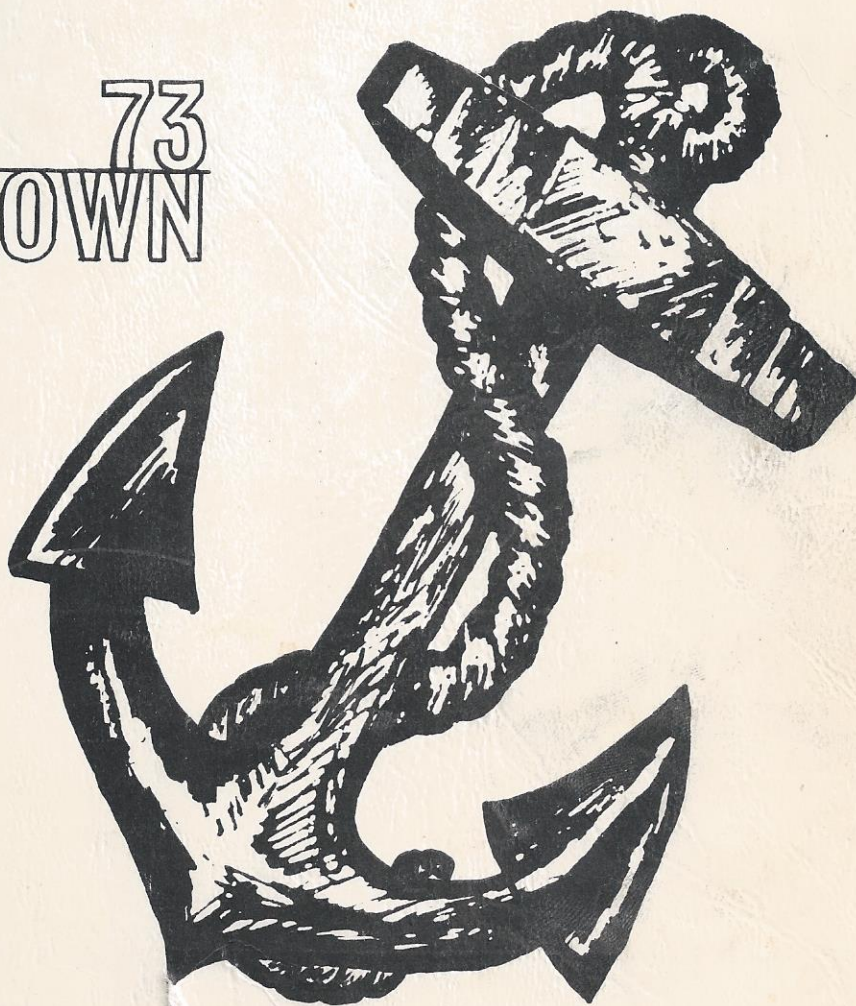


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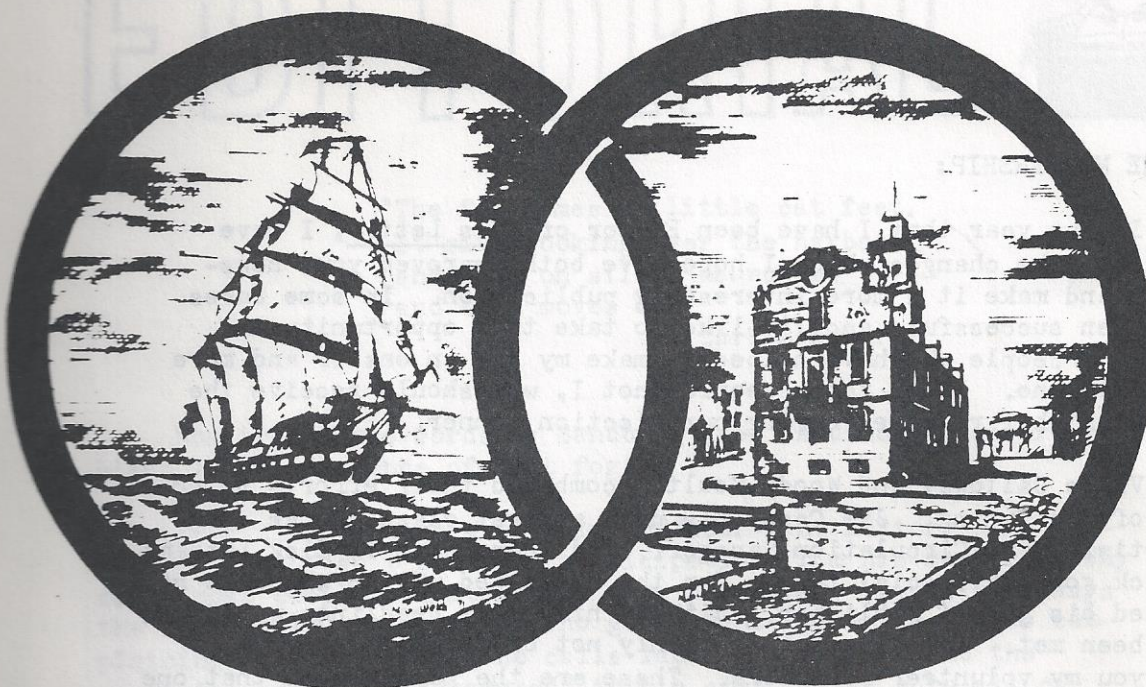
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IVERSARY





## NOUS LETTRE

Vol. III No. I

### STAFF

Editor-----Jack Goodall  
Assistant Editor-----Jim Shaw  
Publisher-----Dick Latham  
Advertising Manager-----Jim Casey  
Circulation Manager-----Bill Juechtner  
Layout Manager-----Jack Goodall

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Captain-----Mike Cain  
Lieutenant-----Fred Lubanski  
Scribe-----Ed Riley  
Business Manager-----Vince Calloway  
Corresponding Secretary-----John Henesy  
Road Captain-----Brad Welles  
Assistant Road Captain-----Joe Kirby

Commencing with our December issue our  
ADVERTISING RATES  
will be:

Full Page-----\$12.50  
Half Page----- 6.25  
Quarter Page----- 3.50

Nous Lettre is the official bi-monthly publication of the Entre Nous of Boston. Its aim is to express the ideas and opinions of our members, associates and friends, both as a group and as individuals; and to provide you, our readers with informative and entertaining reading. We invite comments on articles herein, and welcome any and all constructive criticism and suggestions which might help to improve our newsletter.

All correspondence should be addressed to:  
Editor, Nous Lettre  
c/o Entre Nous  
P. O. Box 2063  
Boston, Massachusetts 02106



TO THE MEMBERSHIP:

In the year that I have been Editor of Nous Lettre, I have tried to make changes which I hope have both improved your news-lettre and make it a more interesting publication. In some cases I've been successful, and I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the people who have helped to make my job an easier and more enjoyable one. It is those people, not I, who should receive the thanks which I received during our election dinner.

Vince Calloway and Woody Moulton combined their efforts to do most of the typing. Jim Casey has done a first class job as Advertising and Circulation Manager. And then there is Dick Latham; to Dick goes my special thanks for the dedicated way in which he has handled his job of Publisher. Without him, many deadlines would not have been met. Finally, but certainly not of least importance, I give you my volunteer reporters. These are the guys who do that one job everyone else is afraid to do--WRITE ARTICLES, the meat (if you will pardon the expression) of every issue. Without Vince Calloway, Jim Dion, Mike Markowski and Tom McKenna we certainly would not have much to read. There were others who contributed, although not nearly as often. To each and everyone I am truly grateful.

During the coming year I hope to be able to work closely with even more of you in a continuing effort to make Nous Lettre one of the best club magazines on the East Coast. Remember, Nous Lettre is YOUR publication, not MINE; and only if we work together as a team will we be able to achieve our goals.

Jack Goodall

Editor





# EDITORIAL



"The fog comes on little cat feet.  
It sits looking over the harbor  
and city on silent haunches,  
and then moves on."

Carl Sandburg

How true these words by Sandburg are. And how often are we blind to the presence of that fog!

From time to time every club officer (and Editor) asks himself why he doesn't get more participation from his members. Why don't more people volunteer for club projects? Why is it always the same nucleus of members who go to runs? Then he starts complaining about something he calls lack of interest, and the excessive amount of "deadwood" in his club. I am sure all of you know what I mean, especially if you are now or ever have been an officer of a club. Many of you have probably found yourselves in this position, I know I have. This lack of enthusiasm has hit us all at one time or another, and in some cases more than once.

Yes, we often find ourselves complaining. But how often do we actually sit down and try to get to the root of the problem? How many of us ever think to ask ourselves what the reasons might be for this cloud of apathy that periodically seems to settle over our clubs? Probably not often enough; for if we were to spend a few minutes to investigate the matter, we might turn up some very interesting facts. For example, we can note with interest and possibly even concern, how often run plans are not only made but executed by only a handful of people. This is but one fact that should make the answer fairly obvious.

As officers each of us is in charge of a different aspect of running our club. We each have our own responsibilities, and in many cases, our own committees. These committees (and newsletter staffs) are formed to carry out the decisions of the club and its officers. It is therefore our duty to use these committees and work with them to insure that those decisions are executed to the satisfaction of both our club members and ourselves. Only in this way can we produce the best possible results for our clubs.

But how often do we as officers, allow ourselves to charge ahead and try to complete the tasks ourselves, leaving our committees behind in the wake of our own enthusiasm, and thus opening the door to apathy. Possibly too often. And the more it happens, the wider the door opens, until soon many of our members feel useless. Phrases like "Why should I suggest anything, they (the "E"-board) always do what they want anyway; they never listen to



anyone else," and "Why should I offer to help, they always do it themselves" become frequent reactions to anyone who tries to stir up interest in club projects--or policies. When things reach this state it becomes very difficult indeed to motivate our members into taking an active part in our clubs' functions. Many times it is too late to do anything more than accept resignations. Is this what we really want? I hope not.

