

OUR FOURTH COLLECTOR'S EDITION

Classic BEAR[®]

**NUTHIN' BUT
DADDIES**



\$8.95 U.S. • ADULTS ONLY

BRUSH CREEK MEDIA

Real Men. Real Sex. Real Hot.

Brush Creek Media, Inc.

2215-R Market St. #148
San Francisco, CA 94114
Editorial office: 367 Ninth St.
(between Harrison and Folsom streets)
Phone • (415) 552-1506
Fax • (415) 552-3244
E-mail • bcm-sales@brushcreek.com
Website • <http://www.brushcreek.com>

PUBLISHER
Bear-Dog Hoffman

MANAGING EDITOR
Peter Millar

Classic BEAR[®]

EDITOR AND DESIGNER
Scott McGillivray

COPY EDITOR
Jim Hunger

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Liam

OPERATIONS MANAGER
Richard Meyerson

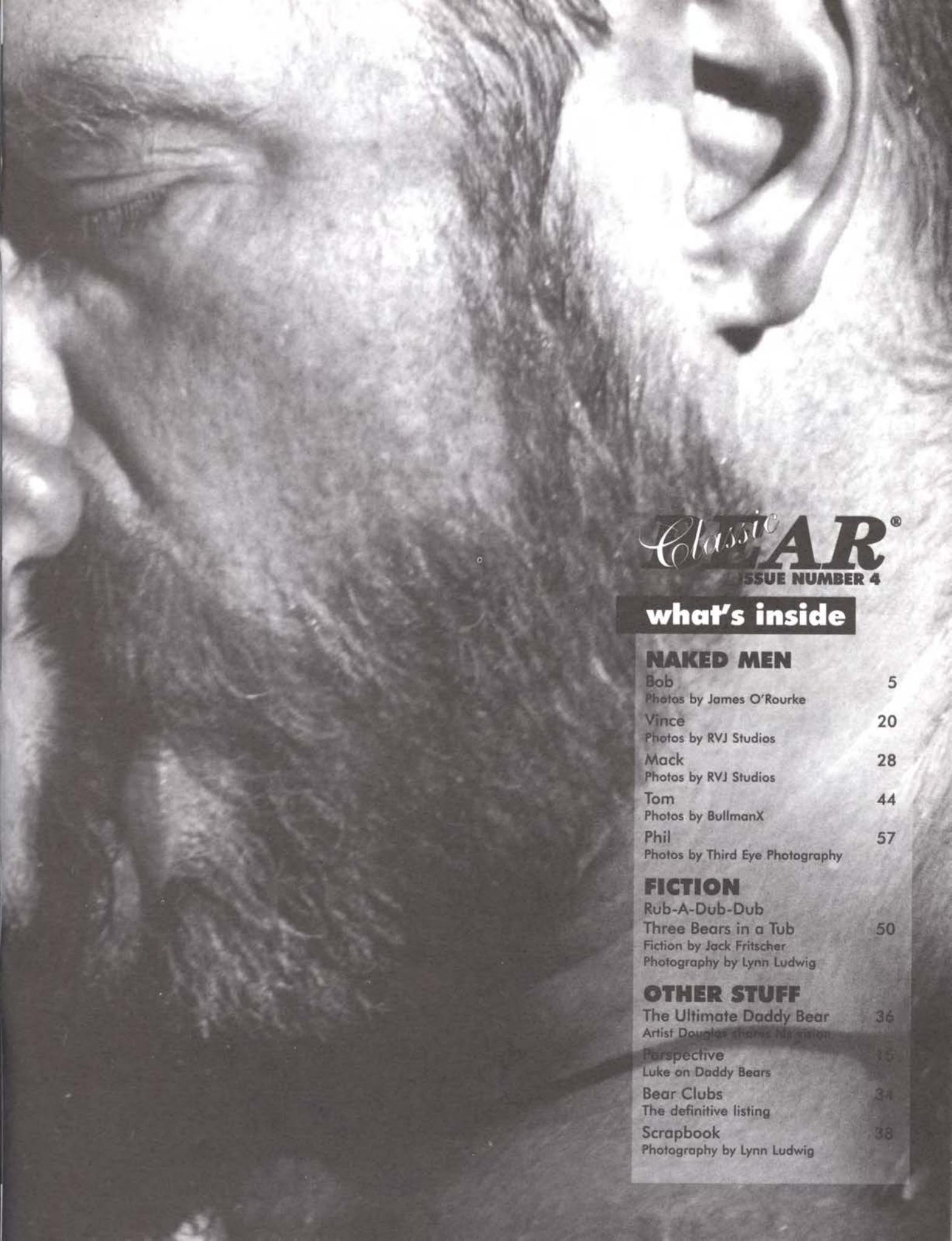
ACCOUNTING
Lenny Girvitz

ADVERTISING
Willis Johnson

Cover Photography: RVJ Studios
Table of Contents Photography: Jim Stomple

Classic Bear, published February, 1999.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to BEAR, 2215-R Market Street #148, San Francisco, CA 94114.
All rights to letters sent to Classic BEAR will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to Classic BEAR's right to edit and comment editorially. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. All models are over 18 years of age. Proof on file at publication offices. Any similarity between actual persons or places and those represented in the fiction