don't know how our forefathers made it in covered wagons, but thanks to Apollo for Dixie and the trouble truck containing the soda and beer.

At about 3:30am we arrived in San Diego, where we were met by our hosts and the great staff of the "Hole" bar. (I think I would have been asleep under the pool table). After the much needed and welcomed coffee, we were assigned places to stay.

Trying to look as bright eyed as possible and what ever, we all met for a great brunch and eye openers at the home of Bill Titus. There we got to see many of our old friends, and make several new ones, (Oh Slick)

From there we went to the best beach party since the days of Annette with the bit tits and Frankie with no meat or voice, made a movie. Need I say more about being kissed by the waves and browned by the sun?

..NEXT PAGE !14

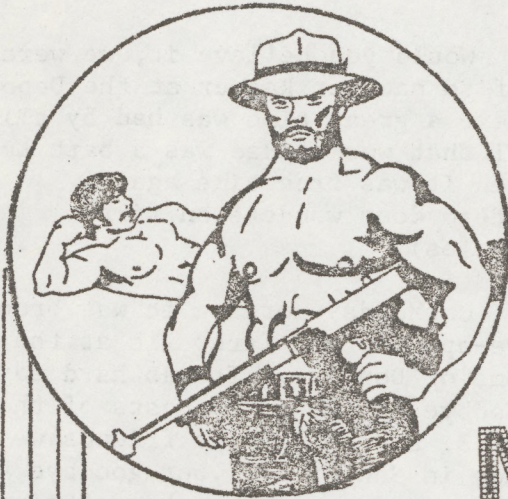
TOMMY & CLYDE

WELCOMES THE

SONS OF APOLLO

TO

MR. FATFINGERS



5749 NORTH 7th ST.

COCKTAIL HOUR

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY
4 TO 7 PM

DOUBLE WELL DRINKS
ONLY \$1.25

Booze & Cruise

THURSDAY NIGHTS
9 TO 12 PM

WELL DRINKS
50¢

Western Nite

TUESDAY NIGHTS

9 to 1 PM

HOT BUNS

WESTERN DANCE, LESSONS

75¢ Well Drinks
FOR THOSE IN WESTERN HATS

Full Moon

BLACK PARTY

OCTOBER 23

NOVEMBER 22

DECEMBER 21

SAN DIEGO RUN..CONTINUED...

We all did get a little nervous being so near to Mexico, especially when Rickey and Tony could not find their green cards. Luck was with us however, they were found behind the bath house burried in the sand.

More good food and beer was provided along with some great door prizes. Then..thank God..some rest time.

Then it was Kegger time at Saloon III, a hot place which many of us hated to leave.

Then it was back to the home of Bill Titus for some great food and drink. The rest of the evening went on our own to make our own fun. Some found it hard to make it up or or down the steps of the "Hole", or to sit down at the bar, but we all did meet again for eye-openers (Oh Bob..), then off again for some great bike events and games where it was proven what a great bike club and group we really are.

Our president Bill, (Stop-leak)won two trophies in the bike event. Ricardo, with the help of Bob from San Diego, won the buddy event, and Doc in the people event.

Once again it was Kegger time at the Iron Spur just down the street from the Hole, where there were more great people to meet and get to know. Then it was rest/play time until the dinner and awards that evening at the "Farm House" rest-erurant. All enjoyed a great chicken dinner, then the presentation of the friendship pins by the C.M.S. (I forgot the cooks name, but he can cum and cook in my kitchen anytime).

Would you believe it, we were off to another kegger at the Depot, where a great time was had-by all. All that was needed was a bath tub. Then it was free time again. (Steam does wonders on tired muscles).

On Monday morning it was brunch, eye-openers and farewells at the home of Don Dye. It was hard saying goodbye to the great hosts of the C.M.S. and all of the friends we had made in San Diego...but goodbye it was and we were back on the road. ...destination Phoenix. The trip back was great, except I wish Ed J. would not drink so much Coke on his bike.

Thanks again to the great members of the Cycle Men South, and to San Diego for showing us a great time.

...Polish Michael

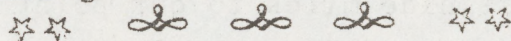


GAY ROOMMATE SERVICE
(Gay Owned & Operated)
SHARE AN APT • BEAT INFLATION LOW FEE
9 - 9pm 955-6662

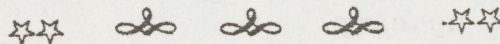


SIGHTS of ARIZONA

Sights of Arizona (S.O.A.) will be a quarterly putting you on a motorcycle with one of our members. They will take you on some of the highways and back roads of Arizona to show you why we like biking in our state.



Sights of Arizona this quarter, will feature our member Bill "Stopleak" Laybourne, taking you on one of his favorite biking trips with Bellamy II. (His faithful two wheeled companion). So suit up and have a good time with Stopleak and Bellamy II.



