

THE
SEARCH
FOR

MR. '83
DRUMMER

AMERICA'S
HOTTEST MEN
in competition!

\$3

GO WITH MR. DRUMMER '83 FOR A TOUR OF OKTOBERFEST

YOUR PERSONAL GUIDE!

Fly from New York or San Francisco to Munich for the event of the year. As Americans representing Leathermen under the auspices of DRUMMER, the hospitality of German Leathermen will be beyond belief! It's a class act all the way with services and events that are not available to the single traveler. Bring your leather and your highest expectations— you won't be disappointed!



OKTOBERFEST-TREFFEN MLC e.V. · MÜNCHEN



23. 09. - 26. 09. 1983



INFO: MLC POSTF. 163 8000 MÜN

DEPARTING SEPT. 22, RETURNING OCT. 1

Thursday, 22 September: Depart USA from New York/San Francisco **Friday, 23 September:** Arrive Munich 8:55am, Transfer to hotels by bus (provided), baggage handling personal, Welcome Party 7:00pm (Includes a drink and Bavarian snacks) at Zum Lohengrin (sponsored by Zum Lohengrin, Eagle and Ochsen Garten) **Saturday, 24 September:** Munich Leather Club to Neuschwanstein (King Ludwig the Mad's Castle) 10am-6pm, International Leather Party at Vollmerhaus 9pm, Outrageous Costume Show 11pm **Sunday, 25 September:** Brunch at Vollmerhaus 11am-2pm (Music and dancing), Oktoberfest Beer Hall 5pm **Monday, 26 September:** Free day **Tuesday, 27 September:** Munich Tour: Glockenspiel, Museum, Nymphenburg, Olympic Village **Wednesday, 28 September:** Berchtesgarden tour, Sauna Party at Sports Sauna **Thursday, 29 September:** Free day, Possible special party for Drummer Tour hosted by Munich Leather Club **Friday, 30 September:** Farewell Dinner at Spockmeier am Rofeneck **Saturday, 1 October:** Depart Munich at 11am, arrive USA (New York & San Francisco) same day

THE TRIP OF YOUR LIFETIME!

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Send me your DRUMMER OKTOBERFEST brochure. Enclosed is a buck, refundable against my trip.

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I am 21 years of age.

(Signature)

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Send right now for your color brochure describing this trip, along with cost and details. Send us \$1 for postage and handling and we'll apply it to the cost of your trip. Hurry! This will be a sellout!





'83 MR. DRUMMER

A LOT HAS HAPPENED to the world of leather in the eight years that *Drummer* has been around. It has gone from a time when a lot of men who should have been into leather had yet to discover it, to now—when a lot of people wear leather who probably shouldn't.

Not that we are being judgmental. Leather is a way of life you can follow even if you don't own a single piece of hide.

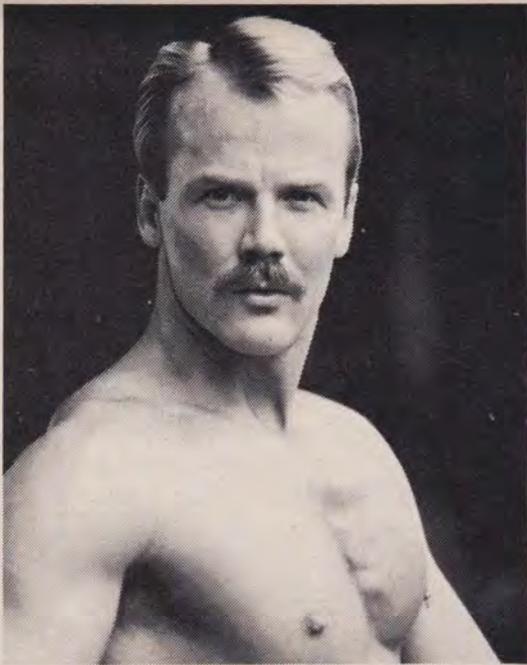
For each of the past eight years, *Drummer* has been responsible for seeking out and publishing the finest proponents of the leather lifestyle. More often than not, *Drummer* has presented the finest artists, photographers and writers in the leather community for the first time. We also like to feel that we have sought out the hottest men to be found in the leather world.

This is not just another contest, certainly not a beauty pageant, nor a talent search to fill the pages of *Drummer*. It is a growing effort by the publication that speaks for leather in a loud and strong voice to promote our lifestyle and celebrate ourselves through its most admirable representatives.

These men have come from all over the country to compete for the 1983 Mr. *Drummer* title. There is a dazzling array of prizes, to be sure, but our choice must be the best possible to represent all the *Drummer* readers in America. He will be our spokesman, the symbol of the American leatherman, at the MLC in Germany during the Oktoberfest, and at various events throughout the world during the coming year.

The expression that *all contestants are winners* has never been truer. Hundreds of dedicated men have gone through the elimination ritual to give us these representatives from the regions in which they live. They are each and all Mr. *Drummer* title winners and we welcome them and you to leather's big night in San Francisco—where the whole thing began.

JOHN H. EMBRY
Publisher, *Drummer*



This past year as Mr. Drummer has been one hell of an experience. So much has happened in one year—as it now comes to an end and I reflect back on it—and I realize that the best part was the many new friends and the genuine support and acknowledgement I received from all of you. I want to thank everyone for that.

It has been a year filled with many hot memories and lots of surprises. All in all, I wouldn't trade it for anything.

Best of all, I will always be Mr. Drummer 1982.

Something that amazes me is the number of people who come up to me and say, "Hi, Luke, I saw your layout in *Drummer* and I have your poster hanging up in my bedroom." That's an incredible compliment. It is like being a celebrity of sorts, and definitely a sex symbol—it certainly does wonders for one's ego.

Throughout the year the most frequently asked question was: "Are you going to enter other contests?" With a smile I always replied that I had already won what I set out to win.

I really enjoyed helping select this year's Mr. Drummer; and I want to thank The Drum in Houston and The Texas Drilling Company in Atlanta for bringing me in as a judge in their regional contests. I am very pleased to have been asked to be a judge for the finals tonight.

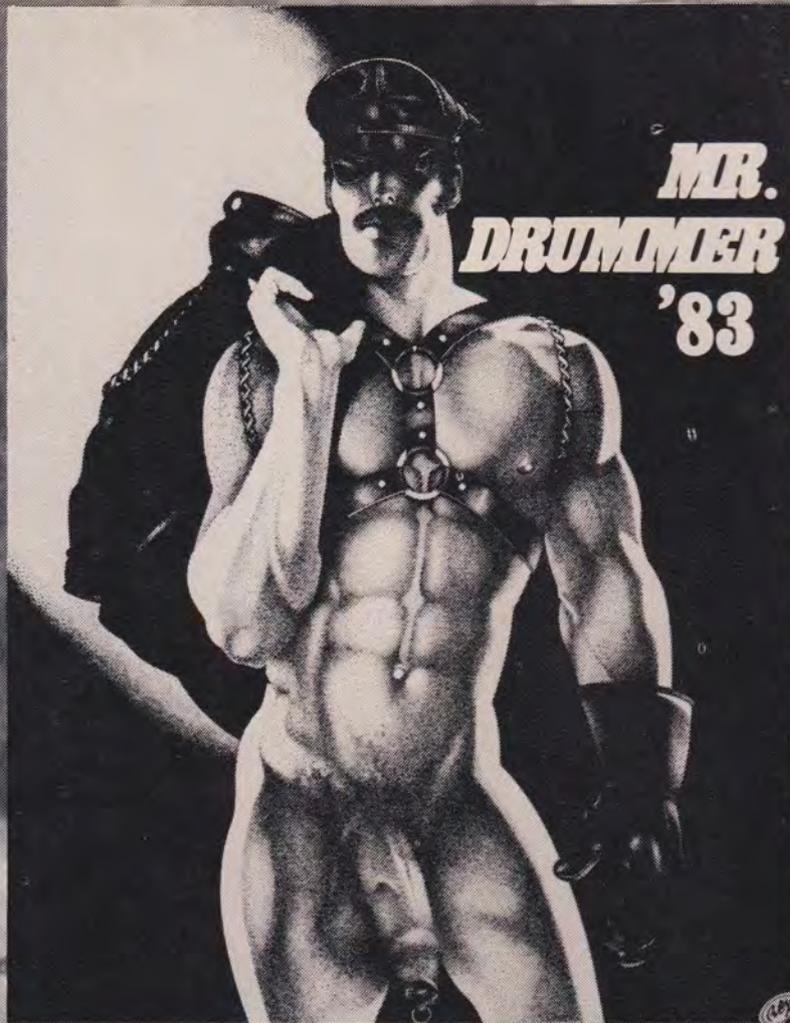
The most rewarding experience for me this year has been to work with the AIDS Project Los Angeles.

I want to wish all the contestants the very best. They are all already winners, each has already been through a tough regional contest and appears tonight as a Mr. Drummer.

Last of all, I want to personally thank John Embry and his staff at *Drummer* for all their support and help during the last year and for giving us Leathermen the *only* magazine about leather.