in this magazine, including editorial fictions or accompanying photospreads, is purely coincidental. An individual's appearance, representation or mention in Classic BEAR, including references in conjunction with photospreads or in photo captions, is not to be construed as indicative of that person's sexual orientation, conduct, lifestyle or actual quotations.
For mature audiences only, 18 years of age and older.
Office telephone: 415-552-1506. Classic BEAR is printed in the USA. ©1999 Brush Creek Media, Inc.

Special thanks to Lynn, Luke, Ron, Douglas, Big Bear Brad, Jack Fritscher and the rest of the talented writers, photographers, illustrative artists and everyone else who contributed to this very special issue of Classic BEAR.



Classic **BEAR**[®]
ISSUE NUMBER 4

what's inside

NAKED MEN

- Bob 5
Photos by James O'Rourke
- Vince 20
Photos by RVJ Studios
- Mack 28
Photos by RVJ Studios
- Tom 44
Photos by BullmanX
- Phil 57
Photos by Third Eye Photography

FICTION

- Rub-A-Dub-Dub
Three Bears in a Tub 50
Fiction by Jack Fritscher
Photography by Lynn Ludwig

OTHER STUFF

- The Ultimate Daddy Bear 36
Artist Douglas shares his vision
- Perspective 15
Luke on Daddy Bears
- Bear Clubs 34
The definitive listing
- Scrapbook 38
Photography by Lynn Ludwig

RUB-A-DUB!

3 BEARS IN A TUB!

(A BREATHLESS ONE-SENTENCE ROMANCE!)

