

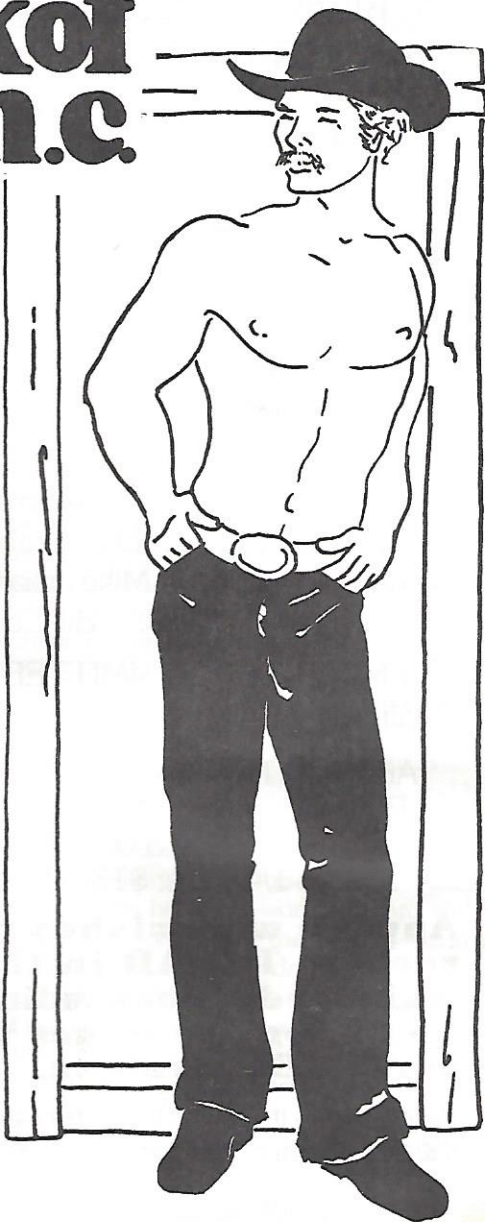
TREAD the mark of wheels m.c.

APRIL/MAY

1983 ISSUE



W-14



TREAD

The Mark of Wheels M.C.
P.O. Box 615
New York, N.Y. 10001
APRIL/MAY 1983 Edition
by WHEELS M.C., INC.

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All opinions in TREAD are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the policies of WHEELS, M.C., INC.

W-14

Just a reminder about WHEELS, M.C.'s 14th Annual Run up in the Catskills over the Memorial Day Weekend May 27th-30th. That's a three day weekend and just compare the prices to other weekends consisting of only two days. The price is exactly the same as last year.

Our run is the predictable run. Usually never more than one hundred people in a rustic setting with complete facilities for dining, the show, etc. While ours is never a big run with lots of logistics, or tired beauty contests, you'll always meet interesting people and make good connections. Just enough cocktail parties, disco's, etc. to get acquainted but more important the scenic beauty of the Catskills in late spring.

True, room housing is limited, but we have tent area for you to pitch your tent in and be sure to bring your sleeping bag. In case there's rain you will be brought inside and put up in our rooms. No one will soak to death.

If rooms are sold out and you don't want to pitch a tent, there are motels nearby and you can inquire about them through us.

The application should be inserted in this issue of TREAD. If it gets lost just write to us, WHEELS, M.C., P.O. Box 615, New York, NY 10001.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

By Norman O.

On March 21st Richard Kjelland died after being seriously ill for a year. Because with each issue another club is added to our mailing list undoubtedly there are many readers who do not even know who he was in respect to the club scene—so for that reason I will first write about the public Richard.

There is an article in this month's issue about a new club in Florida and the hospitality shown by it to visitors from the North. Throughout our pages in each issue is a picture of the Club Scene, that fraternity of clubs that extends from city to city, state to state, country to country. Though it started in California the East Coast club scene was given its impetus by the Cycle M.C. under the stewardship of Don Daily and his companion and Lieutenant, Richard Kjelland.

This fraternity that these two people started became more than clubs—it became a force and those who have no interest in the club scene do not realize that this force of clubs became an effective way of uniting people in a very dramatic way and made some of those who were exploiting us sit up and take notice. In a sense it was the “liberation” and the union of the L&W scene just at a time when it was taking place in other areas and other milieus.