LUKE DANIEL
Mr. Drummer 1982





1983 MR. DRUMMER REGIONAL TITLE WINNERS

PAUL MANENTI

Mr. Northern California Drummer 1983

BOB BULEN

Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer 1983

TIM CREEKMORE

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer 1983

DAVID LEBLANC

Mr. Southwest Drummer 1983

MARK SIEFKER

Mr. Southern California Drummer 1983

ARTHUR LOPES

Mr. New England Drummer 1983

JOHN GARGER

Mr. East Coast Drummer 1983

GEORGE MOORE

Mr. Midwest Drummer 1983

DAVID EARL LEE

Mr. Southeast Drummer 1983

STEVEN ROBERTS

Mr. San Francisco Leather 1983

JUDGES: John H. Embry, Luke Daniel, Val Martin, Larry Townsend, Alan Selby

CONTEST CO-ORDINATOR: John W. Rowberry

PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY: Anthony Bruno

CONTESTANT HANDLER: Frank Hatfield

JUDGES ASSISTANT: Dirk Dykstra

BALLOT SUPERVISOR: Mario Simone

STAGE MANAGERS: George Kirby, Denis Geoffrey, Frankie Clark, Chuck Massarsky

VIDEO: M&M Technical Productions

TROCADERO TRANSFER: Dick Collier & Staff

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER: Jim Wigler

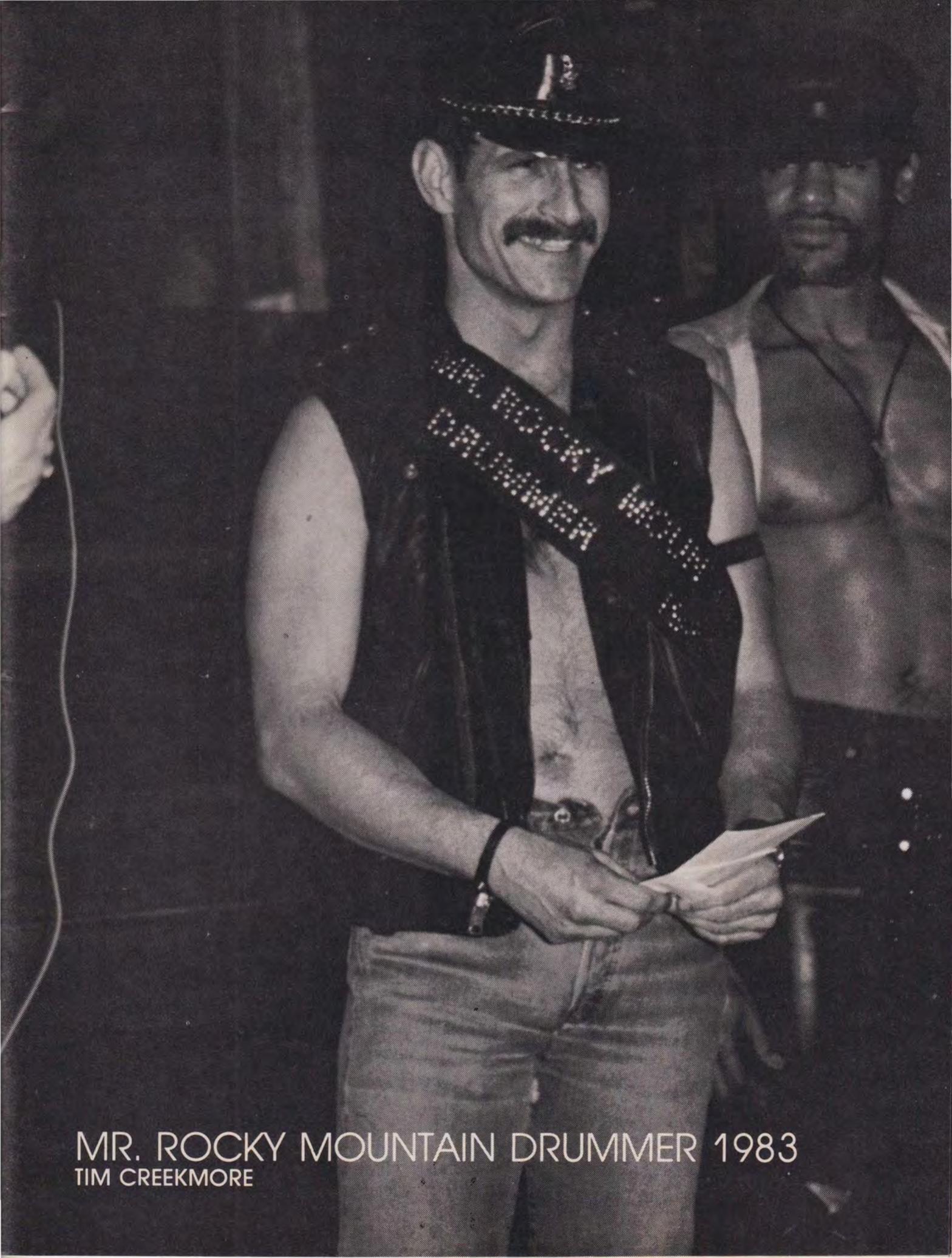


MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER 1983
PAUL MANENTI

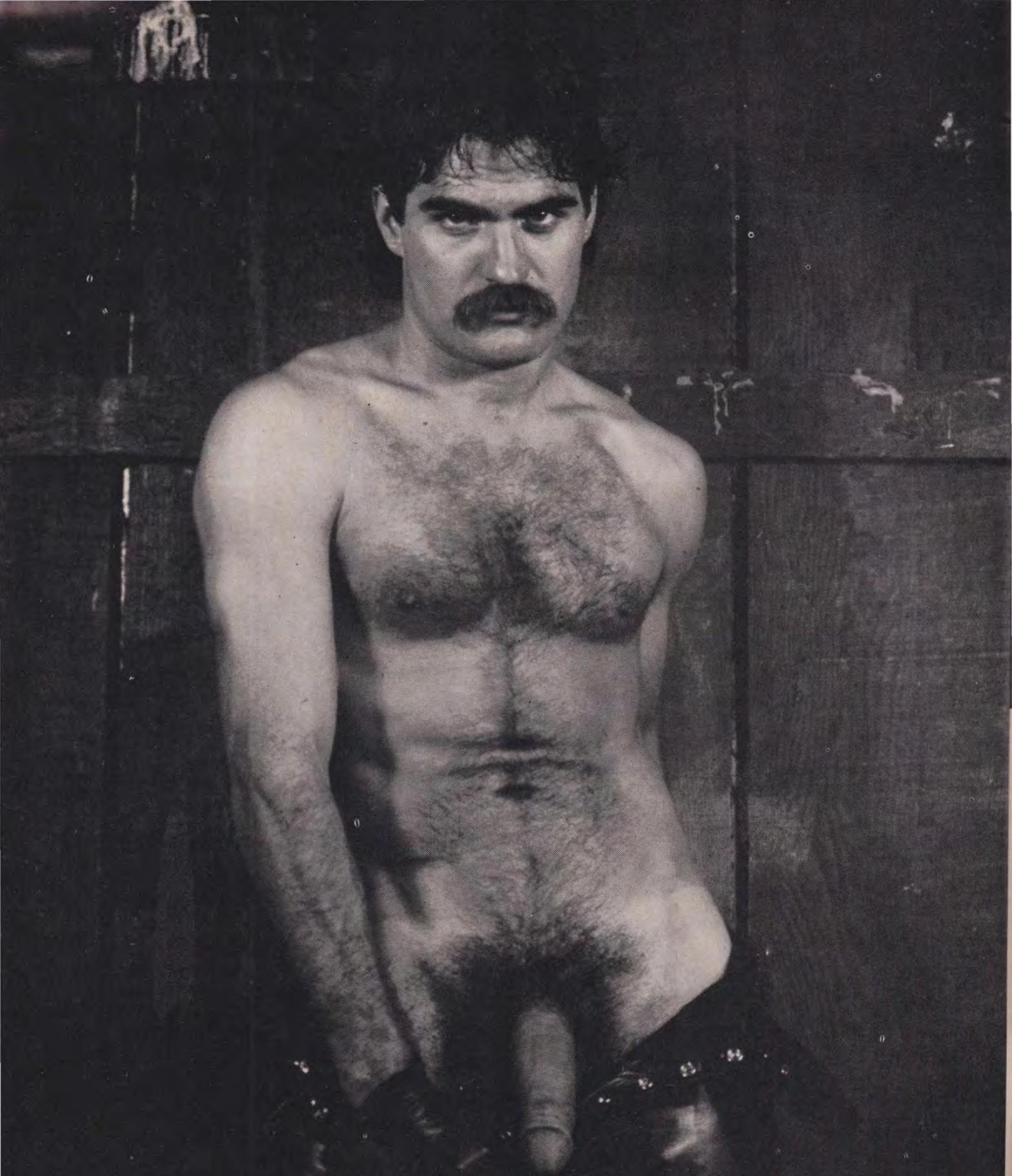


MR. PACIFIC NORTHWEST DRUMMER 1983

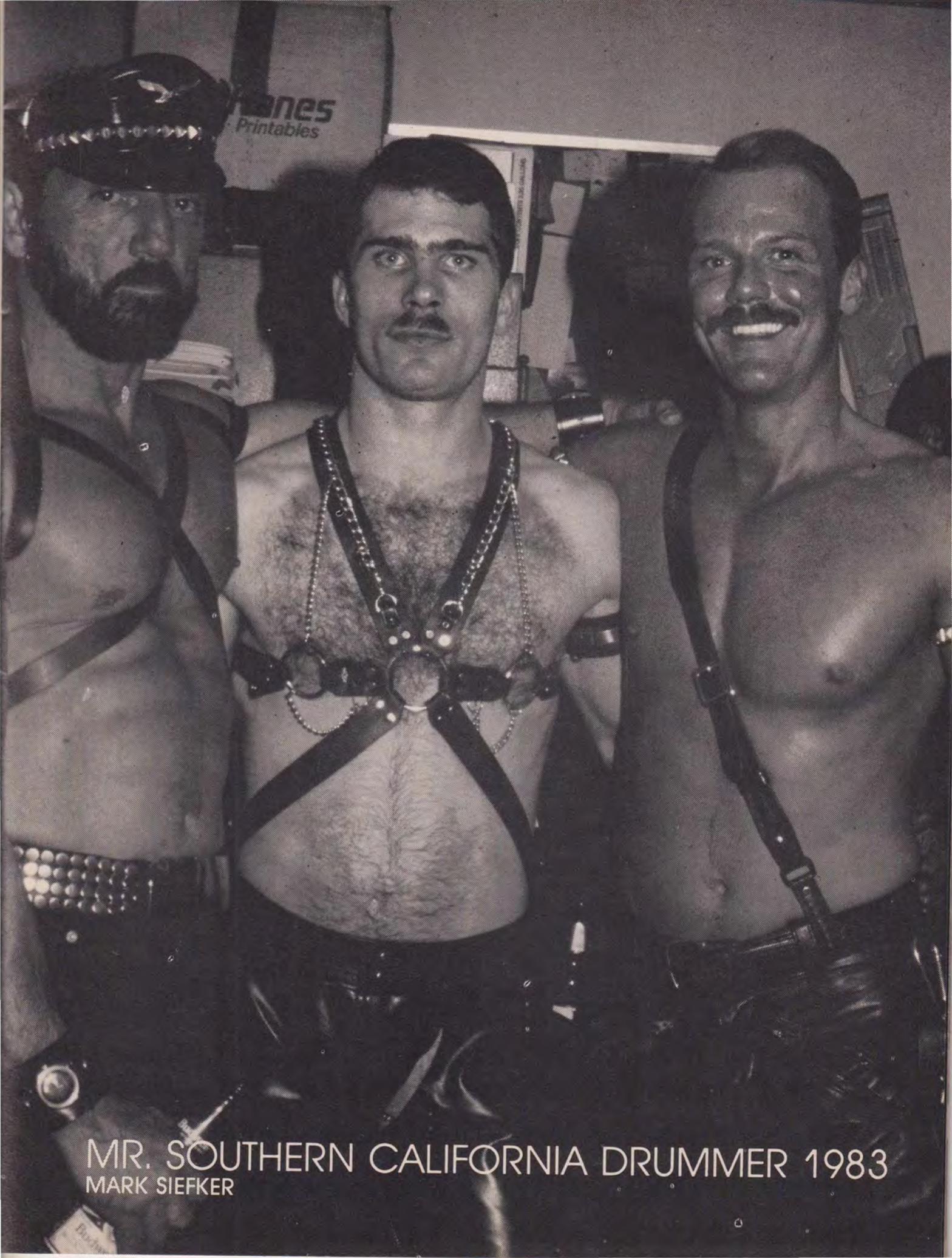
BOB BULEN



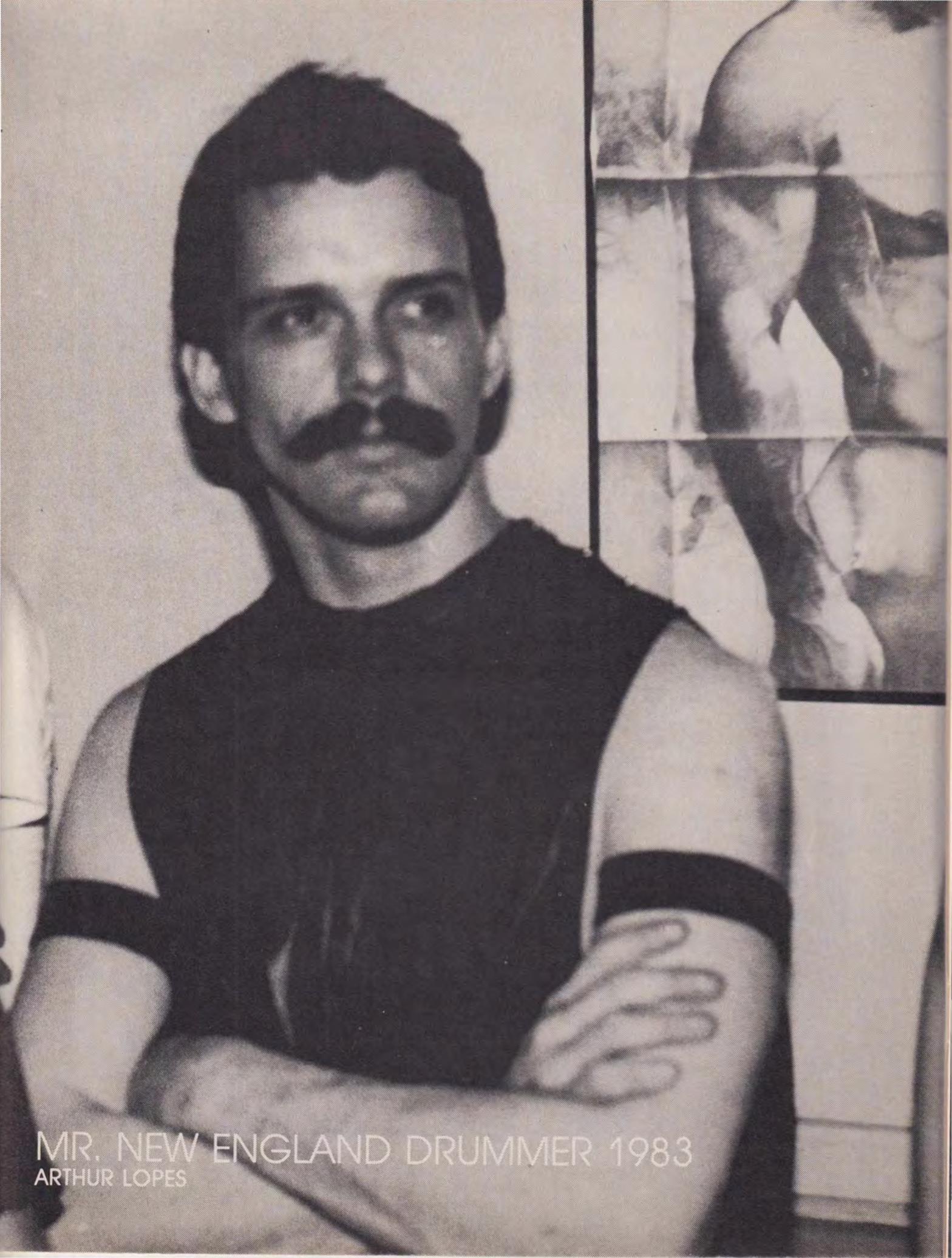
MR. ROCKY MOUNTAIN DRUMMER 1983
TIM CREEKMORE



MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER 1983
DAVID LEBLANC



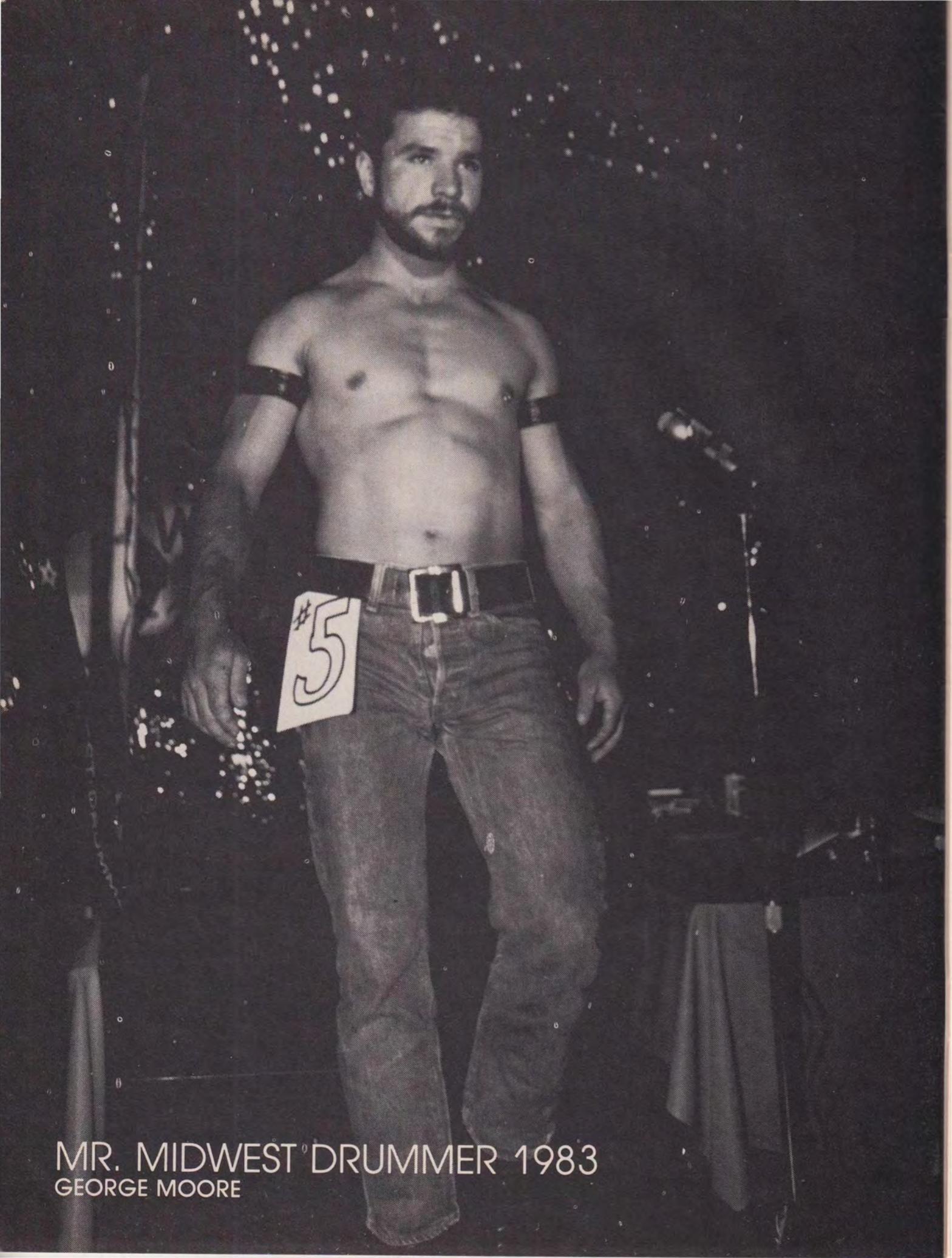
MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER 1983
MARK SIEFKER



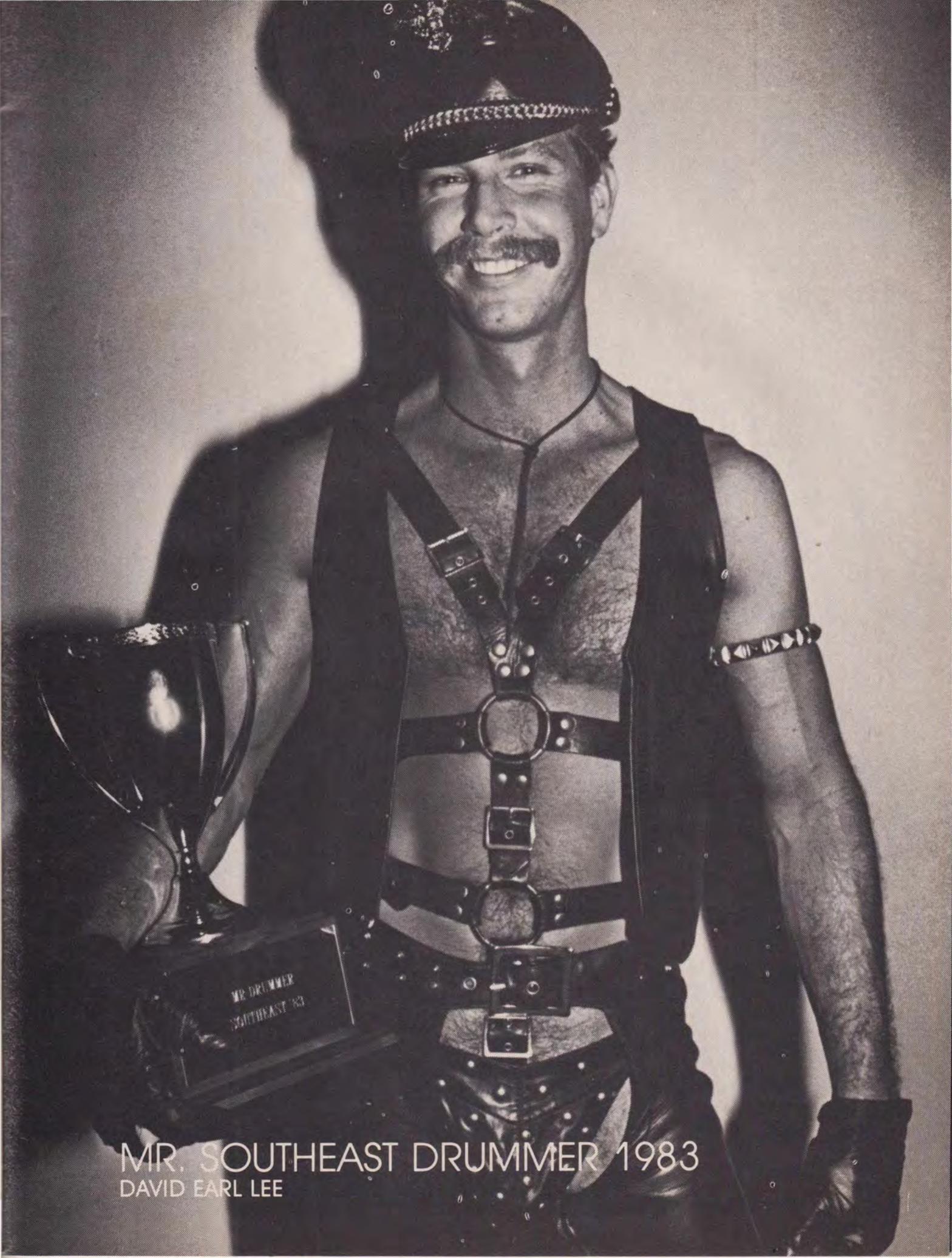
MR. NEW ENGLAND DRUMMER 1983
ARTHUR LOPES



MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER 1983
JOHN GARGER



MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER 1983
GEORGE MOORE



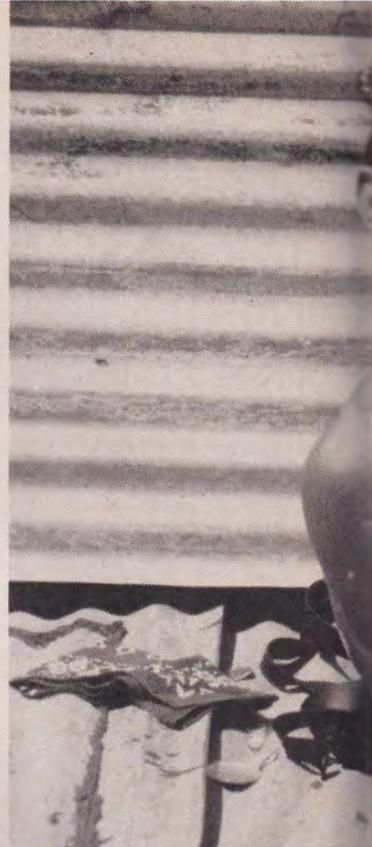
MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER 1983
DAVID EARL LEE

FORMER
MR. DRUMMER
TITLE
HOLDERS



**VAL
MARTIN**

was the first Mr. Drummer and dazzled us all as he threw his jockstrap to the crowd the minute he walked onstage. What he did after that is history. He has been on more DRUMMER covers than any other person.





ON LEATHER'S BIG NIGHT

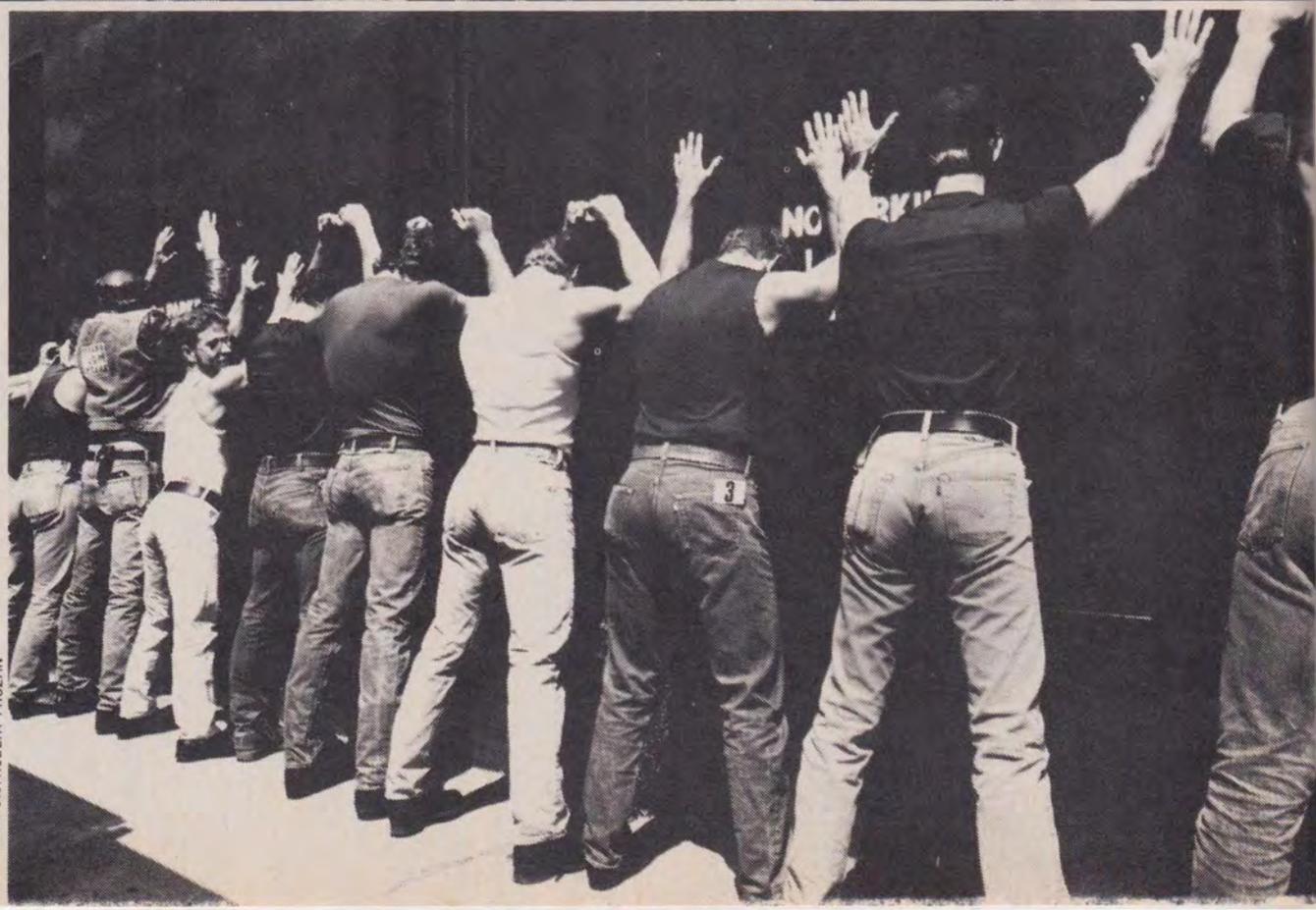
IT'S OFFICIAL!