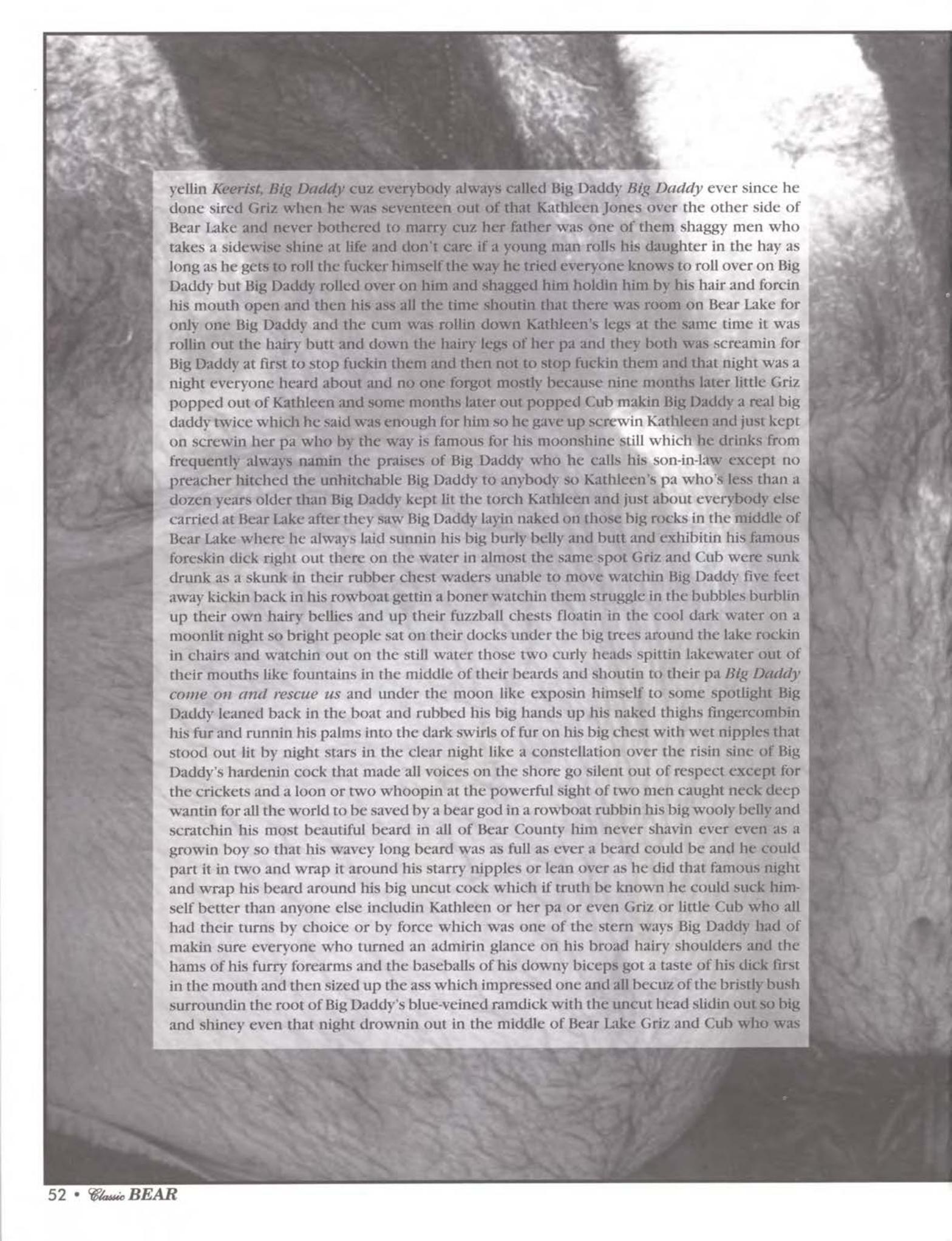
EDITOR'S NOTE:

Classic BEAR likes to push the envelope to entertain *BEAR* readers. So, here's a breathless piece of j/o fiction that maybe refreshes the j/o genre. Hey! Put on your best Good-Old-Boy Southern drawl, start reading—and before you know it, you may get "inter-active" by reading this storyteller's part out loud to your significant other-bear. *BEAR* gives you "Masculinity without the Trappings," so we let this Ol' Bear Storyteller swoop on in and tell you a sexy story—without usual punctuation, and all in one amazing sentence! Get into it! If an ideal blue-collar working bear snuggled up next to you at a campfire, this is his Southern-fried Original Recipe voice whispering in your ear. Enjoy!