When you go on an in-town run and get your weekend schedule and run and drink tickets. When you walk through the bars mixing with the guys from the other clubs. When you got a “club night” at the bar—think of Richard. When I go on a run or a club gives another a cocktail party—but particularly that golden moment on a

Saturday night when the lights go out for the show I will think of Richard. On any run till the parade of flags with thoughts of those golden days of the campfires to the logistics of an international run at Fire Island it was D.D. and Richard—always the two names together who devised so much of it at that apartment on West 25th Street. So much that is done today, even if profitable is so tired—but it wasn't tired when they stated it; when they devised it. There was always so much enthusiasm. The new ideas, the planning of the trips to Europe, the shows. Many of our activities were first thought of by them, and the energy was so remarkable.

Many of us know what his contributions to the club scene were. Go to London or Paris or Berlin and find out who the Ambassador was that brought us all together. Perhaps in Rochester they don't know, or Syracuse or in the clubs in Florida and Cleveland and Detroit.

To them we say, many of us have lost a friend—the Club Scene has lost a Pioneer.

★ ★ ★

Richard was known better by others but we were always compadre when we met and talked. I remember when D.D. and I were on the “outs” for a few years and even worse our clubs. It was Richard who reminded me that the real trouble was that D.D. and I were too much alike—too stubborn and uncompromising which made it difficult for a reunion. Thankfully it happened and I was pleased that at least my second time around as President of WHEELS, M.C. our clubs were friendly and more important, we were.

He loved work. You couldn't be in his business if you didn't. I would visit his office at times and he would be busy on two phones and some client was sitting at his desk—but always anxious to get the new Tread I handed him to see what we had to say... Sometimes he would work too hard and I think this was eventually the fatality—and I remember Roy Irving and I dragging him away from Cyclefest in San Francisco for lunch and a day at the wharf because he was too busy with the logistics of the trip to get out of the hotel room. He loved that afternoon of hookey and we will remember it.

But I particularly remember him when he finally joined WHEELS, M.C. shows. Here was a guy

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who just about started the east coast club shows going under the direction not only of another director but another club!

He was terrific and it was then WHEELS itself finally came to know and love him. He took whatever part was given to him and always in good humor. He proved that he was worthy to be a Lieutenant or a Captain—because he was a good soldier.

Spring is here and Richard is gone. Even in this season of renewal we all face that shadow and his death diminishes our spring.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

By Alan Smith

The passing of Richard Kjelland marks to WHEELS, M.C. and to me the death of a very dear and good friend and brother, and we extend to D.D. our most sincere and deep sympathy. A never-flagging concern for his Club and his friends was the hallmark of Richard's life.

I shall never forget the first time I met him. We were rehearsing, "Forum," and there in the corner by the window stood a group discussing the play, and especially the role of the old man. Suddenly Richard looked down to the street and spied a discarded wicker bird cage. "There!" he cried, "that's the perfect hand prop to express the whimsicality and humanity of that man as he roams the hills of Rome." Only Richard with his own constant humaneness could have thought of that, and expressed it so beautifully.

Another time he encountered me (I having just been mugged) capless, somewhat bloody, and without a wallet or a cent in change. Without an instant's hesitation and without my asking, he pulled out \$10 of his own and loaned it to me saying, "Here's money for a cab home, and what would you like to drink before you go—top shelf, of course."

Anecdotes of this sort about Richard are legion, and will keep him always alive in our memory. We shall miss his kindness and his generosity with himself, and the friendly way he lit up, through his personality, every room which he entered.

A Tribute

Roger N. McEnnis

Past President,

Thunderbolts, M.C., Inc.

We will all sorely miss Richard Kjelland. He typified the meaning of brotherhood in action and words. Most recently he was instrumental in the formation of CONYAC, The Confederation of New York Area Clubs. He was its first Chairman and a member of the bylaws committee. He often used the word "inclusive" rather than "exclusive" in our discussions about membership. That was the kind of man Richard was...inclusive. He reached out to everyone, pushing aside petty differences, in an effort to bring New York clubs and men closer together. It is our sincere hope that CONYAC will fulfill his dream and become a permanent tribute to this fine and loving man.

A BIKER'S CHRONICLE

By Dean Sandford

Just to keep the record straight, yes, Norman, I love you. You see, I'm in a profession that pretty well sticks to itself. I suppose that's so they can feel at home using their vocabulary—you know, joint tortfeasors, alleged malefactors, etc. So one of the real joys of club life has been to associate with an extraordinarily diverse group of men from different vocational and other backgrounds. Why, we not only have a Roman Catholic, we've even got a Greek Catholic. Knowing, and genuinely enjoying, Norman's intellectual urbanity has been, and I trust will continue to be, truly invigorating. But that doesn't mean we have to always agree, but we mainly do. And I'm not about to read "Dinner At The Homesick Restaurant." I could tell you about some sick restaurants I've had dinner at, though!