We have now reached a time of year during which many of our clubs will elect new officers and appoint new committees. Some have already done so. As an officer, each should remember that his duty is to guide and advise, not to try to do everything himself, as many of us, including myself, have often tried to do in the past. We must all realize that our clubs are for everyone not just a select few; and that almost everyone enjoys feeling he has done something to make his club successful. In short, it is the duty of every leader to make every effort to inform the membership and to arouse interest in everything in which his club is involved.

By the same token, it is the duty of each and every club member to have enough interest in his club to keep himself informed as much as possible about the decisions which his leaders have made, and to offer his help whenever possible. If a member has an idea which differs from the original, he should both offer and be allowed to present that idea to the membership. Ideas which offer improvement should be accepted, those which do not, rejected--but by the entire group with only recommendations coming from the leadership. A member who has not had his idea accepted should not get discouraged; for the year is long, and your advice may be needed at another time for something equally as important.

There are almost twice as many clubs today as there were three years ago. With this in mind, we must all remember that only with an active interest by all of our members will we escape being stifled by that cloud called apathy--and continue to be successful.

Jack Goodall, Editor



## THE SCRIBE SPEAKS

Dear Brothers:

Thank you for this opportunity to address my fellow members of Entre Nous. I have been honored by being elected your Scribe, although I have been a member of the club for only a year. I will perform this duty to the best of my ability. I will attempt to bring to our club my former experience of office holding in another fraternal organization and put this knowledge to the best use of the club.

During this year I hope to see Entre Nous advance in maturity and membership. I feel that it is time for our club to begin to think of a stronger system of government. This can be accomplished by cooperative action only.

I will call upon the Executive Board to immediately require a Constitutional Committee to reconstruct the By-Laws and Constitution and after proper research and deliberation put their ideas before the membership for an adoption vote.

I further feel that no time should be lost before a committee be formed to explore the possibilities of Corporation as a Non-Profit Charitable Organization with a home of our own for meetings and parties.

Perhaps you may feel that these are lofty ideas and I agree they are, however we must have a goal; We must then explore the road to this goal. If we do not, we will never know if it can be reached.

I hope I have not exceeded my authority as Scribe. I was asked by the Editor of our excellent publication to give my views and I have done so.

Fraternally,  
Ed. Riley  
Scribe, Entre Nous.



# ENTRE NOUS BLOOD DONOR PROGRAM

Hey, you! Did you ever want to help a fellow club member or a friend? Well, now is the time. ENTRE NOUS has begun a Blood Program. Of course, it is small right now, but, with your help, it can grow into a program that can benefit a lot of people.

So, we are asking for initial donations. Everyone, who is capable, can give.

If you live in Boston, the place to go is:

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Boston, Mass

Make your donation to ENTRE NOUS.

Then, if you live out of town or state, go to your nearest Red Cross Donor Station, but be sure that you list the organization as ENTRE NOUS, P.O. Box 2063, Boston, Mass. All donations will be forwarded to the Boston Chapter of the American Red Cross.

So, go ahead, help yourself, help a friend. Donate.

For more information Contact:

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c/o Entre Nous  
P.O. Box 2063  
Boston, Mass  
617-731-9359



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Double	30.00	40.00
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We are looking forward to greeting our regulars and making new friends.

Sincerely:

James Mitchell  
John Dougan  
Louise Eastman

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From New York: Connecticut Turnpike to Interstate 91 N, to  
Interstate 89 Exits 12 and 12A are just one mile away  
From Worcester and R.I. Interstate 495 N, to U.S. Rt.3  
N, to Interstate 93 N, to Interstate 89 N, to Interstate N.H, Exit 12  
From Montreal Rt. 10 (Eastern Auto Route) to Rt. 21 South to Rt. 7  
South to U.S. Interstate 89 to N.H, exit 12A.



# Business

## Manager's Report



In the past Business Manager's Reports I have been concerned with club finance and business, and more resently with financial information and advice to the individual club member. Let me now deal with the most priceless item of all to you. Your sense of your own worth.

Some years ago a friend said to me "Vince, if you get let down, it will be because you believe in people more than they believe in themselves." Perhaps he was right. Perhaps it is not wise to believe so strongly in people. My real concern, however, is not that we believe too strongly in others, but that we do not believe strongly enough in ourselves.

Frankly, I've struggled with self-confidence most of my life. That could be the reason I so strongly encourage other people to develop more confidence in themselves. Here are some suggestions I frequently make and I try to follow myself:

1. Think more of yourself. Believe that you are a valuable person. As your respect for yourself grows, so will your respect for other people. If, by impulse, you view people suspiciously, that indicates your dissatisfaction with yourself. Your attitude toward others is a good reflection of how you view yourself.
2. Choose realistic goals for your life, goals that you can achieve. I have already told you to respect yourself, but don't overdo it. Some people exalt themselves and their abilities to the point that their goals are more dream than real. Accomplishing goals, no matter how small, will make you feel worthwhile, and confident.
3. Count what you do successfully; don't moan over failures. Learn from shortcomings, but shift your thoughts from them as soon as possible. You can not overlook failures for they can be effective teachers, but do not allow them to become haunting witches.
4. Associate with people who are successful and self-confident. Do not do this in a snobbish way in an effort to claim "status" friends, but in such a way that their positive attitudes can rub off on you. Negative people can be a threat to you because they often will try to bring you down to their own low level.

Through these few suggestions, I hope not to turn you into a blatant egotist, but to increase your sense of your own worth. When you are worth more to yourself, you will be worth more to others.

Vince C.



# ROAD CAPTAIN'S REMARKS

A new year is coming, club wise, with a large portion of our 'E' Board being new. This probably will be awkward at first, but I anticipate that the new 'E' Board will effectively take over the reins and move forward to complete a very successful 1973 season.

As most everyone knows a club is only as successful as the members wish it to be. The 'E' Board can only formulate the policy and methods by which things are done, and to the best of their ability do what is right. It is expected that when the need arises that the members will stand with the 'E' Board and get all the things done that must be done. There is a lot of work to do and if everyone helps a little then the burden is not so great on just a few.

We will be doing a lot of traveling by different methods of transportation. I hope that we can agree that sometimes it is necessary to go the cheapest route possible to allow every member who wishes to go to do so. I realize that in the past a few could not participate on runs because of the dollar value, so let's also consider them.

In the past few months our traveling has begun to tax the treasury. So, I'm asking that when we are traveling, for the next few events, that we pay the transportation fees on a break even point so that we do not have to burden the treasury. We have some events of our own coming up and they cost money, so we must consider our Business Manager and the tremendous job he has to do regulating the income and flow of cash. This sometimes is not easy.

Looking at the past six months suggests that we have done very well indeed. Club stability is at an all time high; ie, enthusiasm and willingness to go and do things together. Our track record must also be noted; that in seven runs we have placed "first" four times, "second" two times and brought a long distance trophy home from Atlanta. Not bad. Right? So on these closing thoughts, I would at this time, like to extend my thanks to the entire club and I am looking forward to being with, and working with, each of you in the coming year.

BRAD WELLES  
ENTRE NOUS  
ROAD CAPTAIN



# To 2nd City

2nd City's "WILD RUN" ended on Sunday. Of course, this found Entre Nous a long way from home. However, the run compensated for the distance, and Entre Nous went happily on their way back to Boston, except for Fred and me, who decided to vacation in 2nd City country, Chicago.

Our hosts, Don and Don, were fantastic. They put us up for the week, fed us and took us out to their favorite nite spots. It must be noted here that Don M. is a superb cook, serving dishes like Beef in Bourbon and pork chops in tomato and lime sauce. The dinners were out-of-sight, so at this time we would like to extend our thanks to these two guys for a great week.

Frank T., 2nd City's Captain, and Richard had us over for dinner. Let me tell you, the dinner was super, from the wine right down to the last bread crumb. What I want to know is, where did Chicago get all these great cooks?

The Gold Coast proved to be our favorite place to hang out. With Les in "The Pit", we never had a dull moment. Les, we thank you for the time and booze that you provided. We cannot forget Larry, who worked the upstairs, as he provided conversation, company and unending drinks. Again, thanks Larry.

The highlight of our week came on Thursday, 2nd City's club night at the Gold Coast. Both, Freddy and I, were surprised when this group of guys presented us with their "FRIEND OF 2nd CITY" patch. 2nd City, we are proud and honored to wear your patch. It was a nice surprise.

2nd City, what can we say? We had a super fine week and we thank each and everyone of you guys for everything you did for us in Chicago.

Here is hoping to see you all soon.

Brad W. and  
Fred L.



FROM OUR CORRESPONDING SECRETARY . . . .

Dear Friends:

As a new Officer, I would like to say Thank You to the membership of ENTIRE NOUS for placing their confidence in me. I will certainly do my utmost to show that this confidence was not misplaced.

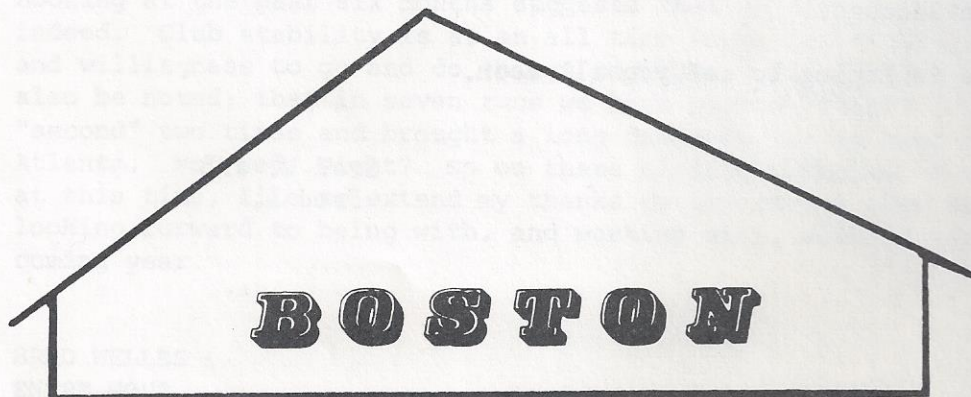


As a new Officer, and a fairly new member, the warmth and friendship shown between members never ceases to amaze me. As many of you know, I have been on the local 'bar scene' for more years than I care to discuss. During this time, I have met a lot of people and made a lot of friends, but nowhere in that scene have I seen love and feeling for fellow human beings so well and simply manifested.