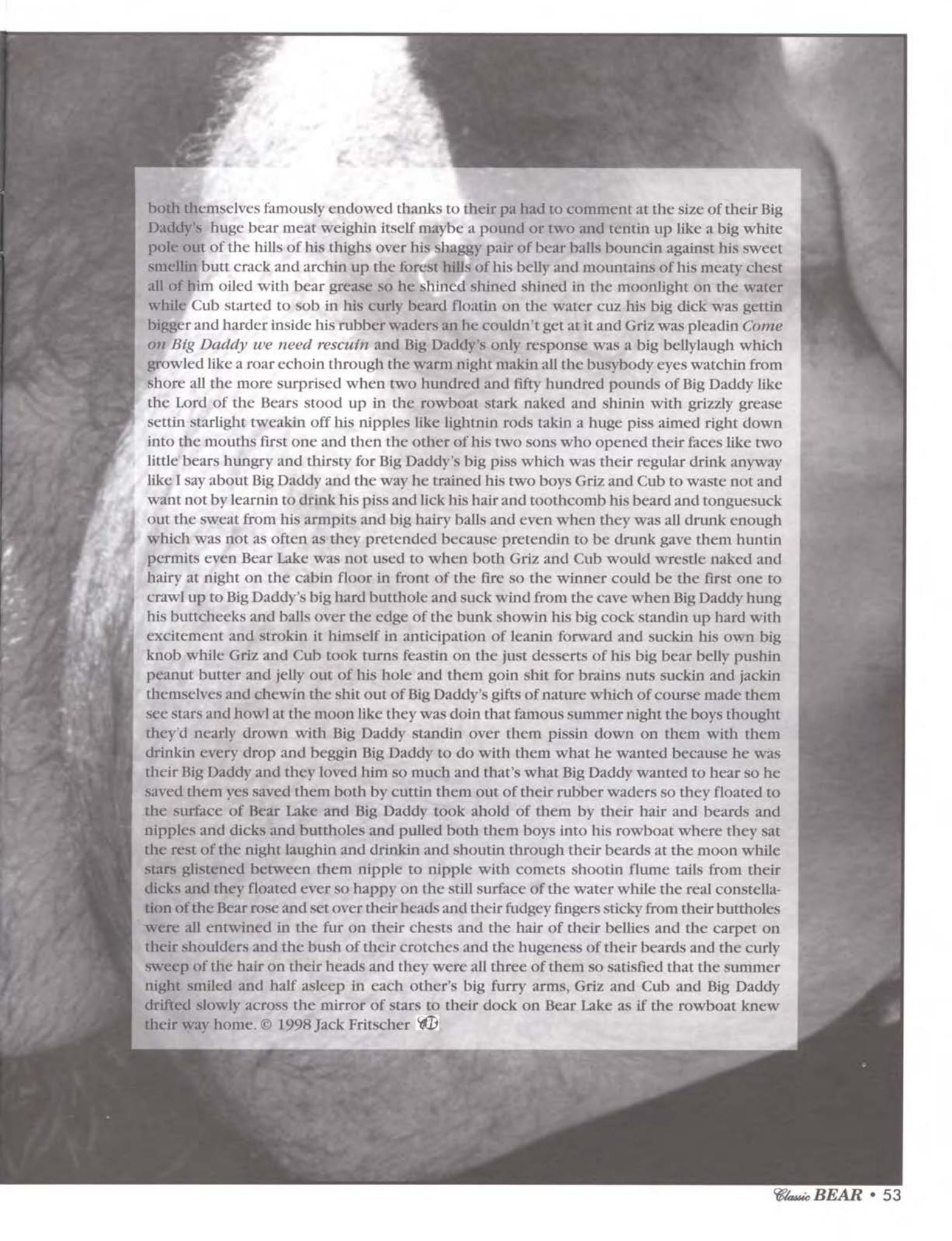
Listen here, boy, there'll be no hibernatin till after I finish tellin you this bedtime story about Big Daddy when he was himself hardly more than a boy and how he turned into a six-foot-five man and what he done to earn that reputation he got that famous summer on Bear Lake when the canoe overturned late around midnight and Big Daddy on his thirty-fifth birthday saw them two young hairy fishermen floppin like bears in the water next to drownin with their rubber boots suckin them down to the clear rock bottom and them able to stand just barely with their chins on the surface of the moonlit water cuz Bear Lake as you know ain't that deep but deep enough that Griz and Cub was standin so chin deep both their beards was floatin around their heads and all of Big Daddy's two hundred and fifty pounds standin spreadlegged on the dock thought even if it was the funniest gutbuster sight he ever saw he better climb on into his rowboat without so much as puttin on a stitch of clothes to cover his hide he was always so proud was so well upholstered that way with a coat of thick fur that grew out of his toes and wrapped up his foot to his ankle and grew up his calves like somethin you could curry with a brush especially near his pair