Spring has sprung. The bike is unwrapped, the battery is charged, everything's in working order for the new season. Barring the spectre of re-employment, my present plans are to take off sometime after the Shipmate's Keelhaul (July 1st.-4th.) for my oft'touted cross country bike tour. Before that, I hope to get down to DC once or twice, having been favored with the superbly organized Spartan Ride Schedule for the entire summer. Among the events: April 30th. Millwood, Virginia; May 8th., Castle Hill,

Virginia; May 14th., Deep Creek Lake, Maryland; May 21st.—22nd., Marion Center, PA. Contact a Spartan if you're interested in more information.

The Spartan schedule reminded me of the old days, when one of the New York bike clubs had a similar schedule, with a ride one week on Saturday, the following week on Sunday, so as to allow for religious and/or work schedules. Which leads me to wonder? Do any New York area clubs schedule bike rides? Are non-members welcome? And how is one to find out about them? There was a time, in the ever-growing-mistier past, that WHEELS, and a bike club held a joint picnic, with the WHEELS guys as the buddy riders.

And why, Norman, should Didi, at his height, have ever coveted the name of Media Press Lord? Isn't God a higher rank? I would've thought so.

Can't be any thing but pleasure felt deeply when I stopped by the Spike one recent evening with Billy to pick up his clothes (and why, you ask, were his clothes at the Spike??) and learned that Nine Plus has named Bill Marley to its annual Brotherhood Award. Couldn't have been awarded to a finer man. Congratulations, Bill. Don. C. and Don B. were in town for the event. (Don's a prior recipient) and were looking to be in fine fettle.

And speaking of Billy, that's Billy E. as in Eden, he'd like to make it abundantly clear that he is absolutely free, single, and unattached, all rumors to the contrary quite incorrect. He's just left for a week in SF (where he'll certainly be in trouble, since Don G. lined up his contacts) and then three weeks in koala-country, Australia where he'll be hosted by Down Under Bill. (Down under, Bill's moniker is, I'm told by a reliable kangaroo, Yankee Bill).

Remember those little kangaroo pins that some Australian club used to purport were their friendship pins? I'm told that they're regularly given away free by Quantas airline.

I'm even starting to agree with Norman about GMSMA, since they seem to be moving way out of anything I'd be interested in recommending. Recent topic was something like "How to filet with razor blades" and "Erotic Staplegunning." What next? One almost expects them to show "The Chain Saw Massacre" as a training film at their

next social.

A recent movie at the Spike was billed as "The Four Muskateers." Is that the one about the four faggots in San Francisco who started a winery on Folsom specializing in muscatel?

It should be about a week now and many of us, hopefully on our bikes, will be in DC to see the cherry blossoms and celebrate the Fifteenth Anniversary of the Spartans. I hear they have a busy round of activities planned, including something special for bikers, weather permitting. Then, in rather quick succession, comes Easter, Pocono Warrior's Whitewater, Excelsior's anniversary, our own **WHEELS W-14**, T'Bolt's run, and Shipmate's Keelhaul. Keep your bag packed, guys. And the next warm day, you might air out that sleeping bag and patch the hole in the tent.

While in Florida recently, Kary N. past president of the Meisters der Manner, advised me in no uncertain terms that the club is not only not anti-semitic, but is pleased to have several present and past jewish members. Kary was a great host one evening during my stay at Parliament House. However, one should make certain they do not give you a room adjoining the leather-western bar unless you have no intention of going to bed before the two o'clock closing time.

Saw something new... a guy wearing not only an "Acting President" pin, but also a "Founding President" pin.

Having exhausted my lifetime appetite for coordinating councils, I left Orlando hours before the contingents began to arrive for the Florida Council of Clubs meeting.

Did hear one interesting story. Seems they have some girl type bikers in the Tampa area who asked the Conquistadores for advice in setting up a club. Well, thought the Conquistadores, why don't you join our club? After one joint meeting, apparently it was thought better the twain not meet.