I won't say that I'm looking at the world through rosecolored glasses, but within our own club we are close to 50 members, and with the Titans and the Vikings right here in our own city, the circle goes beyond that. When you include our brother clubs beyond Boston, that encompasses a lot of people. In a group of this size not everyone is totally enamoured with everyone else; but may I humbly suggest that instead of dishing, downing and bad-mouthing those we're not so crazy about, might it not be easier to say nothing at all? We are a minority within a minority; let's at least try to be kind to ourselves. Again, thank you.

Respectfully,  
John Henesy, Corresponding Secretary

# THE SHED BAR



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ELECTION DINNER  
or  
Congratulations and Thanks

When I was first asked to write this article, I gave serious consideration to entitling it "Sorrows and Regrets", but upon further deliberation, I settled for the above.

For Bill J., Jason S. and myself, election dinner started off with a real bang--and not the kind to which we are usually accustomed. Because of an unexpected car accident we arrived late at The Three B's Restaurant, where we found that most of the voting had already taken place. When, indeed, the final tally had been made, we found that we had pretty much the same cast of characters playing the major roles, with some new supporting actors. In order of appearance, I give you our 1973-1974 Executive Committee:

Captain-----	Mike Cain
Lieutenant-----	Fred Lubanski
Scribe-----	Ed Riley
Business Manager-----	Vince Calloway
Corresponding Secretary-----	John Henesy
Road Captain-----	Brad Welles
Assistant Road Captain-----	Joe Kirby

It is with great respect that I congratulate the winners, and at the same time, thank those who served us so well throughout the past year.

Following the elections we enjoyed cocktails and hors d'ourves before being treated to the main course--a gourmet's Italian dinner complete with wine, and served by three of the management's friendliest waitresses. The tables were decorated with floral arrangements prepared by our associate, Bill Santos. Many thanks go to those who gave so generously of their time and services.

After dinner, many of us were honored by our Captain, Mike Cain, who kept with tradition by awarding trophies of appreciation, (as mine read), "For Honest Effort". Following Mike's awards, "Big Ethel"(Joe S.) and Ken B. of the Vikings asked for the floor, and proceeded to present our club with a special award from Eddie M. of the "1270".

The evenings entertainment was provided by our own Eddie I., and Bill J. at the keyboard, with Jason S. chiming in with his golden voice.

In conclusion, I would just like to say that as in any election, we have winners and we have losers. To the winners, I give my congratulations; to the losers--we just have to try harder. Let's all pitch in to make 1974 even greater than 1973. That's going to be pretty rough; but with honest effort and respect for our fellow members, I'm sure we will reach our goals.

Congratulations and thanks again.

Tony M.



# PERSONALITY

## SPOTLIGHT

### JERRY CONLEY

Jerry Conley was born on July 18th in Norwood, Mass. He attended Norwood public schools, after which he enrolled in Northeastern University, where he studied engineering.

Upon graduating from Northeastern, Jerry signed up with Uncle Sam's Navy. He served two and one half years with the Seabees in Puerto Rico before receiving a medical discharge.

Following completion of his military obligation, Jerry gained employment as a technical illustrator with a local engineering firm. He has also worked as a bartender at Bob White's 1270.

Jerry joined Entre Nous on June 20th of this year, and although his work schedule has prevented his attending many runs, his culinary expertise has seen the club through many functions.

His hobbies are boating, swimming and golf; and his favorite drink is Scotch.

\*\*\*\*\*

### JOHN HENESY

John Henesy was born in Waltham, Mass. on August 20th under the sign of Leo. He attended Waltham schools after which he enrolled in Boston College, where he received his A.B. in English.

Upon graduating from B. C., John joined the U. S. Army. After going through basic training at Fort Dix, N. J., (How appropriate!) he served two years as an M.P. in New York City.

John moved to Boston in 1961, and in 1967, after having worked for six years as an assistant buyer for Jordan Marsh Co., he was hired as an air freight reservationist for Delta Airlines, with whom he is still employed.

John joined Entre Nous on June 20th, 1973, and has attended numerous runs with the club to date. At our recent elections, he was elected to the office of Corresponding Secretary for the coming year.

He lists his hobby as "HORSE". (Your guess is as good as mine.) His favorite drink is Scotch.



## BRAD WELLES

Brad Welles was born on August 18th in Houston, Texas. He attended high school at Midland, Texas, after which he joined the U. S. Navy.

Following four years as a hospital corpsman with the Navy in San Diego, Brad enrolled in Los Angeles Harbor College in Wilmington, California, where he studied psychology for two years.

Upon completion of his studies in California, Brad moved to Boston, and is currently in charge of purchasing for a Cambridge based architectural firm.

He lists his hobbies as bowling, growing plants (He is the Entre Nous answer to Channel 2's Thalassa Crusoe!), Photography and travel.

Brad joined Entre Nous on June 20th, and has attended eight runs with the club to date. He was recently elected to the office of Road Captain after having been a member for only three months.

His favorite drink is a "Whip & Chill."

\*\*\*\*\*  
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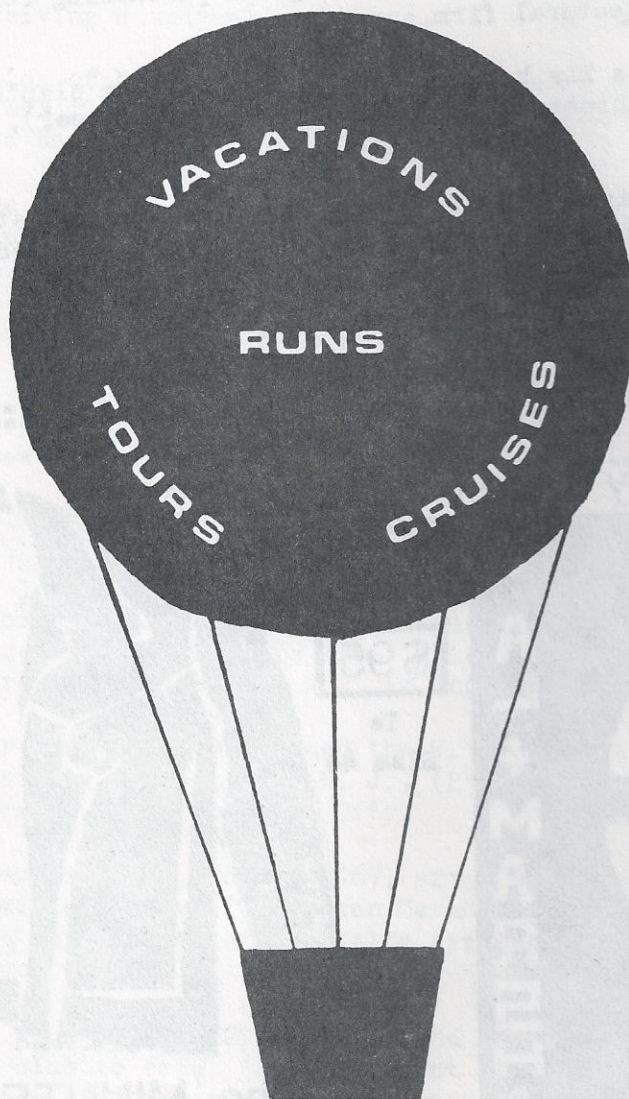


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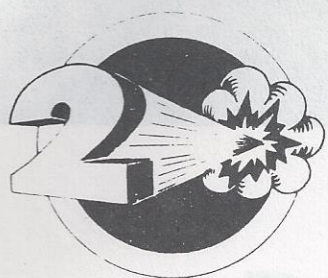
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# WILD

# '73 RUN

By Jack Goodall

Right from the start, we knew it would be one of those weekends. After having our "Agony Airlines" flight delayed by a half hour, we learned that Brad W. "couldn't fit it all in, and had to wrap it in brown paper and carry it with him." Then Dave B. misplaced his bottle of "medicine." And when told that the flight would be delayed a second time because of the late arrival of equipment, we were sure they meant balsa wood and spare rubber bands.

At 5:50 P.M., our twelve man contingent was allowed to board flight 548, taking with us our 2 1/2 foot whistle, two 1/2 gallon bottles of Vodka, and one "it",

which by now had been well-secured in brown paper. After a third delay, our pilot was granted lift-off rights and we were finally airborne for Detroit.

Our flight had to be the best ever. Of course, I have a feeling that that opinion may not have been shared by our fellow passengers!!!

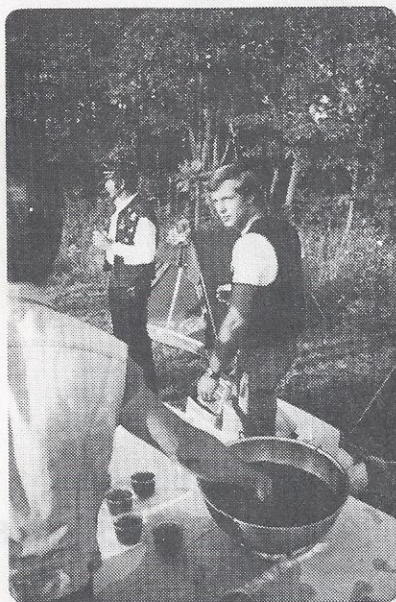
Arriving in Detroit about one and one half hours behind schedule, we immediately checked into National Car Rental, where two cars were being held in reserve. **DISASTER STRIKES!** Tony M. found a trick at the airport and suggested that we stay overnight in Detroit and go on to Saugatuck the next morning. This motion was promptly vetoed by a vote of 11 to 1 and I finally headed us across the beautiful state of Michigan--an area noted according to AAA for its "gently rolling farmlands and production of fruits", **INDEED!** Except for a most interesting refueling stop and a few wild hair-pin turns by our own Brad "Parnelli" Welles, who had by now taken over the wheel, the trip was fairly uneventful. We finally arrived in Saugatuck at 12:30 A.M.