The crowd and the judges agree on MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER as the new MR. DRUMMER '83. A capacity audience and his fellow Mr. Drummers cheered as John Garger held his trophy aloft before riding off on his customized Honda 650. The 6'4" blond ex-Navy man was overwhelmed by his victory but recovered enough to promise Luke Daniel, MR. DRUMMER '82, an energetic and fulfilling a reign for this year.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JIM WIGLER
except as noted



Photo/ROBERT PRUZAN



Photo/ROBERT PRUZAN

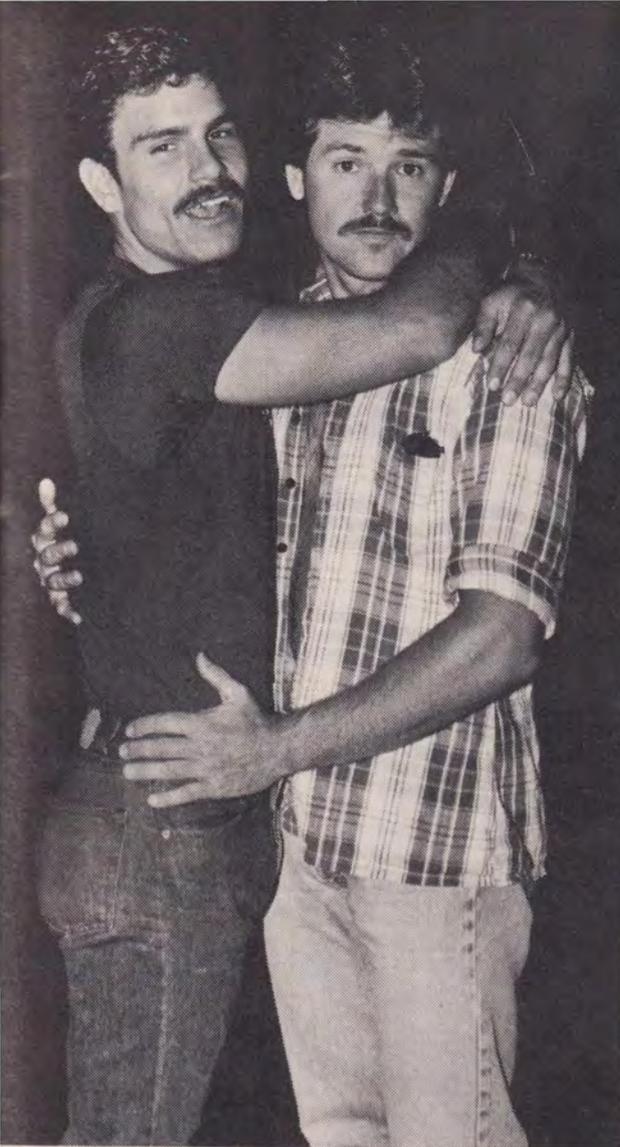


PHOTO BY ROBERT PRUZAN

TEN STRANGERS met together on the west coast to compete in a leather contest. Put up by DRUMMER at different hotels, there next came an exchange of sleeping accommodations.



In the big mobile home used as a dressing room outside the Trocadero, the living and changing became even more intimate. Before the weekend was over, the ten had become good friends.



< DRUMMER made a contribution to the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and they sent us a real live drummer who started the show. Between the judgements came two members of the Falcon Dance Theatre who did their own exotic, erotic version of leather and you couldn't hear a sound other than the pounding music, of course.



OFFICER PAUL SIDLER, S.F.P.D. liaison to the gay community, welcomed the leathermen on behalf of the city, which overwhelmed visitors from less open municipalities. Officer Sidler was gracious enough to get involved in a brief frisking of Mr. San Francisco Leather on stage to the delight of everyone involved.

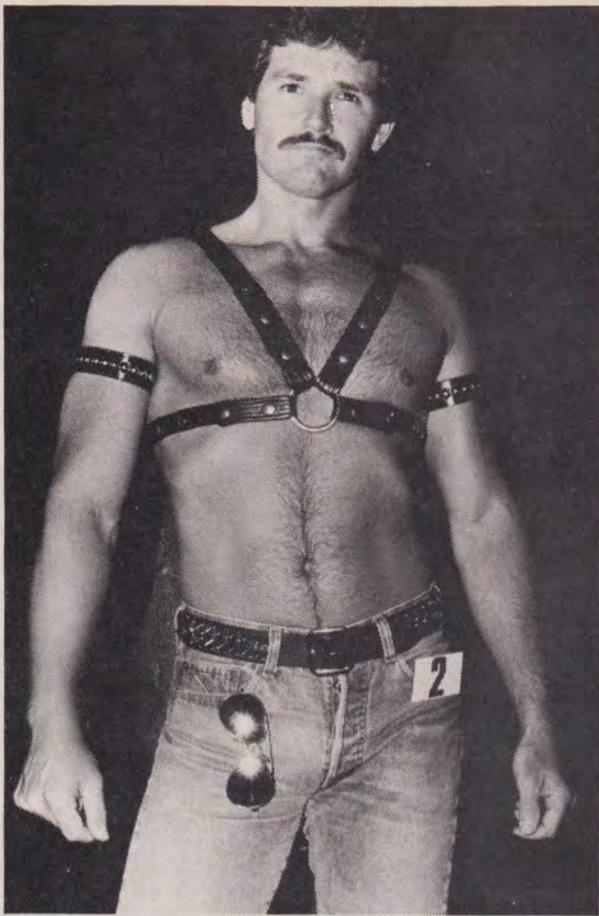
< MISTER MARCUS arranged for and presented a proclamation from the mayor (Diane Feinstein of San Francisco) and presented it to Luke Daniel as Mr. Drummer '82. It was a first and everyone was impressed.

< A mellow VAL MARTIN, looking better than ever, spoke to the crowd as the original Mr. Drummer. To the right is a Val Martin with his eyes open .

From all over they came to the west coast to show their stuff to an audience which also came from all over. Probably the most successful party for the entire Gay Pride Weekend in San Francisco, it was a big night and it belonged to Leather and the men who practice it.



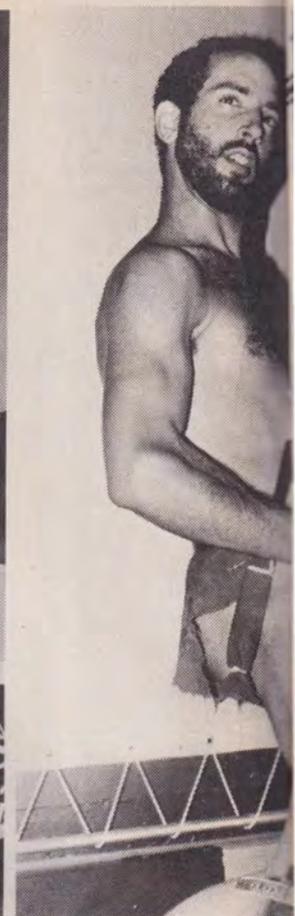
MR. DRUMMER '82 submits to a tit check from MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER '83 onstage. Satisfied, both smiled for the cameras as Colt Thomas and Luke Daniel, two young leathermen with a lot going for them, hugged each other. There was a lot of hugging going around.