Sometimes I think us bikers are really clever the way we fit so many large things into such small areas. Of course I'm referring to packing the motorcycle with all the paraphernalia we'll need for a campout trip to our beautiful north country. I mean, putting a small can of crisco unto the faring is like fitting a round peg into a square hole. (Get the drift)? But with the tent loaded, and the sleeping bags mounted, we'll buzz on over to the Ramrod where several of my S.O.A. brothers are waiting to blaze a trail to our overnight adventure.

As our slithering streak of motorcycles began the grand exit from the Ramrod, I couldn't help but notice our farewell wishers tossing roses and streamers of toilet paper our way. Don't get me wrong, I'm all for bon voyages, but I thought all this was a bit much as there were only two people doing it.

With the wind in our faces and the morning sun at our side, Terry our road captain, begins leading the pack north on Interstate 17 where our first stop will be 63 miles up the road to Cortes Junction. Here at Cortes Junction, we will stop briefly to top off our gas tanks, take refreshment, and deflate our bladders before turning onto Highway 69 (Don't you love it?), and proceed to Prescott.

Along this 36 mile stretch to Prescott, we will pass grazing land with cattle and ranches sporadically placed amidst the boulders, hills and small canyons of this particular region. As we are climbing a higher altitude than we've already climbed, we pass the small communities of Mayer, Humbolt, and Dewey-where relics of the old gold and silver days are still standing in honor of the played out mines.

With the plains and hills beckoning to pines and mountains, we now enter the town of Prescott. At 5,354 feet high, Prescott was the first territorial capital of Arizona. Here you will find early homes of Arizona mixed with the new. And the first logged wall governors mansion there the old territorial legislature met in the 1800's.

...Continued Next Page..

...SIGHTS OF ARIZONA..continued...

Just before entering the extreme downtown section of Prescott, we turn south onto Senator Highway where we will travel our last nine miles to our point of destination--Upper Wolf Creek.

At 6,000 feet we are met with the splendor and beauty of pines and giant boulders which were accented Manzanita bushes and the ground finely carpeted with pine needles. We thought we had all ridden our bikes through the pearly gates as we stopped to set up camp.

Now, I know I read the script word for word. We were camping out just like ordinary people normally do. We set up our tents letter perfect, we were butch enough to chop wood for the fire, we had a meal fit for a king, and we were dressed like we knew what we were doing. But I guess this wouldn't be a normal Sons Of Apollo campout without something unusual happening. Of course, this time it wasn't chaining someone in the woods, or Doc falling from a ledge. Nor was it a contest to see who could urinate the furthest or how many lizards we could catch. Coming from one of the endless hiking trails came screams and shrieks of the most ungodly nature. And as this three headed creature approached us, we were all in fear as to what was going to happen next. Well, the three headed monster turned out to be three little girls who had ventured away from their campsite and had been wandering lost in the forest for three hours in panic. After our pledge Matt consoled them, we gave them water and cheered them up with some nourishment known as "fruit cups", and then took them to the ranger station to be reunited with mom and dad.

Sunday morning now peeps its face through the trees, signaling for our departure back home. Terry cooked a real fine breakfast that we ate while remembering the last nights campfire and breezes whispering through the pine. Bikes were being repacked, camp equipment was being loaded into the trouble truck, and all were smiles as we began riding our way back home. It was an unbelievable warm 69 degrees that morning of late September. (There is that number again).

Prescott was the place to get our gas before tackling the downgrade road to Wickenburg via Yarnell Mountain. Hal really learned what his bike could do as we weaved in, out and around this steep road. On this highway 89, we passed many small communities such as Wilhoit, Kirkland Junction, Yarnell and Congress which is the rip roaring Saturday night hangout for the miners and cowhands of today. Just a short ride west of Congress takes you to the abandoned adobe shells of Old Congress and past a small cemetery where weather blackened headboards seem to leap straight out of fiction. By this time Bellamy II is sighing in relief as she starts getting some thicker air into her carbs.

...SIGHTS OF ARIZONA..continued...

After 59 miles of interesting riding, we enter the rustic western town of Wickenburg. Wickenburg was born in 1863 when Henry Wickenburg picked up a rock to throw at a stubborn burro and discovered the fabulous Vulture Gold Mine. Wickenburg still retains some of its pioneer appearance. A half a dozen dude ranches keep the old west spirit alive as does the old jail tree which once served as a fresh air cell block.

From here we'll continue on highway 89 another 53 miles into the big Phoenix Bird. The highway follows along side the Hassayampa River where we might stop for some refreshment and more fruit cups along the way. (One of these days we're going to run out of those damn fruit cups).

Phoenix is a welcome sight as we pull in at the Ramrod with victory on our lips and a pain in our butts. But nothing can compare to that cool trickle of beer down our throats to cool off our tired, sunburned bodies.

Now lay back in that tub and relax while we plan another fun filled motorcycle tour of Arizona.

...Stopleak...

