

L.A.D.S

“Happenings”



August 2023



EXTRA!!!
July 2023 Angry Bingo Winner's Descend
On OZ, Have way with Pool Table!!

Welcome Members and Friends of LADS!!! It's August! Is Autumn here...no, no it's not.

It's August, back to school, pre-season football, the harbingers of Autumn in so many places, except here.

There is one saving grace, the A/C at OZ Bar is on and with a few cocktails you can stay cool as a cucumber while checking out what L.A.D.S. has in store for you this August. Sit Back, strap in and let us tell you all the Haps!

Lads Executive Board

Snapshots (Smile!) – August Scroll Down for More Info!

- SUN** Every Sunday Bingo! 1pm at Oz Bar. Win Cash and Support L.A.D.S Charities.
- 05** General Meeting. After meeting Game, Mike Martinez School Supply Fund Drive!
- 12** Quarterly Poker Tournament!
- 18** Its Here!!! Las Vegas Trip! Just remember you're always a winner in our book!

Hello and Welcome!



Welcome to the August issue of L.A.D.S Happenings. It was a whirlwind July, with special Bingo Sundays, the Red White and Blue Potluck and the Beareoke Beach party. What a great time it was. As usual, our community showed up and generously donated to HALO for the entire month and we made a lot of money for the animals. How much you ask...well they won't tell me so you will have to come to the General Meeting on Saturday the 5th to find out! Keep in mind we still have another HALO event left, the Emerald City Ball on the 26th of August. It was amazing last year and promises to be even better this year. Take a gander below to see the details!

That being said, lets get this month started off right by thanking each and every one of you for your contributions to our L.A.D.S. charities and to the overall health and vitality of our group. You are all an essential part of what we do.

Happy August, I hope its wonderful!

Corey

General Meeting/After Meeting Game/Michael Martinez School Supply Fund Drive

Saturday August 5th!

- General Meeting at 1:00 PM
- Discussion of Las Vegas Trip
- Discussion of upcoming Emerald City Ball!
- Discussion about 2023 Camp out!
- After Meeting Game with Brandon and Stephen!
- Michael Martinez kicks off his 2023 School Supply Fund Drive!

***ALL MEMBERS AND
NON MEMBERS
WELCOME!***



Quarterly Poker Tournament

August 11 – 7:00pm – Friday

- 1st Place - \$100 & Poker Medallion
- 2nd Place - \$50
- \$5 donation to participate
- Jell-O Shots, 50/50 and Roll the Dice for extra poker chips.



August Birthdays!

Chris McAvoy
Hillary Key
John Carpentier
Sherry Rowley



'You know you're getting old, when the candles cost more than the cake !

- Bob Hope

ARE You Ready?

Lets' Go to Las Vegas!



Friday - August 18th - 9:00am: the bus will leave OZ Bar promptly at 9:00am. OZ Bar opens at 8:00am. Everyone can start boarding the bus when we are done loading supplies, around 8:30am. Please make arrangements to get dropped off. Do not leave your car in the OZ Bar parking lot.

All luggage & coolers will be stored underneath the bus. Small items can be with you on the bus as long as it fits in the small overhead bins.

Our friend Scott is donating and providing homemade breakfast burritos on the bus. Our friend Skip is making them. There will be 2 kinds: egg, potato, cheese & salsa, and half egg, potato, chorizo, cheese & salsa.

We will make one stop in Wikieup, AZ for a 45-minute break.

We have one bartender (Brian) on the bus and will be looking for volunteers to help serve the cocktails. Let Jeff or Brandon know if you would like to help out for one hour.

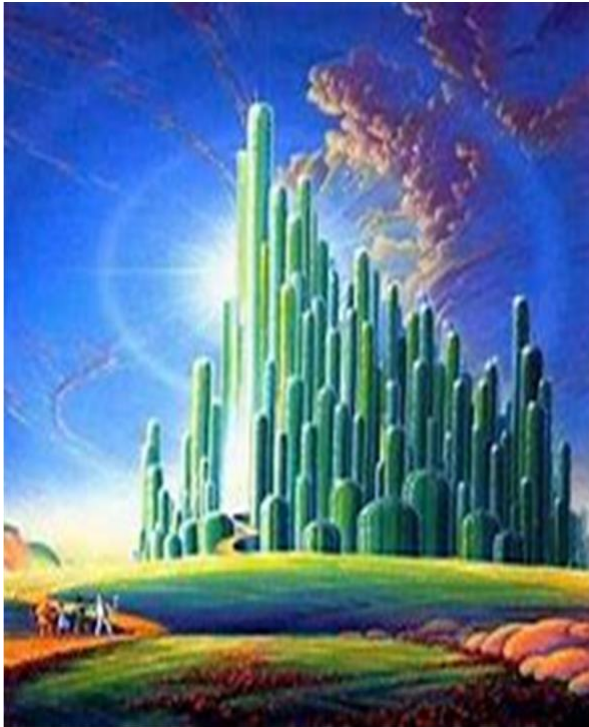
When we arrive at Plaza Resort & Casino, proceed to the guest check-in counter. Your reservation will be under your name(s). Jeff & Brandon will be at check-in to assist in case there are any reservation issues. **NOTE:** each room will require one \$100 credit card hold / deposit. It is fully refundable if there are no charges to your room.