BOB BULEN



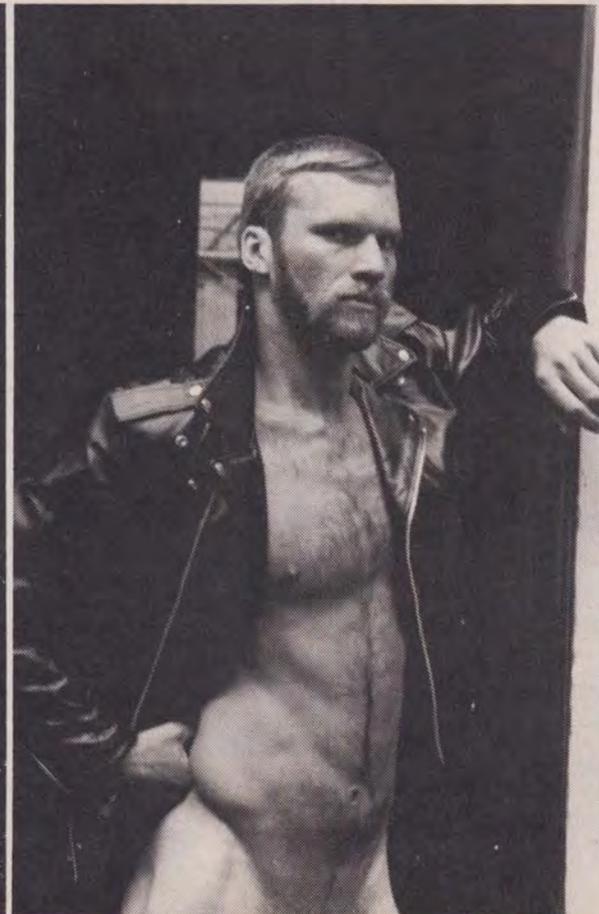
GEORGE MOORE



ARTHUR LOPES



STEVEN ROBERTS

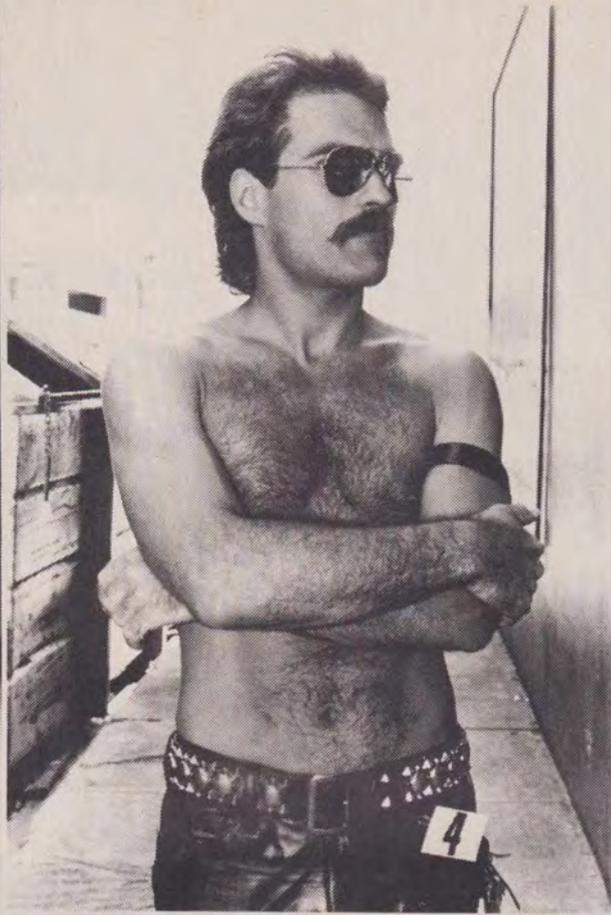


JOHN GARGER

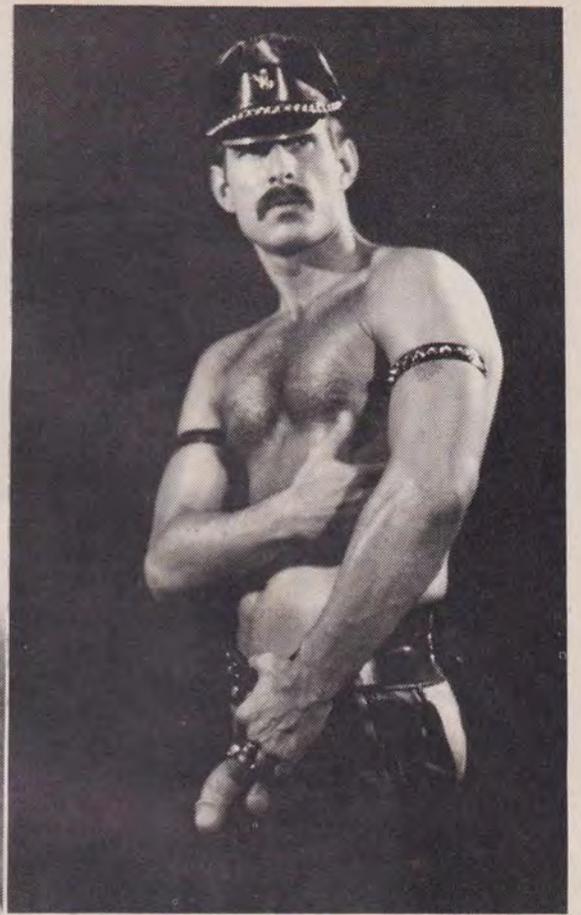
Photo/ARIMONDI



DAVID EARL LEE

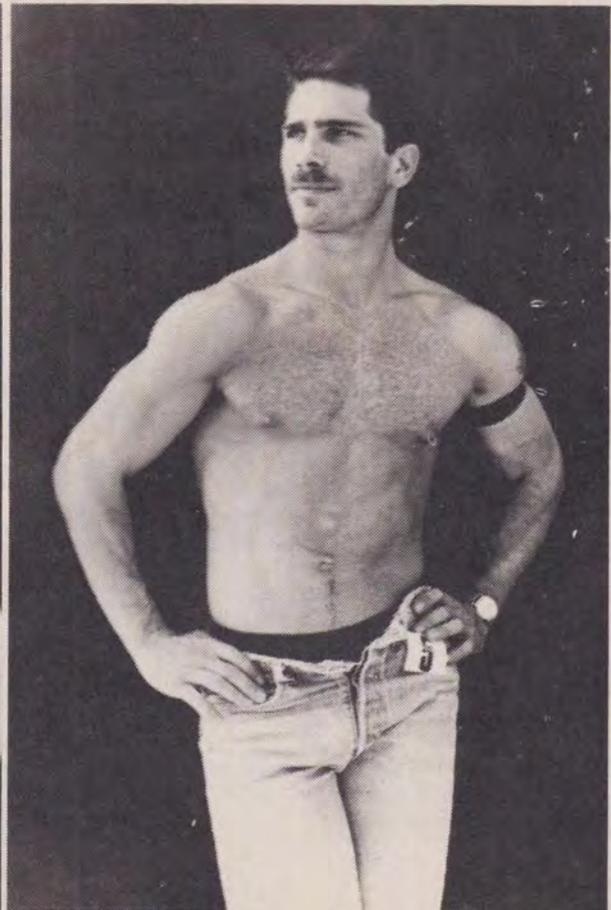


DAVID LEBLANC

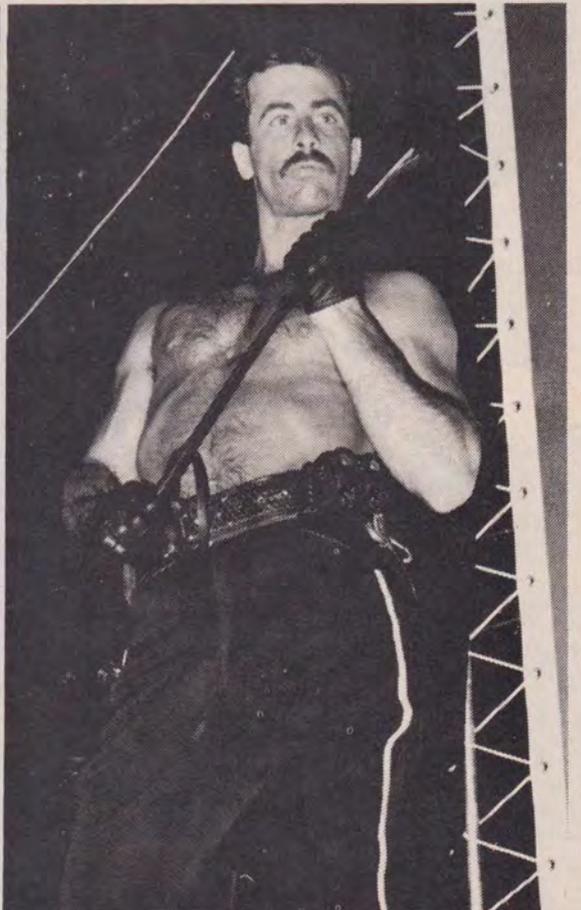


TIM CREEKMORE

Photo/DEAN MASTERSON



MARK SIEFKER



PAUL MANENTI



**MR.
DRUMMER
'83**



rex

fantasy!

EVERYONE DID HIS FANTASY AND HERE IS THE ONE THAT HELPED WIN IT FOR JOHN GARGER. THE FANTASTIC THING ABOUT IT WAS THAT IT WAS TRUE!

As an ex-navy man of seven years, my leather scene was first introduced by a fantasy. A fantasy come true.

My first two years of duty as a corpsman was on a rotational basis. Each three months I would experience a new profession so I could find where my skills lay. Psychiatry would be my first challenge.

The psych unit was run by Captain William P. Madlock. A 5'2" burly dark German with a stern face and cold eyes. The staff called him Maddog (behind his back of course). It was said he kept his wife and two kids in the cellar under lock and key when he left for work each morning. After my first month of work there, I knew why they called him Maddog.

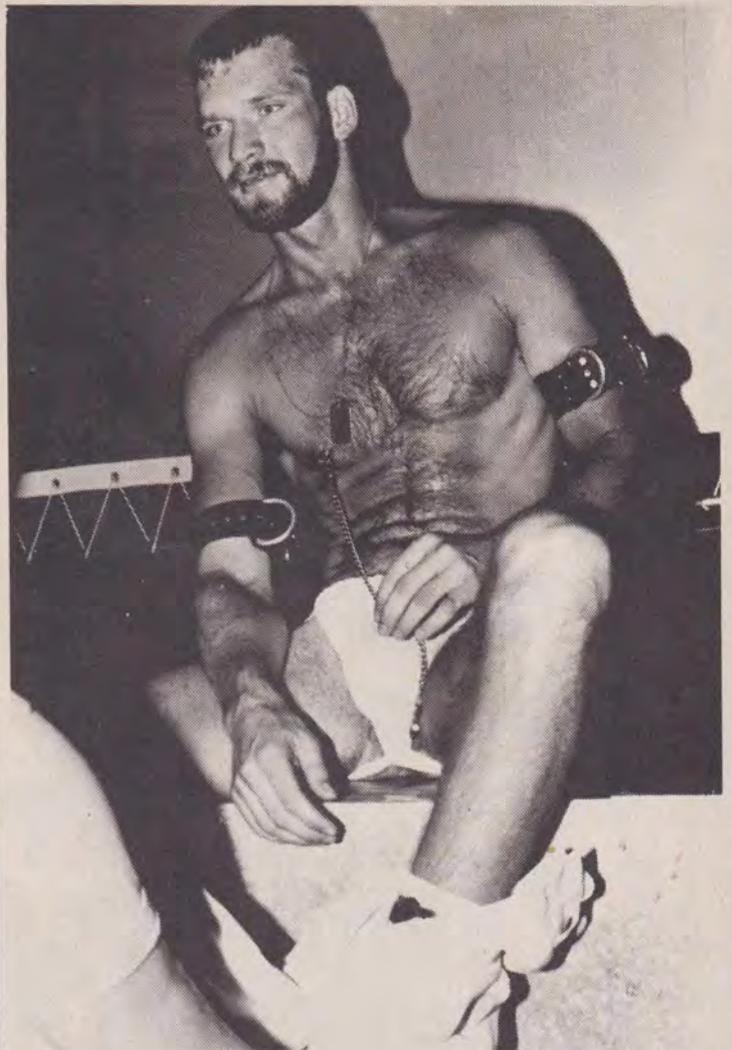
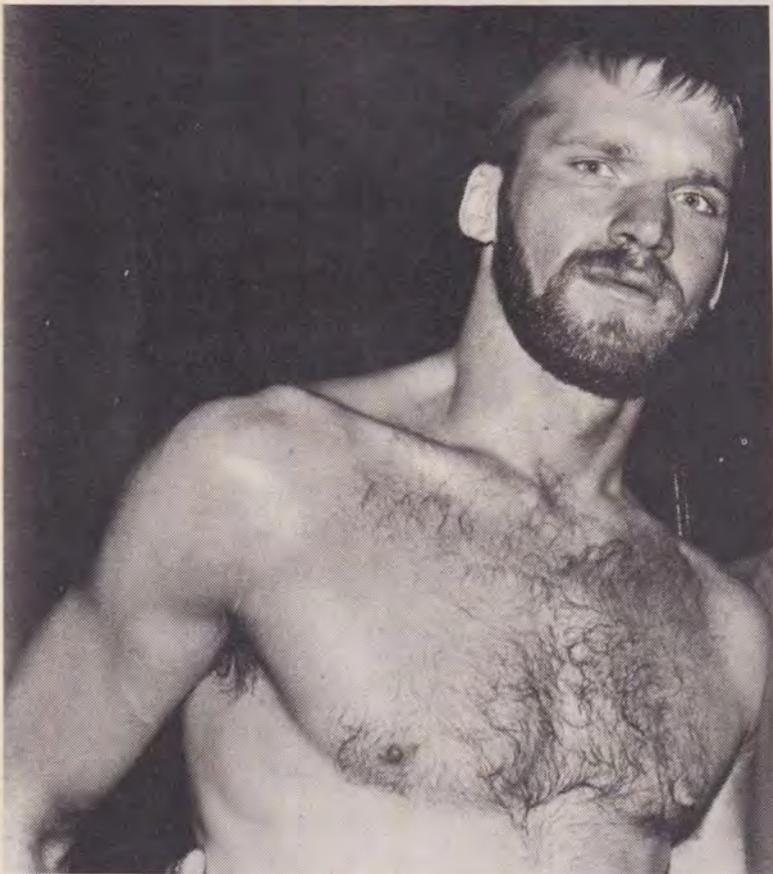
Maddog ruled the ward with an iron fist. There was no room for mistakes; for each one you made, a three hour penalty of extra duty was strapped on you. Being green, fresh out of school, I made my share of mistakes and by the end of the first week I had 69 hours of extra duty. The 'shit' jobs poured in and I had to take them without a hint of resentment for, at the end of the month, I was up for another stripe. But the resentment built up inside and I was out for Maddog.

Despite the hassles I had a special attraction to my work: the restraints, the scent, the LEATHER. I remember being taught the proper techniques of applying the restraints to make them safe, comfortable, and secure so that the patient was under total control. And in the navy, the only way to understand is to experience the action.

I will always remember that day. As the other corpsmen applied the restraints I felt my heart pounding faster and faster, beads of sweat forming on my brow, trickling down the sides of my body. My imagination took over. Through my inner eyes I could see a man appear. A hot stud, bare-assed in leather chaps and harness applying the restraints. It was Maddog. The bulge in my pants began to grow and I knew my buttons were ready to burst. Suddenly I collected my thoughts and when I opened my eyes I caught the expressions of the other corpsmen. Their eyes were focused on my oversized hard rod, their mouths agape.

In the doorway stood Maddog with a





sinister smile. He snapped out the order to let me loose and get back to work. Without a sound the corpsmen set me free and my anger flared at Maddog for interrupting my lesson.

It happened three weeks later when I caught the duty with Maddog. Sunday night usually offered relaxation for the duty corpsman, but with Maddog there I was scrubbing the head floor. During my second scrubbing attempt I received a page to report to Maddog's office. It was going to be a long fucking night. Little did I know it was one I should be looking forward to.

Nervously I entered Maddog's office expecting to get three more hours of duty for wet fatigues. To my astonishment Maddog asked me to sit and politely inquired of my thoughts of the ward. Totally caught off guard, I told him I enjoyed my work. He gave out a loud laugh and told me that I was a terrible bullshitter. He praised me on my professional skills and said that I was doing a great job in spite of getting all the dirty work. Then he asked me how I felt being in restraints. I was speechless. He added that he never had restraints on and wondered what it was like. Since it was a slow night he asked me to show him my technique.

We called it the 'wild room', the room where the schizos were taken and securely tied down. The room was also soundproof for the loud profane patient.

Maddog removed his shirt for he didn't want to wrinkle it. I had to turn my head, for the sight of his hairy musclebound chest made my mouth water. Catching my breath, I walked up to him and tightly secured his wrists. He started to struggle in jest and asked me if I thought I could handle him. "Sure!" I said and with that he started to buck like a wild bronco. His strength was phenomenal but my size made the difference. I finally got both ankle restraints on him after a twenty-minute wrestling bout.

Sweat was pouring from both of us, and between gasps Maddog told me he was ready to get up. My animal instincts took over.

"No way," I said.

"Listen, you asshole, let me loose or it's court-martial for you," Maddog roared.

"Shut the fuck up," I said as I eyed his crotch. I walked over and grabbed his bulge. I could feel his manhood grow rock hard.

"Get your fuckin' hands off of me," Maddog yelled, his temples pulsating. I grabbed a handful of padded tongue blades and shoved them down his throat

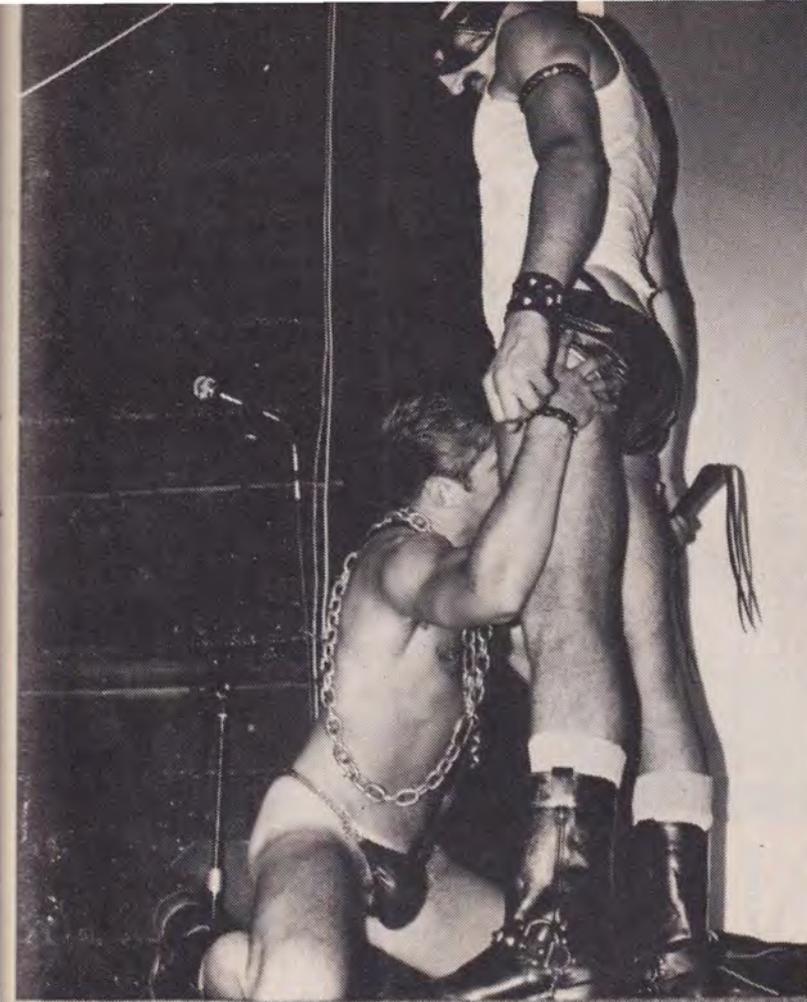
(forgetting that the room was sound-proof) and started to work on his hard prick.