**GRAND
CANYON
III
SOON!**



SONS OF APOLLO MOTORCYCLE CLUB
phoenix arizona

APOLLO SPEAKS

WHERE HAS THIS YEAR GONE? CAN'T A GUY ENJOY A LITTLE EARTHY PLEASURE WITHOUT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT WHEN TO QUIT? YOU MORTALS ARE GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HOW YOU FIGURE TIME. I MEAN, MY MOTHER THINKS I'M TOO YOUNG TO LEAVE HOME WHILE YOUR CALENDARS SAY I'M A COUPLE THOUSAND YEARS OLD. NOW REALLY. COULD YOU DO THE THINGS I'M DOING IF YOU WERE A FEW THOUSAND YEARS OLD?

ALL IN ALL, IT'S BEEN A TERRIFIC YEAR WITH MANY FINE MEMORIES. NOT ONLY HAVE I MET PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES, ALONG WITH MY SONS; I MET BROTHERS FROM GERMANY, DENMARK, ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, CANADA, AND SOUTH AMERICA. I THINK YOU CAN ALL BE PROUD OF YOURSELVES THE WAY YOUR ORGANIZATIONS MAKE UP ONE BIG BROTHERHOOD AND YET ALLOW ALL OF YOU TO REMAIN INDIVIDUALS. I KNOW I'M PROUD TO BE THE FATHER OF THE "SONS OF APOLLO".

AS THIS YEAR (AS SHORT AS IT WAS); DRAWS TO AN END, I WOULD LIKE TO, ON BEHALF OF THE SONS OF APOLLO AND ALL THE OTHER GODS AS YOU VIEW THEM, WISH YOU HAPPINESS, PROSPERITY, GOOD HEALTH, CONTINUING BROTHERHOOD, SAFE MOTORCYCLING, MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR, FINALIZED GOALS,....ETC.

.S. BE SURE TO MARK
YOUR CALENDARS-
GRAND CANYON III
MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND

apollo
"APOLLO"

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
SONS OF APOLLO

APOLLO'S PRIDE

APOLLO'S PRIDE is designed to share with you, the pride we have in our club and the individuals who make this pride possible. While presenting one of our members every quarter, it is our hope that we may also get to know you and your clubs better.

The Sons of Apollo would like to present to you one of our founding members - BILL LAYBOURNE.

Bill Laybourne (STOP LEAK) originally from Ontario, Calif. moved to Phoenix, Arizona as a freshman in high school. He left us for a brief four year period while touring with the Mustang Band from Houston, Texas, returning to us a year ago. While in Houston, Bill represented the S.O.A. in all motorcycling events and runs. As one of the three remaining active founding members of S.O.A. Bill also maintains an Assoc. membership in the Mustang Club, of Houston, Texas.

Bill's diverse interest in nature and earth are reflected in his leisure time activities of camping, biking, and animal husbandry.

Most all male family members were biking enthusiasts and he was introduced to the sport in his early teens (15 years old) and has been avidly riding since then. Biking has been getting out and being with nature without being in a canned environment. "I feel you can move, taste, smell, and feel the surroundings as you pass through them." "It's the closest thing to total freedom man and machine can achieve together." "If there was a biking suggestion to be made it's-LEARN WHAT YOU CAN AND CANNOT DO ON A MOTORCYCLE."

"Arizona is a large family of people in love with nature. We have a longer riding season than most states, with a varied terrain. We have sea level to snow lines at 5,000 ft. to rugged mountain terrain. I like the mountains the best. Camping here is super without the normal insect pests like mosquitoes, and the like. Earth tones are my favorite colors. All of them-not one in particular."

Sons of Apollo is motorcycling and brotherhood to me. As the current president I'm trying to be all things to all people where humanly possible. As a regular participating member my personal goal is to make it the best club in the world. This fits my life philosophy "Love as you will - Will as you Love."

To all my gay brothers world wide, I would like to see all of us pull together to demonstrate to the world what has been proven in the past individually. We have already shown the world that we can make it better through our art, music, literature, theater, and politics. Many of our forefathers, were known to be gay. We must keep in mind that gay is only a sexual preference. In my opinion gay people are more responsive to human needs, and are significantly more sensitive to our fellow man his struggles and and his successes. Let us work together to build better and stronger relationships among men."

BEST WISHES
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS
from the S.O.A.

FULL RESTAURANT FACILITIES

With

DAILY SPECIALS

From 12:00pm To 4:00pm

T & J

SALOON

702 N. Central

262-9818

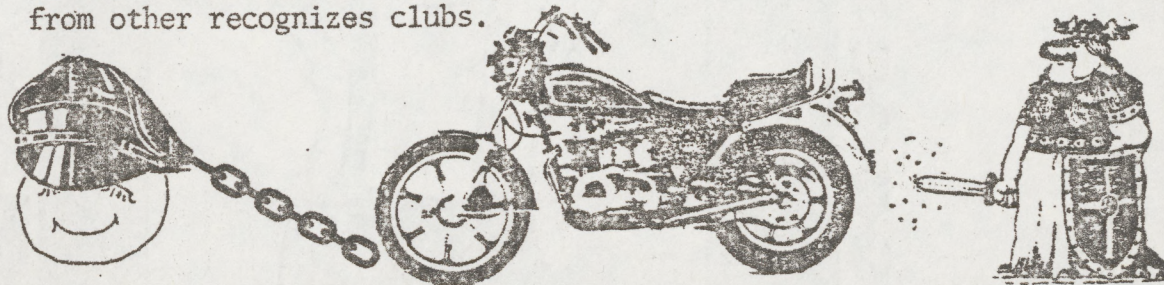
Phoenix, Arizona

Newest Downtown Saloon
NORTH OF WESTWARD HO HOTEL

MEET OUR BROTHERS

In an effort to become better acquainted with the fellowship of motorcycle/leather levi clubs, both domestic and international, the SONS OF APOLLO will highlight other clubs in each of its issues.