Until Sunday morning, you are on your own. Have fun and be safe!

Sunday - August 20th - 10:00am: the bus will leave Plaza Resort & Casino (most likely at the same place we will be dropped off at and will confirm with you when we get there) promptly at 10:00am. We will make one stop in Wikieup, AZ for a 45-minute break. We should arrive back in Phoenix around 4:00pm.

If you have any questions please reach out to Jeff @ 602-301-1740 or Brandon @ 602-699-1860. Please keep Jeff or Brandon's number in your phone in case you need to reach out to us while in Vegas.

Emerald City Ball
With
The Sisters of Perpetual



- **Saturday August 26th at 1:00 pm**
- **L.A.D.S and the sisters of Perpetual Indulgence!**
- **Entertainment and Performers!**
- **Auction merchandise items such as gift baskets, gift cards, Etc.**
- **50/50 Raffle!**

*Financials as of
August 1st*

- Charities - \$2,118.27
- Vegas – \$1,710.99
- Campout - \$289.18
- General Fund - \$4,569.87
- Total - \$8,688.13

For detailed report, please email your request to treasurer.lads@gmail.com.

2023 Executive Committee

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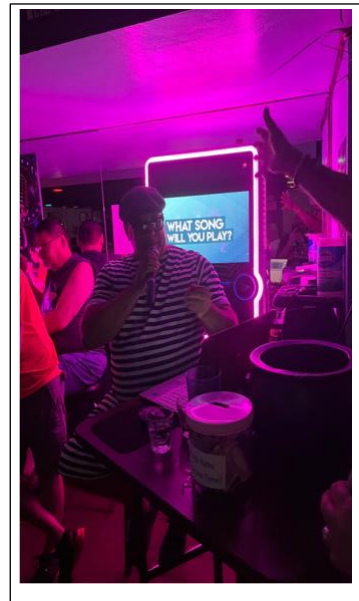
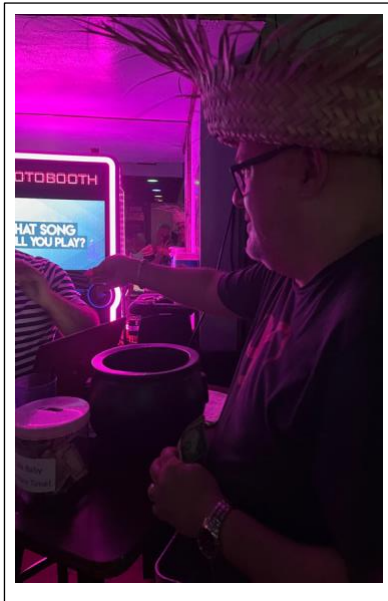
Did you Know, On August 24th, 1932

Amelia Earhart was the first woman to fly an airplane non-stop across america?



[Together for the Fun of It!](#)

Remember When...



Curio Corner

A place to showcase the talents of our community. A place to submit photos of your art work, writing, letters to the editor. When people submit, each week I shall pick one piece to showcase. When you submit please send a photo of yourself. Let's show the community our creative side! (I will be the guinea pig with a short story since I have no other submissions yet! Don't be shy, people need to see you!)

Cooking Light

by

Corey Rowley

“You, are a spring dick.”

“What the hell is that,” William asked, emptying a second packet of sweetener into his iced tea.

“A spring dick, my dear old friend, is someone who can find fault, regardless of the fact that there is a near perfect spring day upon him and he has nothing to do but spend time with his best friend, soak up the sunshine and revel in the miracle of being alive.”

“Those day lilies on the kitchen table smell like cat piss to me. I don't know why you insist on bringing them indoors. It smells like we live in the cat lady's house. When is my best friend going to get here?”

“A spring dick.”

“Yes, I heard you the first time.”

The back yard was resplendent in the springtime. The lilies, freesias and wisteria all blooming in a rhapsody of life and color. William and Charles would sit on the porch every day for the next three months from nine until two. William would drink iced tea and smoke small cherry cigars and Charles sipped whatever sickening sweet cocktail of the day he could purge from the depths of his Cooking Light magazine collection.