His body was all mine. I looked up toward his face and saw mixed emotions forming. His expression was anger but his eyes glowed with ecstasy. I pulled his pants down to his ankles and started working on his meat hole. His hairy buns stood at attention begging for action. He screamed, spitting out the tongue blades, when I plunged my big cock up his ass. As I pumped his cheeks into a frenzy, his grunts and yelps grew. (I found out later that Maddog was an ex-Marine recruit.) I couldn't hold back any longer. I exploded my hot load deep into his soul, just as he shot all over his chest. Silence filled the air and my sanity returned. I quietly removed the restraints leaving Maddog on the table and left the room.

Fear took over then and I was knee-deep in shit, anywhere from a court-martial to a dishonorable discharge. My navy career was on the verge of ending. A week passed by without a word. Then one day I was summoned into the office. This was it!

I received a superior evaluation along with my advancement stripe. A job well done. I was looking forward to the challenge the other professions had to offer.





Each man was told to come up with his own fantasy and to present it on stage. If he needed a slave to assist him, he was to come up with that too. However, each contestant was presented with a slave to attend him for the evening. Each slave was a volunteer, recruited from the Leather Fraternity, willing to make the sacrifice to make the contestants feel at home.

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER chose a snake, a fourteen-foot python, who had marvelous stage presence. He and his friend set the pace, and there wasn't an eye in house that didn't follow their every move. In fact, when he exited, it was akin to the parting of the Red Sea. Plenty of room to get through the crowd all the way to the dressing rooms.

MR. PACIFIC NORTHWEST DRUMMER had his cake and ate it too. He brought along his own man, a mouth-watering stud named Jeff, who should have been a contestant as well. Our star was presented a multi-layered birthday cake by Jeff (it just happened to be Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer's birthday). He sat on it, candles and all. Jeff had the pleasure of eating it off his ass. Then they took turns and *our* mouths watered.

MR. SAN FRANCISCO LEATHER draped his man in chains and put him through his paces. His slave did most of the performance on his belly and his knees; for a finale, he pulled a six-foot chain out of his master's ass with his teeth. It was strictly show biz at its finest.

MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER, whom *everyone* fell in love with, brought a home-grown watermelon for his co-star. We can picture him carrying it lovingly on the plane. He gave it an enema, poured in the lube, then showed us how to fist-fuck field fruit like it should be done. It was an educational moment and his backstage slave had to lick up an awful lot of seeds.



LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE





SLAVES

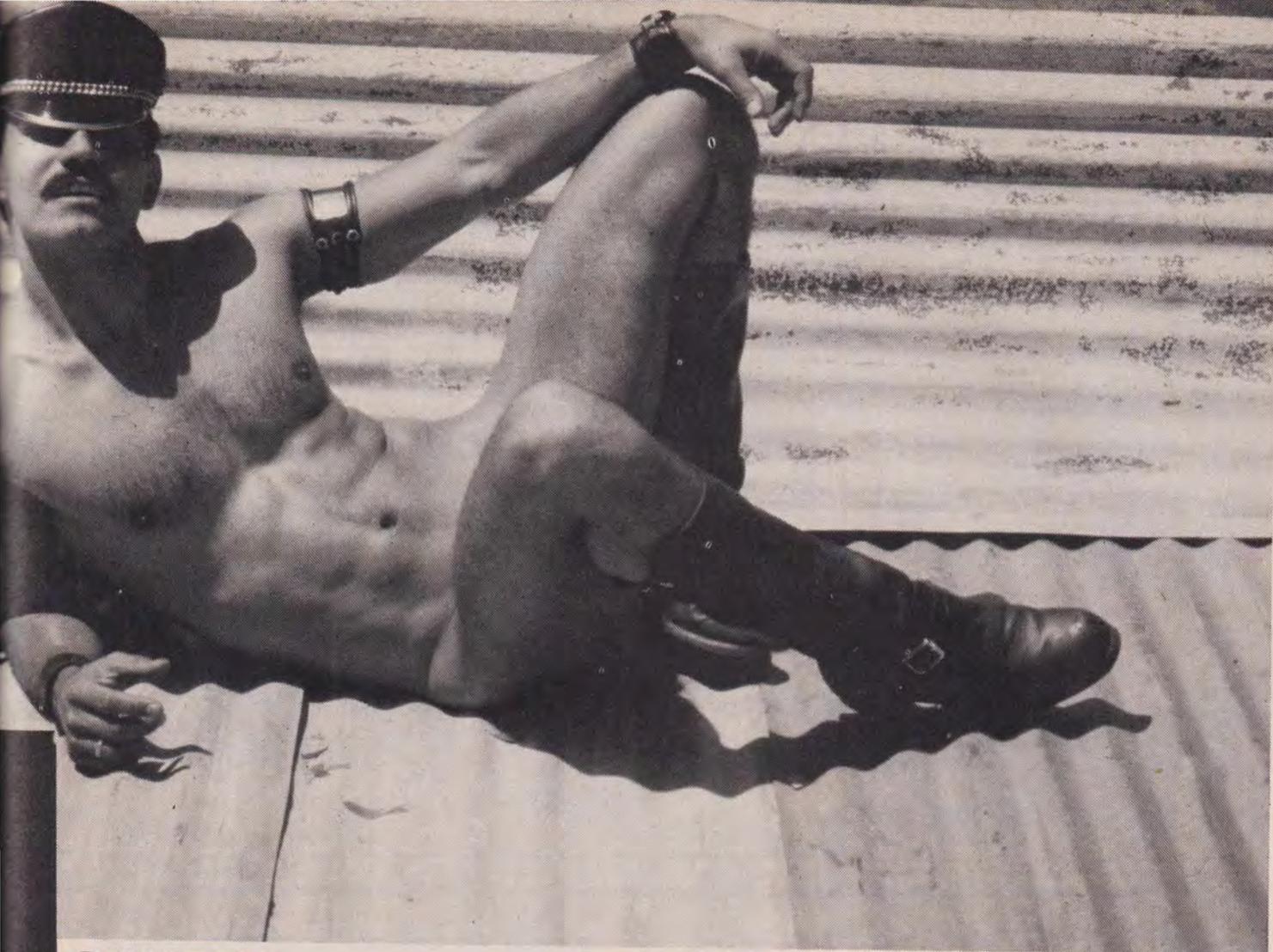
DRUMMER wants to thank all of those who lent us their slaves and the slaves who volunteered to serve each of the contestants. They were acceptably humble and helpful and accountable; none complained as they were assigned to each contestant. Those who were used on stage performed their chores lovingly—back in the dressing room area, they were exceedingly helpful. Each of the Mr. Drummers had boots in which one could see one's reflection at all times.





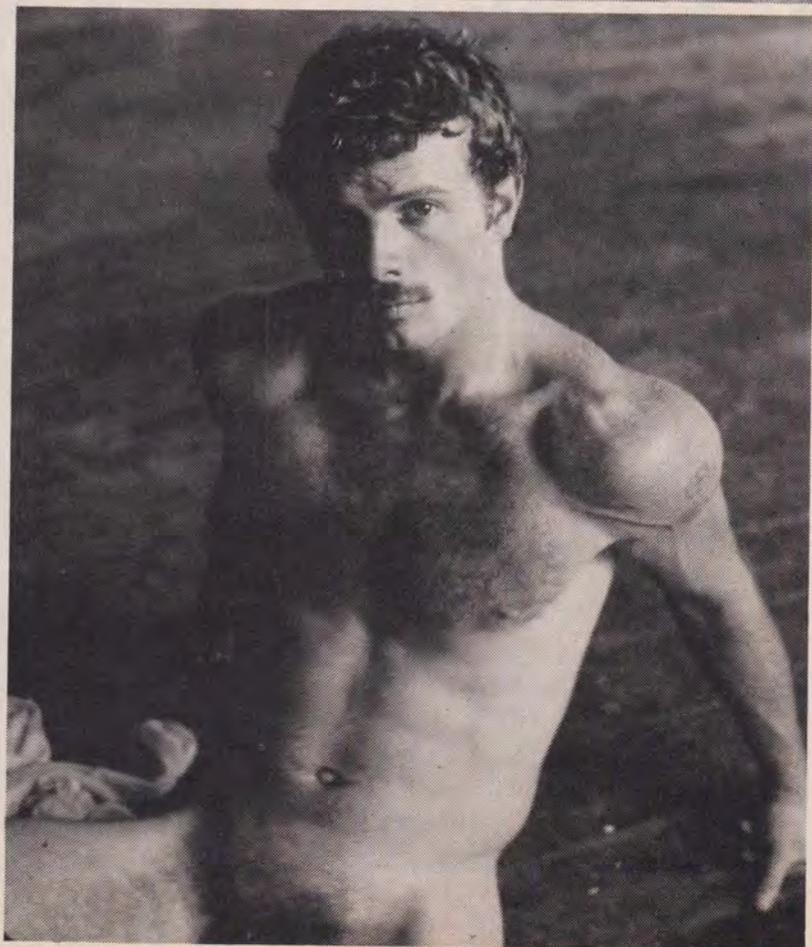
**"HE AIN'T HEAVY
HE'S MY BROTHER."
MR. DRUMMER '83 lifts first
runner-up MR. SOUTHEAST
DRUMMER on his shoulders
after the contest. Missing and
preventing this from being
the perfect pyramid was MR.
MIDWEST DRUMMER who
had to get back to Ohio
before the picture taking.**





RAY PEREA

This Mr. Drummer won big at our only party at Dreamland. He made appearances all over the country on behalf of DRUMMER and was a joy to spend a year with.



DEAN

Won Mr. Western Drummer at Trocadero, was to have competed for the national title. He was our first regional winner.

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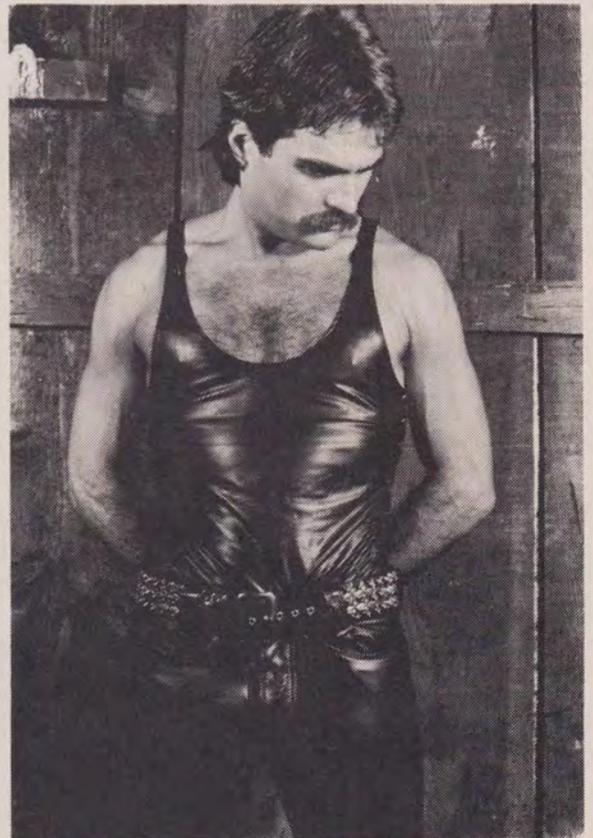
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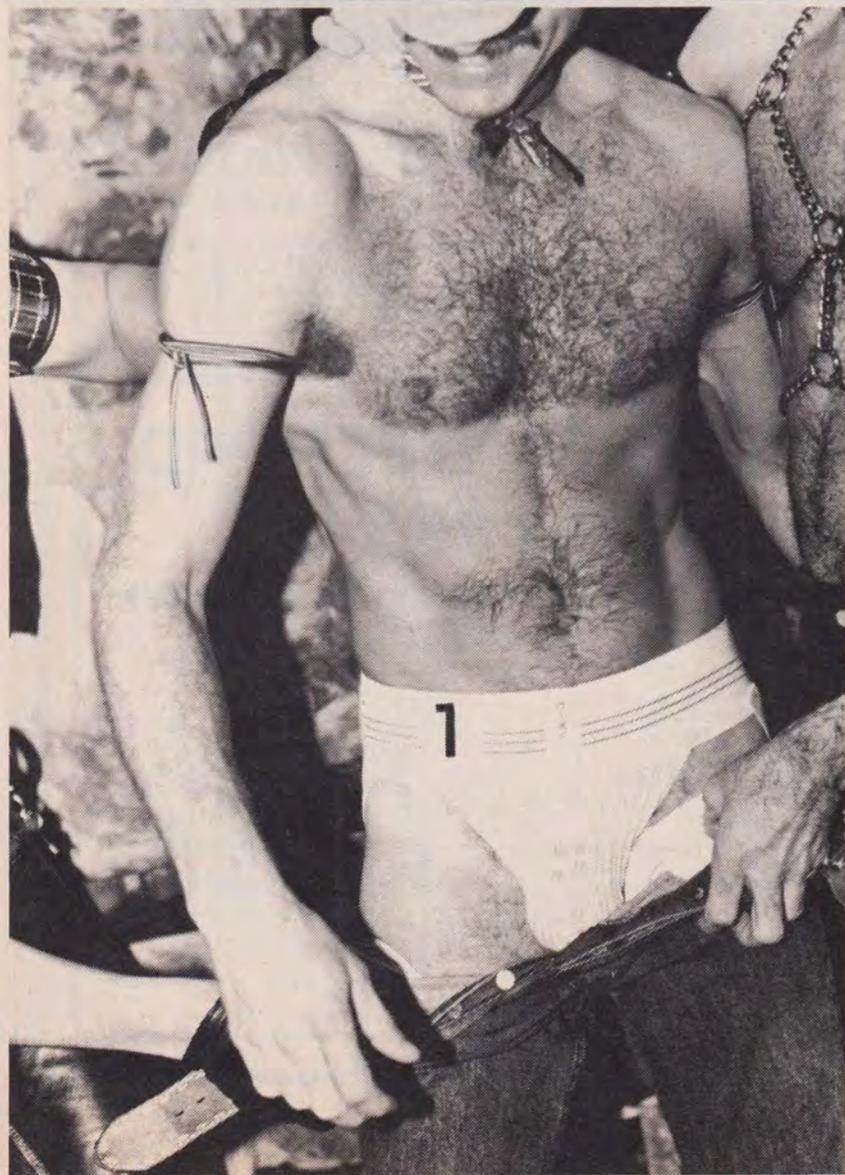
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I am 21 years of age.