We welcome articles on clubs, history, activities and members from other recognizes clubs.



May of 1980, gave me an opportunity to visit Europe for the first time. After a visit to the Imperial city of Vienna, and the "Sound of Music" city of Salzburg, a brief train ride brought me to the city of Munich.

To make me feel welcome to this city was Michael of the Munich Lowen Club, who opened his home and hospitality to me.

That evening took me to the "Eagle" a major leather and M.L.C. bar where I met Olaf, and many of the other members.

Later, I paid a visit to other bars, "The Black Jail", (now Zum Lohengrin), and the "Ochsengarten".

In all of these places, I was made to feel welcome, and the fact that I knew little or no German, did not present a problem, as there is always a basic language that all seem to understand...and well it was understood.

After my visit to Munich, back on the train...my destination next was Nurnburg. There, I was greeted and hosted by Heinz, who also went out of his way to show me all there was to see of the beautiful city.

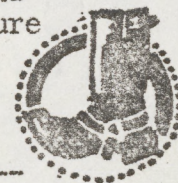
A few days later, with reluctance to leave, I was back on the train, to travel through the beautiful Rhine area, enroute to Amsterdam for a brief visit of one night. Although it was only one night, I did manage to squeeze in week-end of activities.

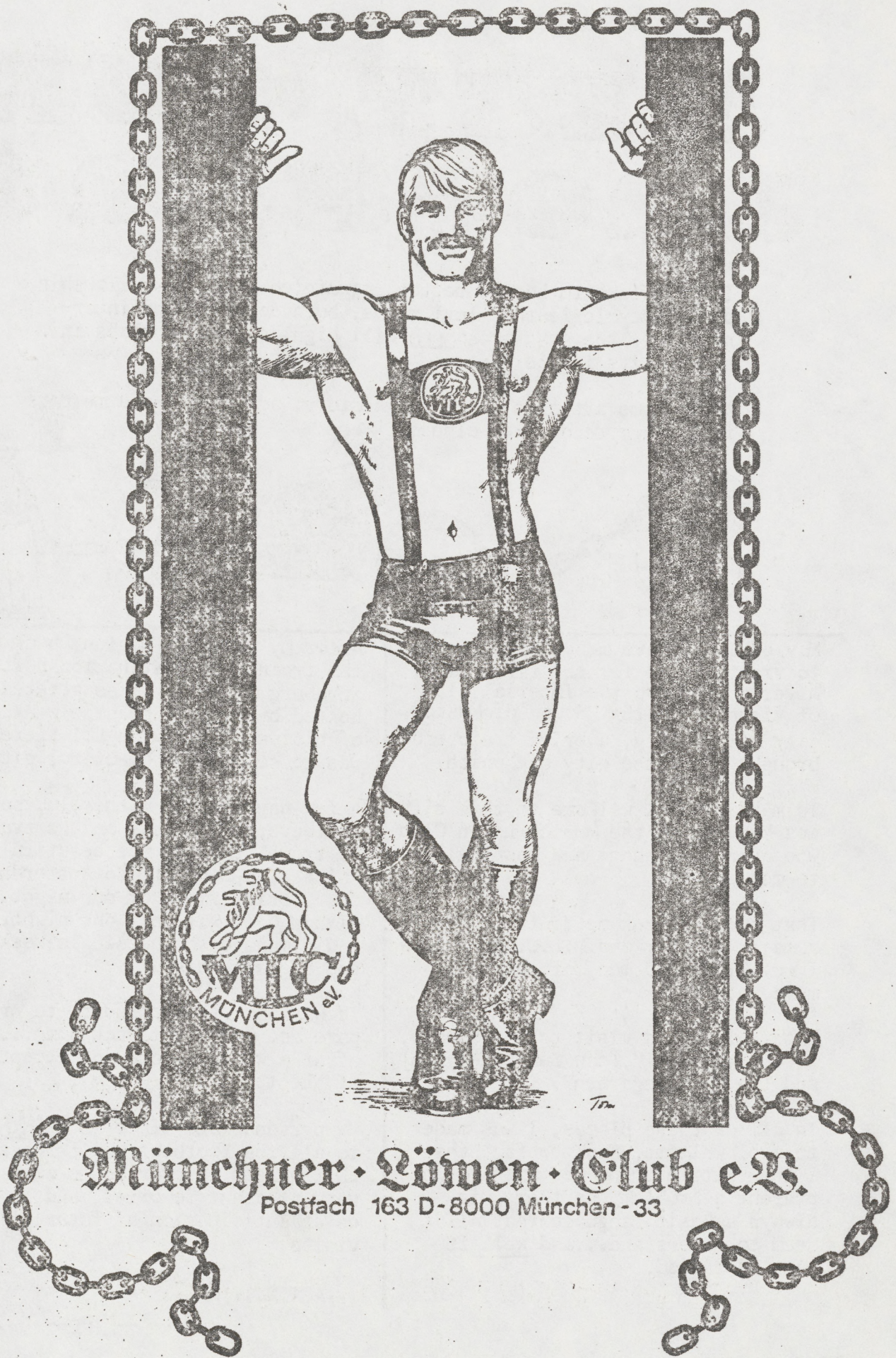
It was back to Frankfurt, to prepare for my flight back home... after a warm welcome and reception at "Boots".