His subscription had long run out, but he had the tattered remains of every issue from March of 2000, until April of 2010, the year he liked to refer to as his “*untimely fall from grace.*” He had borrowed two hundred dollars cash from the register at Rush’s Bar and Grill, where he worked as a host at the time. He was short of cash and needed to buy heels and get waxed before the drag competition at the Twisted Rail the weekend before Pride. He didn’t think the cash would be missed. He was wrong. He always “*intended to put it back, out of his next paycheck,*” but there was no next paycheck for Charles. In his shame, he vowed to never work again.

The miasma of fragrances in their back yard put to shame any perfume, of any old woman, on any elevator, in Savannah Georgia, on any given Sunday. The hummingbirds would flock by the hundreds in the spring to sip from any one of twenty-five hand decorated bird feeders. Charles, was certain that it was the decoration that lent to the large number of birds. He was of course, largely overlooking the fact that there were no other hummingbird feeders for at least ten blocks, but then, how was he to know.

The grass was as perfect as any grass could be, neatly trimmed and cut, resilient to the point that sometimes the afternoon sun would reflect harshly into the eyes of anyone on the porch who was not wearing sun glasses. Charles only had the best sunglasses. Polarized and designer brands in every shape, color and style you could imagine. The grass was no match for him. He would smirk at the grass on those days, feeling somewhat superior.

Charles sighed heavily and took a sip of his cocktail. When he didn’t elicit a response from William, he repeated this bit of melancholia in a more dramatic fashion.

Still no response. After the third sigh without so much as a glance from William, Charles began to sob lightly with his head on the back of his hand that wasn’t holding the cocktail.

“What,” William shouted looking up for the book he was reading. Charles nearly jumped out of his chair and began to wail instead of just sob.

“What do you mean what,” he shouted back, tears streaming down his cheeks. “You’re dying that’s what!” He slid forward in his seat and set the cocktail on the ground and started sobbing into his cupped hands.

“I have been dying for a year and a half now Charles. We do this little dance at least once a week, always after your third martini. Nothing has changed except the timeline, and yes, the doctors say soon and I really do feel like shit, but I don’t want to spend the rest of my time crying in the backyard with the man I love. I want to spend quality time and I need you to take my mind off the facts, not keep shoving a list of them under my damned nose every ten minutes.”

“But what am I going to do - I’m too old to start over! I’m too ugly to get a job and I’m too fat to be a prostitute!” Still wailing, but in a more controlled manner, Charles got up and began pacing the concrete.

“I have life insurance enough for you to take some time to figure it out, you know that. You are only forty-two and for Christ’s sake you are not ugly, homely maybe, but not ugly.” Charles stopped wailing long enough to flip William the bird.

“Besides you said that the cutie at the gym with the big bulge wants you. A couple of pokes with that thing and you will forget all about me.”

This comment brought a fresh wave of sobbing. He turned to William, hands on his knees.

“How can you say I will forget about you! I’ll never forget you.”

Charles returned to his chair drying his eyes with a cocktail napkin.

“Besides I don’t like penises that big, you should know that, I chose you.” William laughed and took a puff off of his cigar.

“You will do what everyone who is still living does. You will get your ass out of bed, shower and comb that rat’s nest and go out into the day with a positive mind and spirit and respect me by keeping yourself together. You will do fine. I think half of our friends are just waiting for me to die anyway to try and get their filthy hands on you and your insurance check.”

“Not to mention my glowing skin, watery blue eyes and sizable package.”

“Sizable compared to what? A peanut?” William laughed at his own joke this time and took a drink of his iced tea.

“Do me a favor and go to the night stand drawer next to my side of the bed and pull out the envelope under my socks. Do not - bring it out here. I was going to give this to you after I was gone, but you have been such a mess, I just want you to know you will be - Ok.”

Charles eyes began to sparkle, fresh tears welled in his eyes.

“What is it?”

“Go.”

Charles pulled the yellow manila envelope from the drawer and sat down on the side of the bed. He slowly unclasped and emptied the contents on to the duvet. There were three things. The first was a letter hand written on fine stationery, the kind William would always pay too much for when he wrote his letters. The letter was short and said only this:

*You were mine, for the rest of my life, like I promised
I loved you from the day we met
You made me great
And I leave you with a heavy heart, but rapturous love*

William

The tears were a faucet now and Charles had to work to stifle his sobs, the tightness in his chest threatening to choke him. He didn't even care what the other two items were at this point but looked at them anyway. One was a check for four hundred thousand dollars with a note written in the memo line that read “*Play Money*” and the other was a lifetime subscription *Cooking Light* magazine. In the bedroom Charles continued crying. On the porch, William smoked and smiled.