Our safe arrival was due only to an act of God, I'm sure;

and not to the driving habits or navigational abilities of those involved!

Following an orderly registration, we joined the rest of the run participants for a few drinks at a local bar. Here, we remained, enjoying the local "scenery" until 2 A.M., when we returned to the campsite where a campfire and beer were waiting. After a short while, barbequed chicken was served, and then we were off in many directions to whatever or whomever seemed satisfying.

Saturday morning found us all gathered around the barbeque pit for breakfast.





Many of our number enjoyed the delicious meal prepared for us by J. J. and friends; but some of us weren't so lucky having partaken too liberally of the previous night's activities.

Following b'fast, we gathered for the bike events. A barrell roll, a bike race while drinking beer, buddy-rider events and others, took up most of the morning and provided plenty of action for all. And here's something that might be of interest--15 Entre Nous members as buddy riders in one event. That has to be some kind of a record! Next came the people events and each of these provided us with many laughs.

Following the people games, a brunch was served and then everyone evacuated the run site for the beach. All, that is, except for a few of

our number who were detained by that great Chicago hospitality. (I won't say anything here, Jerry, if you won't.) By 6 P.M., most of the crowd had returned from the beach party and were anxiously awaiting the results of the scavenger hunt. The winner: J. J. by a pair of shorts! Some of the items on the list were MOST interesting, weren't they, Andy? Now it was on to the Wheels cocktail party--a devastating presentation to say the least! Bruce, Dennis & John had best watch themselves the



next time they attend an Entre Nous function.

Suddenly, it was chow time and we all adjourned to the barbecue pit, where we were served a delicious meal of barbecued ribs, corn on the cob, baked potatoes and a heaping helpin' of tossed salad--a meal which was indeed befitting this type of "wild" run.

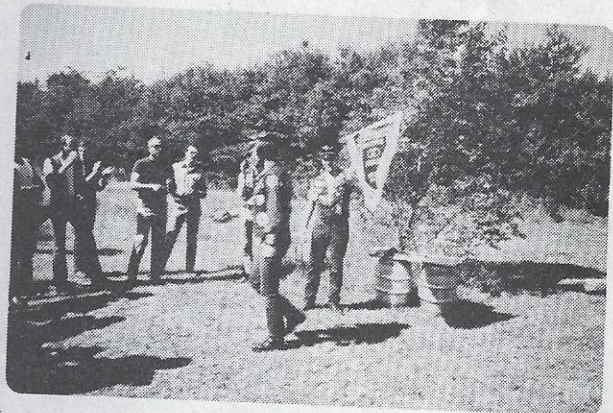
Saturday evening took many of us back in town to the bar for a few drinks before returning to the runsite for our final campfire. The evening was quite eventful for many, especially if you happened to be invited to that infamous yellow van parked by the barbecue pit!

After a Sunday morning breakfast of hot cakes, it was awards time. The first item on the agenda was the presentation of the Entre Nous & Wheels M.C. banners to our host club. Our own Dave B. & Jim D. won a pair of handcuffs for the people events, and yours truly won a whip "for rounding up all of Entre Nous." Thanks guys! The Tribe won Best Participation for a club arriving on bikes, and Entre Nous won Best Participation for a non-bike club.

Group pictures of the entire run company followed, and it was here that we were missing Jerry C. When we went back to the cottage to pack the car, who should we find but Jerry, sound asleep.

The car packed, we said our good-byes and were on our way. The return trip proved to be quite eventful for some, as "Leadfoot" Dion AND the Mich. State Police can both verify. Off to Boston and home.

Looking back, I think I can honestly say that "a great time was had by all." The food, the run site and especially our hosts were all the best, and even Ma Nature behaved herself! So, in conclusion, I'd just like to say for my buddies and myself .....





THANK YOU 2<sup>nd</sup> CITY

FOR

WILD RUN '73

FROM



entre nous



# Rodeo Roundup

August 31, 1973

By Roy V. and Ed R.

Dear Entre Nous Diary:

Upon arriving in Toronto at 3:00 P.M., after a long ride from Utica, N. Y., we pulled up to the Parkside Tavern for a "cool one" and ran into a group of "Cycles". After gaffing with them for a few minutes the place brightened with the arrival of Lee S., Wheels, N. Y. Soon we received our lodging, and directions thereto. We left for the suburbs, and upon arriving at our destination were warmly greeted by our hosts, Jack Gordie, and Bill of Spearhead. Our accommodations were fabulous on the sixteenth floor overlooking the city. Refreshments were served, we were given keys to our weekend home and made free to come and go. (Mike C. must have warned them of 10:00 o'clock Charlie.) Registration took place at 9:00 P.M. at Charlie-O's, where we received our passports to what turned out to be one hell of a good trip. We then received a word of disappointment from the airport when we heard that Fred L. and Art H. would not be arriving. Because of the nocturnal habits of 10:00 o'clock Charlie (alias Roy V.), we did not go to the Saudi-Arabian after hours tent party.

September 1, 1973

Dear Entre Nous Diary:

Saturday started with brunch. We showed our passports, (they were stamped "France"), and after a few traditional Bloody Marys we enjoyed a delicious Champaign (it never stopped flowing) Brunch, served on fine china, crystal, silver and linen. At this time we were welcomed and then introduced to the Mr. Round-Up contestants. The Poker Run followed with stops at Charlie-O's and the Parkside Tavern. Continuing the stops, we arrived at Little John's Basement, a room full of nostalgia of past Spearhead runs, including even Cottage T-shirts. We were allowed to autograph the wall for Entre Nous. Then off to Bob Who's? For the final stop, we arrived in a beautiful neighborhood and were hosted to much beer and food in a garden party setting. We noticed quite a few "For Sale" signs had gone up in the neighborhood between the time we arrived and left.

Before dinner, a cocktail party was hosted by the Iron Cross of Montreal. Our passports were stamped "Russia" and the music and dinner were in an appropriate atmosphere. Excellent entertainment followed by La Group Grotesque. Again because of the nocturnal habits of 10:00 o'clock Charlie, we did not go to the After Hours Party at the home of Alan McD.

(cont.)



September 2, 1973  
Dear Entre Nous Diary:

On Sunday our hosts fixed a hearty breakfast, and then we were off to board the bus for a forty-five minute fun-filled drive to the Farm where our passports were stamped "Canada". We participated in the games and did well in a few. (Sorry, Mike C.--no trophy). We enjoyed cocktails served by "The Selectmen", a new Detroit Club, and by M.C. Kemo of Montreal. We noticed the bus drivers had chosen this day for "coming out" and were causing a great deal of interest. Following a hearty Chuck Wagon Cookout which was prepared and served by Spearhead members, we boarded the bus for the return trip. Again we missed the after hours party because 10:00 o'clock Charlie had struck again. This was perhaps the most enjoyable day of a most enjoyable Run.

September 3, 1973  
Dear Entre Nous Diary:

We said good-bye to our hosts Jack, Gordie and Bill, as we had a long drive back to Boston. We felt sorrow for leaving these new friends and for leaving the hospitality of Spearhead and Toronto. We knew we had attended a great Run.

September 4, 1973  
Dear Entre Nous Diary:

Routine as usual.

September 5, 1973  
Dear Entre Nous Diary:

Thanks to our Spearhead hosts, we were informed by telephone of Monday's events. Skip M. of Spearhead was elected Mr. Round-Up '73. Runner-up was Joe M. of N.Y.C. Best Club Representation was awarded to Iron Cross, and Best Participation went to M.C. KEMO, both of Montreal. Spearhead was presented the Club Banner of the Northern Lights, and the weekends festivities were concluded with a Beer Bash.

September 6, 1973  
Dear Entre Nous Diary:

We are still thinking of Spearhead and our new brothers, and want to take this opportunity to again thank them for making a couple of guys from Entre Nous feel at home in a new place. Maybe, just maybe, this feeling of brotherhood and love between two clubs will spread our cause. See you all at Spearhead Round-Up '74. Peace!



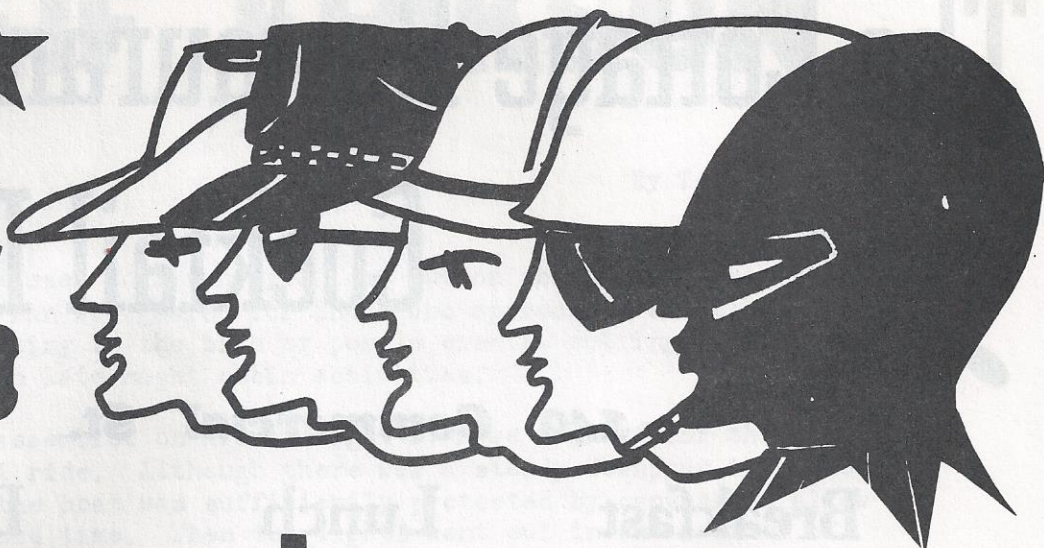
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# LEIF ERIKSON

By Tom McKenna

If you missed this run, you lost out on one of this year's top events. The run was geared for those who appreciate a lot of action, whether competing in the bike or people events, putting on a show, or engaging in late night cabin activities.