My personal and sincere THANKS to all the brothers and friends that helped to provide me with very pleasant memories, and eager anticipation of future visits.

...AGAIN...THANKS

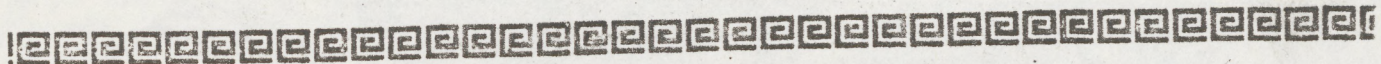
--MIKE--





Münchener Löwen Club e.V.

Postfach 163 D-8000 München - 33



Münchener Löwen Club e.V.

Postfach 163 D-8000 München - 33

The Munchner-Lowen-Club can count itself alongside the clubs in Frankfurt and Cologne as one of the oldest in Germany. Disappointed at the lack or complete absence of fellowship on the conventional gay scene, a group of friends began meeting some six years ago in the "Ochsengarten" bar with the blessing of its then proprietrix, Gusti. The groups common interest lay in leather, denim and motorbikes, and all had been impressed by what they had seen experienced of the gay leather scene in Britain and America.

The vulnerability of the leather scene to commercial exploitation soon became apparent, so the group decided to form a club in order to protect and further its interests. The club, founded in autumn of 1974, was initially christened the "Munchner-Leder-Club", (Munich Leather Club") but later renamed the Munchiner-Lowen-Club, (Munich Lion Club). The new name reflects Munich's location in Bavaria, whose national heraldic emblem is the lion, which is also incorporated in the club's logo.

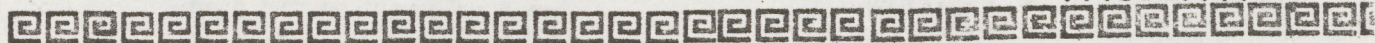
From the start it was clear that for many members the club was basically an agency through which a like-minded sex partner could be found. However, time has shown that participation in club events provide a fellowship which transcends the purely sexual level. It would therefore be no exaggeration to claim that MLC has become the only real alternative to the piss-elegance and vacuousness offered by most of the other gay establishments in Munich.

Friendly contacts with clubs far and near were quickly established, and this incited us to organize a leather meeting during the internationally renowned annual beer festival, the Oktoberfest. The meeting was highly successful and is now the main event in our club calendar.

For two years now another regular and popular item on the programme has been our Fasching party, held during the spring Carnival season, and attracting many visitors. A vast variety of lesser but nevertheless equally enjoyable events are organized throughout the year. These include activities such as bowling, swimming, hiking, rallies, day trips, visits to exhibitions and of course, group excursions to fellow-clubs in the ECMC! Open house parties are held in the winter months, when the weather is unsuitable for outdoor activities such as our planned navigation of Munich's rivers Isar by raft.

.....please turn the page..