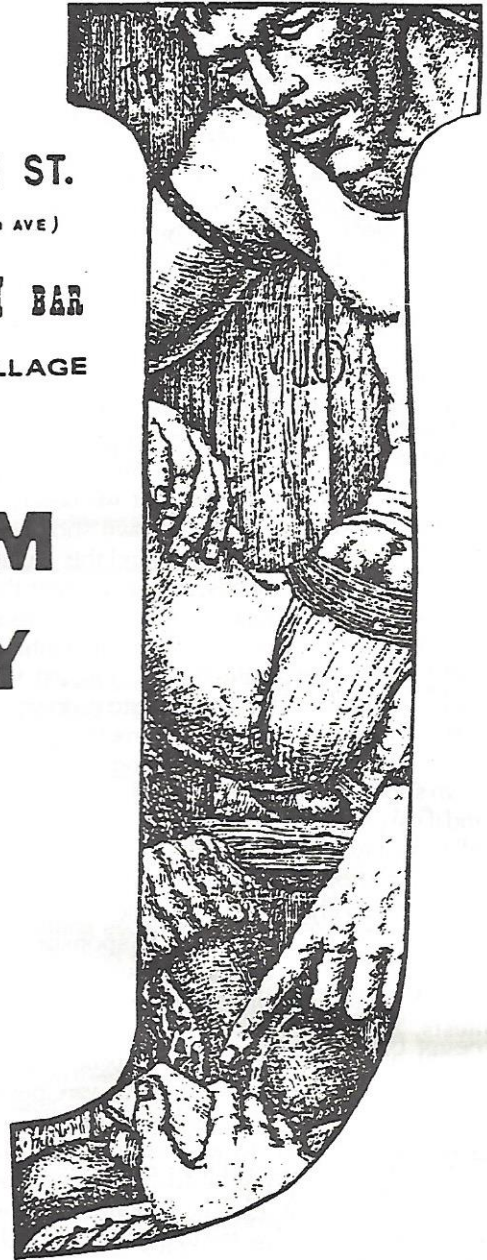
I spent one night at the Engine Room in St. Pete. It was interesting mainly in reminding me of how noisy dykes are. Or maybe the Looking Good Girls were in St. Pete on vacation? Best bar in the area was Spurs, up in Tampa. But be sure you have the instructions on how to get there. Going east on I-4, take the first exit after I-75 splits off.

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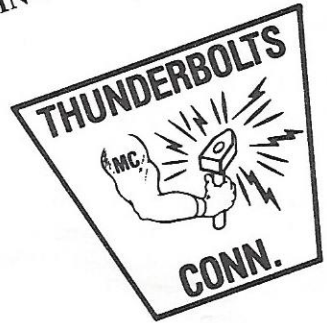
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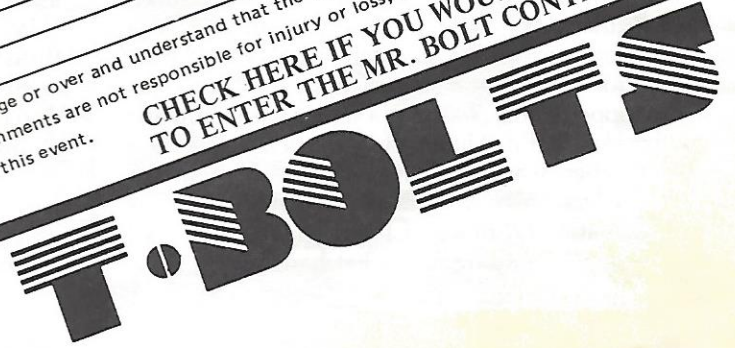
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I don't want to trust my memory but I believe I managed to tear up a third cake before I bought a teflon pan. This and the new spray coating brought the desired results. At last!

I've come to realize that in my eagerness I'd rushed the whole process, trying to turn out an unfinished cake onto a rack to cool. The fact the vegetable ingredient makes the cake somewhat more fragile didn't help much either. Ed said he'd never heard of so many cakes failing so suddenly, obviously thinking I promised what I didn't want to deliver.

But, as in anything else, persistence is all and at last I am able to deliver with some regularity a home-baked carrot cake to the Spike Restaurant. Served, perhaps—who knows, to someone now using, one way or the other, my old green sofa.

I'm told the carrot cake sells well.

FROM THE GAUCHO, M.C. Tampa, Florida

The Gaucho Motorcycle Club, Tampa Bay, Florida, wish at this time to publicly thank the participants of "Gasparilla I," held February 11, 12 & 13.