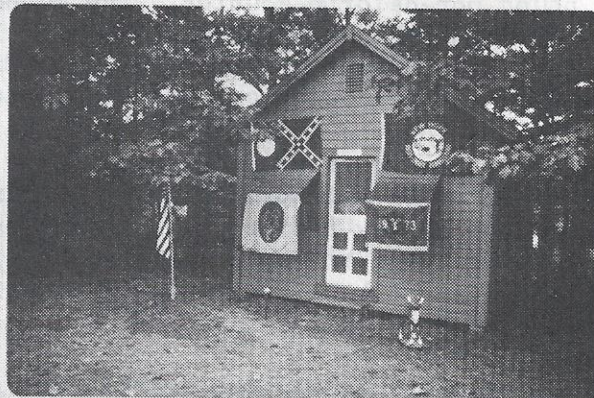
We all assembled on Friday night at Rowe's Wharf for the traditional boat ride. Although there was a steady downpour throughout the voyage, the boat was sufficiently protected by canvass to allow everyone a good time. When the lights went out in one section of the vessel, many stopped their socializing to attend to less strenuous tasks. Considering the long distances which many had travelled by bikes, cars and plane, one could hardly blame them in their attempts at tension relief. After the boat ride a Midnight Brunch was served at the Shed Bar in Boston--the place was never more crowded.



Saturday morning a motorcade was formed in front of the Shed, and we all took off to the main run site on the Massachusetts - New Hampshire border. It must be remarked that given the traffic situation that morning, Dean Mitchell of the Thunderbolts M.C. did an admirable job of Road Captaining and keeping everyone together once we got out of the heavy Boston traffic tangle.

The site was one of the best outdoor facilities seen in a long time. The main assembly area near the dining hall was situated on a field large enough for a regulation Football game. This was surrounded on three sides by cabins and tenting areas, all in a very dense pine grove. Since it was very hot during the day, the woods kept down the heat for those who wished to relax in their sleeping areas. Most of us eventually took advantage of the lake to cool off--both during the day and in the evening.

Half the bike and people events were held on Saturday afternoon with enough variety to entice just about everyone into participating. For the others there was a volleyball game, badminton, basketball court and just plain socializing near the Beer Keg. Saturday evening





we were all treated to a show which was staged by about seven clubs from throughout the East Coast. Some of the acts were excellent while others fell a little flat. The show ran a little too long but this was more due to the general fatigue of the audience after a busy day. Of course this didn't prevent people from having a ball at the unscheduled activities in the fun and games cabin during the wee hours of the morning!



Sunday was filled with more events including the treasure hunt, bike obstacle course, archery and other ingenious contests. Three events especially stood out considering the crowds they drew. The tug-of-war was a good example of a less mighty foe vanquishing a mite-less one. The under dog team was half way on its way to obvious defeat when sheer determination took hold and they pulled the heavier brutes all the way over the mark for the win. The boating activities were very intriguing with people blindfolded and then racing out to retrieve a ball with their 'master' giving directions constantly. Then try rowing in opposite directions, switching directions for the run off. Most of the participants were quite dizzy when they finished--in some cases not an unusual situation. The

wrestling matches were most entertaining, especially considering the staged 'crap' one sees on the tube Saturday mornings. All the wrestlers were greased up first then the fun began. The final match pit a 120 pound sinewy type against a 185 pound non-calorie counter. The match ended in exhaustion as a draw. Oh! let's not forget the final bout was held Greek style to encourage more audience interest.

As for the food, throughout the run it was all above par for an out door run--a Leif Erikson trademark. The evening meal on Sunday featured the traditional lobster feast and once again was a splendid sight to behold as well as consume. No more need be said.

Monday morning the awards were given out with the Tribe of Detroit taking first place participation--our own club took second. Soon it was time to depart and





A black and white photograph showing the lower half of a person standing in a grassy field. The person is wearing dark-colored swim trunks. To their right, a patterned picnic blanket is laid out on the grass. The background consists of a line of trees under a bright sky.

# JUMBLES

							
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(Answers are elsewhere in this issue.)



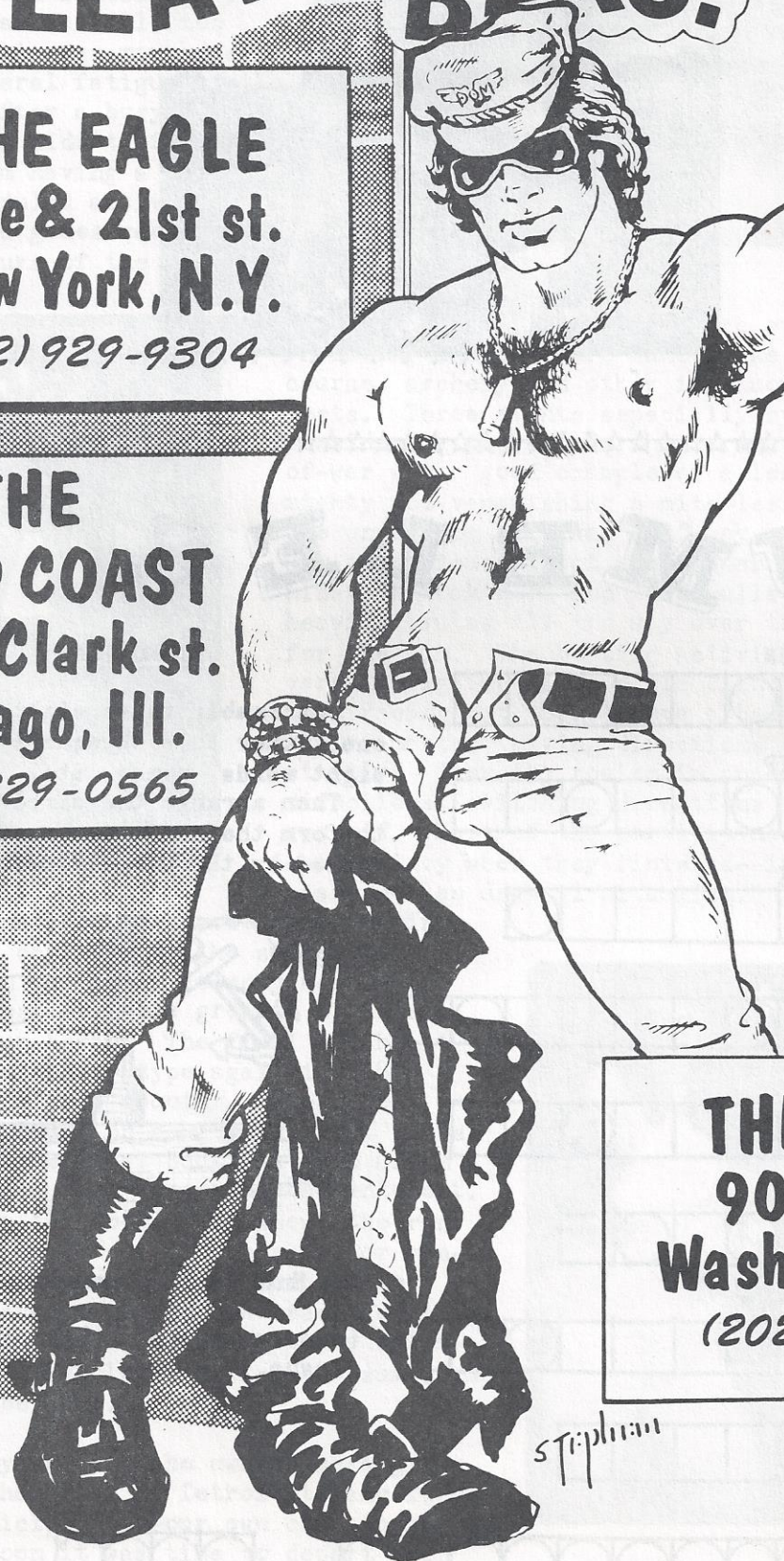
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# Dishes Not On the Menu



Having read the "Runs and Events" column in the last issue of The Bolt, we suggest that the Editor of that magazine check with his Road Captain (or Rend McNally) as to the exact location of Provincetown. (It's in Massachusetts, Gary--not Rhode Island!)

Upon witnessing the show at "Leif Erikson" we were disturbed to note that President Nixon is not the only one who seems to have tapes that won't play.

After our recent club meeting, we might suggest that a "Hot Line" be installed between "1270" and Boston's South End.

What really happened at Bass River? Everyone has been so quiet since they returned something news-worthy must have happened; but, WHAT?!

It was interesting to note that upon leaving a well-known Pembroke Street address after a brief 4 A.M. visit on September 22nd, the local constabulary were surprised to find that their Police wagon had been stolen. We might suggest that in the future they follow their own advice and take their keys with them, rather than leave them in the wagon with the motor running!

Overheard at 1270--Bartender (to Mike C.): "Dan just came up to me and asked for a "P'town" flyer; and I thought it was a drink! I asked him if he'd settle for a Cape Codder instead." Honestly, Alan!

HAGAR  
THE  
HORRIBLE





# An "Out of this World Run"

(BASS RIVER 1973)

Ten Entre Nous departed "1270" for the five-plus hour car trek to the Cycle M. C. run site in New Jersey. Vince C. insisted on stopping at Ho Jo's in Danbury despite acknowledging that the food was something about which you could always complain. After more than an hour's wait for a hamburger, Vince had no complaint about the food--he never was served.