of big thighs that made his powerful packed legs a sight to see especially if you caught a lordly eyeful of him come strollin butt naked out of the two-hole outhouse he had downwind from his log cabin up on Bear Lake which could happen since Big Daddy always walked around like a big built hairy man is God's gift which I suppose is true with no supposin after all us seein Big Daddy standin lathered up next to his cabin under that shower with the tub of hot rainwater he tied up on the roof where the sun could always shine so he could scrub up his hairy crack he said where the sun never shined except I know different but that's another story about harvestin dingleberries if you fudgin know what they are and I do appreciate Big Daddy's hairy butt cheeks and sweet sweaty hairy crack where there never was one of those little ingrown hairs cuz Big Daddy always rough-buffed his fur with a big ol towel which them two handsome boys Griz and Cub could have used while they was waitin still sinkin in the middle of Bear Lake next to drownin with the little waves lappin around their mouths and their beards and long hair floatin in the water cuz of Big Daddy sittin naked in his wood rowboat in the moonlight lookin down and laughin at the two heads floatin on the water and them

BY JACK FRITSCHER • PHOTOGRAPHY BY LYNN LUDWIG



yellin *Keerist*, *Big Daddy* cuz everybody always called Big Daddy *Big Daddy* ever since he done sired Griz when he was seventeen out of that Kathleen Jones over the other side of Bear Lake and never bothered to marry cuz her father was one of them shaggy men who takes a sidewise shine at life and don't care if a young man rolls his daughter in the hay as long as he gets to roll the fucker himself the way he tried everyone knows to roll over on Big Daddy but Big Daddy rolled over on him and shagged him holdin him by his hair and forcin his mouth open and then his ass all the time shoutin that there was room on Bear Lake for only one Big Daddy and the cum was rollin down Kathleen's legs at the same time it was rollin out the hairy butt and down the hairy legs of her pa and they both was screamin for Big Daddy at first to stop fuckin them and then not to stop fuckin them and that night was a night everyone heard about and no one forgot mostly because nine months later little Griz popped out of Kathleen and some months later out popped Cub makin Big Daddy a real big daddy twice which he said was enough for him so he gave up screwin Kathleen and just kept on screwin her pa who by the way is famous for his moonshine still which he drinks from frequently always namin the praises of Big Daddy who he calls his son-in-law except no preacher hitched the unhitchable Big Daddy to anybody so Kathleen's pa who's less than a dozen years older than Big Daddy kept lit the torch Kathleen and just about everybody else carried at Bear Lake after they saw Big Daddy layin naked on those big rocks in the middle of Bear Lake where he always laid sunnin his big burly belly and butt and exhibitin his famous foreskin dick right out there on the water in almost the same spot Griz and Cub were sunk drunk as a skunk in their rubber chest waders unable to move watchin Big Daddy five feet away kickin back in his rowboat gettin a boner watchin them struggle in the bubbles burblin up their own hairy bellies and up their fuzball chests floatin in the cool dark water on a moonlit night so bright people sat on their docks under the big trees around the lake rockin in chairs and watchin out on the still water those two curly heads spittin lakewater out of their mouths like fountains in the middle of their beards and shoutin to their pa *Big Daddy come on and rescue us* and under the moon like exposin himself to some spotlight Big Daddy leaned back in the boat and rubbed his big hands up his naked thighs fingercombin his fur and runnin his palms into the dark swirls of fur on his big chest with wet nipples that stood out lit by night stars in the clear night like a constellation over the risin sine of Big Daddy's hardenin cock that made all voices on the shore go silent out of respect except for the crickets and a loon or two whoopin at the powerful sight of two men caught neck deep wantin for all the world to be saved by a bear god in a rowboat rubbin his big wooly belly and scratchin his most beautiful beard in all of Bear County him never shavin ever even as a growin boy so that his wavy long beard was as full as ever a beard could be and he could part it in two and wrap it around his starry nipples or lean over as he did that famous night and wrap his beard around his big uncut cock which if truth be known he could suck himself better than anyone else includin Kathleen or her pa or even Griz or little Cub who all had their turns by choice or by force which was one of the stern ways Big Daddy had of makin sure everyone who turned an admirin glance on his broad hairy shoulders and the hams of his furry forearms and the baseballs of his downy biceps got a taste of his dick first in the mouth and then sized up the ass which impressed one and all becuz of the bristly bush surroundin the root of Big Daddy's blue-veined ramdick with the uncut head slidin out so big and shiney even that night drownin out in the middle of Bear Lake Griz and Cub who was