Besides several independants on the run we also had representatives of the Sabers M.C. (Ft. Lauderdale, Fl.), Stingrays M.C. (Ft. Lauderdale, Fl.), Spirit of St. Louis (St. Louis, Mo), and Thebans M.C. (Miami, Fl.)

Trophy winners were as follows: Dave C. Independant (Longest Distance)—Des Moines, Iowa. Steve S. Sabers M.C. (Longest Bike Ride). Armond B. Spirit of St. Louis (Poker Run & Scavenger Hunt).

Plaque of appreciation went to "Rene's" for outstanding assistance during the run. Rene, the bar owner, because of support during the past year plus, was awarded Honorary membership with the caption Club Mother.

Personal thanks from our club also to Cliff at the R&L Chuckwagon Restaurant for an excellent Saturday evening Banquet and to the Park Motel in Tampa, for extremely fine accommodations.

"Gasparilla II," is being planned for February 10, 11 & 12 in 1984.

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HOW TO/HOW NOT TO WRITE YOUR RESIGNATION LETTER

by Norman O.

reprint

I do believe that this is the first time a club publication shall devote time to an article dealing with writing a resignation letter. Certainly it is needed for resignation is a major part of club life and some advise should be given. For that reason I offer some advice based on my own experience.

And I do have an experience. Some years ago I left WHEELS, M.C. and was one of the founders of The Praetorians. That's one resignation letter. Then I left The Praetorians (that's two!!) and some months later rejoined WHEELS, M.C., so obviously I was writing the proper resignation letters because I even remained on good terms with the other club.

Before going into the proper resignation letter, which will not possibly come back to haunt you later, I would like to offer the resignation letter that you should *not* write. It may seem to some that it is an exaggeration but if you have been in club life long enough, you know it is not. Now some of the members of my club may say I am talking about "this one or that one's" letter, but the truth is that this first letter is a composite based on those I have heard through the years as well as those directed to me when I was President as well as many I had heard about from other clubs. I do believe that the following specimen letter therefore not only shows you how *not to* write one but some insight into the type of person who would write it.

HOW *NOT* TO WRITE A RESIGNATION LETTER:

Dear Brothers:

After all I have done for this club I have had it and therefore resign. I am sick and tired of all you paranoics who have consistently persecuted me. There is not one of you who isn't a fucking egotist without the brains to recognize the superior hard working club loving individual that I was.

Brothers, you can take your club and shove it. All I wanted was peace and brotherhood. If you remember I screamed at every public event and meeting for peace and brotherhood from you, but to no avail. Consistently I tried to embarrass our club many times to obtain this lofty goal but despite all my screaming and yelling for this, you never gave me any peace.

You never loved me, you were never my brothers. I only wanted you to do what I thought best. I ranted and raved for what I thought best. All I ever got were stupid little ideas and alternatives from you lame brains. When were you ever fair with me? When did you ever recognize my superior intelligence?

And as for your President . . . he can go shove it! All he ever thought of was the good of the club. He refused to recognize that I was the most powerful person there ever was and that's why I couldn't be elected dog catcher by you nitwits since you all hate me and what I stand for . . . God, am I angry—after all I've done for this club!!!!

Now if I had been to the last four monthly meeting I would have told you in person but you know that my own personal life and dealings are far superior to your petty little doings.

Well busters, that's it. You don't know a fucking good club member when you had one, so for that reason not only am I resigning from your petty little stupid club but I am refusing to pay my ten months back dues that are still owed you rats.

Yours in brotherhood,
Johnny Smith

Now need I say more?

However, there does come a time when for some reason you think valid, personal or otherwise, the letter must be written.

If you really have been a good club member, despite whatever difference you now feel (sometimes you are such a good club member, your just damned tired, and maybe need a leave of absence rather than a resignation) the fact remains that you have contributed to this club you are leaving and there are most likely parts of it, or its rules or activities which you helped to build. So do yourself a favor, if you're angry, sleep on it, and if you still have to resign, don't do it at a meeting (I have usually found that resignations offered at meetings are those most devoutly wished for) but give it a few days. Then write a letter something like this:

HOW TO WRITE A RESIGNATION LETTER:

Dear Friends.

For business and/or personal reasons, I feel I must tender my resignation.

I take much satisfaction in the work I have done for this club and was most happy to be a part of its many successes.

I leave with regret but wish you much success now and in the future.