Our three cars arrived at about 1:30 A. M. at the state park, after a bewildering journey through the New Jersey back roads. We found D.D. thoughtfully awaiting our arrival with beer and hot dogs in great supply. The Street Carnival we missed must have been exhausting, for we quickly learned the unfortunate fact that "everyone was in bed."

All members of Entre Nous were assigned to one cabin, Number 4. The sleeping arrangements called for two to a bunk--really now, 400 miles to sleep with someone from Boston! Wayne J. Quickly made it clear that his upper bunk was not for sharing except with everyone from afar, elsewhere, and HANDSOME!

Morning dawned on a warm, but slightly overcast, day. Despite a forecast for rain, it never did. In fact, the weather throughout the weekend was the best of any of the summer runs--always just right for any activity. Lou S. Did you really burn black candles for three weeks while chanting "It can't rain"?

Bike events started late and ran later and later due to the many participants. People events were therefore cancelled. The bike and car poker run covered the same route, one which provided a pleasant, but easy sojourn through the countryside. A different feature was that the best hand was the one containing the most letters in CYCLE. BRAD W., our Road Captain, won the Car Driver's trophy for this event.

A cocktail party hosted by the Vanguards, M. C., started the evening events. To enhance the scene the Vanguards erected a large cemetery complete with decaying mansion, tombstones and empty coffin. All glowed wierdly in dark light, but regrettable technical difficulties prevented the performance of "Dark Shadows". Later, however, the cemetery had more than its share of wierd creatures, complete with chains and even a DRUID who waited in the coffin for a trick. (Where were "Whip & Chill" during all this?--Ed.)

Next came the "Miss Tacky America" contest. Such devastating beasts have rarely visited a run site. Included in the entries were three members of Entre Nous: Wayne J, Tom M., and Jim D. Jim certainly deserved honorable (or should it have been horrible) mention, but alas who can be tackier than Miss Pearl of BUCKS (some people never know when to leave), except the three winners dressed entirely in garbage bags from FLLA? Incidentally, Clay, their president won the "Arnold Ziffel Trophy" for this and other performances.



Then followed the CYCLE show, which took place outdoors, with footlights formed by a circle of motor cycles. (Very good idea.) Despite dropouts caused by a recent attack of the "yellow plague"--it felled six Cycles at one time--the entertainment was excellent. Richard K. provided the show stopper with his (her) unique adaptation of the Holiday Inn hostess. And by the way Mike C., it's not only Fred L. who would like to hear more about "doing it on a plane".

At 11:00 P.M. turkey dinner was served. The bird with all the trimmings was prepared by Cycle under the direction of the chef for the weekend, Twirly. Spuds M.C. assisted by passing the potatoes, while others tried to get into Spud meat.

Much like NBC's Channel 4, Entre Nous' Cabin #4 proved "the late night place to be". An unscheduled cocktail party once again did in our guests. Brad W. demonstrated his versatile wrist talent (The possibilities of what one might find if he were to read between these lines are endless. However, since we are in a merciful mood tonight we say simply, "No Comment!"--Ed.) by refilling many glasses between sip and lip. David B. did his usual. Scott T. proved that it's not only the Mounties who always get their man. The Sunday morning quiet proved that cocktails by E. N. really are not "Eye Openers".

The "Individually Prepared Breakfast" meant do it yourself with bacon and eggs. And we did for ourselves until joined by members of the SMCLA, who had been assigned "to use our facilities and share our equipment". Clearly we were outdone in the cooking department as Brien of SMCLA served his members eggs in the hole, complete with mock Hollandaise Sauce prepared in a can. Wherever do you suppose a Lost Angel found that Crisco can?

Awards began promptly at noon. D.D., looking less than best for the previous evening encounter with ALL that Cabin #4's party had to provide, was Master of Ceremonies. Yet, still retaining wit, he reawarded a Cycle banner to the Thunderbolts M.C., winners of the "Tacky with Matches Award of the Year". Quickly followed the First Lady of Atlanta accepting a Cycle banner presented to Atlantis M.C. Fred L. was called forward to receive a "Special Award" presented to Entre Nous "for Participation throughout the Weekend". D.D. accepted for Cycle the solid wood banner of the Omaha Meat Packers with the retort that "like its members, the club banner is hard to pack".

The awards proved what had been obvious throughout the weekend--this, the last outdoor run of the season had been dominated by '73's new faces and newer clubs. Best Biker trophy: Brian K, Bucks M.C.; Best Buddy trophy: Bill S., Atlantis M.C.; Second Place Bike trophy: Dean M., Thunderbolts; Bike Decoration trophy: Clay, FLIA. And with seventeen members present and active in everything, First Place Club Participation went to the Bucks M.C. Congratulations to all our friends in Buck County, and especially to our associate, Skip. Also, congratulations Animal (Bucks M.C.) for your own special award for the Poker Run: "Nine Sixty-nines".



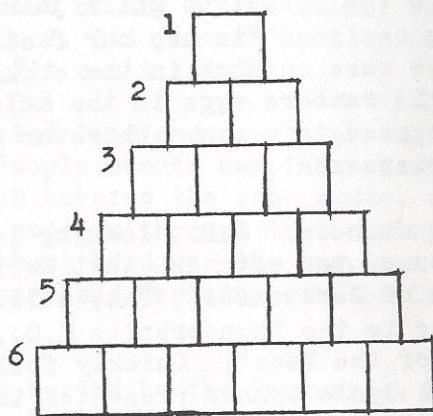
Awards completed, there were the sadder than usual farewells. With the sun shining warmly, it all seemed more reminiscent of the beginning of summer, not the farewell. Good-bye new friends who have become buddies through brotherhood throughout the runs of the '73 summer from "W5" to "1776", to Leif Erikson" with too many in between to mention. Thanks to Cycle M.C. for a great finale.

And then a last warm beer before departing with the hope of seeing our many groovy brothers at the fall and winter in-city runs. But, I, for one as a '73 newcomer, doubt that things will be quite the same; not until we all meet again at the "Great Eastern Run Under the Southern Sun", "Dogwood '74". So, drink again brothers--to buddies, bikes, brothers, lovers for the night and togetherness under the canopy of stars, midst the slosh of mud, as the roar of cycles fills the air.

Dan E.

---

## TWISTAGRAM



**DIRECTIONS**--Start anywhere. Each line of the answer contains all the letters in the line above it, usually rearranged.

### CLUES

1. A good one always obeys orders faithfully.
2. Many leather guys are .....
3. V.M.C. President.
4. In Ancient times, slaves were often tied to this and given twenty lashes.
5. Lovers (syn.)
6. This type dominates.  
After #1, the letters added in order are  
S, A, T, E, R.