THE ORDEAL



The road to being MR. DRUMMER is not necessarily an easy one. Depending on which contests you are in, the experience can be a trip, an ordeal, a happening and, well, an experience. There are hundreds of men involved and you meet plenty of them. There is the early panic when you actually agree to get involved, but it is nothing compared to what you feel the first time you step up on that stage and are evaluated. Slaves in ancient Rome would know what you are experiencing about now as you stand with very damned little between you and the audience. A jockstrap, a bit of leather, boots maybe and your birthday suit. You smile, flex a little, suck in your gut and throw out those tits. All the tanning, the pumping, the lifting at the gym don't seem to mean much right now.

And look at the competition. Where were all those beauties when you were out cruising the bars? Shit, you are standing shoulder-to-shoulder with guys you would give your left nut to go home with and now you have the audacity to be comparing yourself to them. The judges ask you a few

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questions, polite and impolite, the photographers keep snapping away from every angle under the sun. Worst of all are the damned lights. You sweat in spite of the coolness of the night and the fact you have next to nothing on.

Backstage is fun, however. All those bodies, the grab-assing, the surprising helpfulness of one man to another. You forgot your vest or the bootlace breaks and suddenly one of your competitors offers you his—without even being asked.

"Good luck, buddy," someone says as you step out in the spotlight and it turns out to be the son-of-a-bitch that everyone feels is going to walk away with the contest. You always knew that *Drummer* was into torture and what they choose to call the 'ordeals of manhood,' but this is downright unhuman.

You speak and don't recognize the sound of your own voice, bouncing back the way it is from the amplified speakers all over the place. What you worked so hard on to be the just right thing to say doesn't come out at all the way you meant it to.



A MAN'S WORLD
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 Photo by WOLFGANG

PHOTO BY TOM DAVIS

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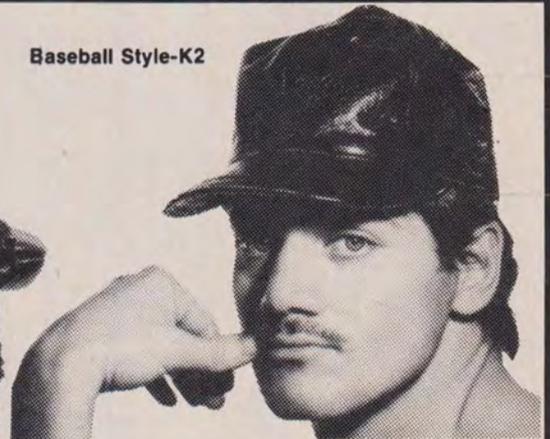
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The borrowed jockstrap is smaller than your own and tighter. You turn to walk off and are suddenly aware of your bare ass hanging out for everyone in the world to see. The flashbulbs pop and you smile and tighten your butt.



Finally it plays itself out and they announce the winners. Second runner-up is Mr. Wonderful that everyone was sure would walk off with everything. Now you know you want to leave the stage. First runner-up is a surprise and when you think about it, you recognize the wisdom of the judges and the crowd. Well, it's all over but the shouting and all you want to do is go home and crash.

They announce the winner and it is nobody whose name you recognize. Why the hell is everyone looking at you? You check your fly, maybe it's open. Then it dawns on you. You are THE Mr. Drummer for your part of the country! You are going into an even tougher contest on the coast and this fucking ordeal is only a beginning.

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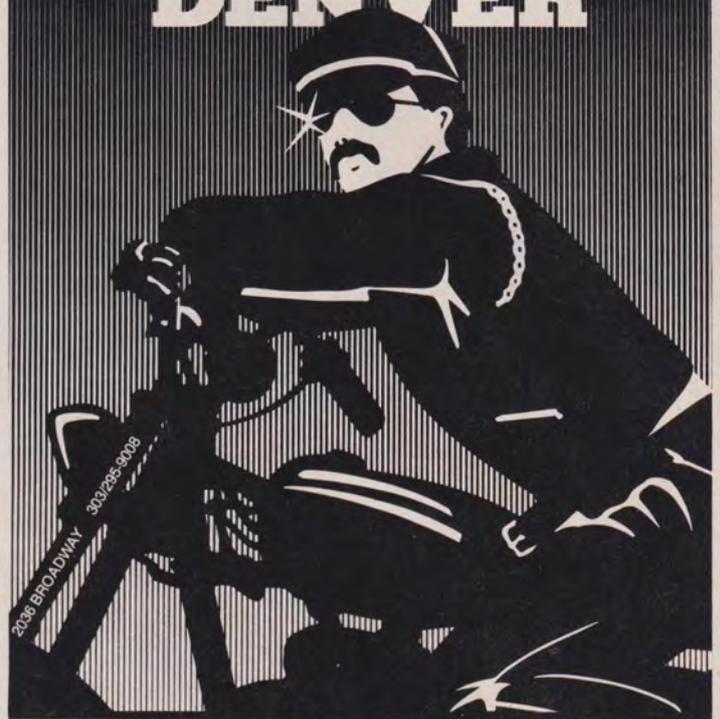


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God, what a feeling. There is nothing in your whole life that compares with how you feel right now. Everyone is crowding around, congratulating you, there are hugs and kisses from all those people you wouldn't even dare talk to in a bar. You realize that your picture will be all over the country, including *Drummer* itself. And the responsibility. Hell, you hadn't even thought of that.

Suddenly you are in love with everybody and you feel pretty damned good about life in general and yourself in particular. They are *still* applauding.