SIR



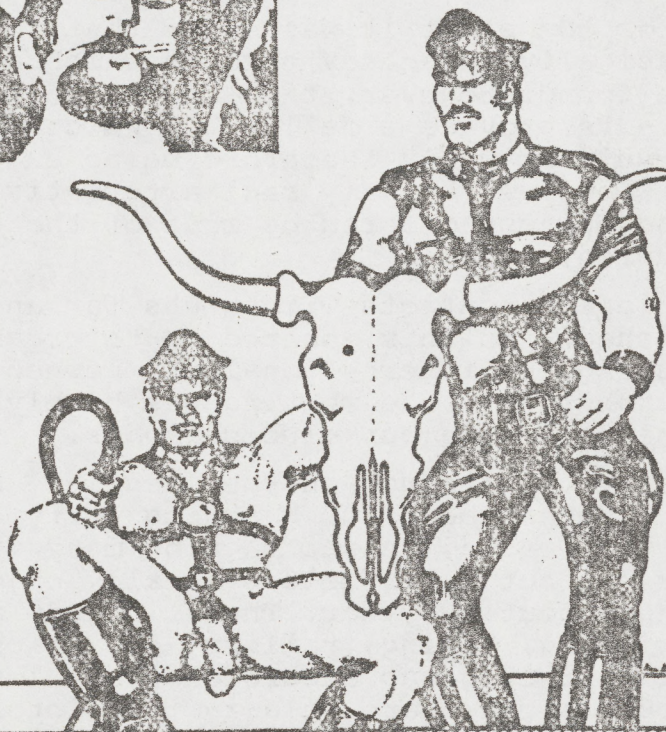
BECK'S

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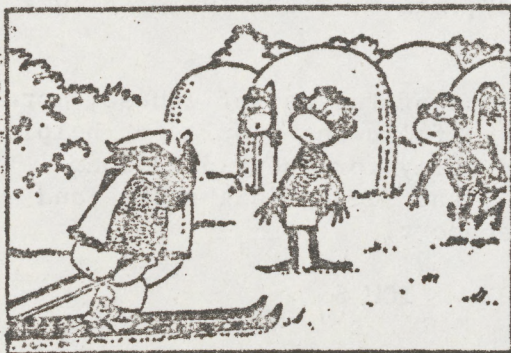
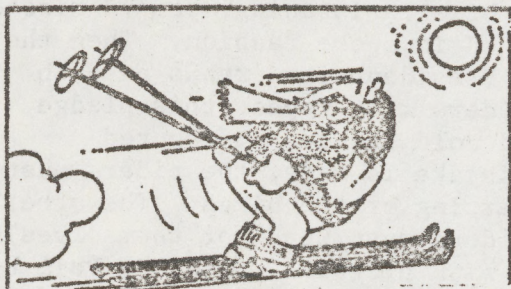
BECK'S WEISS

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...Munich Lion Club...

The club's membership has grown from around 30 to some 130 men, not all of whom live in Munich. We have even laid claim to northern Italy! An annual fee of DM 60 is levied on members.

Although we have no premises of our own, there is no shortage of meeting places as the landlords of the three leather bars and the owners of the two ECMC-oriented saunas are all club members. These members take it in turn to host our monthly club evenings.



The club is managed by a committee of at least five members elected by secret ballot once a year. In accordance with club regulations, plenary meetings take place at least twice a year to vote on new applications for membership.

While keeping its own members happy, the club is always very pleased to welcome friends from other clubs at all its events and functions. By publishing a monthly information sheet on coming events we ensure that not only Munich residents, but also ECMC members further afield are kept up-to-date, as copies are distributed throughout the German speaking countries.

Besides this, the MLC also produces a MINI GAY GUIDE for visitors. This booklet contains all manner of information specific to the Munich leather scene. Written in German, English, French and Italian it should prove an invaluable companion to all you welcome visitors!

The guide is available on request in all the leather bars... and free, to boot! We'll look forward to seeing you.



SONS OF APOLLO INSTALLATION of OFFICERS

On August 17th, the Sons of Apollo held their installation of officers and summer bike christening.

Festivities began at 1:00 pm with free hot dogs and buffet, the hit of which was Carey's mad search for the missing mustard. After plenty of food, socializing and beer (the S.O.A. recommended drinking a minimum of 3 sixpacks with every meal), we proceeded with the installation of officers.

This year is the first time the Sons of Apollo have had a public installation of officers. First, all of last years officers were introduced and thanked by member and guests for the splended job and hard work they have donated for the club and gay community in the past year. Few people realize how much work and loyalty is needed for a good officer. Thanks to Bill "Stopleak" Laybourne; President, Jay Young; Vice-President, Terry Harrison; Recording Secretary, Eddie Davis; Corresponding Secretary, Ronn Wiley; Treasurer, Willie Chapman; Road Captain, for a very fine job.

Our new officers for the coming year are; Bill "Stopleak" Laybourne; President, Keith Smith; Vice-President, Brig; Recording Secretary, Eddie Davis; Corresponding Secretary, Ronn Wiley; Treasurer, Terry Harrison; Road Captain. They were introduced and welcomed by the club and community. The single most important requirement of a good officer is SUPPORT! Let's make sure they get it.

After more socializing and more beer, the bike christening took place. A record of five bikes were christened and welcomed into the S.O.A. Motorcycle Club. If you've never seen a bike christening, you've missed a fun time. First the bikes were arraigned in spoke fashion. Then the riders are handcuffed to the bikes. The President then reads an oath of safety responsibility and support. Riders must repeat this pledge (letter perfect), while assorted warm and cold liquids are poured over them by guests and members. If a mistake is made, the riders must start over. The ritual ends with the starting of the bikes. The other members then dry and polish the bikes (riders must fend for themselves). Bikes and riders christened were Tom S. with his bike "Tagath", Phil U. with "Pooh Bear II", Brig with "Shis Less", Hal M. with "Yellow Bird", and Ricardo N. with his bike "Falina".

After the christening came raffles, lots of fun and of course, more beer! The Sons of Apollo wish to thank the following people for helping to make this event a success. George and Carey for their donations to the raffle, the members and officers of the Tucson Knight Owls and the Phoenix Levi-Leather Club for their support.

TOM S.