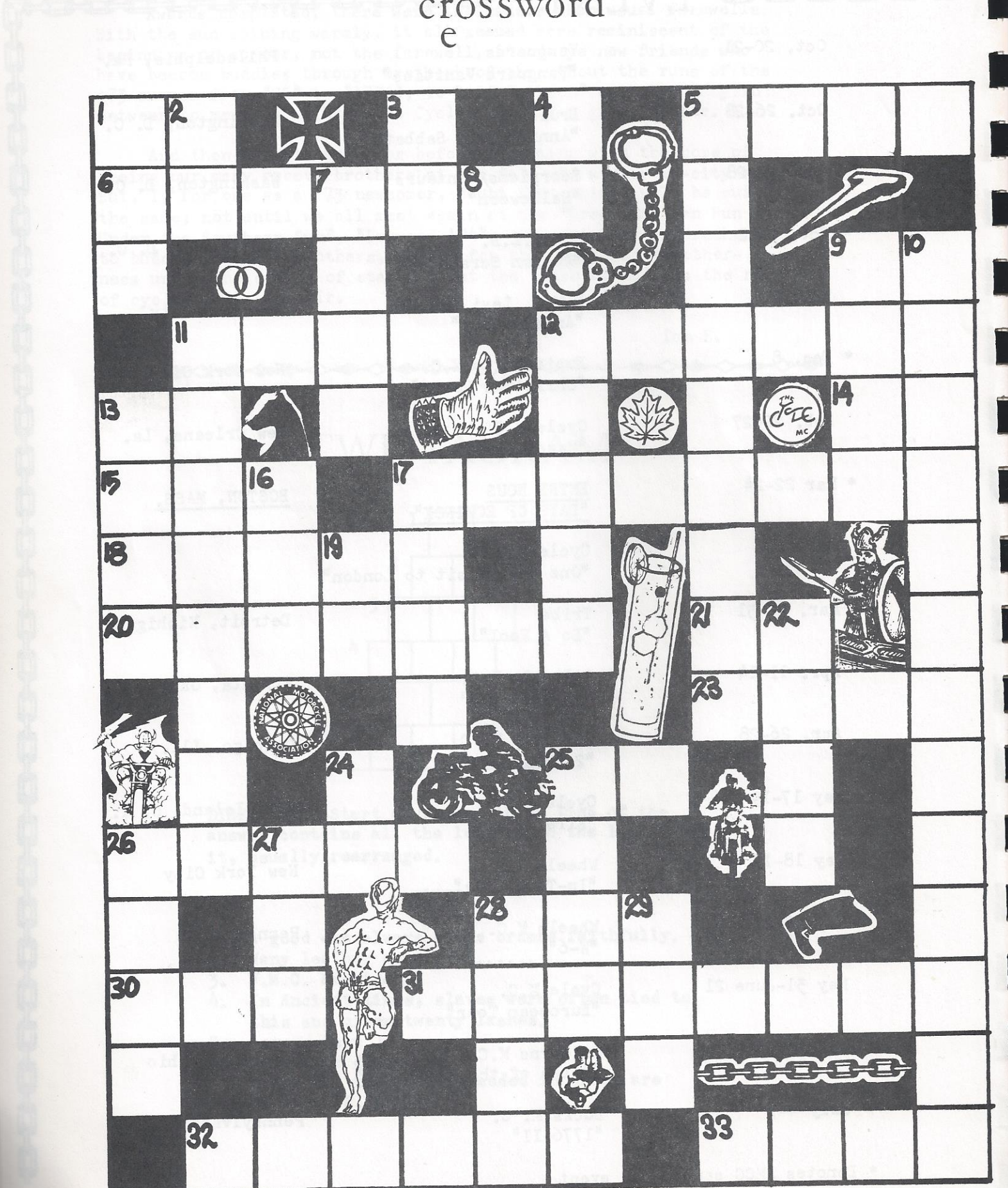


# CHAIN OF EVENTS

Oct. 20-21	Vanguards "Vanguard Vanities"	Philadelphia, Pa.
Oct. 26-28	Druids "Anniversary Sabbath"	Washington, D. C.
Oct. 27-28	Scorpions/Centaurs "Halloween"	Washington, D. C.
* Nov. 9-11	S.M.C.L.A. "Autumn Scrambles"	Washington, D. C.
Nov. 17	N.Y.C. Levi Club "Anniversary"	New York City
* Dec. 8	Empire City M.C. "Christmas Party"	New York City
Feb. 22-27	Cycle M.C. "Mardi Gras"	New Orleans, La.
* Mar 22-24	<u>ENTRE NOUS</u> <u>"DAYS OF EQUINOX"</u>	<u>BOSTON, MASS.</u>
Mar. 24	Cycle M.C. "One Week Visit to London"	
Mar. 29-31	Tribe "Do A Fool"	Detroit, Michigan
* Apr. 11-14	Atlantis M.C. "Dogwood '74"	Atlanta, Ga.
Apr. 26-28	2nd City M. C. "2 Becomes 9"	Chicago, Ill.
May 17-19	Cycle M.C. "Fire Island"	Fire Island, N. Y.
May 18-19	Wheels M.C. "In-Town Show"	New York City
* May 24-27	Wheels M.C. "W-6"	Pennsylvania
May 31-June 21	Cycle M.C. "European Tour"	
June 28-30	Unicorns M.C. "Rites of the Full Moon"	Cleveland, Ohio
* July 4-7	Bucks M. C. "1776-II"	Pennsylvania

\* Denotes AMCC sanctioned event







# CROSSWORD CLUES

## ACROSS

1. Type of sex not unusual to L & L fraternity.
5. You never want to find it in your vaseline.
6. Former Corres. Sec., currently an after hour's bartender.
9. Eternal Leader.
11. The "Benevolent Dictator."
12. Spearhead newsletter.
13. Lost Angels (abbr.)
14. Lubricant.
15. A poor man's whiskey.
17. Some come in gold, some in silver.
18. Every master needs one.
20. Spearhead home.
21. "Longship" editor.
23. "Kitty Kodak" (V.M.C.)
25. Atlantis M.C. president (init.)
26. Fire Island & Bass River are both \_\_\_\_\_ events.
28. Eva is "\_\_\_\_" to Entre Nous members.
30. Brother club to Entre Nous (Boston) (init.)
31. "The Bike Rider's Run."
32. Kebek '72 & '73 hosts.
33. Atlanta bar, home of Atlantis M.C.; also a highly polished black gem.

## DOWN

1. The South's first bike club.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ Kemo.
3. '71 Leif Erikson pin read NO and \_\_\_\_\_.
4. "Ladies Auxillary."
5. Mrs. Graham always puts in an appearance here.
7. All newsletter "chiefs" do it.
8. #3 down, upside down.
9. We'll bet this isn't the only thing the little Dutch Boy stuck his finger in.
10. Entre Nous major run.
11. Business Manager (E.N.)
12. #23 across has many (singular).
13. Final
16. Some are pierced (singular).
17. What floated away at W-5 (singular).
19. Canadian booze.
22. Whips do this.
24. AMCC President.
25. He watches over the Vikings & T'bolts.
26. Fisherman's \_\_\_\_\_.
27. West Coast bike club.
28. Auntie M. was Uncle \_\_\_\_\_.  
(At W-5)
29. Road Captain's visual aid.



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KEN NASON  
MANAGER



# ODDS 'N' ENDS

On Friday, October 12th, Mike Cain was admitted to the New England Deaconess Hospital for major heart surgery. The staff of Nous Lettre wish him all the best for a speedy recovery. Anyone wishing to send cards may do so by mailing them to Mike Cain, New England Deaconess Hospital, 185 Pilgrim Road, Boston, Massachusetts.

Congratulations to the Atlantis M.C., Scorpions M.C., and Vanguards M.C.--all of whom were accepted into the A.M.C.C. at Marathon.

We are all sorry to hear that Bill B. has resigned and wish him the best of luck in whatever path he chooses to follow.

We noted with interest that at the recent Leif Erikson run the Vikings and Thunderbolts chose to give "useful gifts" as awards rather than trophies. We think this was a good idea with one possible exception. In our opinion trophies should still be given for club participation awards.

Don't forget the Druids Anniversary on October 26th to 28th and the Autumn Scrambles (SMCLA) on November 9th to 11th.

The Entre Nous Sunday brunches that were so successful last year will resume on Sunday November 11th at 4 P.M. at Bob White's 1270. Everyone is welcome to join us, so if you're in the neighborhood, please drop in.

## DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE - DECEMBER 15TH

Congratulations to former Entre Nous member Fred N. on his being accepted as a full member of the Bucks M.C. Entre Nous' loss is their gain.

Best wishes are extended to the Stallions, Empire City, Praetorians and Druids. All of whom celebrate anniversaries in the month of October. Also to the N.Y.C. Levi Guys, V.Y.A. and the D. C. Eagle who have anniversaries coming up in November.

Congratulations are extended to new members: Kevin L., Bruce M., Jerry R. and Jim S.; also to new "P" members: Dave S., Steve B. and Dan C.

Birthday Greetings go out to Bill J., Dan H. and Jack R.

We are all happy to see that Carl B. is feeling better after his brief hospitalization last month. We were amazed to see that not only was he out of the hospital, but back behind the bar at the Shed. It must be that hearty Viking blood.



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## ABOUT EUROPE

Yours truly has just completed a European jaunt of over 8,000 miles, and will try to acquaint the club members with some of the pleasures and problems encountered in such a trip.

You start your trip with passport in hand and board a 747 at JFK or Logan. These planes are so huge that you are in a state of ecstasy and awe.

PARIS: Paris cannot be compared to New York or Boston. It is in a class by itself; much safer on the streets at night, pleasant sidewalk cafes, no 42nd Street crowded with prostitutes, no combat zone with the riff-raff and violence. On approaching Orly airport, one notices the hundreds of farms and the red tiled roofs of the houses, one or two modern highways and then the Seine River and "Gay" Paree. In the city, one sees thousands of motorbikes, scooters and cycles with 13 and 14 year old boys--as well as octogenarians--riding like maniacs. Here you take your life in your hands when crossing the streets.

My domicile was on the Champs Elysees near the Arch de Triomphe. Prices for booze, food and etc. were terribly expensive.

The leather bar in Paris is "The Bronx" on Rue St. Anne, with English rock-n-roll on the juke box and a "bed in the rear." In one bar--The festival--one buys a boy for the night like you buy a drink. Sightseeing included the Eiffel Tower, several Arches, the Seine River and the Tuilleries Gardens. Paris is nice, but we'll take Old San Juan any day--eh, David?

In Germany, you notice the super highways (auto bahns), which were totally absent in France. Both French and German youth like tight pants to show off their firm buns and baskets and most wear longish hair. Motor cyclists wear the traditional black leather pants and jackets, what else?

My tour of Germany included Strasbourg, Heidelberg, Cologne and Dusseldorf, basically sightseeing, not bar hopping. The American tourist dollar is poor in all Europe--only 2 marks to a dollar in Germany. One sees many castles and cathedrals, and each town has a history dating back to the Roman or Middle Ages. If interested, you can learn much about the diet of worms (Martin Luther), hanseatic league, Gaul, Charlemagne, Roman Conquerors and the Bishops and German Emperors.

Ever been on a cruise? Try it, you'll like it. If you've never been to Europe, skip 3 runs and you'll have the price. Make sure you take ample film and cigarettes ... and cash! European coffee is very heavy compared to our own. Along the Rhine River, one sees acres of grape vines growing up the mountainside and valley slopes. From these grapes one gets those great Rhine wines. You can see many healthy, handsome German boys playing soccer (football to Europeans), which is their national sport.

When I arrived in Amsterdam, I went to the local leather bar--The Argos. The crowd was very friendly, and most spoke English. I met some of the local club, the Motor Sport Club of Amsterdam.



Here again, the exchange rate is only 2½ guilders to the dollar, so save your money if you plan a trip to Europe. Hidden expenses are hotel and dining room tipping, postcards and stamps, souvenirs and taxicabs which are a necessity unless you want to walk your ass off.

In Amsterdam, prostitution is legal, and the red light district has hundreds of store front brothels. One just window shops until he finds what he's looking for and zap! Live sex shows, erotic films and sex shops are in abundance.

The scenery in Holland is beautiful, with all the canals, old windmills and countryside farms.

LONDON: You have to learn fast to look in opposite directions when crossing London streets or you won't live long. A cat does not have a chance! I met some of the local leather crowd at Colhernes Pub. One, Bob W., was good enough to show me the town and his "hospitality" as well. Colhernes is a huge Pub with a very big crowd. Ten bartenders mind the bar, but they close at 11 P.M., as all Pubs do.

Here, sightseeing included Picadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, The Thames River, Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. The boys like to wear tight jeans, but are not club oriented.

Europe was exciting, but it's good to be home. I'm looking forward to visiting New York City, Philadelphia and Washington, D. C. for comparison.