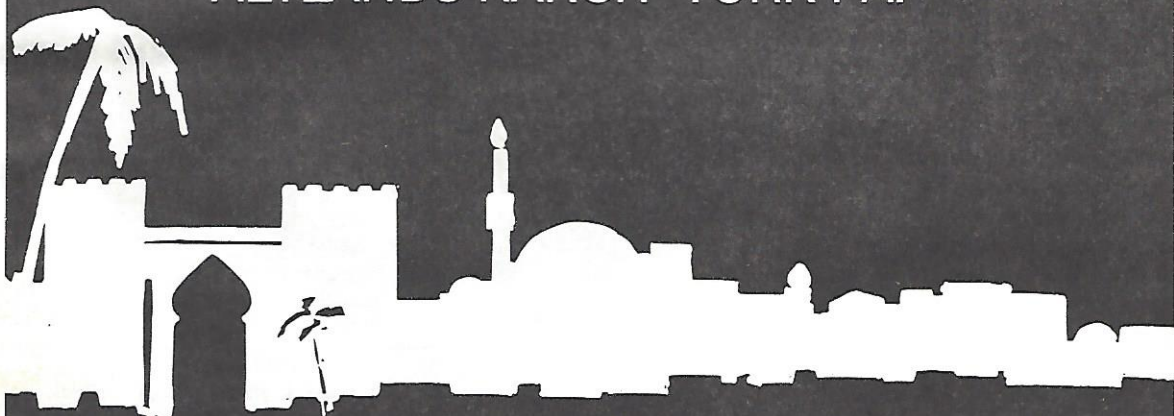
Very Sincerely,
Johnny Smith

Some day you may want to come back, and if they pull that letter out of the file, there is nothing you need be embarrassed about.



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April				
May	8th-10th	15th Anniversary	Spartan	Washington
	6th-8th	Whitewater	Pocono Warriors	Pocono Mountains, PA
	14th	Anniversary	Excelsior	New York
	27th-30th	W-14	WHEELS, M.C.	Tannersville, NY
June	10th-12th	Anniversary Run	Thunderbolts	Lee, MA
July	1st-4th	Keelhaul	Shipmates	York, PA
August	20th	Anniversary	MC Faucon	Montreal
September	2nd-5th	Leif Erikson	Vikings	Boston
October	1st	Anniversary	Railmen	Reading, PA
	8th	Anniversary	Praetorians	New York City
	16th	Anniversary	Vanguards	Philadelphia
November	11th-13th	Anniversary	Companions	Philadelphia
	26th	Santa Saturday	Bucks	to be announced
December	2nd-4th	Horsin' Around	L.I. Spuds	Catskill Mountains, NY
	10th	Christmas Party	Empire City	New York City
	30th-Jan. 2nd	Tri-Cen IV	Philadelphians	Philadelphia

Ohio Conference Of Clubs (OCOC)

May	6th-8th	"May Days"	Youngstown Exiles	Youngstown
June	25th	"Flight II" - 2nd. Anniversary	Gryphons	Dayton
	25th	OCOC	Summer Meeting	
July	30th	"7th Anniversary"	Glass City Champions	Toledo
October	1st	"Centurions Celebration 5"	Centurions	Columbus
	7th-9th	"Autumn Stampede 11"	Stallions	Cleveland
	28th-30th	"One For The Road 83"	Glass City Champions	Toledo

MAC CALENDAR (MIDWEST)

May	20th-22nd	"Co-Pilots Run"	Spirit of St. Louis/Blue Max	
	21st	"6th Anniversary"	Spirit of St. Louis	St. Louis
	21st	"Spring Meeting"	MAC	St. Louis
June	10th-12th	"Trails End VIII"	K.C. Pioneers	Kansas City
July	1st-4th	"Golden Fleece Run"	Rocky Mountaineers M.C.	Denver

Pacific Northwest Conference of Clubs

May	27th-29th	Anniversary 11	Knights of Malta - Jet Chapter	Seattle, WA
June	10th-12th	Anniversary 2	Knights of Malta - Cascade Chapter	Portland, OR
July	2nd-4th	Stampede 10	Zodiacs	Vancouver, B.C.
	15th-17th	Anniversary 3	Knights of Malta - Empire Chapter	Spokane, WA
September	2nd-5th	Assembly 7	Knights of Malta	Vancouver, B.C.
November	25th-27th	Anniversary 3	Knights of Malta - Dogwood Chapter	Vancouver, B.C.

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