A NEW
WATERING HOLE
FOR THE WEST SIDE

**EVERY TUESDAY
BEER BUST**
9 TO MIDNIGHT \$2.00

SUNDAY

FULL MENU

BURGERS - RIBS
CHICKEN - SHRIMP
OMLETS - STEAK

NOON TILL 4 PM

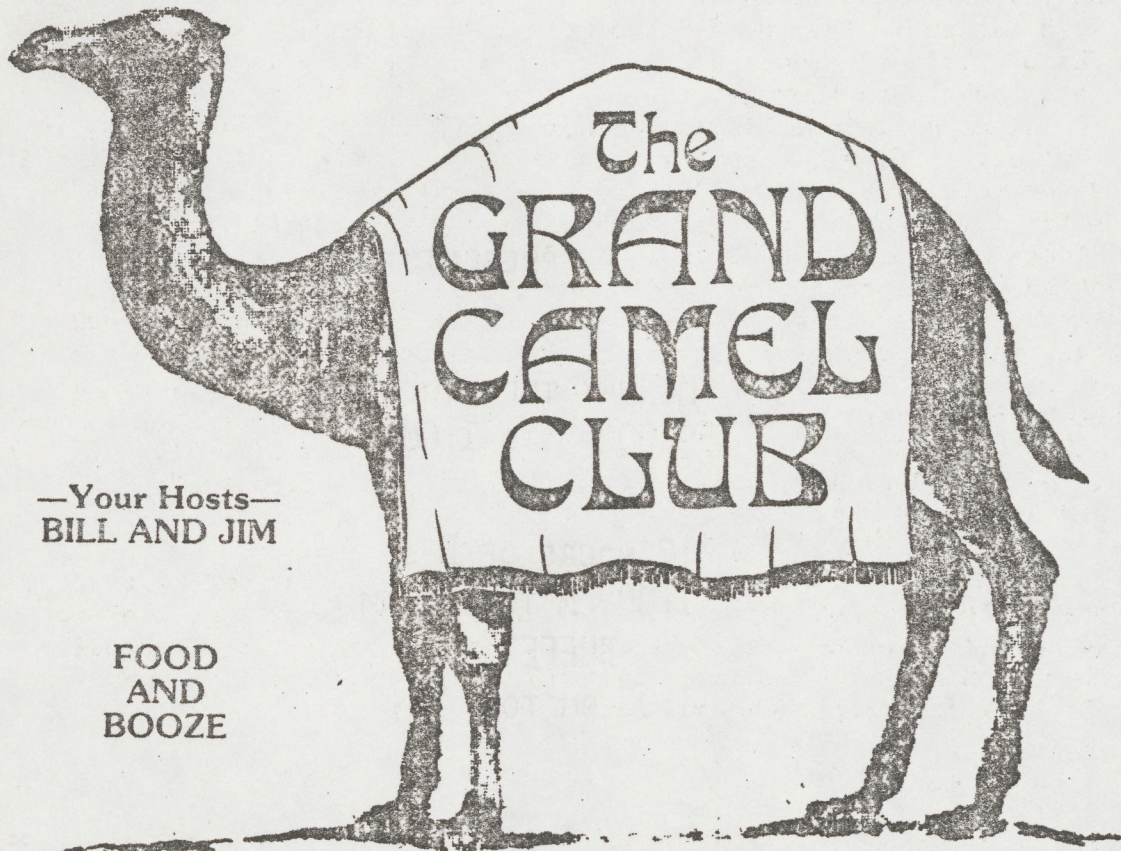
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AT NOON

WITH FULL

LUNCH MENU

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PRESENTS

MONDAY THRU THURSDAY

9:00 PM TO 1:00AM

SUNDAY

12 HOURS OF D-J

1:00 PM TO 1:00AM

BUFFET

1:00 PM TO ?

IS IT TWUE?

...The water at the "Hazelwood Hilton" is so hard that Brig was on crutches for weeks after he was thrown in?

...that Mat and Mike had a bear calling contest at the last run...maybe it was a run away chain saw?

...Bill L. and Eddie D. cant seem to keep their pants buttoned at the Connection? (or any other bar for that matter).

...Mike P. is becoming well known for his international relations? (Not too bad on domestic affairs either).

...Willie C. will never be the same when he finds out that Mother Johnny can out talk him?

...Someone said that if Johnny D. gets any sexier, his many admirers will pass out from hyperventilation?

...Terry H. changes his hair styles more than most animals can shed theirs?

...That when someone comes up with a good idea, they don't think Marty will like it?

...It never fails. While coming back from San Diego, Doc got a sun hicky on his head?

...Where, oh where can Ed J. be found when you need him?

...That Ricardo can push as well as pull?

...That Mike B has not yet come out of the closet? (At least with his colors on).

...That Hal can do anything he sets his mind to? (Especially since he's learned to ride his motorcycle like a pro).

...A trophy should have been awarded to David P. for making it all the way home from San Diego on his motorcycle? (He broke down, his bike didn't).

...We can't take Keith S. anywhere without him falling in love? (How many times have you heard him say, "It's for real this time")?

...Tom S. finally got zonked by cupid? (Stand-by for a motorcycle wedding)!