It is the most beautiful sound in the world. □



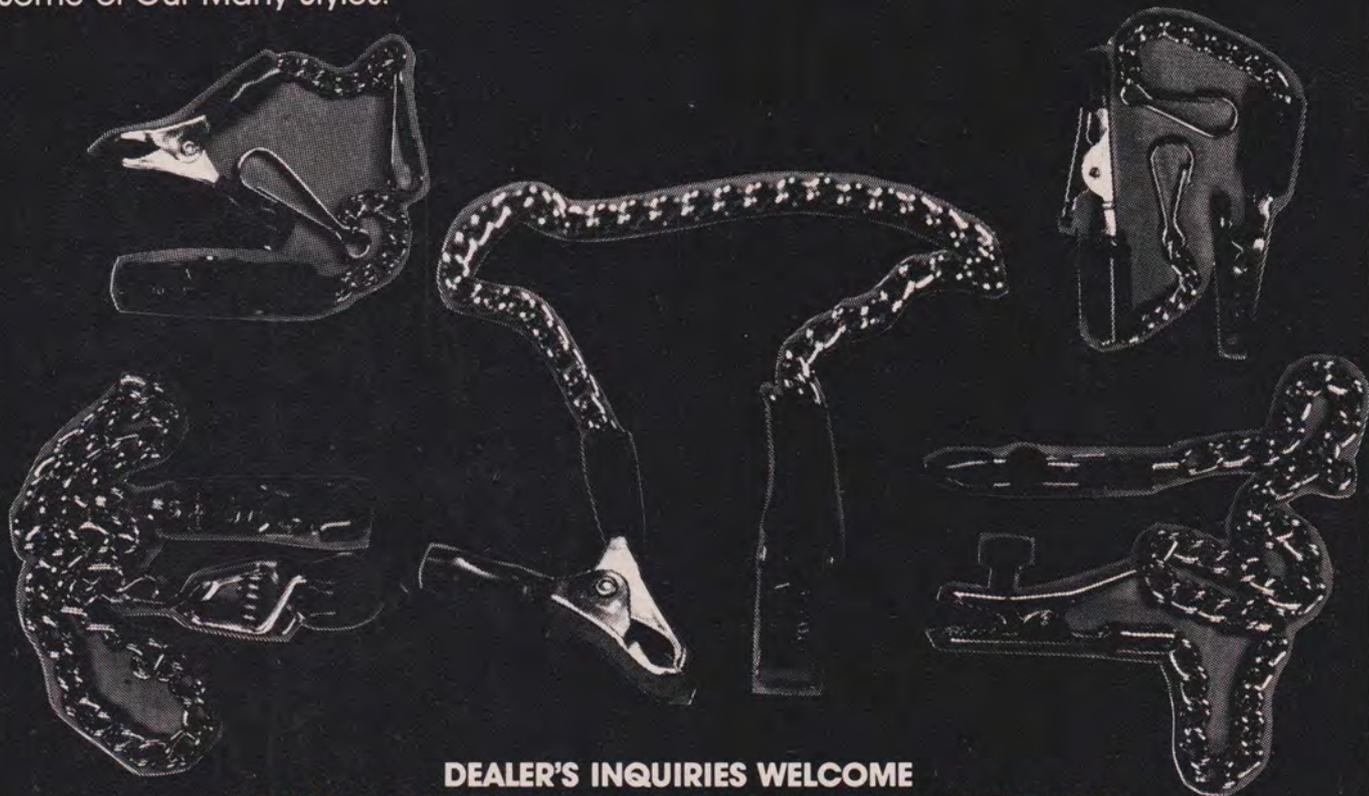
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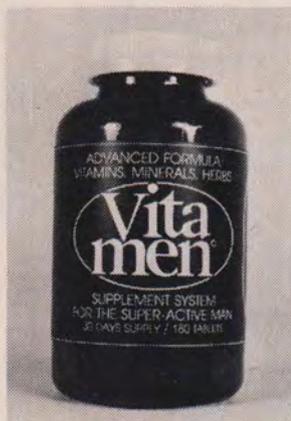
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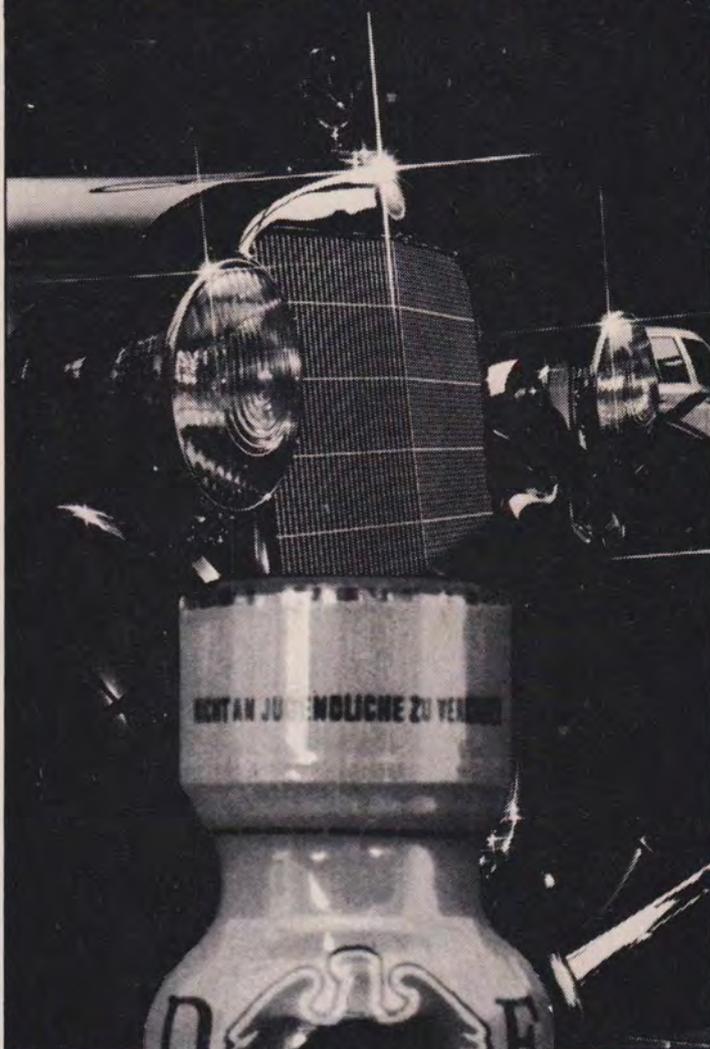
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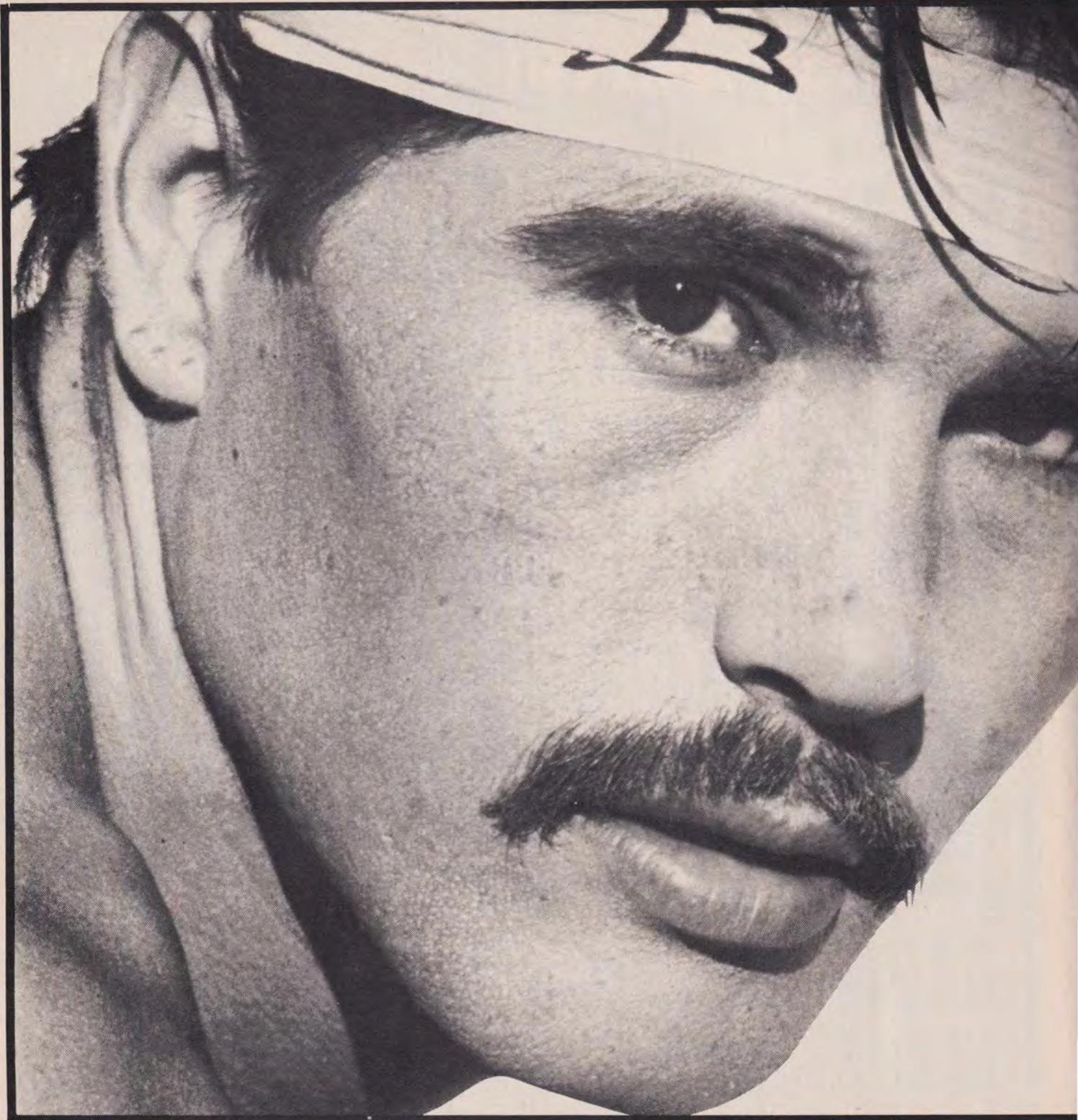
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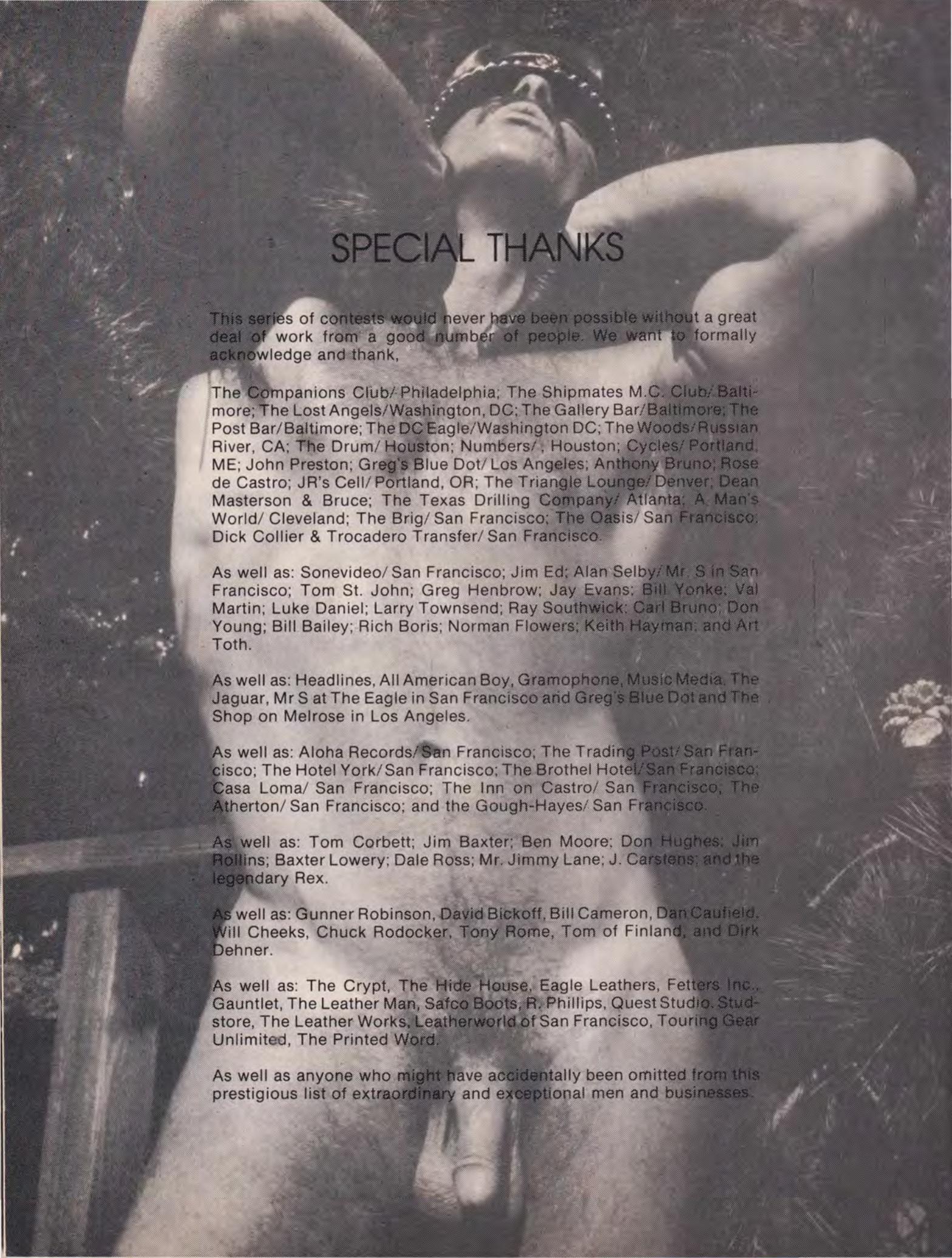
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THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES

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SPECIAL THANKS

This series of contests would never have been possible without a great deal of work from a good number of people. We want to formally acknowledge and thank,

The Companions Club/ Philadelphia; The Shipmates M.C. Club/ Baltimore; The Lost Angels/ Washington, DC; The Gallery Bar/ Baltimore; The Post Bar/ Baltimore; The DC Eagle/ Washington DC; The Woods/ Russian River, CA; The Drum/ Houston; Numbers/ , Houston; Cycles/ Portland, ME; John Preston; Greg's Blue Dot/ Los Angeles; Anthony Bruno; Rose de Castro; JR's Cell/ Portland, OR; The Triangle Lounge/ Denver; Dean Masterson & Bruce; The Texas Drilling Company/ Atlanta; A Man's World/ Cleveland; The Brig/ San Francisco; The Oasis/ San Francisco; Dick Collier & Trocadero Transfer/ San Francisco.

As well as: Sonevideo/ San Francisco; Jim Ed; Alan Selby/ Mr. S in San Francisco; Tom St. John; Greg Henbrow; Jay Evans; Bill Yonke; Val Martin; Luke Daniel; Larry Townsend; Ray Southwick; Carl Bruno; Don Young; Bill Bailey; Rich Boris; Norman Flowers; Keith Hayman; and Art Toth.

As well as: Headlines, All American Boy, Gramophone, Music Media, The Jaguar, Mr S at The Eagle in San Francisco and Greg's Blue Dot and The Shop on Melrose in Los Angeles.

As well as: Aloha Records/ San Francisco; The Trading Post/ San Francisco; The Hotel York/ San Francisco; The Brothel Hotel/ San Francisco; Casa Loma/ San Francisco; The Inn on Castro/ San Francisco; The Atherton/ San Francisco; and the Gough-Hayes/ San Francisco.

As well as: Tom Corbett; Jim Baxter; Ben Moore; Don Hughes; Jim Rollins; Baxter Lowery; Dale Ross; Mr. Jimmy Lane; J. Carstens; and the legendary Rex.

As well as: Gunner Robinson, David Bickoff, Bill Cameron, Dan Caufield, Will Cheeks, Chuck Rodocker, Tony Rome, Tom of Finland, and Dirk Dehner.

As well as: The Crypt, The Hide House, Eagle Leathers, Fetters Inc., Gauntlet, The Leather Man, Safco Boots, R. Phillips, Quest Studio, Studstore, The Leather Works, Leatherworld of San Francisco, Touring Gear Unlimited, The Printed Word.

As well as anyone who might have accidentally been omitted from this prestigious list of extraordinary and exceptional men and businesses.

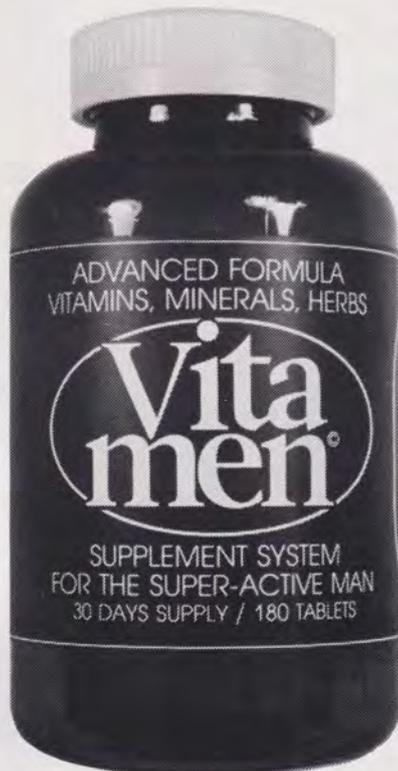
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B1	100 mg	6667%
B2	100 mg	5882%
Niacinamide	100 mg	500%
Niacin	50 mg	250%
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500%
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	5000%
B10 (para-amino benzoic acid)	100 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	3333%
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%
Biotin	100 mcg	333%
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***
Inositol	125 mg	***
Gota Kola	25 mg	***
Ginseng	25 mg	***
C (ascorbic acid Sago palm)	1000 mg	1667%
Bioflavonoids	200 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***
E blend (d-Alpha tocophorol)	400IU	1333%
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	87%
Silica	500 mcg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***
D3	100IU	25%
Iodine	225 mcg	150%
Iron AAC	20 mg	111%
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***
Selenium	150 mcg	***
Molybdenum	50 mcg	***
GTF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	667%
Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
Manganese	20 mg	***
Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
Thymus	10 mg	***
Adrenal	50 mg	***
L-Lysine	750 mg	***
L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
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