both themselves famously endowed thanks to their pa had to comment at the size of their Big Daddy's huge bear meat weighin itself maybe a pound or two and tentin up like a big white pole out of the hills of his thighs over his shaggy pair of bear balls bouncin against his sweet smellin butt crack and archin up the forest hills of his belly and mountains of his meaty chest all of him oiled with bear grease so he shined shined shined in the moonlight on the water while Cub started to sob in his curly beard floatin on the water cuz his big dick was gettin bigger and harder inside his rubber waders an he couldn't get at it and Griz was pleadin *Come on Big Daddy we need rescuin* and Big Daddy's only response was a big bellylaugh which growled like a roar echoin through the warm night makin all the busybody eyes watchin from shore all the more surprised when two hundred and fifty hundred pounds of Big Daddy like the Lord of the Bears stood up in the rowboat stark naked and shinin with grizzly grease settin starlight tweakin off his nipples like lightnin rods takin a huge piss aimed right down into the mouths first one and then the other of his two sons who opened their faces like two little bears hungry and thirsty for Big Daddy's big piss which was their regular drink anyway like I say about Big Daddy and the way he trained his two boys Griz and Cub to waste not and want not by learnin to drink his piss and lick his hair and toothcomb his beard and tonguesuck out the sweat from his armpits and big hairy balls and even when they was all drunk enough which was not as often as they pretended because pretendin to be drunk gave them huntin permits even Bear Lake was not used to when both Griz and Cub would wrestle naked and hairy at night on the cabin floor in front of the fire so the winner could be the first one to crawl up to Big Daddy's big hard butthole and suck wind from the cave when Big Daddy hung his buttocks and balls over the edge of the bunk showin his big cock standin up hard with excitement and strokin it himself in anticipation of leanin forward and suckin his own big knob while Griz and Cub took turns feastin on the just desserts of his big bear belly pushin peanut butter and jelly out of his hole and them goin shit for brains nuts suckin and jackin themselves and chewin the shit out of Big Daddy's gifts of nature which of course made them see stars and howl at the moon like they was doin that famous summer night the boys thought they'd nearly drown with Big Daddy standin over them pissin down on them with them drinkin every drop and beggin Big Daddy to do with them what he wanted because he was their Big Daddy and they loved him so much and that's what Big Daddy wanted to hear so he saved them yes saved them both by cuttin them out of their rubber waders so they floated to the surface of Bear Lake and Big Daddy took ahold of them by their hair and beards and nipples and dicks and buttholes and pulled both them boys into his rowboat where they sat the rest of the night laughin and drinkin and shoutin through their beards at the moon while stars glistened between them nipple to nipple with comets shootin flume tails from their dicks and they floated ever so happy on the still surface of the water while the real constellation of the Bear rose and set over their heads and their fudgy fingers sticky from their buttholes were all entwined in the fur on their chests and the hair of their bellies and the carpet on their shoulders and the bush of their crotches and the hugeness of their beards and the curly sweep of the hair on their heads and they were all three of them so satisfied that the summer night smiled and half asleep in each other's big furry arms, Griz and Cub and Big Daddy drifted slowly across the mirror of stars to their dock on Bear Lake as if the rowboat knew their way home. © 1998 Jack Fritscher 