Jim Casey

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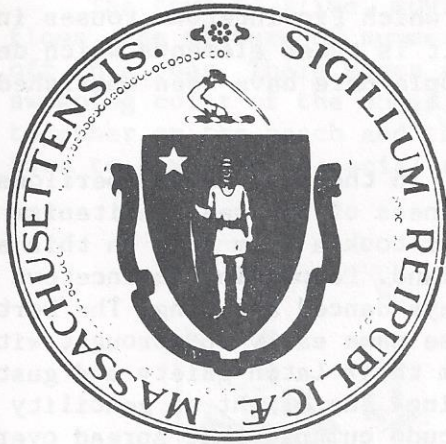
#### Answers to the Jumble:

DRUIDS  
HANDCUFFS  
MASTER  
MARATHON  
SPEARHEAD  
VIKINGS  
TROPHIES  
CENTAURS  
Solution: Fishermans Cove

#### Answers to the Twistagram:

6. MASTER  
5. MATES  
4. MAST  
3. SAM  
2. SM  
1. M





# PROVINCETOWN MASSACHUSETTS

By Vince C.

Cape Cod is thrust out from the coast of Massachusetts sixty miles into the Atlantic like an arm with a fist on the end. Within the fist's shelter sits Provincetown. From the deck of a boat making the trip from Boston to the Cape, it seemed to rise out of the sea. It stretched out as we approached it, low-lying and gray, its skyline punctuated with steeples of churches. Gray wharves run out into the bay. Provincetown was a seafaring place that lived from the sea and by the sea, and at one time their only crop was fish.

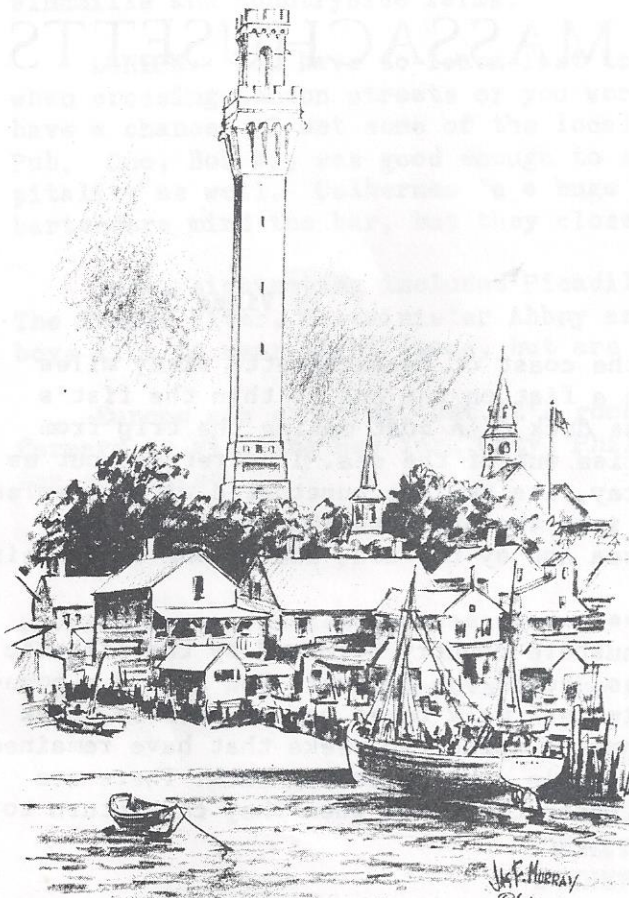
The combination of wild and austere country bordered by the Atlantic Ocean, flanked by glittering dunes, holds one forever. You are in a populous, exciting town, yet a five minutes' walk takes you to untamed, back country. Many a person who came here to spend two weeks that have remained a lifetime. On holidays the young people come streaming back. There are young boys and girls who exist only for the times when they can return to Provincetown.

It is almost as if this devotion to Provincetown were secret or a special sense. People either like it extravagantly or see nothing but a town of small houses built too close together, existing on a barren sandspit, surrounded by scrubby woods and inhospitable dunes, rimmed by a beach. Many loathe the town on sight and see only that it is crowded, noisy, dirty; they hate the very landscape and long for trees and green grass.

There seems to be no middle ground, unless one excepts those tourists who call Provincetown "quaint" and it is not quaint. It is a serious town; the way it is built has to do with the difficult and dangerous manner in which its living has always been earned. Provincetown lives by skill and daring, by luck and chance, for fishing is an immense gamble. Riches on one hand, and death on the other. So tragedy, the imminence of death, and adventure prevent the stagnation which is the usual fate of small towns.



When I try to account for the passion which Provincetown rouses in the hearts of the people who have lived here, it is these elements which determine its quickened, high sense of life. People here have been nourished by beauty and change and danger.



PILGRIM MEMORIAL MONUMENT  
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

In the face of the perilous business of the sea, Puritanism never took a firm grip on this end of land. People in Provincetown have always danced and sung. The Portuguese came early and brought with them their Latin gaiety and gusto for living. The blight of gentility and pseudo culture that spread over the English speaking countries in the nineteenth century never crept over Provincetown as it did inland. Provincetown men were going to the Arctic and Antarctic after sea elephants and whales, or making voyages to the West Indies and the Caribbean.

Men who fish for a living must have an easy courage. A good seaman cannot spend his time doubting himself. If you have an inferiority complex in the face of a storm you get drowned. Those who stay alive have the habit of measuring themselves with the elements. A man who can make his living from the sea, and who has the arrogance caused by having mastered the water from the time he can walk, is of necessity a good animal. Such people have eager senses and warm affections. They take love as their natural right. People disciplined by the sea enjoy life. Intimate with the seasons, they are aware of every hour of the day. There never was a man with his good animal instincts intact who lacked either playfulness or dignity.

Three civilizations have met here and formed a unique strain. The old New Englanders, the Portuguese, and the summer folk have made a town individual in the world. Layers of different cultures are superimposed one upon the other, yet each layer exists as part and parcel of the whole. There is the world that is represented by the Research Society, and the Library Association. There are the summer people owning houses, who yet are counted as summer folk. There are art students, actors, and writers who come to do serious work. Transient summer visitors, the vacationers, people off on a good time, who come to Provincetown with an idea that here anything goes.



The town is alive, moving in a deep stream which sometimes overflows. The mixture of summer people and town gets too strong and goes off in a roar. There comes a time when the combination of sea and the sweeping color of the dunes, the exciting and excited people who get together on the beach and the heady salt air of Provincetown, all combine to give one a special sort of intoxication.



Provincetown from its earliest days has been freer, richer in life than its neighbors. Back in 1727 Truro asked to be severed from Provincetown because of the going on there. Provincetown gloried in this separation and laughed to itself. Truro sitting discreetly in the folds of her moors looked down her nose at Provincetown and still does.

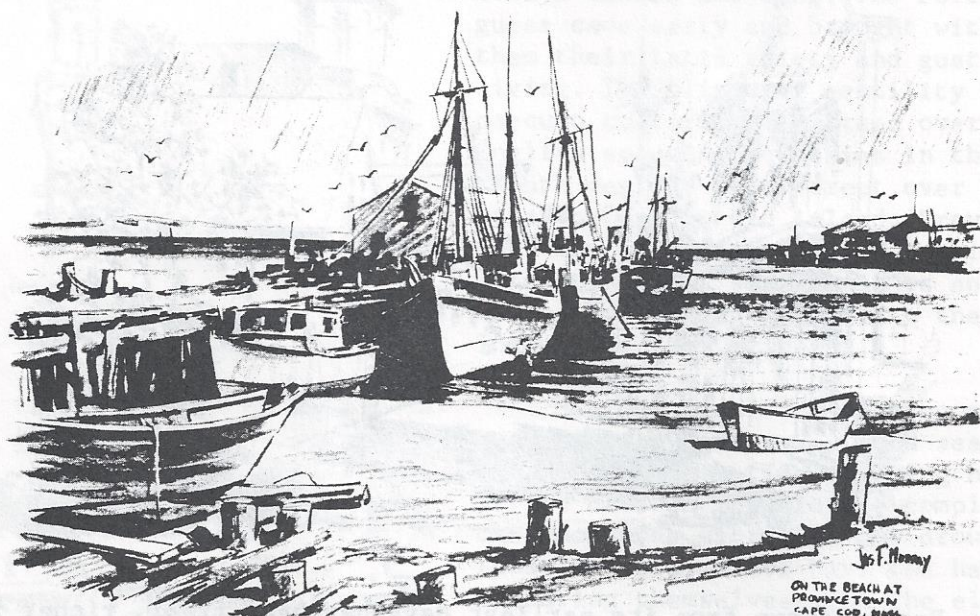
The Portuguese brought here their Latin warmth and gaiety. "The southern rose has been grafted on the sturdy oak of New England neatness and thrift." The Portuguese less hard bitten than the Spanish; harder than the Italians, great storytellers, great jokers has interwoven with the meticulous neatness of the New England culture is so close you cannot tell where one begins and the other ends. This valuable virtue has been softened by their zest for living.

Provincetown's greatest asset is its unique situation. Its surrounding austere beauty of bay, sea, and dune. The historic town itself with its long streets of Cape Cod houses is situated on the Bay. All these make it a place to visit and a place to live in. A few people have been allowed to damage the beauty of Provincetown. The rowdy night clubs, the wholesale selling of worthless knick-knacks, made it possible for a leading magazine to come here and brand the place a "honky-tonk."



A few miles away from a buzzing town with its froth of summer people and its night clubs and its stream of cars, its trivial little shops, is complete isolation, the majesty of undefiled beach, the sea stretching out with nothing between you and Portugal or Spain.

This arm of land, which holds Provincetown, a dot in the crook of its fist, is surrounded with mystery. The prehistoric struggle still going on between land and sea, the mystery of the birds' migrations and that of the fishes in the sea, make Provincetown only an evanescent speck in time and eternity.



ON THE BEACH AT  
PROVINCETOWN  
CAPE COD, MASS.

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