...It has been found David S. has a bark with a distinct bite?

...George T. got gassed in his own camper while up in Prescott? (Is this why they say that marriage is also known as "slow death")?

...Tony V. thought it was a brilliant idea when someone suggested making a flag picturing an eagle holding a snake in it's mouth? (Viva la Mexico)!

...That Carey has been nicknamed the "Gasser"? (Not George)!

...If you put a quarter in Ronn Ws' mouth, he would never again proclaim his innocence?

...Don D.s tires are going to go flat if he dosen't ride his motorcycle with us more often?

...What hunky Bob from San Diego thought when he found out that his host Keith Mc couldn't take him back to the airport?

...S.O.A. and T.K.O. is like being torn between two lovers? (Ask Tom N.)

..Go-Go Dixie had a discussion with the Phoenix Finest on how brief is brief?

**Play hard
ride Safe**

HAIR

Liquor

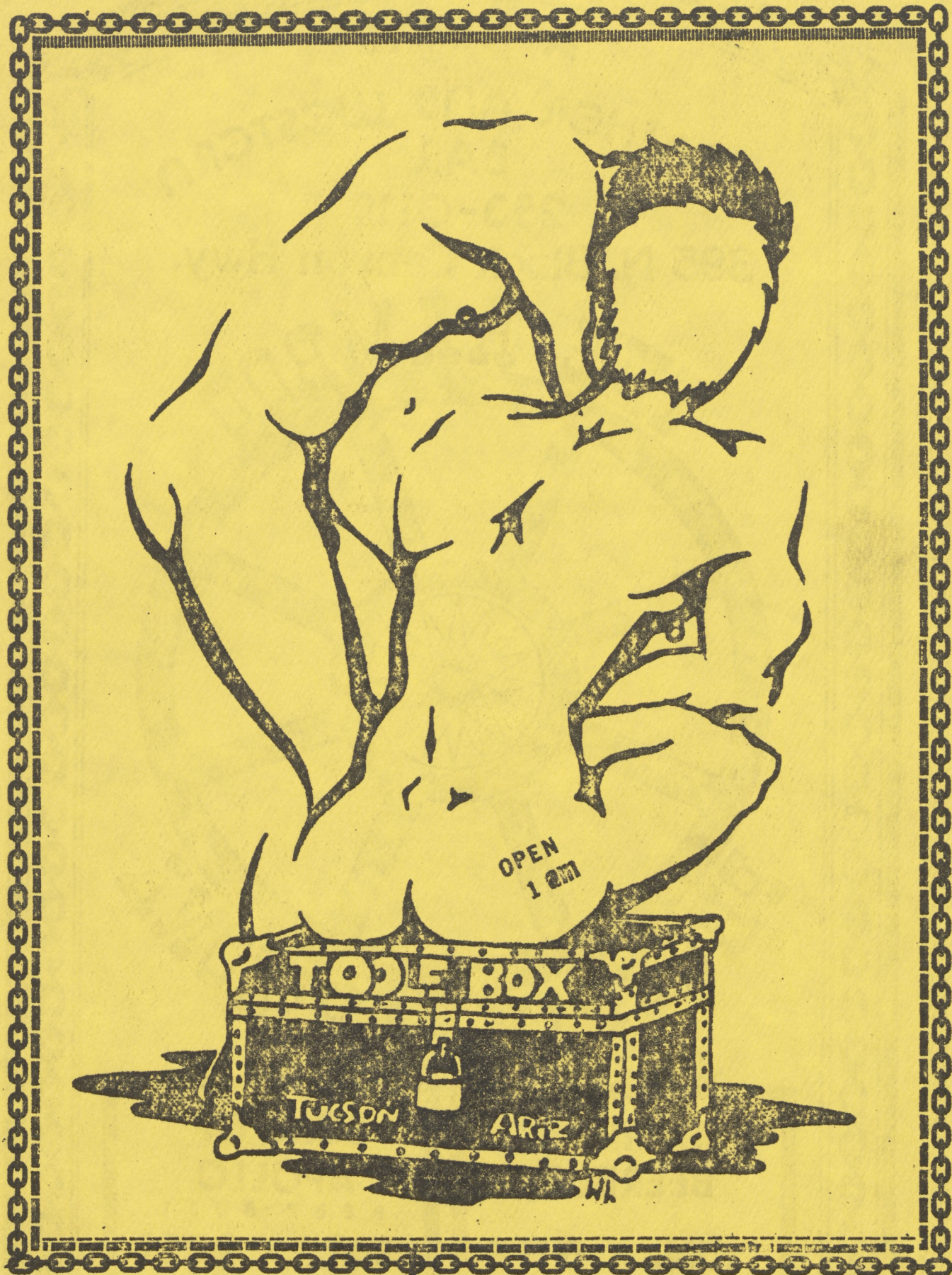
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9am to 1am
NOON SUNDAY





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BAR
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RAMROD
BEERBUST

SUN. - 5 TO 8

SONS OF
APOLLO

BEER BUST

SAT. - 9 TO 11